Boston Public Library
3 9999 10588 726 7

TO RM!

№ AP2 .N7

V.202

1915

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

Rare Book
Y 3112-2
207
1915

VOL. CCII.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

NEW YORK
171 MADISON AVENUE
1915

5-359
NOV 10 1964

Per Dept.
*AP2
N7
vol. 202

Copyright, 1915, by
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION

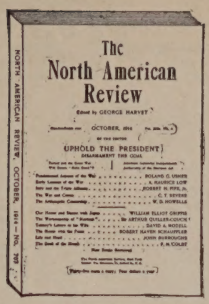
All Rights Reserved.

March 24-1916

1915

July

ONE-HUNDRED-FIRST YEAR



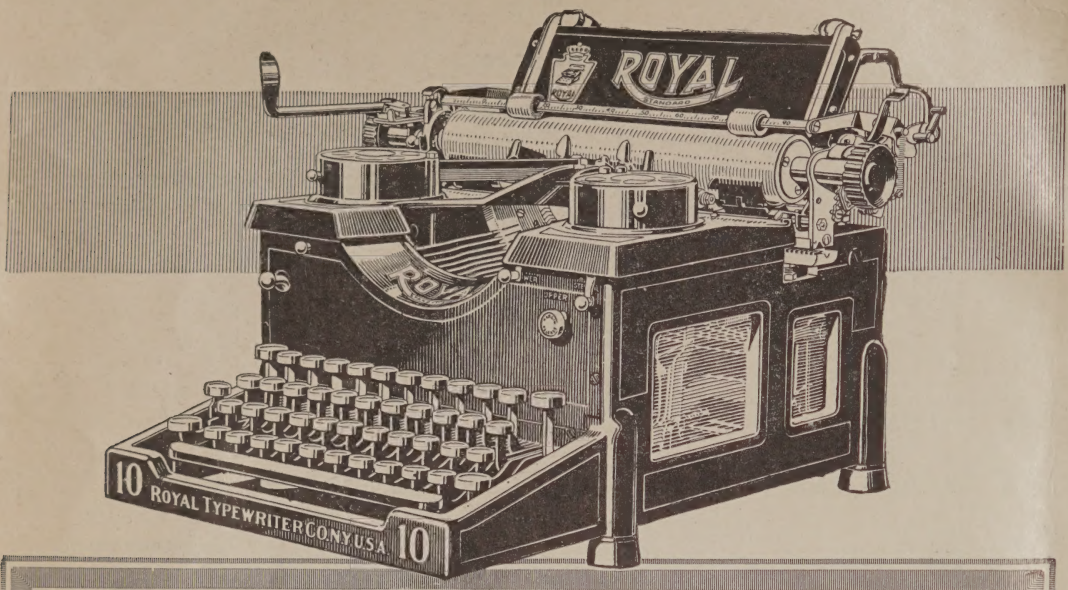
Contents

VOL. 202: NO. 1

		Page
THE REVOLT OF BRYAN	THE EDITOR	1
THE IMPASSABLE CHASM	WAYNE MAC VEAGH	26
ENGLAND	HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN	35
SELLING ARMS TO THE ALLIES	HORACE WHITE	53
THE DANGERS OF PACIFISM	PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN	59
THE POST OFFICE AND SOCIALISM	HENRY A. CASTLE	68
THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO	JOHN ALLAN WYETH	76
JULES LAFORGUE	JAMES HUNEKER	80
THE WAR AND LITERATURE	ST. JOHN G. ERVINE	92
THE NEW ENGLISH CABINET	SYDNEY BROOKS	100
MR. WILSON'S CABINET	JAMES C. HEMPHILL	112
THE BOOK OF THE MONTH	LAWRENCE GILMAN	122
NEW BOOKS REVIEWED—LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		127
THE MAN JESUS: A Serial. (Continued)	MARY AUSTIN	145
FRANCIS BOWEN: Ninth Editor of the Review		160

The price of The North American Review is thirty-five cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price 36c. for postage, and those in foreign countries 96c. Remittances should be made by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. Renewal orders should be sent in promptly in order to avoid a break in the receipt of copies.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 171 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



Why the Royal?

IT ENDS the two evils of the typewriter business—excessive repairs and "trading-out."

It was invented and is built by men who held firmly to one purpose—to create a typewriter which will do more work and better work in less time and with less effort.

Why the big business buyer chooses the Royal Big business buys *results*. Big business considers a purchase of Royals an *investment*, not an *expense*. Big business demands a typewriter which will do the *finest* work in the *quickest* way, which will do *more* of the work and *keep on* doing it. Big business chooses the Royal—and anything which will win in the *purchasing test of big business* is 100% right.

Why stenographers prefer the Royal The Royal is instantly adjusted to the *individual touch* of the operator—taking the grind out of typewriting. Every shift, change or adjustment is made without rising from the chair. The Royal takes a wider sheet of paper when required. The Royal bills and charges and writes cards for index or filing systems without an extra attachment. The Royal turns out beautiful work—and more of it with less effort.

Why employers like the Royal Letters written on the Royal breathe distinction—clean, clear-cut perfect work which carries a good impression. The Royal is not "out of commission" for excessive repairs. More work is done in less time. It means easier work for the stenographer and improves the service of the office. It is a *money-and-time-saver* from the day it is installed.

Get the facts. Know the Royal. Telephone or write any of our agents or branches for a demonstration. Write today for these free booklets, "Better Service," and "One Problem Solved." Tell how to cut the cost of typewritten letters—save operators' time—give your correspondence "class." A postal brings them now.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY INC.

303 Royal Typewriter Bldg., 364 Broadway, N. Y. ***Branches and Agencies the World Over***

The North American Review

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

WAYNE MAC VEAGH,

Former Attorney General of the United States in President Garfield's Cabinet, has rendered his country many important services. At one time Minister to Turkey, he later was Ambassador to Italy, from 1893 to 1897, and was Chief Counsel for the United States in the Venezuela Arbitration before The Hague Tribunal.

HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN,

was born in Southsea, England, in 1855, the son of an English Rear-Admiral. Much of his life has been passed on the Continent, and he and his wife, the oldest daughter of Richard Wagner, now live in Bayreuth, Bavaria. Since 1908 he has devoted his time to writing, his most notable work being that on *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, of which the Kaiser is reported to have purchased 80,000 copies.

HORACE WHITE,

one of the most experienced and accomplished of American journalists, was for many years connected with the Chicago *Tribune*. In 1883 he became identified with the *Evening Post*, of New York, retiring as president of the company in 1903. Mr. White is the author of *Money and Banking Illustrated by American History* and translated from the Greek *The Roman History of Appian of Alexandria*.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN,

Professor of International Law at Princeton University, was instructor in the same subject at Harvard College. Mr. Brown since his graduation from Williams College has been in the diplomatic service, having been Secretary of the American Legation at Constantinople, also at Guatemala and Honduras, and from 1908–1910 was Minister to the latter Republic.

HENRY A. CASTLE,
Former Auditor of the United States Post Office Department, was for nearly five years Postmaster at St. Paul, Minn. While holding these two offices he necessarily learned some of the defects as well as some of the merits of the service, and the present article embodies his views of the subject.

JOHN ALLAN WYETH, M.D.,
the founder and organizer of the first post-graduate medical school in the United States, is professor of Surgery in the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. He is the author of numerous text-books on surgery and volumes relating to his Civil War experiences.

JAMES HUNEKER,
the brilliant essayist and critic, is a native of Philadelphia. His familiarity with the arts is indicated by the titles of some of his writings, as: *Mezzotints in Modern Music, Promenades of an Impressionist, Iconoclasts: A Book of Dramatists,* and *New Cosmopolis.*

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE
is a young English writer whose recent novels, *Mrs. Martin's Man* and *Alice and a Family,* have brought him into prominence as one of the group of realists England is so steadily producing.

SYDNEY BROOKS
is an English publicist whose writings in the more solid periodicals of both America and England have gained him an international reputation.

JAMES C. HEMPHILL,
the well-known Southern journalist, is a native of Due West, South Carolina. Since 1911 he has been editor of the Charlotte *Observer,* and is now as well Washington Correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

MARY AUSTIN,
whose serial, *The Man Jesus,* began in the June issue of THE REVIEW, is a native of Illinois, but spent many years in California, the country of which she has written with such sympathy in *The Land of Little Rain, Lost Borders,* and *California.* Mrs. Austin has devoted some ten years to the preparation of this scholarly piece of work, which has included a study of the historical sources in many countries. Its universal appeal passes the bounds of sectarianism.

By Courtesy of the NEW YORK HERALD.

THE LATE SECRETARY OF STATE

Reproduced from a plaster cast recently taken.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1915

THE REVOLT OF BRYAN

BY THE EDITOR

That which is crushed breaketh out into a viper.—Isaiah, 59, 5.

When the stern New England farmer's wife could no longer abide the restrictions of the house she moved into the barn, as related sympathetically and with rare skill by Mary Wilkins in *The Revolt of Mother*. The wonder was not that she finally went abruptly but that she had remained so long in her uncomfortable domicile. To that extent, although the analogy is far from perfect, the like is true of Mr. Bryan, who was never trained or even designed by Nature to be a household pet and whose resemblance to the fractious animal immortalized by Thomas Nast as symbolizing the Democratic party has frequently been noted.

From the day of his birth Mr. Bryan needed room and air and in recent years he has so accustomed himself to sit at the head of the table that occupying a subordinate place could not but be irksome to a degree, to say nothing of pretending to enjoy playing a second fiddle by the kitchen stove after supper. As owner and master he would have been happy no doubt, but as hired man he felt the lure of the capacious barnyard and its more congenial occupants long accustomed to and deeply appreciative of strident braying. So it is that at last, in consequence

Copyright, 1915, by North American Review Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

5359

of the inevitable revolt and happy return to a natural habitat, we have the pleasure of felicitating all concerned—Mr. Bryan himself, the President, the Democratic party, the country and the world at large.

The end came peacefully. President and Secretary, comrades long and sorely tried whether wholly true or not, sympathetic in principle if not in method, considerate each of himself, as devout as can be reasonably expected of Democrats, manfully restraining expression of their emotion in the presence of the Secretary to the President who seemed likely to swallow the heart that was in his mouth, they stood in the bluest room with all four hands damply clasped; but only for a trice, a very brief trice; then simultaneously, that neither should take undue advantage of the other, they spoke reverently but cautiously:

"God—" (a pause) "*bless* you!"

It was over—all but the shouting. Mr. Bryan strode forth with set features to take his last ride in a Department carriage unattended except by the partially faithful Josephus, who ran behind in desperate endeavor to still the beating of a heart bowed down by weight of woe until he should return to re-glue himself into his big armchair. The President went to the golf links. The incident was closed.

We have already suggested the underlying cause of the official separation. That the conciliatory Note to Germany was a pretext, not a reason, is clearly proved by Mr. Bryan's own muddled explanations no less than by a comparison with the more peremptory declarations of February 10th and May 13th to which he attached his signature without making protest. The obvious fact, promptly recognized by the whole country, is that the nominal Secretary could no longer heed the adjuration which we urged upon his consideration more than a year ago to the effect that "when two men ride an ass one must ride behind." His patience was exhausted, his spirit was sore, even his abundant flesh was weak. Nothing so became him as Secretary of State, it is commonly remarked, as his retirement —a verdict from which we should hesitate to dissent. But it was not the act itself which called for excoriation; it was the manner, the disingenousness, the chosen time of his doing, that was ignoble. It is idle to attempt to excuse Mr. Bryan as a sincere adherent of his mistaken convictions or as a victim of his own temperamental inconsistencies. When he assigned a

false reason for his performance he declared his hypocrisy and evidenced his malevolence. To gratify his passion for notoriety and lucre and incidentally to revenge himself upon the man who had humiliated him, he did not hesitate to strike a foul blow which might easily have constituted a betrayal of his country.

It is due to no care or prevision on the part of Mr. Bryan that Germany's rulers do not even now cherish the false belief that the sentiment of this country is divided; that Public Opinion does not with substantial unanimity uphold the President in his insistence upon the maintenance of American rights; and that consequently they might safely play the part of the bully toward a nation which they would rejoice to regard as pusillanimous,—without making war inevitable. Fortunately this most imminent of dangers was averted in time by the promptitude and skillfulness of the President, supplemented by responses from the Press whose tenor could not be mistaken, either here or abroad. It is now considered certain that Germany will be fully enlightened respecting the true attitude of the American people before she makes response to the President's firm but considerate and pacific communication and it is through the removal of that misapprehension that lies the way of peace.

That a Secretary of State of this Union should have seized upon a moment which might have been fateful to emphasize by both words and act an impression which he must have known to be false seems even in the face of the fact incredible. But that is precisely what Mr. Bryan did and he can never be forgiven and can never again be tolerated by American citizens who are not wholly devoid either of intelligence or of patriotism. Mr. Bryan's official career is ended. That he will continue to exist as a public nuisance must be assumed, but the plaster cast which serves as a frontispiece for this REVIEW is a political death-mask.

We turn now to the President. Of his conduct of the affairs of his country throughout this crucial period words too high in praise cannot be spoken. It has been as nearly perfect as can readily be imagined. That it will continue to be worthy of our best traditions we have no doubt. That war with any foreign Power will be averted without sacrifice of honor or prestige we now regard as certain. But it is impossible to withhold from Mr. Wilson a very considerable measure of responsibility for his own Premier's ruthless tempting of Fate. He appointed

Mr. Bryan Secretary of State with full knowledge of his mental incompetency and of his moral delinquencies. Excuse for the selection was found in the President's presumed obligation to the man who achieved his nomination at Baltimore, but none knew better than Mr. Wilson himself that no such debt existed as a consequence of any intention on the part of Mr. Bryan, none knew better than he that the very consummation so gratifying to himself was the result of as base a betrayal of trust as ever stained the annals of American politics; and yet he accorded to him the highest honor within his gift and has since lauded to the skies "Mr. Bryan's character, his justice, his sincerity, his transparent integrity, his Christian principle," and so on *ad nauseam*.

Let us recall for a moment the instance to which we have referred as the chief indication of Mr. Bryan's possession of these admirable attributes which confronted Mr. Wilson. (1) Mr. Bryan demanded and obtained in Nebraska primaries for the election of delegates to the Baltimore convention who should pledge themselves to heed the instructions from the primaries respecting candidates. (2) As a candidate for delegate, he promised definitely to support either Clark or Wilson, but announced that he would not serve if instructed for Harmon. (3) Clark carried the primaries and Bryan, as an instructed delegate, accepted his commission. (4) Bryan deserted Clark as soon as Clark obtained a majority of the votes in the convention and seemed certain to be nominated, upon the ground that he must be unworthy because he had received the vote of New York. (5) Bryan proposed several candidates who were obviously unavailable, carefully excluding Mr. Wilson's name from his list. (6) Wilson was nominated, not in consequence of Bryan's support but in spite of his subtle efforts to the contrary. (7) Bryan urged the nomination of Clark for Vice-President—of the self-same Clark whom he had pronounced unworthy of the Presidency, to which as Vice-President he might at any moment succeed; thereby in his fright at possible consequences to himself brazenly belying his own professions of virtuous opposition and revealing himself as a self-seeking marplot, disloyal to a friend, a repudiator of his own pledges and a betrayer of his own people.

With this record of perfidy before his eyes President Wilson "took Bryan to his bosom rather than have him on his back" and extolled him to American youth as the embodiment of "character, justice, sincerity, transparent integrity and Christian

principle." If now he has discovered that the Prophet Isaiah spoke truly when he said "that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper" and later shall learn with Job that "the viper's tongue shall slay him," can any but himself be held to blame?

True it is that in voluntarily donning the wished-for cocked hat Mr. Bryan has extracted many of his own fangs, but he need not have done so. He had ample cause to resign. How long would Thomas Jefferson have continued as Secretary of State after receiving a completed message to a foreign Power with the curt direction to "sign here"? What would Daniel Webster have done if, every morning for four days after the arising of a crisis laden with portents of war, he had been obliged to say that President Filmore had not consulted or even communicated with him, the Secretary of State? Whither and how quickly would John Hay or Elihu Root have betaken himself if his assistant had been summoned to the Cabinet council because of a plain implication that his chief did not consider him capable?

It is a simple fact beyond the possibility of successful dispute that no President has treated a Secretary of State so contemptuously as Mr. Wilson has treated Mr. Bryan; none would have dared to do so; none could have done so without evoking sharpest criticism from press and people. And it does not suffice to say that the President had no time to waste in considering suggestions or advice that he knew in advance would be worthless; if this were true, then nothing could be more certain than that the President himself was decisively culpable in naming and retaining such an one in the only position whose occupant's authority and name are recognized by every government on earth. Happily for Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan, conceited and blundering as ever, did not set up at once his real and just cause of resentment, but the end of this chapter we surmise has not yet been reached.

Because Mr. Bryan means war. He means to torpedo the Democratic party precisely as Mr. Roosevelt shot the fatal bolt into the Republican organization three years ago this very month. Just as there was "nothing personal" then, so there will be "nothing personal" now. The ground of undying principle upon which Mr. Roosevelt took his stand was only high; Mr. Bryan's is both high and dry. Today it is Peace-at-any-price; tomorrow it will be Prohibition; next week, Woman Suffrage; next month, the Single Term; and finally,

of course, Government Ownership and the Money Power. Sadly but firmly, step by step, the Commoner will draw farther and farther away from the President until the break, as the experienced Mr. Roosevelt clearly foresees, will become personal and irreparable.

The effect upon the forthcoming election cannot be foretold at this time with any degree of confidence. Upon the whole, in our opinion already filed, Mr. Wilson is to be congratulated. While, unlike many others, we are by no means convinced that the President could not have accomplished his chief legislative purposes singlehanded, it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Bryan rendered most effective service especially in connection with the passage of the Currency Act. But now when the statute book has been rendered immaculate and nothing further remains to be done, Mr. Bryan becomes a mere incubus; he has served his purpose; so why not let him go—in peace if may be but in war if need be? Something will be lost necessarily but vastly more will surely be gained. Such we suspect is the President's line of reasoning conforming strictly to his previous course of action upon various occasions which need not now be recalled. And who as yet can deny the effectiveness of a personal diplomacy which thus far has never failed, or of a Destiny which seems to be irresistible?

But this is not a time for political discussion. Our country still sits in the shadow of a possible war whose eventualities no man can gauge and whose end none can foresee, and she must be held united behind a President who has proved himself fully capable and wholly worthy. We may only rejoice that at last, by whatever means, there has been lifted from his back his heaviest burden and pray that ere long the minor incompetents and babbling boobs who still surround him will follow their leader into the obscurity from which they ought never to have been drawn.

MR. BRYAN OF HARTFORD

The peculiar offensiveness of the Hartford Convention lay not in the personality of its members, who were among the most sincere and high-minded men of their time; nor in the principles which they there advocated, some of which were admirable and all of which were well within bounds of constitutional consideration. It lay rather in the fact that the Convention represented organized opposition to the policy of the National Government

in foreign as well as in domestic affairs at a time when that Government was concerned in the gravest complications with a great European Power, and was therefore calculated to add to that Government's embarrassments and to give some measure of aid and encouragement to the enemy. It was also emphasized by the Convention's obscure intimation that if its demands were not granted it might have recourse to other and unmentioned means for gaining its ends.

It would not be difficult to draw a more than ordinarily complete analogy between the conduct of that Convention and that of Mr. Bryan in resigning from the President's Cabinet. Let it be granted that Mr. Bryan is as sincere and high-minded as his most enthusiastic eulogists think; and that his "peace at any price" principles are worthy of serious and respectful consideration. The indisputable fact remains that his secession and his statement of his reasons therefor constitute an open declaration of opposition to the President's policy in foreign affairs of the greatest delicacy and gravity, and are therefore calculated to add to the embarrassment of our own Government and to give aid and encouragement to that alien Power with which this nation is engaged in controversy. His act also is aggravated by his intimation that he may attack the President on other points than those which he has already mentioned.

If the analogy is not entirely complete, its incompleteness is the measure of Mr. Bryan's greater offensiveness. No member of the Hartford Convention had been a member of Madison's Cabinet, or even of the political party to which he belonged. On the contrary, all had been from the beginning open opponents of the Administration in both domestic and foreign policies; and the Convention was merely the consistent and logical culmination of their course. They were not guilty of betrayal, of desertion, of abandonment of a friend in his need and of a post of responsibility at a critical moment. Their organization of opposition was not at the beginning of the controversy, either, when all the most momentous transactions were yet to come, but was deferred until the war was waning to its close and the making of peace was in sight.

On the whole, therefore, in view of all the obloquy which a century ago was poured upon the Hartford Convention, and of the academic disapproval which is still historically attached to it, if there be any impropriety in calling the late Secretary of State "Mr. Bryan of Hartford," it is because of its reflection upon the Hartford Convention rather than upon Mr. Bryan.

Intensely as were the New England Federalists opposed to the Democratic-Republican policies of Jefferson and Madison, there was not one of them who could have been capable of deserting in its hour of need any cause to which he had given adherence. It remained for Mr. Bryan to take a leaf out of the record of the Hartford Convention, and to soil it with a blot peculiarly his own.

A PACIFIST AT WORK

While not subscribing in full to the quite common remark that the public journals of New York City are the most provincial of all printed in these United States, we are bound to admit that the rare visit of a metropolitan editor to the National capital for the avowed purpose of acquiring information and disseminating knowledge constitutes an event of no small magnitude. It was with peculiar interest, therefore, that we heard, some weeks ago, of the abrupt departure of our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard of the *Evening Post*, for the trenches of international diplomacy. To his credit, be it said at the outset, he did not sail away in the furtive manner affected by Assistant President Edward M. House and Young Sleuth Dudley Field Malone; on the contrary, he guarded against the contingency of submarine attack by flying an American flag from his bow and displaying abaft the illuminated signal "O. G. V." Whether or not this action was taken as a means of self-protection, in conformity with the present American custom at sea, or in consideration of the sensibilities of the regular Washington correspondent, hardly calls for speculation; the important point is that identification was rendered thereby no less certain than the segregation of races in the various departments which tends naturally to vex the spirit of the grandson of our foremost Liberator.

We shall not attempt to recount Mr. Villard's newsgathering adventures further than to recall regretfully the characteristic obstinacy of the Administration in refusing to confirm his announcement of its intention to dispatch a sharp Note to England simultaneously with that which went to Germany. That such a message was indeed "prepared," though by whom we would not venture to surmise, we may well believe in the light of the seeming authoritativeness with which the information was conveyed; why it was not sent is no concern of ours; apparently somebody blundered. In any case, Mr.

Villard undoubtedly did well to inform his readers modestly but firmly that he had availed himself of no opportunity to undermine his colleagues in the trenches—a fact which, although self-evident in view of the outcome, surely called for unmistakable declaration.

But it was in his accustomed role of pacifist that Mr. Villard interested us most. As everybody knows, incorrigible makers of mischief had busied themselves persistently since the beginning of the war, with surmises respecting the precise official relationship of the President to the Secretary of State. Regarding such conduct as designed only to foment family dissensions and as being consequently both inconsiderate and ignoble, we had refrained carefully from even referring to the numberless rumors that had been floated upon the sea of American journalism; but further abstention from consideration of Mr. Villard's resolute endeavor to set matters aright surely cannot now be regarded as either unfriendly or unpatriotic. We spring to the support of our distinguished contemporary, therefore, not only without hesitation but with zestful cordiality, despite the fact that we have never accorded unqualified approval to pitiful publicity.

Mr. Villard wrote with engaging frankness. After lamenting that "it was again thought necessary to say to the Washington correspondents today that the Secretary of State is in thorough accord with the President" as "another evidence of the unhappy situation of the Secretary," he said quite truly that "had he been a smaller man, or had he been actuated by personal ambitions, he would not have been capable of the self-abnegation he has shown in standing aside in our urgent foreign affairs." This referred, of course, to the fact that Mr. Bryan was constantly represented as being "out of touch with things," as being "shouldered aside" instead of "standing aside" and as being "generally negligible." Pronouncing such assertions false, Mr. Villard added somewhat cautiously that the President and the Secretary were "on the most cordial terms; the President consults Mr. Bryan; values his judgment, *it may be said;* and *is reported* to speak highly of it." The disclaimer was less positive than we should have liked, but coming from one trained to weigh his words before uttering them seemed to suffice.

But Mr. Villard did not stop there. As a resolute pacifist, he felt it to be his duty not only to remove whatever misunderstanding might lie between the President and the Secretary, but also to effect a reconciliation between the Secretary and the

newspaper correspondents. This was no easy task. Indeed, a condition had arisen which threatened to become intolerable. Mr. Bryan was "strangely uncomfortable in the presence of the daily gathering" and frequently found it "necessary to lecture them as to how they should behave and what questions they should ask"—proceedings which the correspondents were disposed so strongly to resent that "some of them annoyed him" and became even "impertinent" upon occasion.

All this was distressing naturally to Mr. Villard, who could "not help having a deep sympathy if not a feeling of pity for this big, nervous man" who was obliged to "be wary of traps and pitfalls deliberately masked behind skilful queries" while still appreciating that he ought to tell them something. It made "the observer"—meaning our contemporary himself—"long to be of help and to aid, in the interest of both the Secretary and the correspondents," but alas, "suggestions" were "not readily received." For example, one made by Mr. Villard himself in person "to the effect that the Secretary rid himself of the whole trying annoyance and turn over this daily chore to a subordinate official, brought a flash of anger and a charge that this innocent suggestion was not made in good faith"—a suspicion so wholly unwarranted that it "almost suggested the story of the drowning man who cried out in his despair, 'I will drown and no one shall save me'"; whereupon, Mr. Villard cruelly adds, he "was allowed to drown."

When it was all over, Mr. Villard went around with the correspondents to pay a farewell visit and recorded somewhat pathetically that "at his last meeting Mr. Bryan likened his situation to a hen trying to get her chickens under her." "You have doubtless noted how fussy and irritable a hen is at such times," said Mr. Bryan. "I have often felt like a hen in that respect, especially when trying to keep a number of international secrets covered up. At times I have been cross and irritable when I feared one of my chickens would creep out. We do not question the good intentions of the hen under such circumstances and I hope you won't question mine. So much for any friction."

So one sees it was the lure of the barnyard, as we suspected; but let our contemporary conclude his interesting account:

> There is no gainsaying that Mr. Bryan's career in office has been a most unhappy one. His difficulties with the newspaper men were recently touched upon at length in the *Evening Post*, because they were typical of others. His is an impractical mind, because it is a mind possessed of great ideals, but devoid of order, thoroughness, depth, and

knowledge. The White House has groaned under the suggestions that have come from him as to every conceivable thing. They have been well-meant and sincere, but rarely thought out, and in nine cases out of ten have been rejected as politely as possible. They are telling an amusing story of a Secretary handing a sheaf of papers to the President as he walked through the outer office, saying, "These are from Mr. Bryan; will you take them?" and the President's replying, "I have taken so much from Mr. Bryan, I might as well take this, too."

This story, Mr. Villard cautiously observes, is "doubtless apocryphal," though frankly to us it seems altogether too characteristic and too good not to be true.

Be that as it may, we are grateful to our skilful contemporary for the lightly human touches with which he alone has illumined the dark spaces of Democracy during this trying time, and we bespeak a more notable success for his next endeavors as a pacificator. In any case, his conscience should continue to be clear. "He seen his duty and done his damndest" after a fashion, according to the famous adage, unexcelled by the angels themselves.

PERFORMANCE AND PROMISE AT PANAMA

The Isthmian vision of four centuries is fulfilled. Whatever change circumstances may require in the original plans for the formal opening of the Panama Canal, the present month must be regarded as marking the official completion of that gigantic work. The dream of four hundred years and the specific promise of a decade are realized. Now, following performance, comes promise again. What is the Canal to mean to the world? More particularly, what is our canal to mean to us? A profitable light upon that question may be had from the records of the past and their revelation of the vision and the intent of those who from time to time have striven to do the work which we have done.

The origin of the enterprise dates from 1453, when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks; wherefore it will be one of history's most striking coincidences if the completion of the canal is accompanied or followed by the redemption of Constantinople from Turkish rule. It was then that Europeans began seeking a new route to India and to Cathay; and it was on that errand that in 1492 Columbus discovered America, and that, in 1500, in 1502 and in 1505, respectively, Bastidas, Co-

lumbus and Amerigo Vespucci explored the shore of the Central American isthmus in quest of the supposed strait which would give them access to the Indian Ocean. In 1513 Balboa, who had accompanied Bastidas in 1500, first crossed the isthmus and discovered the Pacific. This knowledge of the Pacific Ocean and its proximity to the Caribbean fired Spanish zeal, and in 1524 Hernando Cortez, in pursuance of orders from Charles V, sent expeditions for hundreds of miles along both coasts of Central America, vainly seeking the "Secret of the Strait."

Then, in the inevitable failure of this quest for the non-existent, came the first proposal of a canal; made in 1529 by Alvaro de Saavedra Ceron, who discussed the four routes at Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama and Darien, and prepared working plans for a canal at Panama. So early arose the rivalry of routes, which lasted until our own day. It was the opinion of Ceron, as also of Cortez, expressed to Charles V, that the opening of a waterway across the isthmus would give to its owner, Spain, the mastery of the world, and it was with that vision that the King ordered the work to be done. But with Ceron's death his plans and the whole project lapsed; and though Charles V bade Andagoya to survey the valley of the Chagres for a canal in 1534, and Philip II in 1567 sent Antonelli on a like errand to Nicaragua, nothing practical was done, and in 1570 Philip put as he supposed a quietus upon the entire undertaking by decreeing that no man under penalty of death should ever attempt to create a waterway where God had not originally provided one! In the next generation, in 1616, Philip III defied his predecessor's curse and ordered a survey of the Darien-Atrato route; after which futile essay the scheme again slumbered for many years.

A new era opened in 1698, when William Paterson, founder of the Bank of England, planted Scottish colonies at New Edinburgh and New St. Andrews, on Caledonian Bay, for the purpose of seizing that part of the isthmus and constructing a canal there under the British flag; thus to give Britain the "mastery of the world." His grandiose enterprise failed and was wholly abandoned in 1700, because of English opposition. Had he only waited until after the Legislative union of England and Scotland in 1707, or had that union been effected ten years earlier than it was, there would have been no such opposition, and the Panama isthmus might and probably would have become a British colony, with a canal across it 200 years ago.

There followed another century of delay. True, Condamine in 1740 made a plea for a Nicaragua canal; in 1780 Horatio Nelson seized Lake Nicaragua with a view of controlling that route for England; and in 1788 Milla reported to Spain in favor of the Caledonian Bay route; but nothing practical was done. From 1799 to 1804 Humboldt surveyed and studied the country, and recorded the existence of no fewer than nine interoceanic canal routes; beginning at the north of the Mississippi, Missouri and Columbia rivers, and ending at the south with the Gulf of St. George in Patagonia. But most he favored Panama, so strongly as to inspire Goethe long afterward, in 1827, to make his notable prophecy, that the United States would one day construct and control a canal across the isthmus. To this he added a hope that England would get possession of a canal at Suez; and a wish that Germany might connect the waters of the Danube and the Rhine, though of the completion of the last named work he had little hope. It is doubtful if profane history contains record of a more remarkable forecast than that which he made concerning Suez and Panama.

Meantime the isthmus itself was busy. It established its independence of Spain in 1822, and three years later the Central American Congress ordered the construction of an isthmian canal, at Nicaragua, and sent an envoy to enlist the interest and co-operation of the United States. This country was fatuously unresponsive, and added to its folly by slighting the Panama Congress of 1826. It had promulgated the Monroe Doctrine, but it left that instrument to be a dry letter instead of infusing it with vital spirit. There followed numerous speculative schemes: De Witt Clinton's at Nicaragua, a Belgian essay at the same point, Simon Bolivar's at Panama, Horatio Allen's at Nicaragua, and others. Thus early were the builders of the Erie Canal and of the Croton Aqueduct interested in the enterprise, though to little effect.

French interest dates from 1840, when a French speculator got a concession at Panama. For some years Guizot, the Minister of Louis Philippe, pressed the matter earnestly; and Louis Napoleon, while a prisoner of state at Ham, secured a Nicaraguan concession, and promised that if he were released so that he could undertake the work, he would settle in America and renounce forever all his pretensions in France. To his mind, with the construction of such a canal Leon, in Nicaragua, would become as much the commercial centre of the modern world as Constantinople was of the ancient. There followed the

Clayton-Bulwer episode, which practically barred any further prosecution of the enterprise, although there was scarcely a year thereafter in which some new scheme, American, British or French, was not put forward. Cornelius Vanderbilt, William H. Webb and Frederick Kelly were conspicuous among the American promoters, but their labors bore no material fruit.

The Dickinson-Ayon treaty between the United States and Nicaragua, in 1868, marked the beginning of a new era, in which the United States aimed at the construction and control of a canal, apart from all other nations. The next year Seward sought, though vainly, to make a treaty with Colombia for a canal at Panama, constructed and controlled by the United States in a twenty-mile wide Canal Zone. In 1869, also, President Grant first formulated the ultimate American policy, when he said: "I regard it as of vast political importance that no European Government should hold such a work." In order to give effect to that policy, several American surveying commissions were sent to various parts of the isthmus, and treaties were sought for the construction of a canal. Nothing practical was effected, however, and we were for the time practically beaten by the French, who in 1876 secured a concession at Panama. This was taken over by Ferdinand de Lesseps, General Etienns Turr, Lucien N. B. Wyse, and Armand Reclus; an "International Engineering Congress" at Paris in 1879 under their dictation decided in favor of the Panama route; and on February 1, 1881, actual work on the canal was formally "inaugurated," by de Lesseps's "Universal Interoceanic Canal Company."

That was a challenge to American interests and American policy which could not go unanswered. The first answer promptly came at almost the very moment when the French began their work, from the man who had first stated the American policy concerning Isthmian transit. Writing in The North American Review of February, 1881, Grant, then ex-President, uttered these golden words:

"In accordance with the early and later policy of the Government, in obedience to the often expressed will of the American people, with a due regard to our national dignity and power, with a watchful care for the safety and prosperity of our interests and industries on this continent, and with a determination to guard against even the first approach of rival powers, whether friendly or hostile, on these shores, I commend an American canal, on American soil, to the American people."

There followed the active promotion of three projects. One was Eads's ship railroad at Tehuantepec, which never got beyond the stage of plans. The second was Warner Miller's Nicaragua canal, which cost some millions of dollars and then failed. The third was de Lesseps's Panama Canal scheme, which was heroically pushed against fate itself; fate being embodied in American hostility on Monroe Doctrine grounds, in failure to invent efficient engineering devices, in lack of knowledge of the nature and means of prevention of yellow fever and malaria, and in "graft." It did nearly one-third of the excavation work, and then in the winter of 1888-89 went into bankruptcy. Our Congress then adopted resolutions disapproving any further schemes of European Governments for the construction or control of any isthmian canal.

The reorganized French company struggled on, however, and there ensued a tedious warfare of years in Congress over the rival routes, at Nicaragua and Panama, and the question which of them should be adopted by our Government. There was also a long controversy with Great Britain over the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which was perceived to stand in the way of the execution of the American policy, but which Great Britain declined to abrogate without an equivalent. The Nicaragua enterprise began in 1890 and came to grief in 1893. Successive Canal Commissions were appointed, with little result; and the whole enterprise, centuries old, seemed to "get no forrarder."

Then came the Spanish War. The *Oregon* was sent for, to come from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast. She came, swiftly and safely. But she had to travel 13,400 miles. Had there been a canal, the distance would have been only 4,600 miles; with a corresponding reduction of time and perils. That object lesson was sufficient. Congress and the nation determined to have no more delay, but as soon as the war was off our hands, to construct a canal. So in 1899 the matter was taken up in Congress. It was a triangular fight, among the partisans of the bankrupt company at Nicaragua, the almost bankrupt new French Company at Panama, and a new syndicate with a rival concession at Nicaragua. While this fight raged, diplomacy was busy. The first Hay-Pauncefote treaty, supplanting the Clayton-Bulwer, was made in 1900; and when it proved unsatisfactory, the second was made and ratified in 1901. The date of its ratification, December 16, 1901, marks the opening of the way for the United States to proceed with

the execution of Grant's proposal, "an American canal on American soil."

There followed further debate in Congress, as to whether we should go to Nicaragua or to Panama, involved with negotiations with the French company for the purchase of its unfinished work; which ended on June 28, 1902, in the enactment of the law under which the canal was to be constructed—at Panama if practicable, otherwise at Nicaragua. Thus precisely thirteen years, almost to a day, have been required, from the initial authorization, for the completion of the work. Negotiations with Colombia ensued, complicated by German intrigues at Bogota. In 1903 the Hay-Herran treaty was made, giving us the right to build the canal at Panama; but was not ratified by the Colombian Government. On November 3 of that year the Panama revolution occurred, under American protection, and the last obstacle to the fulfillment of our policy was removed. The Hay-Bunau Varilla treaty with Panama was made, and was ratified on February 23, 1904, and on March 3 following the Senate ratified the appointment of a Canal Commission which was to undertake the actual work of construction. But the essential preliminaries of survey, sanitation and what not occupied much time, so it was not until the latter part of 1905 that any considerable amount of excavation work was done, and it was not until two years after that date that excavation and construction attained a full measure of progress. Seeing that the canal was informally opened to commerce on August 14, 1914, the entire period required by us for the construction of the canal was only ten years, and more than nine-tenths of the work was done in seven years.

Now the work is done. What is its future promise? The record makes clear the purport and the manner of its doing. Cortez and Ceron, Paterson and Humboldt, Goethe and Louis Napoleon, were all agreed as to the importance of the canal, for commercial if not also for political sea power. The record also makes clear that, in view of that inestimable potency, this nation long ago decided that the United States and it alone must be the owner and manager of the canal. That decision has been executed. We have today "an American canal on American soil." There remains the transcendent question, What shall it mean to us? Shall it be also an American canal in its chief use as well as in ownership and control? We shall never monopolize it, or seek through it to dominate the world,

as Cortez and Ceron dreamed that Spain might do, and indeed as Spain might then have done. Rather, we shall, in loyal accordance with our promise, keep it open to the commerce of all the world on equal terms for all well-disposed nations. But it would be a reproach upon our enterprise to have the preponderance of its use enjoyed by other peoples. It has long been a reproach to us that, having proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine, we so largely let it remain a dry and technical letter instead of making it a vital spirit in the cultivation of intimate relations with the countries over which it extended our protection. It has been an anomaly for us to pose as the protectors of Latin America against those who were far more closely related to it, socially and commercially, than we. We must not incur the same reproach at Panama—that having made an American canal we left it for chiefly non-American use.

SHALL LAW OR CONVENIENCE RULE?

SHALL universal law or individual advantage prevail? That is really the gist of the chief international controversies which have thus far arisen between America and the European belligerents in this war. It is a question which, however it may be disposed of temporarily, is certain to arise as one of the chief agenda at the first international congress following the war; and it is not too much to add that upon the determination of it will depend the general efficiency of the laws of nations.

This question has been raised most acutely, no doubt, in connection with Germany's submarine warfare and its flagrant traversing of the hitherto universally accepted principles of the rights of neutrals and of the practice of visit and search. There is scarcely any better established doctrine of international law than that of the right of belligerents to visit and search vessels on the high seas when these can reasonably be suspected of being engaged in contraband traffic. To the proper exercise of that right the United States has never objected. But this country has always insisted—it insisted very strenuously a hundred years ago—that the right shall be properly exercised, to the end that in case the suspicions of contraband traffic be found unwarranted, the neutrals shall be permitted to proceed on their way uninjured. It is one of the fine ironies of history that these principles were chiefly of German and even of Prussian origin; for they were all plainly implied in the suggestions of

Frederick the Great which were made the basis of the Armed Neutrality; and yet it is the successor of Frederick the Great who now chiefly challenges and denies them.

There has now been introduced for the first time a new method of naval warfare, involving the use of submarines, not only in battle against warships but also as commerce destroyers and as blockading vessels. For these latter purposes they are exceedingly effective; and they are the only vessels which can be used to any considerable extent by a Power which has lost control of the seas by ordinary means. They are not merely convenient: they are quite indispensable to Germany, unless she is to retire altogether from the seas. With them, however, the rule of visit and search is no longer practicable; and for this rule, the practice of summary destruction is substituted. The submarine is not sufficiently swift to overhaul merchant steamers, and is not strong enough to cope, above the surface, with even the most lightly armed gunboat. To be effective it must steal upon its quarry unperceived and strike a blow without warning, as it did with the *Lusitania;* or at most it must give very brief warning and then proceed with the work of utter destruction. It cannot visit, search, and seize with a prize crew, according to law and custom.

The question thus arises, whether Germany (or any nation) is to forego and deny herself the immense advantages which her new devices afford, simply because those devices cannot be utilized in accordance with existing laws; or whether the law is to be ignored and violated and practically annulled, because its terms are not compatible with these new inventions.

The latter contention seems to be untenable—to wit, that the law is to be annulled by any individual nation to which compliance with it may be inconvenient or disadvantageous. If it were valid, there is scarcely a law on the pages of the statute book that would be worth more than the paper on which it is printed. Take, for example, the law of blockades: that to be legally valid they must be physically effective. Is a nation to insist upon the validity of a blockade which it has proclaimed but has not actually enforced with warships, on the ground that it is not convenient or is not possible for it to comply with the law? There was a prompt and sharp protest only a little while ago at the suggestion that Great Britain was attempting to enjoy the privileges of a blockade without actually proclaiming and enforcing it. Take the law concerning prisoners of war. Suppose that some nation were to put all prisoners to death,

for the reason that it was not convenient or was not possible for it to hold them and care for them: Would such a course be sanctioned? There is a law against the poisoning of streams and wells. But suppose that some nation should invent some particularly effective way of poisoning them and should insist upon practicing it, on the ground that a musty old law must not stand in the way of advanced methods: Would the world condone the breach of law? These are extreme cases, yet not more extreme than this attempt at the selfish instance of a single Power arbitrarily to annul the law of visit and search and to substitute for it the practice of summary and indiscriminate destruction.

It is doubtless true that new inventions from time to time require new laws, or modifications of existing laws. Thus new laws are needed for the regulation of both aerial and submarine navigation, and for the practice of wireless telegraphy. But international laws are not to be made or to be abrogated or modified at the instance of a single Power, but by "the common sense of all." Even if it were to be held that between belligerents the war annulled all treaties and repealed all laws,—though no rational man would make such a contention, and none could possibly maintain it,—we should still insist upon scrupulous observance of the law so far as the rights and interests of neutrals were concerned. After this war is over there will doubtless be a considerable revision of international law, as a consequence of the new issues which the war has raised, and it will probably include some provisions concerning the use of submarine vessels. We should greatly doubt, however, if the nations would ever sanction the substitution of summary destruction by submarines for visit and search by cruisers, because that would be a step backward, toward the barbarous conditions against which civilized nations revolted a century and more ago.

But whatever may then be done or not done, this fact seems clear, that until such revision of the law is effected the neutral nations have a right to demand that the existing law shall stand and shall be respected. More and more the world is coming to apply to nations the rules which prevail among individual men and women. Outside of Anarchia nobody would countenance for a moment the pretension that any man had a right to annul or to ignore a law merely because it was inconvenient for him to obey it, or because obedience to it would prevent him from fully utilizing some advantageous new device. Neither can such a right be conceded to a nation.

WHAT THE FOURTH OF JULY MEANS

Moses was right; for his own time and for all time. He advised the Israelites that in after years, when they celebrated the anniversary of the Passover, their children would ask them, "What mean ye by these things?" and he instructed them in the answer which they should give. It would have been well if there had been a Moses for the Fourth of July. Perhaps John Adams might have played the part; but he did not. At least in the eloquent speech which Daniel Webster in after years made for him, while he prophecied that innumerable succeeding generations would joyously celebrate the day, he gave no intimation of what they would or should regard as its purport. Perhaps the "Godlike Daniel" thought that unnecessary, taking it for granted that they would rightly interpret it. But sometimes too much is taken for granted.

If we asked the Small Boy what the day meant,—though really it is he who ought to do the asking; but he never does,—he would probably reply that it was a day for letting off firecrackers and shooting off toy pistols and "having a bully time." If we asked "the orator of the day," he would reply that it commemorated our freedom from the effete tyranny of George III and the founding of this great and glorious Republic as the final Palladium of the Rights of Man, et cetera. The one answer would be as near to or as far from the truth as the other. Neither of them would touch the root of the matter. It is indeed a day of rejoicing; but of rejoicing for what? The rejoicing is an effect, not a cause. Why, for our independence, of course; stupid! Yes; but again, with the natural and unalienable right of every Yankee to ask questions, independence of what, or for what reason?

It is a simple and gross perversion of history to assume that the signers of the Declaration of Independence and their constituents, or at any rate any but an insignificant minority of them, sought independence just for its own sake. The contrary is manifest in the record. Their agitation and their demands for years had been not for freedom from the British Crown, but for freedom under it. The "Liberty and Union" flag of 1774 at Taunton meant that the colonies should continue their union with Great Britain, and should enjoy the same liberty, rights and privileges that the Mother Country enjoyed: That granted, there would have been no thought of

independence. When on the motion of John Adams, George Washington was made Commander-in-Chief of the army of the united colonies, he raised at Cambridge, only six months before the Declaration was adopted, a flag which he and Franklin had designed, the first national flag of America. And what was its pattern? It had the thirteen red and white stripes of our present flag, emblematic of the thirteen colonies; but in the canton it had not our clustered stars but the Union Jack, emblematic of continued union with Great Britain.

The fact that independence was not sought for its own sake, but was a mere means to an end, was indeed made quite clear in the Declaration itself, in phrases which are too often read with more resonance than understanding. Listen: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, . . . That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men. . . That whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute a new government." Then Jefferson went on to declare and to demonstrate that the British government had become destructive of the ends for which governments were instituted; with item after item of an appalling indictment of bad government. King George had done things which he ought not to have done, and had left undone things which he ought to have done, and there was no good in him. The whole document was a complaint of and a protest against bad government, and conversely a practical pledge to establish and to maintain good government. That was the reason for the Declaration. That was the purpose of the Revolution. That was the end for which independence was only a means. Good Government; and again, Good Government; and yet again, Good Government.

The proper object of celebration, then, is not the means but the end; not Independence, but Good Government and the Rights of Man. It would be a mockery to celebrate independence and to ignore the greater thing to which independence was merely the stepping-stone. The Signers wanted not independence, *per se*, but good government. They would have been perfectly satisfied with good government without independence. They would have scorned and spurned independence without the promise and potency of good government. Should we not regard it as a discreditable anomaly if to-day we were exulting in independence and were neglecting the end for which independence was achieved? It would be a shocking, an intol-

erable, an unmentionable thing, to compromise or to impair our independence. But what would it be to impair the good government for which independence was a mere means?

Let us recall the burden of the Signers' complaints against King George. He had refused his assent to laws necessary for the public good; he had forbidden his governors to pass laws of pressing importance; he had refused to pass laws for the accommodation of the people unless they would in return relinquish some of their rights. Why, what is that but an accurate characterization of more than one latter-day political boss or party ring? Again: He had obstructed the administration of justice. Has that administration never suffered obstruction in our day? He had made a multitude of new offices, burdensome to the people. Are sinecures and spoils unknown in our own day? The whole indictment of King George's government is redolent of the indictments which in our own times are directed not against alien rulers afar off but against those of our own people who because of our own suffrages or our own sufferance have become as subversive of the true ends of government as ever were any of the minions of the Hanoverian monarch.

It has been proposed that for this year at least the Fourth of July be regarded as "Americanization Day" rather than Independence Day as of old. There is reason for the suggestion, arising from the disclosures in the last year of a certain inclination to hyphenate alien interests, prejudices, predilections and animosities with American allegiance, and even to cultivate a divided citizenship between this and some other country. But neither Americanization nor Independence measures the full purport of the day. We must go back of them, to first principles, and determine precisely what Americanization or Americanism means, and what were the objects for which Independence was sought as a last desperate resort.

IS A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL COMING?

Is there to be another "Great Awakening"? The question is widely and seriously asked, and generally with an obvious desire for an affirmative answer. In some cases it is asked because of Billy Sunday, and in some, in spite of that strenuous and singular spiritual agitator; while in many others it is entirely independent of him and his ministrations. In the first category a revival is contemplated by those who look to Sunday as its

more or less Divinely appointed leader—"a second John the Baptist," they call him. In the second are those who disapprove his tone and manner, and who wish to counteract them by doing the work which he purports to be doing in what they regard as a more dignified and reverent way. The third class, and by no means the least, are they who consider the time propitious if not actually necessitous for a general spiritual awakening, on principles entirely apart from him or indeed any other individual leader.

The extent of public interest in the matter is very great. According to the census, more than one-third of the entire population of the United States are enrolled as communicants of the various churches. Of these, many, of course, belong to churches to which "revival" methods in the ordinary sense are foreign, and which would not participate in any such movement as that which is contemplated. But at least one-half of them, or one-sixth of the whole nation, belong to churches which do engage in revivals and which might reasonably be expected to co-operate in a general awakening such as those which have on several former occasions involved the greater part of the nation. The proposal for a revival is of direct and sympathetic concern, then, to some eighteen millions of our people, while to another like number it is of indirect but by no means negligible or slight concern; and indeed to the unchurched remainder it is not devoid of interest, seeing that its prime object is to exert a proselyting influence upon them.

It will be instructive, then, to recall the circumstances and methods of the former revivals, and to observe how they compare with those of the present time. We mean, of course, the revivals of something like national scope, such as is now contemplated. Of such there have been only five in the course of one hundred and eighty years, the period which has now elapsed since the first of them occurred.

The first was the "Great Awakening," started by Jonathan Edwards, which converted a far larger portion of the population than any other such movement in history, and which left a lasting impress of great importance upon the religious life of two continents, and through them upon that of the whole world. Beginning in Edwards's own church at Northampton, Mass., it caused more than 300 conversions in that place of only 200 families. Extending thence to Boston and throughout New England, it made more than 50,000 converts in a total population of 250,000. In New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and

other colonies its influence was strongly felt, the founding of what is now Princeton University being among its direct fruits. Nor was it confined to this continent. In England the movement led by the Wesleys was then in a plastic and formative condition, and although the theology of Edwards was radically different from that of Wesley, the far-reaching influence of the "Great Awakening" was one of the most potent factors in giving that movement form and perpetuity, in leading Wesley and Whitefield to come to America, and in finally causing the "new sect of Methodists" to become organized into a separate and independent denomination.

The French and Indian war and the War of the Revolution then came on, and apparently diverted men's thoughts from ecclesiastical and spiritual things to the affairs of society and the state. It was thus more than half a century before another general revival occurred. The second one came, however, in 1797 and lasted more than ten years. It began during our wars with France and with Tripoli, and flourished during a great epidemic of yellow fever, a series of great fires and other calamities, and unprecedented business distress caused by English and French depredations upon our commerce and by our own fatuous embargo policy. It was, in brief, a time of notable distress and unrest. The revival which then occurred had no one great leader. It arose spontaneously among the Presbyterians of the West and extended through other churches and throughout the country. Among its specific results were the establishment of "camp meetings," the opening of Sunday Schools, the foundation of Andover Theological Seminary, and the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the Reformed Presbyterian and Cumberland Presbyterian churches, the United Brethren, and the Disciples of Christ.

The third national revival began a generation later, in 1831, under the leadership of Charles Grandison Finney, who had been a successful lawyer and who afterward became one of the foremost educators in the country. He began his revival work in the old Chatham Street Theatre in New York, and carried it on in the Broadway Tabernacle when that famous church was built for him; but its influence extended all over the land. As before, that was a time of distress and unrest. Jackson's fight against the United States bank caused a great business panic, Nullification in South Carolina menaced the peace and integrity of the nation, Asiatic cholera decimated the population

of many cities, and Mormonism and other strange religious movements were under way.

The fourth revival, a quarter of a century later, was in a time of similar but still more distressful circumstances. It was in the fall of 1857, in the midst of business depression and panic, strikes and riots, civil war in Kansas, and the impending menace of civil war throughout the whole nation. A noonday prayer-meeting for business men was started by a city missionary in the old Dutch Church on William Street, New York. In a short time two crowded meetings were being held daily; Burton's Theatre on Chambers Street was taken for daily and nightly meetings; at Albany prayer-meetings for the conversion of the members of the Legislature were held in the chamber of the Court of Appeals; and the revival wave spread over the whole country, involving many churches which had theretofore been unsympathetic toward evangelistic work.

The fifth widespread revival began under Moody and Sankey in 1875, another time of unrest and distress, with business depression and panic, political corruption, and great industrial and political disorder. The movement involved the whole country, made hundreds of thousands of converts, and left a deep, lasting impress, with many churches, schools and other institutions founded as its permanent fruits.

It is forty years since that latest general revival began, so that chronologically it is now high time for another to be organized. Also, with business not yet recovered from depression, and with the war in Europe, and anarchy in Mexico, conditions are comparable with those in 1875, in 1857, in 1831 and in 1797. As for leadership, there could be no greater contrast than that which Billy Sunday presents to the intellectual and philosophic Edwards, the scholarly Finney, and the calm and dignified Moody. But then those three men differed among themselves almost as much as Sunday differs from any of them. Moreover, the example of 1797 and of 1857 shows that revivals are not dependent upon such leadership, but can spontaneously arise without any commanding leaders whatever. It is by the circumstances and the spirit of the time that the likelihood of a great revival's occurring is chiefly to be estimated; and thus estimated that likelihood certainly seems considerable. The fields may be no more white with harvest than they usually are, but the whiteness is exceptionally apparent and inviting.

THE IMPASSABLE CHASM

BY WAYNE MAC VEAGH

It is with the greatest reluctance that I find myself obliged, at my present age and with the health which naturally is its accompaniment, compelled by a sense of public duty, to take part once more in any controversy, and especially in one which has aroused so much bitterness of feeling and has led so many persons to transgress in my judgment the proper limits of loyal American citizenship. I had persuaded myself some time ago that I was released from offering further advice to others and justified in devoting the days remaining to me to securing, as far as possible, a conscience void of deliberate offense both to my fellow-men and to God for the change now so near me and which I await with cheerfulness and hope. When, however, I passed in review the innumerable kindnesses, so far beyond my deserts, which I had received during my long life from my fellow-citizens, I here felt constrained to make some further small return, however inadequate, by endeavoring to point out what seemed to me the plain line of duty of all living under the Stars and Stripes in the present appalling conditions which the Kaiser and the German rage for conquest have precipitated upon the world.

Most assuredly I have no desire to impute evil motives to anybody, however mistaken I may think them, or to deny them the same charity of judgment I ask for myself. Doubtless Count Bernstorff, Captain Boy-Ed, about whose name cluster so many unpleasant insinuations, Mr. Herman Ridder, Mr. Bartholdt, Professor Münsterberg, the editors of German newspapers and many others have persuaded themselves that their anti-American declarations and activities are permissible and that their first duty is to the Kaiser. That is true within certain limits of Count Bernstorff and Captain Boy-Ed, but it is wholly untrue as to the others and nothing but the mistaken leniency of President Wilson could have harbored in them such a delusion. As I write Dr. Dernburg is happily sailing away, but

he ought to have been deported the moment he attempted to interfere in our domestic affairs; and the author of the impudent warning to the American people as to the ships on which they could safely sail, as if our Government was either too ignorant or too weak to do its duty, ought to have been sent out of the country without an hour's delay.

The first consideration which caused me pain was that so many of our fellow-citizens of German birth or descent have ignored the fact that there is an impassable chasm between the status of a *citizen* of our beloved Republic and that of a *subject* of the German Emperor. I took it for granted that those Germans who came here in these later years came with the same spirit of devotion to human liberty as those I had known in my early life, and that they came not at all to play the double part of availing themselves of the privileges of American citizenship while really championing the cause of a military monarchy, all of whose aims and methods of government were absolutely hostile to those of the country whose protection they had sought.

I assumed they recognized that this irreconcilable antagonism had pervaded every day of American history. When the youthful Lafayette was shedding his blood in his first battle by the side of Washington, at Brandywine, German mercenaries only a mile away were aiding George the Third to drive the few American patriots fighting for their liberties back to the inhospitable and snowy hills of Valley Forge. Much clamor has been raised recently about the sale of munitions of war by our manufacturers and merchants to whoever would buy them—a right as old as the Law of Nations. But it seems to be forgotten that during all that long struggle of our fathers for human freedom Germany cheerfully sold not only munitions but men to our enemy and sent skilled generals to direct their efforts to prevent us from attaining our independence. But for such sales by Germany to our oppressors the Revolutionary War would have terminated much sooner, and but for the chivalrous and splendid assistance France rendered us in the darkest hours of that unequal struggle, it is now entirely clear our independence could not have been secured.

And I must pause here to salute with reverence our sister Republic of France. In all history I know nothing more sublime than the devotion to Liberty with which her sons have defended their country and the world against the overwhelming hosts of Attila and his Huns. "Frightfulness" has not dis-

couraged them; savagery, using poison as a new weapon in war, has not frightened them. They have stood in their splendid courage against all odds—God grant they may so stand to the end!—for they are fighting for our Republic as well as their own.

There is no doubt that all the strong nations of the world, including our own, have been guilty of fearful and inexcusable crimes against weaker peoples, so that there seems to have been a common consent that the Eighth Commandment should be ignored as if never proclaimed, and that it should read as if it had been written, "Any strong nation shall be at liberty to conquer any weaker nation and to reduce the inhabitants of it to such subjection as seems to the strong nation desirable." And from this sweeping condemnation our own Republic is unhappily not free. While, however, this is true, it is also true that the Christian religion has been gradually extending its influence in international relations and has been mollifying the temper and influencing the action in these latter years of almost every country making even a weak pretense of being subject to the influences of the teachings of Christ. President Wilson declared not long ago that he believed the United States would never again acquire a foot of territory by conquest, lifting us as far as he could out of the category of predatory peoples. And the same spirit seemed slowly asserting its ascendancy among the nations of Europe *with the single exception of Germany.* All lovers of peace were at once surprised and delighted when the Czar of Russia appealed to the world in the noblest language of human brotherhood to meet in Conference at The Hague and strive to lessen by peaceful agreement the frightful burdens of armaments then resting on the whole world, and to prevent any possible increase of them by establishing a tribunal to hear and decide whatever international disputes might arise. Then, alas, the same spirit which actuated Germany to sell her generals and her soldiers to Great Britain to destroy American democracy at its birth, actuated the present Kaiser and those counsellors who surround him and who, like him, believe themselves to be supermen, to impose an absolute veto upon the aspirations which induced the Czar to call the conference. When another conference was called the same obstacle was met in the unyielding determination of Germany that the limitation of armaments should not even be discussed. She had already robbed Denmark of a portion of her domains. She had treated Austria with the utmost brutality after a brief but terrible war, and her greatest

statesman and two of her greatest soldiers had deliberately perverted a telegram of their King and published it to the world in such insulting language as required France to appear as the aggressor in a war of Germany's own seeking, a war in which, owing to her preparation and the unpreparedness of France, she was enabled to march to Paris, to consolidate the German Empire at Versailles, and to crown the King of Prussia as Emperor. Germany tore two great provinces from her, exacted an indemnity of five milliards of francs, and quartered her victorious armies upon that devastated and impoverished land until the indemnity was paid.

Then Germany began her long period of preparedness to treat all the nations which withstood her will in the same manner, and to reduce them to the same state of subjection. It is needless to quote the numberless expressions of the Kaiser himself and of all his satellites,—in the army, in the universities, and throughout the whole of the German Empire, all treating the army as sacrosanct, the first object of German patriotism, and of worshipping Krupp's as the highest exemplification of the genius of the German people of today. Being supreme on land, they resolved to be supreme also on the sea, and then commenced their mad and wasteful race for naval supremacy with Great Britain. To Germany, possessing a vast territory, fruitful in all the necessities of life, in the heart of Europe, *and with all the rest of the world open to her citizens either for trade or settlement*, a great fleet could be desired only for purposes of conquest, as she showed in the Kaiser's benediction to his sailors, sailing for conquest in the peaceful waters of peace-loving China.

To Great Britain, to whose faults I certainly have never been blind, the command of the seas is a necessity of national existence, for she cannot longer provide the necessaries of life for her people and is dependent for them upon the free access of the world's commerce to her harbors. Soon thereafter was seen the strange spectacle of Great Britain beseeching Germany, in almost abject terms, to agree upon some basis where Germany should remain all powerful on land while Great Britain retained her measurable advantage on the sea. Indeed, it seems almost incredible that a proud and powerful nation should so far humble herself as Great Britain did in her appeals to Germany to cease her preparations for war on the ocean; but to all such appeals Germany replied in the haughty language of a superior that there should be no cessation whatever in her preparation for the struggle for naval supremacy on which she had set her heart.

One of the most distressing features of the present war is the shameless and persistent use of sheer falsehoods by the apologists for Germany. They have not scrupled to declare that Mr. Roosevelt when President concluded secret alliances with Great Britain, France and Russia, forgetting that no President of this free country possesses any such power. They also declare, knowing it to be utterly false, that Sir Edward Grey has "in his pocket" all kinds of "military agreements"—antedating the war—for the conquest of Germany, and that the Allies drove the Kaiser into war while in truth they were begging him in abject terms for a conference in the hope of averting it. And now the proof comes over his own signature that Mr. Bryan has joined the pro-German propaganda and is receiving a warm welcome from his fellow-workers. I do not for a moment believe that any of these deluded men are in the pay of Germany, but I do assert that they could not be more useful agents of German militarism nor more bitter enemies of American Democracy if they were.

Now it must be remembered that this attitude was maintained by Germany for "war at any price" just at the time when the lovers of peace were most hopeful that a new area of Christian brotherhood was dawning for the world. Not only had the Czar of Russia issued the noble and stirring appeal already mentioned, but his government had so far departed from their ancient system as to summon an assembly which, with all its faults—and they were many—was a great step forward toward popular government in that great kingdom.

Austria had given her people manhood suffrage. France, against the bitter hostility of Germany, had maintained her republican institutions for more than forty years. Even little Portugal had escaped from her wretched monarch and was hoping for some permanent form of popular government. Italy was substantially free and even Great Britain, perhaps after Spain the earliest and the worst offender in the list of predatory nations, had made great concessions to the spirit of freedom. Her own people were free. Canada was as free as the United States, and all the great and wide spaces of Australasia were in the same happy condition. She had initiated the first steps toward giving the peoples of India a voice in their own government, and it was hoped she would soon start upon the same forward movement in Egypt. Upon South Africa she had conferred the priceless boon of free institutions, and General Botha, only the other day her most vigorous

opponent in war, had been called to be the premier in the peaceful government she had established. Even the too long delayed home rule for Ireland was on the very verge of accomplishment in those peaceful July days of last year, when the sun was shining upon the happy homes and the fertile fields and the priceless treasures of literature and art in the cities of beautiful Belgium. The spirit of popular government seemed to be abroad in the whole earth *except in Germany, and there the baneful spirit of conquest seemed to be more deeply ingrained throughout the empire than ever before.* To righteousness they opposed "frightfulness," to free citizenship they opposed life in the shadow of the helmet, and while all the rest of the world was moving forward, however slowly and with whatever imperfections, toward greater freedom, they were steadily moving backward to a greater and ever greater subjection to the military caste which had become their rulers, until a young officer was acclaimed with honor for having slashed with his sword an unarmed and lame shoemaker in the streets of Zabern. During all this time Germany therefore had drifted further away from the ideals on which America was founded, and in defense of which her sons have always been ready to die, as they are today.

To any traveler in Germany, or to any student of her history since 1860, the signs of this evil transformation of her national character were only too apparent, so that those who loved the Germany of Goethe and Schiller, of Kant and Heine, of Mozart and Beethoven, could not fail to recognize the great change which had come over the nation and to note that she was drifting out of the sisterhood of civilized countries and into a barbarism and a savagery which never could have been foretold and which even the wisest and best of our citizens did not appreciate and could not believe.

Such was the state of mind of President Wilson, not then knowing the relations between Mr. Bryan and Count Bernstorff, when he made the mistake of proclaiming not only a legal but a *moral* neutrality, demanding that American citizens like myself, who had suffered from this change in the attitude of Germany toward civilization and American democracy, should preserve a *moral* neutrality, professing what was impossible, that we did not care whether the "frightfulness" and savagery of the military despotism of Germany should triumph over the French Republic, or whether the French Republic should continue to live. No country in the world was threatening Germany. No foot of her territory was in danger of invasion. No one of her citizens,

by land or sea, was denied the amplest measure of equality with all other citizens of the world, when suddenly she announced that her solemn covenant to respect and maintain the independence of Belgium was a "scrap of paper" and that she intended, in violation of all treaties and obligations, political and moral, "to hack her way through" that unoffending and peaceful country in order to reach Paris by the shortest line, leaving behind her the smoking ruins of Liége and Louvain and reducing the Cathedral of Rheims from its elevating influence upon the human spirit to an everlasting monument of the wickedness and deviltry of the Huns who destroyed it. It was very natural for President Wilson, being then in ignorance of what had been happening for at least a quarter of a century in Germany, to adopt "the line of least resistance" and appeal to America to forget that she had been saved from destruction by France, that France was a republic while Germany was a military despotism, to even control our sympathies, and to pretend that we did not care whether these brutal aggressors or their helpless victims should win in the struggle which had commenced. Indeed I have always thought that unwise declaration of neutrality, *without a heartfelt expression of sympathy with popular government,* was responsible for very much of the mistaken conduct of our fellow-citizens of German birth or descent, who, it seems to me, have acted so unworthily of the country to which they at least profess allegiance. Perhaps also that inadvertent action of our Government has led the subjects of the Kaiser domiciled in this country, from the Ambassador and his staff up or down, to display such unexpected activities as have marred their enjoyment of our hospitality; and the same blindness which led to the proclamation of *moral* neutrality and the amazingly inept lecture Senator Stone was directed to address to his fellow Senators on this subject, persuaded the President to treat with unwise indulgence so much forgetfulness, alike by our own citizens of German birth or descent and by the subjects of the Kaiser who are enjoying our hospitality, that they are living in the freest and greatest of republics. For there is hardly a single obligation of proper conduct which it is alleged, let us hope mistakenly, has not been flagrantly and frequently and offensively violated alike by the official representatives or the unofficial agents of Germany who have swarmed hither, or by our own citizens who have persuaded themselves that their first allegiance is not to the free country of which they ought to be proud, but to the military

caste which regards them with the contempt they seem to have earned. It is only necessary to contrast the conduct of the German Embassy with that of the embassies of the three other countries at war. The French Ambassador is the *doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps, and representing a republic, it might naturally be supposed, he would have felt at liberty to adopt a freer line of action in this country than the representatives of a military caste and a military empire. On the contrary, not a single word which, by the severest criticism, could be called improper, has escaped from him or any member of his staff or any Frenchman, naturalized or not, who is enjoying our hospitality; and precisely the same statement is true of the Ambassadors of Great Britain and of Russia, and since Italy has entered the war I am sure it will be equally true of the Ambassador of that country.

On the other hand, the German Embassy is accused of being the center of offensive activity. Every day some new form of illegal action is alleged to emanate from it. One day they are charged with forging passports. Another day one of their agents is charged with blowing up a bridge connecting the United States with Canada. Another day they are said to have furnished false affidavits as to the character of the cargo of the *Lusitania*, and in Berlin they have even descended to the lowest depths of ignominy, for they have portrayed the President of the United States as bribed by British gold, while in truth no more long-suffering Executive, no more indulgent and peace-loving President ever filled his great office. In pursuit of peace and of good relations with Germany, he has, quite unwittingly, no doubt, subjected our own country to such indignities as no free and high-spirited people ought to have endured. The simple truth, which he has been so unwilling to recognize, is that there exists an impassable chasm between a *citizen* of the United States and a subject of the German Emperor, and there is no possible political alchemy whereby the political standards of the one can be transmuted into the political standards of the other. No matter where a man is born or how he is reared, when he comes to manhood he instinctively prefers to be a *citizen* or a *subject*. Our fathers preferred, and we ourselves and our children all prefer, to be free citizens, but we do not for that reason deny to anybody else the privilege of preferring to be the obedient subject of a Kaiser and a Military Caste. We only ask them in all fairness to themselves and to us to make their choice,—to be loyal either to the fundamental prin-

ciples of our Government or those of the government of the Kaiser, and to believe that they cannot be half loyal to the one and half loyal to the other. They must be wholly American, or wholly German, and if they really prefer the German system of government, they should return thither and enjoy it; but if they propose to continue to live here, then they must be loyal to the American system, and there is no possibility for them of mistaking what that system is. Thomas Jefferson declared it to the whole world when he said the just rights of all governments depend upon the consent of the governed, and Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, in a few simple words, stamped it forever upon the history of mankind, in his immortal aspiration, that government of the people, by the people and for the people should never perish from the earth. Whoever accepts without reservation those two principles of government is a loyal American. Whoever pretends to accept them and is at heart disloyal to them is unworthy of American citizenship and ought to be deprived of it, for it is an impassable chasm which those honestly on one side can never pass over to the other.

I can only repeat that it is with the greatest regret I have felt impelled to utter these words; but from the beginning of my long life until its close I have been treated with so much undeserved kindness by my countrymen of all races that I could no longer feel happy not to make this friendly appeal to those of German birth or descent who seem to me to have wandered from the true standards of American citizenship and clouded their conception of it with at least a quasi-allegiance to a military monarchy. And it will add to the peace of the closing days of a long and happy life to know that this last duty as God has given me to see it has been discharged, however imperfectly, and that I close what I felt obliged to say without a trace of ill-feeling towards a single one of my fellow-men—but with the conviction of all my life unimpaired that "government by the people" is the best form of government yet vouchsafed to the children of men.

WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

ENGLAND

BY HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN

EXPERIENCE warns us that a man may while away some six weeks in a foreign country, seize his pen, and dash off some breezy book inflated with cocksure, easy, superficial estimates of the national character, customs, and faults of the people in question. Again, he who has devoted some six months to making an eager and conscientious investigation, is in danger of overloading his pages with countless uncertainties and qualifications, so that his reader, anxious for something definite, loses himself in mists of doubt. But that writer who has spent six years among a foreign people, who has had the opportunity of becoming closely acquainted with many of its various individuals, who has been able to study the succession of events in their action and reaction in the light of the national psychology, and grown intimate not only with character but with the tendency of such character—that writer will renounce his ambition of writing his projected book. For by that time he will have realized how hopeless is the task of mastering the multitudinous and inscrutable theme.

The foregoing does not, of course, apply to one who happens to belong to the people about whom he writes, and who thus may be said to possess a deep and actual knowledge of his subject. He is able to realize the significance of that past with which he has been in touch and to obtain profound glimpses in certain directions; for instance, there where the streams of character and history traverse each other. He grows suddenly aware that, had not history given a certain direction to national character, this would have undergone a development essentially different, and, contrariwise, that the same historical happenings would have produced different results in conjunction with a different national character. We must remember that it is necessary to be on our guard as soon as we speak of the " character " of a nation, for inasmuch as this alleged character

is necessarily composed of innumerable and various individual characters, there is danger of obtaining an impression similar to those composite photographs of Lombroso, in which, by imposing the features of some fifty murderers one upon the other, he sought to obtain the physiognomy of the "ideal murderer," but succeeded only in creating an utterly uncharacteristic face unlike that of any murderer who had ever lived. Nevertheless, in the case of a nation, the universal ramification of blood-relationship tends to produce a certain homogeneity which is accentuated by the so-called soul of the masses, for through this the individual becomes subject to the influence of the community.

For instance, in these days we stand amazed at the tremendous force with which a certain uniformity reveals itself in the character of the German people. For Germany this hour is precisely one of those in which history and character intersect. We are suddenly rewarded by an insight into the inward nature of those things, as by a cross-section, which usually evade the eye by a deceptive surface. And in a similar fashion and at the same moment—let us hope not with the same uniformity!—we receive a clear and significant insight into a cross-section of the English character and English history. Here, too, we stand amazed, but with racial shame and horror. No end is served when indignant German publicists declare that the English are now no longer a Germanic people; their very actions bespeak their Teutonic origin. They are essentially Germans, purer Germans, in fact, than many Germans themselves. And their development during the last two centuries has resulted in a growing accentuation of the Anglo-Saxon, that is to say, the German element, at the expense of the Norman-Frank—quite apart from the tendency of the latter to be absorbed by the former through cross-breeding. Jewish influences may be disregarded, though the influences of the Jews are considerable in the present English Government, and also among the press, which they have marshalled in the infamous crusade of vilification against Germany. When a nation rises, the Semite follows but never leads. No, it is necessary to probe more deeply into the past in order to discover those causes of the development of England which have brought her where she stands today. This development was one to which a Germanic people might naturally be subject, and the diagonal drawn between history and character has here embodied this into a corporate fact.

When we study the history of nations we are constantly surprised at the far-reaching and at the same time unforeseen influences that ramify from simple incidents and scarcely perceptible ripples of events. It is necessary only to seize upon a single event in the early history of the English people and another which occurred five hundred years later, in order to make clear what might well prove an enigma. In their operation these two facts result in a third—and from the operation of this specially-conditioned result there naturally follows a certain counter-action, and thus finally, as in the case of all organic life, an infinitely manifold and individual whole is built up whose parts mutually modify one another.

The Norman Conquest of the eleventh century which resulted in the subjugation of the Anglo-Saxons is the event I have in mind; the " turn of affairs " is that by which the agricultural and unseamanlike population of England began to be converted into a sea-faring and merchandizing one,—during the sixteenth century. That certain English characteristics, so puzzling to the stranger, may be traced directly to the interfusion of the Anglo-Saxon state developed by Alfred with the spirit of the Norman conquerers, is sufficiently well-known. But it is no less certain that from the very moment in which the movement towards maritime trade took place, a change made itself felt in the corporate unity of five centuries of growth, and that this was inevitably bound to result in the catastrophe the beginnings of which we experience today.

The term " nobility " does not possess the same significance in England as in other lands. It has nothing to do with a privileged title by virtue of which all the members of a family are forever differentiated outwardly, but merely represents membership in a social caste which is inwardly different from the rest of the people. There is a constant falling away from this caste as well as a constant assimiliation of new members. You may recognize an Englishman of the nobility or gentry almost at the first glance, frequently by the mere features, but always by the facial expression, the demeanour, the voice, almost invariably by his speech. No one is concerned with the title—the whole question is one of caste. Titles are frequently refused by the most aristocratic persons, and among the families most highly honoured are such who for centuries have persistently refused to accept all honours. The analogy of the *ancien régime* in France is not to the point, and would lead to confusion. It is true that the Frankish, Burgundian,

and Gothic nobility was, until the days of the Revolution, plainly distinguishable from the rest of the people. Today these fine physiognomies are but rarely seen in France. But in England different conditions prevailed from the very beginning, and they have consequently assumed a different meaning. The Burgundians, Franks, and Goths invaded Gaul in entire tribes. The greater part amalgamated themselves with the earlier inhabitants—the princes and nobles alone held themselves aloof and were numerous enough to permit of inbreeding for a considerable period. On the other hand, the noble families who accompanied the first Norman king to England were relatively few in number—for which reason this strain, which merely assimilated a few Saxon and Danish families of noble birth, remained entirely segregated from the unmixed masses of the Anglo-Saxon people. From this circumstance evolved that ruling caste which is peculiar to England, and this caste has preserved its language or, more correctly, its pronunciation, to this very day. Its forms of expression include not only special words but special turns of phrase which, like the very accent of this caste, the Englishman of the common classes is incapable of mastering.

These conditions gave rise to a cleavage of the people, and this has persisted down to our period, separating the population into two unbridgable parts, an upper and a lower class, a noble and a plebeian. William the Conqueror endeavoured to learn Anglo-Saxon, but in vain. Hobbes tells us that the kings who succeeded him were wont to reply thus to all natives who ventured to complain of the tyranny of the new nobles: "Silence! thou art but an Englishman!" And yet this Englishman proved victorious, inasmuch as he refused to learn French. But the same thing (and in this lies the crux of the matter) occurred with the upper class who refused to learn Anglo-Saxon. Out of this twofold stubborness there grew a new tongue which we call English. It was born of two antagonistic idioms each of which strove for mastery, but even after a certain fixity had been secured, the battle persisted between the two pronunciations—the aristocratic and the plebeian.

If we will keep this point respecting the language in mind, we shall obtain a deeper insight into English conditions than through the perusal of many books. For instance, a system of schools devoted to higher education such as exists in Germany, France, Italy and other countries, would be impossible in England. Would I be likely to send my son to a school in which

he would grow accustomed, not only through his comrades but through his very teachers, to saying "'igh" for "high" and "hiland" for "island"?—not to speak of the disagreeable nasality which has afflicted the urban populations of England, and in the meanwhile, of America and Australia? The *Gymnasia* and *Realschulen* of Germany are therefore quite impossible for England. There are institutions for the training of the children of the upper classes and others for the training of the children of the lower. The boys do not know one another, they hold no converse in common, and they mutually despise one another.

The old universities are, without exception, exclusive, and breed those exquisites, the English scholars who, removed from all common things in the cloisters of their mediaeval colleges, are, for all that, not inexperienced in a worldly sense—as may be assumed from their belonging to the ruling classes of a ruling nation, enjoying ample leisure for research and travel, and representing in their books and in their persons the perfection of modern culture. Such scholars, to be sure, are mere products of the hot-house. The newer universities, on the other hand, are only special schools—though many prominent teachers may be on their staffs, especially chemists, physicists, and engineers, nearly all of whom have studied in Germany. They are, however, in no way able to influence the character of the institutions they serve, since these are devoted exclusively to practical purposes and not to abstract science. One of the main pillars of modern Germany is therefore entirely lacking in England—the all-uniting common and higher schools whose influence penetrates the national life by a thousand channels and elevates it into a cultural unity.

The possibility of building up an army of the people, that tremendous ethical creation of modern Germany which is nothing more nor less than its very spine, is likewise lacking in Great Britain. For the German army would be incapable of the stupendous moral power it exerts were it not the mirror and the focus of all the forces of the entire nation, from the Kaiser at its head to the youngest peasant recruit. It is like one family, each is to each a comrade, united by obedience, duty, and love of fatherland. Ere the army could be evolved and the unity of Germany be developed to its fullest power, it was necessary that a moral and spiritual unity should prevail in order to will and create a host of this kind. This unity is lacking in England. In England the two sections of the people, the greater and the

less, know nothing of each other. My servant may have waited upon me for twenty years, yet I may know little more about him than about the soul of my walking-stick. The pride of the lower-class Englishman is his unapproachableness. He does not wish to be questioned nor made to speak; he is loath to say: "Good morning" or "Good evening." Should he meet his employer upon the street he usually crosses it in order to avoid being forced to salute. What possibility of comradeship between officers and soldiers can there be under such conditions? What common purpose? The relationship remains that of a noble who gives orders to beings from another world, and demands obedience through his inherited superiority.

The plebeian Englishman, moreover, has always been of an unwarlike nature. The Plantagenets waged many wars in France and won great renown in the Holy Land, but in England they were able to secure soldiers only from the upper classes. Green, the eminent historian, declares that wars and crusades aroused no interest among the people of England; the one quality they appreciated in their kings was their ability to secure long periods of peace for the island. And this condition has persisted down to present times, for even to-day the larger part of the regular British army consists of Celtic Irishmen and Celtic Scots—the real Englishman enlists but seldom. In England's battles of the past Englishmen may have borne the command, but the armies consisted of foreign mercenaries, chiefly German. The principal wars in India were won not by English but by Indian troops, for here the legal proportion of Englishmen was determined as one-fifth, and most of these "Englishmen," as already declared, were, in reality, Irish. The amusing description of the recruiting of soldiers in England which Shakespeare gives us in the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth* is known to all lovers of the poet. In the letters of Sir Henry Wotton, the English ambassador at Venice during the same period, we find an edifying historical confirmation of this. At the beginning of the year 1617 England wished to array herself on the side of the Republic against Spain. The Doge expresses his willingness to accept the services of a Scottish duke who is bringing soldiers from Scotland and Ireland, but the proffer of English troops he declines with thanks: "I have no very high opinion of them and I know how much their fighting spirit depends upon the three B's—Beef, Beer and Bed!" Van Noorden in his *War of the Spanish Succession*, declares that in 1708 England was forced to consider the adoption of

legal measures for meeting the great lack of English recruits. It is always the same old story—in 1200, in 1600, in 1700, and in 1900—I might supply dozens of examples. (What American does not remember the impressment of American seamen?) England's insular position is not sufficient as an explanation, for insular Japan has, under our very eyes, been able to create a formidable army of the people. I am convinced that the real cause is to be sought for in that circumstance of a racial mixture followed by a social cleavage, and then intensified by that " turn of affairs " of which I shall proceed to speak. Moreover, one should not overlook the fact that the theory that England had no use for a larger army and need therefore create none, was supported in practice from the earliest times. No statesman in his day, and perhaps none in ours, has been more highly honoured than Lord Bolingbroke. Long after his death he remained the prophet of the peculiar course which the development of modern England has assumed. In the midst of the victories under Queen Anne, Bolingbroke expresses the opinion that England ought to possess a large fleet, but not a standing army, " for this would bring the island too near the Continent," whereas it was to the interest of England to permit the Continental Powers mutually to wage war upon one another without meddling too deeply in their affairs. An army would produce great economic difficulties and dangers.

A third point might briefly be touched upon: the entire system of English law—the State, its constitution and its policy—is the work of one social element without any real participation of the others. Honest old Hobbes acknowledges this when he states that Parliament has never represented the nation as a whole. The Reformation ought certainly to be considered as the point of departure in English policy, for religion must always operate as the main force in politics—but what do we find? Those Englishmen, who in their deep earnestness broke away from Rome, were forced to fly their native country and seek liberty of conscience in the wildernesses of North America. On the other hand,the separation of the State and Church as a purely political measure was carried out by that practically absolute monarch, Henry the Eighth, almost without consulting Parliament. The people of England went to sleep as Roman Catholics and awoke the next morning as " Anglicans."

Among those fables which have caused me most annoyance I must reckon the so-called " political liberty " of England. From the very beginning it has been nothing more than the

liberty of a caste. Athens indeed might easily have considered itself "free," since 400,000 bondmen served some 20,000 free citizens—and England has been able to indulge itself in the luxury of an alleged free Parliament because this Parliament was entirely under the control of wealthy people to whom government meant happiness and the breath of life.

One of the most gifted men to whom England ever gave birth, Thomas de Quincey, proves that the growth of the power and adaptiveness of the House of Commons since 1600 is not to be ascribed to a revival of the popular will, but to the multiplication of the lesser nobility—that is to say, to the influence of the younger sons of the old families. These by degrees forced the great feudal lords and bishops to give way. Parliament showed its wisdom in demanding certain rights for the people, for this strengthened it against the king and gave it authority to execute that monarch who would tolerate no interference by the ruling caste. But no less bloodily has it been able to suppress every longing that the populace manifested for power of its own. Even today, when the right of suffrage has been so extended as to permit a considerable section of the common people to have a voice in the affairs of the nation, the ancient dominating nature of the ruling class still exerts itself. Most readers may recall Dickens's description of a Parliamentary election in *Pickwick*. I am myself able to confirm the truth of this from a somewhat later period. On the day of the election the little provincial town in which I was then living was invaded by four hundred roughs who had been brought thither by special train. They were a brutal gang with insolent and criminal physiognomies, hailing from a neighbouring manufacturing town, and were armed with formidable cudgels. They formed a sort of guard engaged by the Conservative Party. Not one had the least personal interest in the election, but they were there to intimidate the liberal voters, and, in case that was not sufficient, to break their skulls. Fortunately the Liberal Committee had not been idle, and shortly afterward three hundred still more suspicious characters arrived from some other point. There were fights and rows throughout the entire day, the voters were dragged from their vehicles by the feet, and the speakers bombarded with rotten eggs. Surely a peculiar conception of the freedom of political opinion and the right of suffrage! In the evening I was to experience a little of this in my own person. I was at that time a student at college, and, of the eighty

scholars of this particular school, the only one who wore the Liberal colours and supported Gladstone. Even the pleadings of my teachers were unable to persuade me to change my political colours and pin those of Disraeli upon the lapel of my coat. I was therefore suddenly assailed by the entire mob, flung to the ground, and beaten until the teachers and servants hastened to my assistance. On that day—almost forty-seven years ago—I learned more concerning English conceptions of liberty than I did through all my subsequent studies of the works of Hallam and Gneist. Two brutal factors confront each other in English politics—confront and mutually complete each other: the brutal violence of the ruling class and the basic brutality of the uncultivated mass, sundered completely from all contact with the finer things of life.

All these phenomena may be traced back to that event of 1066, an event of sheer violence which destroyed the fine civilization of the Anglo-Saxon state and created the kingdom of "England." It is my opinion that England's rise and England's decline are both rooted in this. But now as to that remarkable "turn of affairs" without which the general demoralization of all classes which we lament today would never have ensued.

In his classic work, *The Expansion of England*, John Robert Seeley long ago attacked the myth that Englishmen are by nature a race of adventurous sea-rovers comparable to the Vikings and early Normans. The very opposite is the case. Much patience and time were required ere Englishmen could be induced to venture upon salt water. Seeley at the same time makes it clear that the English are not, in the full sense of the term, conquerors. They have founded colonies where empty lands awaited them or districts inhabited only by naked savages. They acquired other colonies from Dutchmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards by means of treaties, or for example, Malta, by the violation of treaties. India was subjugated by Indian troops. England has never by force of arms undertaken wars of conquest—like the French or Spaniards. No, the English do not, like Alexander or Caesar, wage war for the sake of glory. "For England," says Seeley, "war is an industry, one of the possible means of acquiring wealth, the most prosperous business, the most remunerative investment." One may censure this or laud it; I quote it merely because this trait completes the others. Englishmen are not by nature soldiers, nor bold and daring sea-farers, but are lured across the waters solely by trade—trade in peace, trade in war. The Army and

Navy were not created for the strength and defense of the home country, but for the furtherance of a world-wide search for markets and profits; and, despite their undeniable courage and thoroughness, they are in no sense the expression of a national need or a moral idea.

Her insular situation has, of course, long made it necessary for England to import goods of all sorts from other lands. But for many hundreds of years this trade lay entirely in the hands of strangers. Among the successors of William the First, Frenchmen from Normandy and Picardy monopolized English trade. Then the German Hanseatic League began its operations, later the so-called Flemish Hansa; Venice and Genoa, according to certain agreements, carried on the entire trade with the Mediterranean without the use of a single English ship. Even the fisheries along the English coast were chiefly in the hands of Dutchmen, so that when Henry the Eighth made his first tentative attempts to assist the Company of Merchant Adventurers and create a small navy for their protection, he knew not whence to take his sailors, for seamen did not exist among the English. In order to relieve these deplorable conditions, Henry's successor, Edward the Sixth, issued a decree in 1549 by which the eating of fish on Fridays and Saturdays and on all days of fasting and penance was made compulsory. Elizabeth increased the stringency of these laws and did all in her power to advance the fishing industry. We thus see that during a period in which Italians, Spaniards and Portugese had already produced a race of gifted and heroic navigators, Englishmen were forced by means of harsh laws to catch herrings and flounders in order to bring them into closer acquaintance with the deep! (See Cunningham's *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*). Now, to be sure, progress was rapid enough, and that very Doge who declined the offer of English troops, gladly accepted the help of certain English war-ships, which were nothing more than armed merchantmen, yet were accounted a part of the royal navy. For the first time in history seven English men-of-war sailed into the Mediterranean in July, 1518, as a modest part of a mighty Dutch and Venetian fleet. (Corbett's *England in the Mediterranean*).

England had now recognized the new conditions of the changing world and the opportunity which offered itself for her special enrichment. All that was problematical had already been solved by others—the East and West passages had been discovered, the New World had been flung open to the Old,

India made accessible, and contact with China established. There was nothing further to do now save to help herself to the prizes—according to the ethics of Mephistopheles:

> Why ask me "What?" instead of "How?"
> I should forego my rights by sea:
> War, Trade and Piracy, I vow,
> Are one—a holy trinity.

The policy of England which now developed may with absolute accuracy be characterized by these words: War, Trade, and Piracy.

As soon as England devotes herself to overseas commerce her hate immediately springs into being, and its first outburst, oddly enough, is directed against the German Hansa. I refer the reader to Schanz's *English Commercial Policy*. And the freebooter instinct also comes into play. Without any declaration of war whatsoever England swoops like a hawk upon the unsuspecting Spanish island of Jamaica and thus establishes her West Indian possessions. For a long time England's "colonial activities" are confined to the capture of Spanish galleons homeward bound with gold and precious wares. England overtakes all other nations in her commercial lust and waxes stronger and stronger through their destruction. Piracy is the first essential, for piracy produces a flourishing trade; war is to be waged only when other means are of no avail—but always with an eye to the island policy of Bolingbroke. England first forms an alliance with Holland in order to destroy the colonial empire of Spain, then with France in order to sever the vital nerve of Holland; then she perceives how that great Frenchman, Dupleix, has grasped the essentials of the Indian problem, imitates his method, and hounds the Hindoos against the French, then Hindoos against other Hindoos, until finally, in Seeley's words, she has "without conquest" subjugated one of the richest empires of the world. Kant—who, gentle soul though he was, nevertheless was gifted with an accurate and penetrating vision—delivers this judgment upon England at the very beginning of the nineteenth century: "England is the most aggressive and war-fomenting of all nations."

Let one example attest how unmoral the people of England had become under the influence of this new spirit. We all know what importance English school histories attach to those battles which Marlborough won with his German soldiers. And what was the real end and issue of these wars? Nothing

less than to assure to England a monopoly of the trade in slaves. Lecky declares that, after the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, the slave-trade became the central feature of all English policy. And this trade was carried on by the English just so long as it remained profitable. Liverpool, for instance, has not grown prosperous through its industries but through the capture and sale of millions of unhappy blacks. Green, patriotic historian though he be, gives witness thus: "The horrible cruelties and the ruthlessness of this traffic, the ruin of Africa and the destruction of human dignity, called forth no pity in the hearts of Englishmen." He goes on, nevertheless, and describes the attempts of a few philanthropists to combat these inhuman wrongs. But for decades these men were unable to accomplish anything; Parliament remained dumb, the merchants became indignant—until such time as new conditions produced an unfavorable effect upon this unholy traffic. Then, with the most revolting protestations of humanity and of England's mission to act as a torch-bearer to other nations, etc., the slave-trade was at last suspended by law. We are fortunate enough to possess a clear and enduring judgment of Goethe's upon this very matter: "Everybody is familiar with the declamations of the English against the traffic in slaves, and whilst they endeavour to delude us with humanitarian maxims as to their motives in this matter, we are for all that able to perceive that their real object is one essentially at variance with their pretenses. One might have known this, for Englishmen, as is notorious, never act without ulterior motives. Their great possessions on the West Coast of Africa make it necessary for them to employ these negroes themselves and it is therefore against their interests to transport them elsewhere. They have built up large colonies of negroes in America, and these are very remunerative, amd produce a great annual profit in slaves. These supply the North American demand, and, since the profits of this traffic would be lessened by importing blacks, they now find it to their interest to preach against this inhuman commerce."

It would be impossible within the limits of an article to describe how England's agricultural life gradually went to ruin through her growing and exclusive devotion to trade, industry, and, above all, the material accumulation of wealth. At the beginning of the nineteenth century English weavers still lived in comfortable country homes surrounded by fields and vegetable gardens. Today this is a luxury in which only a rich business

man may indulge, for the products would not pay the cost. In 1769, with a total population of eight and a half millions, 2,800,000 were occupied with agriculture or sheep-raising; in 1897, with a population of 40,000,000, only 798,000 men and women were thus occupied (Gibbins, *The Industrial History of England*).

A deep-going change of character in the population of both classes is connected with this turn of affairs which has so completely changed the life and soul of the Englishman. The England of old had been able to enjoy the priceless treasure of an absolute immunity against a foe from without, and as already shown, it had waged its wars with alien troops. For this reason agriculture and country life flourished and—as the old poets sang and modern scientists with their statistics prove—not only were the proprietors more prosperous than today, but also the small lease-holders and the labourers. England was known throughout all Europe for its comfort and its "merriness." A traveller of the fifteenth century observes that the English are less plagued by hard work than most people; lead a more refined life and dedicate themselves to spiritual interests. Another praises their incomparable "courtesy." But all that has changed. As to the "spiritual interests" in the England of today I have something to say in my essay on "German Liberty." But so far as "merry old England" is concerned—and who does not love its fine flower as given to us by Shakespeare and Walter Scott from the spacious ages of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth?—this same England began to vanish, at first gradually, then with amazing rapidity, but always in direct proportion to, though in inverse ratio with, the development of its overseas commerce and industry. The novels of the eighteenth century retain this atmosphere in a kind of sultry and eerie afterglow; the genius of Dickens shows it lighting up the hearts of a few naive and twisted souls wavering towards death—between caricature and a melancholy insight into their own unreal and shadowy destiny. Today the last trace has vanished; today England has nothing to show of geniality, nor broad, good-natured humor, nor gaiety—so far as the national life is concerned. All is haste, money, noise, pomp, vulgarity, ostentation, arrogance, envy. Who does not recall the beautiful old English Christmas garnished with palm-branches and mistletoe under which innocent kisses were stolen? Thirty years ago no Englishman could have been lured from his home on this day; today the restaurants of London are bespoken

weeks in advance; family jostles family at thousands of tables. An orgy of drinking, eating, and noise ensues, until midnight sounds, when there is an outburst in unison of some trivial gutter-song, or the obnoxious and tiresome "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." After which the tables are cleared away and young men and women abandon themselves to violent and promiscuous negro dances, whilst their elders play bridge in adjoining rooms. I believe no sane Englishman will dispute my word when I declare: "Once we were merry; we are merry no more."

It is my absolute conviction that this catastrophe, this complete destruction of English gaiety, English wisdom, and English honesty (for this, too, was once proverbial) is to be ascribed to the circumstance that a people whose social fabric was thus like a house divided against itself were suddenly abandoned or seduced into a devotion to war, trade, and piracy. All culture —religion, education, art, arms, law, social customs—must, if it is to penetrate the entire nation, have as its postulate a unity among the people so that the humblest citizen may share in it. It is needless to point out how fully this condition is fulfilled in Germany. In England we find nothing of the sort. No sooner was the worthy Anglo-Saxon peasant converted into a freebooter, than we behold the "blond beast," as Nietzsche saw it in his immeasurable dream; and no sooner had the "refined" nobles of the fifteenth century lost their "spiritual interests" and begun to lust after gold, than the heartless slave-dealer stood revealed—a creature distinguished from the Spanish robber merely through his hypocrisy. There is no human type more brutal than the brutal Englishman, for brutality forms the very basis of his being. He may not be evil at heart; he may be frank, energetic, and courageous. But he is submerged in an ethiopian ignorance; he has never undergone the discipline of obedience and reverence; he knows of no other ideal than that of "fighting his way through." As is nearly always the case, this crudity has gradually saturated almost the entire nation from the bottom to the very top. Some fifty years ago it was considered *infra dig.* for a member of the aristocracy to devote himself to manufacture, trade, or finance. Today the head of the oldest and greatest house of Scotland, a brother-in-law of the King himself, is a banker. When sons of dukes or marquises suddenly vanish out of society and their absence elicits inquiry, we receive the answer: "Oh, he's making his pile." How, when, or where, is neither explained nor asked.

In the meantime, however, another variety of vulgarization had seized upon the upper classes—something far more ominous in a political sense. Despite gentility and good form, the moral compass had begun to waver from the true North; the temptation of inordinate power based upon unlimited wealth was too strong to be resisted. Right and wrong soon became dubious, almost indiscriminated, terms among the aristocracy and the circles that stood closest to it. The very man whose private life was conducted according to a most scrupulous code was ready to commit any crime in the assumed interests of his country. Our English prophets—Burke, Carlyle, Ruskin—have been thundering for more than a hundred years against the terrifying decline of the love of honesty—once held so sacred in England! Here, too, I should like to cite an example. The reader will be able to perceive upon what downward paths the feet of England have been set.

Who has not heard of Warren Hastings? As a mere boy he entered the service of the East India Company and attained to the post of governor-general. There is no doubt that England owes its supremacy in India to this man, who, with a cunning that was nothing less than Machiavellian, knew how to incite the various tribes, principalities, and creeds of India one against the other. In addition to an intellect of a high order and an iron will, Warren Hastings was distinguished by the fact that he was fettered by no conscience in the matter of politics. He was forced to deal with tyrants like Tipu Sahib, with criminals risen from the lowest castes to the throne of princes, whence they ruled like wild beasts over the docile Hindoos; with old titled sorceresses who let their own sons rot in dungeons so that they themselves might wallow a little longer in the blood of their people—in short, with that horrible mob of dehumanized Asiatics into whose power the hapless land had fallen. Gentle measures, it may be granted, were out of place here. Had the East India Company or the English Government that stood behind it interfered here with force of arms, noble work might have been nobly completed. But there was no such intention. The Government had no thought of lending assistance with money or soldiers, and the Company did not wish to incur increased expenses but to reap increased profits. Hastings would therefore form a compact first with this Indian prince, than with the other. He was indifferent to all right and wrong, protected the greatest of the criminals on the native thrones so long as he thereby served the interests of his company, and

through these, as he imagined, those of England. Gold above all things was needed—how else was he to equip and support an army? India was to pay for India's subjugation. Hastings for this reason sought out those native princes who promised him the largest contributions, and these he supported with all the means a European in his position might command. In this fashion he almost doubled the returns of the East India Company. But how was this end achieved? How were these princes enabled to pay such great sums and supply so many soldiers? By means of cruelties so horrible that the world has never heard their like—till recently, when the Belgians took possession of the Congo Basin: cruelties which have cast an eternal blot of shame upon all conceptions of humanity—for no monster could conceive them and no devil perpetrate them upon the innocent.

Then Burke arose in 1780—Burke already deserving of immortality through this one act—and by the sheer force of his eloquence forced Parliament to impeach Hastings on the score of having brought infamy upon the name of England. During the trial before the House of Lords, Burke spoke for six consecutive days, confirmed his charges in every single particular, and then concluded with these words:

"My Lords, if by conniving at these frauds, you once teach the people of England a concealing, narrow, suspicious, guarded conduct,—if you teach them qualities directly contrary to those by which they have hitherto been distinguished,—if you make them into a nation of concealers, a nation of dissemblers, a nation of liars, a nation of forgers,—my Lords, if you, in one word, turn them into a people of *banians*, the character of England, that character which, more than our arms, and more than our commerce, has made us a great nation, the character of England will be gone and lost."

The day on which Warren Hastings was acquitted, the 23rd of April, 1795, is one of those days of which I spoke, when history and character intersect and give us a glimpse into the innermost nature of things. The new England which, naturally, had long been in process of evolution from the old, was now revealed as complete. Hastings had not enriched himself personally; as a private individual he had not robbed other private individuals; it may be that he had never harmed so much as a fly in the course of his life; yet in the interests of his country, that is to say, of its power and its wealth, he hesitated at no falsehood, no perjury; he betrayed what was confided to him,

refused his protection to the innocent, raised criminals to thrones, suffered others to commit the most unspeakable cruelties, and cashiered English officials who dared to protest.

And, behold! with modern England we find ready to hand the modern English statesman. For Sir Edward Grey is precisely a man of this calibre. For years he has assumed the chair at conferences for the preservation of peace—in order that the well-planned war might find no obstacle in its way; for years he has sought a *rapprochement* with Germany—in order that the honourable German statesmen and diplomats might not suspect the war of annihilation that was preparing. The German Emperor had almost succeeded at the last moment in avoiding the danger of war, but Grey, the anointed apostle of peace, knew how to play his cards so that the cataclysm became inevitable. England usually abominated the crime of regicide, but now when the unthinkable occurs in the acts of active state officials and officers who through their own Crown Prince prepare for the assassination of the Crown Prince of a neighboring state, now no word of holy horror is uttered, but England's mission to "protect the little states" is suddenly discovered by Grey. In "neutral" Belgium the English Government helps to convert Antwerp into the strongest fortress in the world, and sends her ammunition to Maubeuge as early as 1913. The military "agreements" with France and Belgium for the attack upon Germany from the North are in the pockets of Sir Edward Grey; all details of transport and disembarkation are there in black and white. And yet he is able to manipulate events in such a fashion that Germany, out of her dire necessity,—for now all men may perceive how otherwise she would have been utterly lost,—is forced to violate this alleged neutrality. For the first time in the history of the world the entire English fleet is mobilized—this at the beginning of July, and ostensibly for a sort of harmless inspection by the King. Precisely at the very time arranged for the assassination of Franz Ferdinand, a friendly visit of battle-ships to Kiel is arranged, for other attempts to spy out the defenses of that harbour had not succeeded. Such today is political England—precisely as Burke had predicted it would become: a nation of dissemblers, forgers, liars and cheats. What of Ruskin's bitter self-comfort: "Let us not concern ourselves with this England; in a hundred years it will be numbered among the dead nations"? I too, have no faith in the unlimited power of England of which we hear so much, for true power lies rooted only in moral strength.

The individual Englishman may be courageous and even efficient, but the State of England is rotten unto its very marrow.

Germany is a country so essentially different that England, the political England of today, has been a riddle to her for many years. Again and again has Germany permitted herself to be deceived, and almost I fear that this may occurr no less in the future—which might well prove fatal. For that reason I, an Englishman, must have the courage to attest the truth. We can be saved only by a wise, strong, and victorious Germany.

HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN.

SELLING ARMS TO THE ALLIES

BY HORACE WHITE

THE sale of arms and munitions to belligerents in the present war and the questions of law relating thereto have drawn attention to the French Arms debate in the Senate of the United States in 1872. It has been assumed in some quarters that the matter in controversy then was the same as at present: that we were guilty of an infraction of our duties as a neutral; that we were helping the French with arms and ammunition to the detriment and disadvantage of Germany; and that the notable speech of Carl Schurz on that occasion was a protest against such infraction.

A reference to dates will show that this is a misconception. The Franco-German war had been fought and ended more than a year before the French Arms question came up as a matter of controversy among us. King William was crowned as German Emperor in the palace at Versailles on the 18th of January, 1871. Carl Schurz's speech was made in the United States Senate on the 20th of February, 1872. The debate and investigation arose upon a question whether a ring of our Government officials and a few private speculators had defrauded the United States and violated our laws by sales of Government arms in order to put money in their own pockets. The question whether there had been a breach of neutrality was only incidental. The manufacture and sale of arms by private individuals or corporations to belligerents was never called in question in the debate. The arms sold during the Franco-Prussian war were the property of our Government, and the breach of neutrality, if any, was due to that fact.

The year 1872 was that in which the Liberal Republican revolt took place against public scandals which were then epidemic. It was a time when much corruption was uncovered and when any suspicious circumstances were likely to attract considerable attention. There had been large sales of arms

from the public arsenals following our Civil War and the disbandment of our armies,—sales both to belligerents and non-belligerents. Some suspicious circumstances were discovered. One was that the law governing such sales required that the offerings of arms should be in pursuance of previous public advertisement, whereas there had been no advertising except in a single instance. Another was that when breech-loading rifles were sold the Government made and sold cartridges to fit them; that the law prohibited the selling of Government arms to any friendly Power which was at war with another friendly Power; that the arms sold were not obsolete but serviceable, and actually better than the arms then in the hands of the Militia of the several States. In fact there were good grounds for an inquiry into the matter, but not for a condemnation of anybody offhand.

There were answers to all of these charges, which if not wholly satisfactory, took the sting out of them, so that the French Arms sale was not heard of in the subsequent political campaign. As to the failure to advertise, it was shown that Gen. Schofield, when Secretary of War, had ruled orally that when there had been one advertisement for thirty days of a particular kind of property for sale by the Department, it was not necessary to advertise separately each subsequent sale of the same kind of property. As to the manufacture of cartridges for the rifles it was contended that it was the custom of the trade when dealing in breech loaders for the seller to furnish cartridges to the buyer, without which the arms would be useless.

It was proved that when the first sales were made to the Remington Company, Gen. Dyer, the Chief of Ordnance, did not know and had no reason to suppose that they were agents of the French Government; that when that fact became known the Secretary of War prohibited further sales to them but did allow their representative to take one lot which had been sold but not delivered before their destination became known. Other parties then came in as buyers who sold to still other parties, who in turn sold to the French. The *Nation* of April 4, 1872, discussing this point said:

> The other law that the Government is accused of disregarding is that directing that no arms, the property of the United States, shall be sold to the agent of any friendly Power when at war with another friendly Power. It is charged that the officers of the War Department disposed of old arms to persons whom they knew to be French agents.

In the main it seems to us that this charge has not been made good. Certainly up to the 13th of October, 1870, no arms were sold to any person known to the Department to be the authorized agent of either belligerent. On that day Secretary Belknap and General Dyer discovered that Mr. Squire, to whom thay had just made a large sale, was an agent of the French Government. Secretary Belknap at once ordered that no more arms be sold to him but he delivered what had been sold and for this he is censured by some. Perhaps it would have been better if he had not done so; he had not yet received from Mr. Squire the margin commonly exacted from purchasers, and could have renounced the bargain with propriety had he chosen to do so; still there was nothing in this action deserving of severe censure. . . . In a word we think the War Department has been perhaps a little careless while we acquit it at this point of any violation of United States law.

The fact came out in the investigation that when the Secretary of War learned that some of these arms went to the French Government he caused an offer to be made to sell the same number and kind of arms to the Prussian Government, but the offer was declined and the answer was returned that the Prussian Government had no objection to our selling to the French. Bismarck added that he could get the arms cheaper on the banks of the Loire.

As to the expediency of selling at all, it was in the discretion of the War Department to sell arms not actually in use. The Secretary could decide for himself when a particular pattern had been, or was likely to be, superseded by a better one. Such decisions, however, were made only with the approval of the Ordnance Department.

In short, it turned out that there was nothing reprehensible in the sales *per se*, though probably some persons on this side of the water and some on the other side made more money out of them than a fair commission. No question relating to the manufacture and sales of arms and munitions by private persons to foreigners or to foreign Governments, whether belligerent or non-belligerent, entered into the discussion. That question has been raised now because the sea power of the Allies enables them to carry away the things which they buy in our markets.

Words count for something here. We are accused of exporting arms and ammunition to the enemies of Germany. That would not be a breach of neutrality even if we did the exporting ourselves. But in fact the buyers do their own exporting. They pay the freight. They assume all the risks of conveyance. If our offence were phrased correctly it would

be in words like these: "You commit a breach of neutrality by allowing American citizens to sell arms to English and French buyers." President Wilson replies: "American citizens have always had that right and they cannot be deprived of it. They will sell to you on the same terms." Germany replies: "We do not want your arms and ammunition. We have plenty of our own. We only want your wheat and cotton. Great Britain puts a barrier in the way of our obtaining these things. We ask you to remove that barrier for us."

It should be observed here that no official protest has been made by Germany against sales of arms and ammunition by our citizens to French, English or Russian buyers. The only objections to such traffic have come from newspapers and irresponsible persons in Germany and in our own country. The inference to be drawn from this is that the officials of Germany know that in the eye of international law there is no valid ground of objection to the selling of arms and ammunition to belligerents. They have also been informed by us that no power exists by which our executive could put a stop to such traffic.

We are told that we might restore peace to Europe at once by stopping the sale of arms and ammunition—by giving victory to Germany. This means that we could thus consign France and her Continental Allies to the mastery and savagery under which Belgium has been writhing during the last eleven months. We are asked to do this in the name of neutrality!

Where is the line to be drawn, in the forum of conscience, between the different kinds of war tools? What things are to be included in the phrase "arms and ammunition" and what excluded? Nitre is one of the raw materials of gunpowder, cotton is one of the raw materials of torpedoes. Petroleum is one of the necessities of submarines, of aeroplanes and of motor cars. Horses are indispensable for cavalry. Motor cars are required for land transport of all kinds. Coal is a necessity for every movement of troops and warships and for baking bread for the soldiers. Shall we desist in selling horses and motor cars to English, French and Canadian buyers because they may use some of them to expel the German invaders of Belgium?

Money is perhaps the chief desideratum of nations in war time, since it is immediately convertible into weapons and materials of war. American newspapers were recently graced with advertisements of a German Treasury loan at 5 per cent interest, the proceeds to be expended solely in our markets. It

is needless to inquire too closely what kind of goods it was expended for.

It is said that when we were at war with Spain, Germany, at the request of our Ambassador at Berlin, prohibited the exportation of arms to Spain. The official record in this case, if there be any, has not been made public. It remains to be seen whether our Ambassador at Berlin was instructed by his own Government to make such request; also whether Spain tried to buy arms in Germany; also whether Germany did or did not sell them, and if she did not, whether she was justified in refusing.

When neutrality is put upon a higher plane than the settled law and practice of nations we are bound to inquire on which side the preponderance of moral principles is to be found. Which of the contending parties began the war and made itself responsible for the awful human misery that has flowed from it? The reasons why Germany declared war may be briefly summarized thus: (1) the necessity of giving "a free hand to Austria in dealing with Servia"; (2) the mobilization of Russia; (3) the secret, hostile intentions of France; (4) the commercial jealousy of England; (5) Germany's need of a place in the sun; (6) her need of a place on the sea.

These causes for beginning a world war are sufficiently variegated. All of them may be dismissed except the first. Everybody knows now that if the first had not existed none of the others would have been heard of. After giving Austria her head in a world war Germany exclaimed that she was defending herself and fighting for existence! She then carried fire and sword into Belgium.

The belief of the great majority of people of the United States is that Germany began the war without sufficient cause, and that when she invaded Belgium she made herself the outlaw of the nations—a country whom no agreements can bind.

Closely connected with this thought is the conviction that no limit can ever be put to the world's expenditure for armaments while one incorrigible outlaw is at large. Even in time of peace the cost of armies and navies goes on increasing, and this is logical. If every nation may declare war at its own whim it may reasonably estimate beforehand the cost of it and provide for it accordingly. There is no reason why it should pause short of the last dollar in its treasury, and the last male inhabitant capable of carrying a gun. The costs of armaments will go on increasing until the entire net earnings of the human

race are absorbed in death dealing instruments or until a supreme tribunal shall be established to decide international disputes and to enforce its decisions. It is the opinion of most Americans that the most incorrigible and dangerous outlaw and armed maniac now existing is Germany, and that the first and indispensable step toward a restriction of armaments and a quiet world is to throttle and disarm her, and that no price is too great to pay for such a consummation. Any result of the present war which falls short of this will be the preliminary to a new armament and another war on a wider scale than the present one, since the United States will make preparations for the next one and most probably take part in it.

Germany, by bursting her way through Belgium, was enabled to seize 80 to 90 per cent of the coal and iron resources of France and the greater part of her apparatus for the production of arms. She holds also the entire resources of Belgium, both of raw material and finished product. The foul blow by which she possessed herself of these indispensable treasures had two consequences which she did not look for—the active hostility of England and the moral indignation of all other nations. In helping France to make good the loss which she sustained through such perfidy the American people think that they are doing God's service, and their only regret is that they cannot do more of it. If they had foreseen the present conditions they would have enlarged their gun factories and powder mills to meet the emergency more promptly.

A German writer in the New York *Times* of May 30, Mr. Vom Bruck, says: "If the German nation is wiped out with the help of American arms and ammunition no man of the white race in the United States would be able to think of such a catastrophe without horror and remorse." All of the contending nations say that they are fighting for existence, which means that if they do not win in the end they will be wiped out. With such an alternative staring us in the face very few tears would be shed by Americans, of any color, if both the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, with all their belongings, should be wiped off the face of the earth.

HORACE WHITE.

THE DANGERS OF PACIFISM

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

We are constantly warned of the menace of militarism, but we hear very little concerning the dangers of pacifism. Peace societies endowed with ample funds are bombarding the country with pamphlets, addresses, sermons, and articles in the press, trying to prove that the present war was brought on by militarism. We are told that war is irrational, ineffective, and unjustified; that international disputes are capable of settlement by peaceful means; and that nations should immediately disarm. Societies are being organized to counteract the movement in favor of a strong national defense. The gospel of military unpreparedness is being fervently preached in order to avert the menace of militarism. Like the youth whom the poet counsels to bear a lily in his hand because "gates of brass cannot withstand one soft touch of that magic wand," we are counseled to go through this turbulent world of international politics without weapons of defense in order to demonstrate the purity of our motives!

It is not always easy to discover precisely what pacifists understand by militarism. To some it signifies anything relating to armaments and armies; or it means *large* armies and armaments. To others it suggests large armies of the Prussian kind. Then again there are those to whom it connotes the political philosophy which believes in the efficacy of force to forward and protect the vital interests of the State. In general the pacifists unite in looking upon militarism as a horrible monster that is more likely to control than serve the State. The Army and Navy are to be regarded as ever a potential menace.

If militarism is vaguely understood, so also pacifism is in great need of clearer definition. There are, of course, the extreme pacifists who hold that wars are never justified; that

"there never was a good war or a bad peace"; and agree with Norman Angell that wars never pay. They believe that war should be avoided at any cost; and that "peace and righteousness" are synonymous.

There are other pacifists who fervently believe that international disputes can be satisfactorily settled by peaceful means; they have great faith in arbitration, in courts of arbitral justice, and ultimately in an international police force. To such optimists all that is needed is a common agreement among nations to disarm, and abandon the "irrational" use of war.

There is still another group of pacifists who believe that the peaceful settlement of international disputes is preferable to that of war, but are under no illusions concerning the defective character of the means of peaceful settlement now available. They are willing to aid in every possible way the cause of world-peace, but indulge in no sentimental notions in respect to disarmament. They see that international organization, like everything else in nature, is a process of slow evolution. They hold that the problem is mainly the stupendous one of "the substitution of law for war."

When we speak of the dangers of pacifism, therefore, we do not have in mind this last category of pacifists; we have in mind those other pacifists who believe that war is never justified, and those who believe that adequate means for the settlement of international disputes are now at hand.

It is not the purpose of this article to speak with scorn of the aims and accomplishments of these pacifists. The world has great need of idealists, even of the impractical variety. But idealists of the impractical variety may easily bring a good cause into disrepute and create a worse condition of affairs, and therefore it is of immense importance at this crisis in the world's history that we turn for a moment from the denunciation of militarism and try to consider in a detached way the possible dangers of pacifism.

There exists a danger that pacifism will discredit international law by attempting to submit it to a strain it is not yet prepared to bear. Through a false analysis of the causes of war, a failure to understand world-politics, and a complete misunderstanding of the nature, functions, and power of arbitration, the pacifists are likely to bring international law into disrepute. They do not seem to realize the crucial fact that *there are questions of a non-judicial character which international law cannot decide.*

If diplomacy can find no solution, then war alone can decide questions of this character.

Pacifists do not see that arbitral tribunals cannot indulge in judicial legislation where international law may be defective. Odious as judicial legislation is in national courts, it is infinitely more so in international courts which by their nature cannot reflect common conceptions of rights and obligations. Work of this momentous character can be accomplished only by a properly empowered International Congress.

In exalting arbitration as an efficient substitute for war the pacifists do not seem to appreciate the fact that nations cannot refer disputes to arbitration without restrictions on the exact powers of the tribunals. In the absence of an international law enacted by common consent which may be confidently invoked in all disputes, nations are often compelled to prescribe the law and procedure to be observed in each arbitration. The Alabama arbitration illustrates this fact. The protocol of submission practically settled the controversy between Great Britain and the United States. The triumph was one of diplomacy rather than of arbitration.

If arbitral tribunals are not free to apply the law in each case, they are likewise not free to render decisions of a punitive nature, except to award damages in accordance with the protocol defining their powers. Nations would resort with extreme reluctance to arbitration for purposes of punitive justice. Courts cannot punish unless they have a generally accepted law to administer, and have the power to enforce their decrees.

It is not generally appreciated that arbitration is essentially nothing more than a useful helpmate to diplomacy. Nations go to war only over issues of vital importance which international law is powerless to settle. They resort to arbitration only over matters not worth fighting about which diplomacy has been unable to adjust. The wars and arbitrations of the last fifteen years since the first Hague Peace Conference amply demonstrate this fact.

In claiming, therefore, too much for arbitration the pacifists are trying to put on it a strain it never was meant to bear. They are bringing international law into disrepute by asking it to treat situations it is entirely incompetent to remedy, and the result is likely to be a discouraged reaction and cynical revulsion to redress of wrongs by force rather than by law.

In insisting too strenuously on its programme of arbitration

and disarmament, pacifism has aroused the distrust of the Great Powers. They are quite unwilling, naturally, to be placed in the embarrassing situation of appearing to foster ulterior ends of an aggressive character simply because they are unable to agree to arbitrate unreservedly all disputes or are unprepared to disarm.

American pacifists seem to forget that Europe has inherited from the Peace of Westphalia, from the Treaty of Vienna, from the Franco-Prussian War, from the Congress of Berlin, and other conferences, distressing ills that the present war may or may not remedy. It is possible that the map of Europe may be remade in accordance with the fundamental rights and the vital interests of all the various peoples concerned. A fine spirit of justice on the part of the conqueror may bring about results calculated to insure peace for many years to come. A bitter spirit of retribution, on the other hand, will surely sow the seeds of future wars.

American pacifists are in danger of seriously discrediting the cause of peace if they attempt in any way to bring pressure to bear on the European Powers and intrude as mediators in their political problems. These problems are of an intensely practical nature and must be solved by statesmen, not by impractical idealists. The United States must let Europe settle its own problems. The policy of non-intervention in the political affairs of Europe, as laid down by Washington, is an extremely prudent policy to observe at this crisis.

By stressing so insistently the subjects of disarmament and arbitration, pacifism is distracting attention and energies from the real work to be done. That task is the creation of a body of international law to be formally accepted by all nations as the solid basis of their relations. It is futile to claim that such a body of law already exists. Apart from the Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, the only convention creating law to govern the peaceful intercourse of States agreed upon by the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907 was on the subject of The Recovery of Contract Debts. Consecrating as it does the vicious principle of the sanction of force in collecting debts, and accepted only with reservations by a considerable number of States, the value of this single piece of international legislation is of extremely questionable value.

Had the Hague Peace Conferences concentrated their efforts on the serious task of creating a law of peace rather than rules of war destined to be cynically disregarded under the plea of

necessity, they might have materially advanced the cause of World Peace.

Among the various international statutes requiring enactment may be mentioned the following: The rights of foreign creditors and the procedure to be followed in the prosecution of their claims. This procedure should be clearly defined. There should be an international bankruptcy law to govern the case where a State is unable to meet its external as well as its internal obligations. There is need of an international law of torts to enable aliens to obtain damages for illegal acts of the State. The rights of aliens in times of civil disturbance should be determined by international legislation. There are also many questions classified under the head of International Private Law, or Conflict of Laws, such as marriage, divorce, guardianship, inheritance, and domicile, which should properly be regulated by international agreement.

Questions of the foregoing character are of vital concern to the nations of this Western hemisphere. If Europe has its own difficult problems to solve, America also has its own distinctive problems. If pacifism would concentrate on this particular field of international politics instead of scattering its energies on vast world projects of a more or less chimerical character, it might accomplish practical results of great value.

The pacifists in America would do well to encourage the creation of a body of law to govern the relations of the States included in the Pan-American Union, and thus eliminate many occasions for misunderstanding and estrangement. They might lead in a movement to transform the Pan-American Union into a congress empowered to deal not only with legal questions, but also to legislate concerning questions of a political character affecting the mutual interests of all. They might even achieve on this hemisphere the ideal apparently not within reach in Europe, namely, the establishment of a real Court of Justice properly supported by a Pan-American police force. Such are some of the practical tasks which pacifism might help accomplish were it not so fatuously absorbed in the pursuit of impractical world-projects.

Pacifism is fostering the spirit of cowardice and a materialistic conception of life. It has stressed so vividly the horrors of war, has so effectively obscured the heroic, idealistic aspects of war, and insisted so strongly on the futility of war, that men are fast coming to believe that "peace at any price" is the best

motto for a nation. It matters not what interests may be at stake, even independence itself; the great object of a foreign policy is to avoid war!

For the followers of Norman Angell everything is reduced to a matter of material calculation. Wars never pay, they say. A thousand men must not be "sacrificed" to protect a hundred fellow-countrymen in danger of torture and death at the hands of uncivilized ruffians. According to such a materialistic theory, a man of genius should resist the impulse to save a drowning child because his own life is of greater value to the community. The chivalrous, self-denying, generous spirit is not to be fostered when men of one's own blood appeal for help from abroad! The peoples of the Balkans should never "sacrifice" lives for the sake of their brothers under foreign domination!

Pacifism has inculcated such an exaggerated conception of the value of life as to treat it as something immortal, something which must be preserved; it is not something to be freely laid down in accordance with the precepts of Christianity!

Surely this is to lose sight almost completely of the spiritual values. In failing to glory in the magnificent idealism of the soldiers of all the opposing armies now in combat who are joyfully giving their lives for something not themselves, who are inspired by a transcendent national ideal, pacifism is leading the rising generation to worship at a sordid, selfish shrine. It is fostering a spirit of cowardice of a peculiarly abhorrent kind.

It is now the fashion among the pacifists to decry the spirit of nationalism as something narrow, provincial, and antagonistic to the growth of the sentiment of international friendliness. With Dr. Johnson they are disposed to regard patriotism "as the last resort of scoundrels." They look with alarm on the recrudescence of nationalism throughout the world, and argue that international good-will and peace depend on the obliteration of national boundaries.

This argument was much used before the present war by the Socialists and the Industrial Workers of the World, who claimed that the international solidarity of the working-men of all nationalties would effectively prevent wars. Since the participation of the German Socialists in the aggression against their brothers in Belgium, however, this argument has had a considerably lessened value.

In preaching loyalty to the rather vague sentiment of international brotherhood, pacifism would seem to fail to appreciate

the true value of nationalism. It forgets that loyal devotion, like true charity, must first begin at home. One must show brotherly love to the man next to him, whether in his own home or his neighbor's, before he can talk about international brotherhood. The pacifists do not seem to realize that patriotism, like family loyalty, does not mean indifference to the interests of others. They err with the Socialists in ignoring the positive necessity of national units of organization in order to deal effectively with problems of education, religion, philanthropy, and economic administration. They also would appear to ignore the truth of the thought suggested by Lorimer:

> May it not be that under these diverse ethnical impulses diverse types of nationality must necessarily grow up, and that these, though permanently dissimilar, may be of equal ethical value with that which our ethnical genius has imposed upon us (Great Britain), and equally entitled to international recognition by us and the other nations of Western Europe?

It would seem evident that the world has need of the free play of individuality among nations as well as among men; and that there is likewise the same need of mutual forbearance and respect.

Pacifism, therefore, in belittling the sentiment of nationality, the loyalty of patriotism, is guilty of the grave offense of seeking to extirpate a sentiment capable of noble deeds, without supplying an adequate substitute. One cannot expect youths who are incapable of enthusiastic devotion to the State, to render very much service to a vague, intangible World-State which has not yet come into being. Never was idealism so infelicitous as in this intolerance of patriotism.

The severest indictment, however, to be brought against pacifism is that it may be a contributing cause of war. The most tragic fact disclosed by the British White Papers in respect to the diplomatic negotiations leading up to the present war, is that pacifism in England had practically paralyzed Sir Edward Grey's efforts in behalf of peace, and that when urgently pressed by Russia and France to make clear to Germany that England would not keep out of a Continental war, Sir Edward was compelled to maintain a non-committal attitude which, as a matter of fact, was altogether inconsistent with England's obligations and interests. Pacifism had gained such a hold throughout England that the Government had neither the sup-

port of public opinion nor of the Liberal Party, until the actual violation of Belgian territory.

Within the Cabinet itself were such strong and extreme pacifists as Lord Morley and Lord Haldane, the latter of whom after his visits to Germany was obsessed by belief in the force of international "*sittlichkeit*" and the conviction that war between the two countries was "unthinkable."

The undisguised surprise and fury of Germany on learning that England at the last hour was really determined to fight is striking justification of the belief held by Russia and France that Germany would have avoided a general European war once it was clear that England would also be compelled to enter.

The failure of Sir Edward Grey to make this fact explicitly clear to Germany must be traced, not to Machiavellian motives, as Shaw with ingenious effrontery would try to prove, but to the unwillingness and inability of Englishmen to realize the imminent danger of war. This unwillingness and inability would seem clearly due to the insidious propaganda of such well-meaning idealists as Norman Angell and Lord Haldane. So infected had England become with the notion that war with Germany was as impossible as it was irrational, the pacifists were able to defeat the heroic attempts of Earl Roberts to secure an adequate military organization for the defense of the Empire.

A peace society in America has circulated with evident approval the speech of a British member of Parliament in opposition to the increase of the British Army so eloquently urged by Earl Roberts. One would think that when this member of Parliament contemplates the fearful price England has had to pay for its military unpreparedness he would hang his head in shame and bitter remorse.

Whatever the feelings of personal responsibility this member may have experienced, it is clear that many pacifists in America are willing to imitate his example, as is evidenced by their organizing a campaign of opposition to the movement to strengthen the arms of defense of the United States. Unable to understand the deeper causes of war, or to read aright the warnings of the present catastrophe, they hold, with arguments which defy ordinary standards of logic, that inasmuch as military preparedness failed to avert war in Europe, the United States should now try military unpreparedness! They insist that we should demonstrate the righteousness of our own motives by standing defenseless in the defense of Peace!

If it were simply a matter of demonstrating that pacifism is in error in its fundamental premises and deductions, one would not need to feel any great concern. The world is accustomed and friendly to impractical reformers. But when pacifism with the support of ample funds and influential leaders of public opinion is able to carry on a propaganda of such a nature as to constitute itself a contributing cause of war, it is something to be viewed with genuine apprehension.

Statesmen are occasionally guilty of errors of judgment and criminal negligence in respect to the vital interests of the State. Responsibility can be definitely placed on them, and they have a heavy burden to carry to their graves. This is not true of the idealist who, lacking the steadying, sober influence of responsibility, would attempt to manage the affairs of nations. With a disregard of consequences which would almost be treason on the part of statesmen, the idealist would willingly endanger the safety of his country for the sake of the problematical triumph of his ideals. It is earnestly to be hoped that the pacifists may be led to realize the dangers of their propaganda, and that the United States may be spared the terrible misfortunes which have come upon Europe.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

THE POST OFFICE AND SOCIALISM

BY HENRY A. CASTLE

Former Auditor, United States Post Office

THE mail service was originally maintained by national authorities in the Old World solely for the government business. It carried official messages for Kings and Ministers of State. It was then a legitimate executive department, having, like the others, purely governmental functions. The duty of carrying letters for hire was engrafted later. It thus became a phase of state socialism, entirely changing the character of the system, vastly increasing the volume of its work, and bringing in earnings, with all the resulting complications.

Under our national scheme, the Post Office Department was a political after-thought. It was not, in the beginning, recognized as one of the regular executive departments; for fifty years its head had no seat in the Cabinet; its operations were never considered among questions of statecraft, or financiering. In other words, it was simply a business annex to the administrative plan.

It has been a potent instrument of advancing civilization. Its growth has been a measure of the nation's expanding prosperity, and of the marvelous intellectual activity of the people. The extension of its functions within the memory of men now in middle life, has been marvelous. Whereas, as late as 1860, its sole occupation was slowly, painfully, and not very carefully to convey letters, papers, and small packages from one office to another, for leisurely delivery at the windows thereof, it now supplies railway mail distribution, carriers for city and country, special delivery messengers, pneumatic tubes, street boxes, registry, postal cards, stamped paper, stamp-books and cancelling machines, and other amplifications and devices to accelerate the work. It also sells and pays money orders, accepts cash deposits, and transports merchandise, none of which duties has any legitimate connection with the postal sphere.

The vastness of the operations involved, and the weight of responsibility incurred therein, is shown by the following figures from the Auditor's report for the fiscal year 1914, showing the financial transactions of that year, including deposits of surplus money order funds, in post offices:

Total postal Revenues	$287,934,565.67
Total postal Expenditures	283,543,769.16
Total Money Order Receipts	1,606,412,091.59
Total Money Order Disbursements	1,607,012,337.98
Aggregate	$3,784,902,764.40

This stupendous aggregate of three and three-quarter billion dollars represents the cash actually handled by officials and employes of the postal system in one year. With the normal increase, it will be four billion dollars for 1915. The handling—that is, the receipt and payment, earning and spending—involves serious administrative problems, and innumerable fiscal complications. Yet it does not include the vast sums handled by the postal savings banks. Nor can it include the multiplied millions of dollars in currency and securities transported in sealed letters or packages in the mails, both with and without registry. The accounting work is prosaic, unromantic drudgery, but its accuracy is vital to the integrity of the operations and the purity of the government.

The extensions and ramifications which have been engrafted on the original scheme have brought into play conditions which the attentive observer cannot fail to regard with apprehension. The whole enterprise is one of a purely business or commercial nature, outside the ordinary domain of government, carrying with it all the doubtful elements of a commercial institution conducted under public auspices. It is one of the penalties of such a venture, one of the apparently inherent weaknesses of state socialism, that private interests, coming in contact with the enterprise at all points, selfishly struggle with it and with each other for an increasing share of its benefits.

By the inexorable logic of the present situation, we are confronted with the simple question to which the near future must give a direct affirmative or negative answer:

Are we ready for the commune—for social, financial and political chaos? Are we ready to surrender the principle of government oversight and control of semi-public utilities for which we have been struggling so long, and are now enforcing

with brightening prospects, in order that we may adopt the principle of government ownership and management, with all its train of perils?

Our latest and largest ventures on the stormy socialistic seas are not sufficiently developed to test their value. Vociferous proclamation is made in official quarters that the postal bank and the parcels post are a splendid success. But there is abundant ground for withholding credence, for a time, at least, to these assertions. There is no existing method of computation by which the profit or loss on any postal branch can be approximately ascertained. But even by the crude and inefficient methods available, it has been officially shown that every feature of the service, except the first-class mail, is and always has been a money loser. The boasted profits of the money-order system disappear and show a loss of ten thousand dollars a day, if debited with the real cost, including a due share of the overhead charges, as would be done in any private business.

The postal service, in its most rudimentary, legitimate, useful and necessary form, is state socialism, because, unlike other executive functions of the government, it has earnings as well as expenditures, doing a business of transportation and finance for hire. Its only valid excuse for existence is its educational value. When restricted to its legitimate scope, the transmission of intelligence, it is a powerful element in the diffusion of knowledge and in quickening the human intellect. The phases of its activity which are confined to this sphere, the work of the highly specialized experts who handle the mail en route and distribute it to the people, constitute the only features of the entire system which are conducted on correct principles, which are measurably satisfactory to the public, and which yield adequate returns. Even these excusable activities, in spite of the zeal and fidelity of the merit-protected employes who carry them on, are hampered and handicapped at many points by the crude laws, faulty organization, inefficient administrative system and utterly indefensible accounting methods, which make all the other existing post office ramifications unsound, as well as unprofitable, and voice a sonorous warning against dangerous innovations.

No serviceable performance of the many duties now devolving on the postal system can possibly be secured without a complete re-organization of the Department, a drastic scheme of decentralization, a thorough revision of the law and regu-

lations, the application of modern business policies and processes, the introduction of labor-saving devices, a revolution in the auditing and accounting branches, and a more permanent tenure for the responsible executive heads of the institution.

There is no real audit of stamp distribution, aggregating $175,000,000 a year; there is no reliable audit of pay to railroads for carrying the mail, aggregating $50,000,000 a year; there is no pretense of a "cost keeping" method by which the relative expenses of different postal features can be ascertained. The law requires a double audit, but less than three per cent of the tremendous financial transactions are ever reviewed.

The money order service needs reform. The vast volume of transactions in this branch almost surpasses comprehension. As shown, the aggregate in dollars is over three billions. This involves handling in the auditor's office more than one hundred million vouchers annually—total weight, 100 tons. The whole system is complicated and vexatious, hard for the patron and harder still for the government. It is also very unprofitable, the estimated loss being ten thousand dollars a day.

The franking abuse needs reform. Official reports of the Department state that the franking and penalty envelope privileges, covering Government free matter, cost the postal service nineteen million dollars a year, without a cent of revenue. The contract policy needs reform. Practically every scandal that has arisen in the Department has related to the letting of contracts—either contracts for transportation of the mail or contracts for the purchase of patented articles used. Rural free delivery needs reform. This new and valuable agency of civilization is highly popular but enormously expensive. The salaries of its 50,000 carriers now aggregate more than the entire postal revenue in 1887. Mail transportation rates need reform. Making due allowance for exaggeration, it is probable that of the $52,000,000 now annually paid to the railroads alone for carrying our mail, nearly one-third could be saved by an honorable and fair re-adjustment which the railroads would accept.

Reform is needed in postage rates. Business men and large patrons of the letter mail are getting insistent for one-cent postage. They are evidently paying more than their share of the cost and are entitled to relief. After the leaks and wastes are corrected, it can come without crippling the service, provided no more unprofitable features are added. One-cent letter postage may, with propriety, be kept in view as the ultimate

end of postal reform. Reform, rejuvenation, and re-invigoration are needed in every post office branch, feature, and appurtenance, in order that the vocation it already tries to exercise shall approach a decent standard of efficiency.

The period has arrived when we are forced to recognize that we have adopted into our government structure an institution wearing all the aspects, containing all the defects, subject to all the abuses, of a private or corporate enterprise, while we are, as a body politic, more poorly equipped for dealing with those evils than would be a corporation animated solely by business instincts and capable of acting quickly on business principles.

We have more postmasters than soldiers. Every postmaster receives his instructions and makes his reports directly to the Department. Twenty thousand of them receive a compensation of less than $100 a year each; still, all their business is done directly with head-quarters at Washington, involving an enormous and manifestly unprofitable correspondence.

The postal service is expanding so rapidly, by natural growth along legitimate lines, that new defects are daily developed. The adoption of one reform points to the necessity for a dozen more. To superimpose additional heavy and hazardous burdens on this already over-weighted, staggering, gasping industrial mechanism, would invite inevitable disaster.

In the face of a pathetic outcry for scores of imperative reforms, proclaimed to be vital by the head of the Department, by investigating experts, and by a joint Congressional Commission, it is influentially proposed to engraft new socialistic ventures which will infinitely augment the current embarrassments, vastly increase the army of employes, and add enormously to the obnoxious deficit. The periodical outbreak of frauds and scandals in the existing mail system is a vociferous protest against the reckless enlargement of opportunity and temptation for their development.

The postal savings bank is likely to throw the fiscal affairs of the nation into the maelstrom of partisan politics; subject the finances of the people to incalculable entanglement; create organized movements for higher interest rates, which no politician could resist; commit the Government to the untenable and extra-constitutional policy of borrowing from one class of citizens to lend to another class; incur risks and expenses to the national treasury far beyond any possible recompense; invoke all the perversions, abuses and impositions which human selfishness can

devise, and bring accounting complications which the Department is utterly incompetent to handle.

The postal telegraph and telephone would mean a tremendous addition to the national debt; countless new battalions of employes; inefficient service; immense losses to operation, and the imminent risk that the entire investment would soon be rendered valueless by anticipated inventions which promise to revolutionize the transmission of messages by electrical apparatus.

The parcels post, on the English basis of postage rates, is the avowed aim of its promoters, the great mail-order houses. This would involve the assumption by the Post Office of all the express business of the country at two cents a pound for all distances; the duplication, by the Government, of the present costly plants of the express companies in all cities; the employment of swarms of additional workmen, and, on the basis of the volume of traffic predicted by its advocates, an annual postal deficit of $127,000,000. That this scheme is the objective point toward which the Department's suggestions lead, is shown by the introduction of bills at every session of Congress which provide for parcels with flat rates of postage, over 12 ounces up to one pound, 5 cents; for each additional pound or fraction thereof, 2 cents. But no suggestion is made as to reducing the pay to railroads for carrying the parcels to fifty-five per cent of the postal receipt, which is the English rate.

This rural package express should not inspire any hope of increasing the postal revenue. As a convenience to the farming community, it is possibly commendable; as an excuse for indefinitely advancing the pay of rural carriers, it would certainly be efficacious. Even in anticipation of this, there are more bills introduced at every session of Congress for this increase than for any other single object.

Postal life insurance would open intricate and scientific financial problems to the administration of agencies so maladroit and methods so loose-jointed as to ensure abject discomfiture from the hour of its inception.

The postal railway is the "sum of all villanies." Yet so strongly is its principle entrenched that one of the great political parties of the nation, in opposition to the will of the candidate, escaped endorsing it in a recent Presidential campaign only by a hair's-breadth and a miracle.

And the end of these things is chaos! They are all, in their progressive series of seductive but poisonous suggestions, mani-

festations of the same evil: state socialism. They are all incidents and accompaniments of the same potential calamity: the policy of public ownership.

As cumulative and conclusive evidence that this vast business machine called the post office was utterly incapable seven years ago of adequately handling the cyclopean tasks then assigned to it, not to mention the yet more difficult functions since superadded, let us recall the fact that our national legislature stamped the seal of condemnation upon it, labelled it with credentials of inefficiency, and made a feeble, futile attempt at reform. Financial and accounting experts, employed at heavy expense by a postal commission of Congress, reported one hundred and forty-two vital defects in departmental organization, administration, and accounting. The Commission of six Senators and Representatives submitted through Senator Carter, of Montana, December 17, 1908 (Report 701, Part I), a final report accompanied by a bill of 288 pages, re-organizing the department. Few ever read the bill; still fewer ever mastered the able report; the whole mass went into the junk pile at the session's end. But it left a broad, black mark on the official record. In that report, pages 2, 3, and 4, the following, which are proclaimed to be "essential defects"—"structural weaknesses, which hamper the efficient operation of the postal service, and are, in the judgment of your Commission, not defects in detail, but defects in principle"—are set forth:

(1) The want of a permanent administrative head, having by reason of long continued practical experience a thorough knowledge of the business to be conducted.

(2) The lack of a logical distribution of the Department's business into natural divisions or groups so organized as to make it possible for the officer in charge of each group, by devoting the whole energies of his mind to cognate subjects, to master the business under his charge.

(3) The want of an adequate staff of bureau heads, corresponding in number to the natural subdivisions of postal business.

(4) The want of field organization midway between the individual postmaster at the bottom of the scale and the central administration at the top, which would be able to scrutinize and control at first hand the operations of the multitude of separate offices.

(5) The combination in the same officer of the dual functions of prosecutor and judge in respect of matters such as the classification of periodicals and the issuance of fraud orders, directly affecting the property rights of individuals not connected with the postal service.

(6) The diffusion and consequent weakening of responsibility in respect of expenditures.

(7) The useless multiplication of work both in the local offices and in the central administration.

(8) The lack of any adequate accounting or bookkeeping system in the Post Office Department, itself.

(9) The failure, partly by reason of the inadequate method of accounting, to credit the postal service with all the work actually done by it, and to charge it with all expenditures really made in its behalf.

Little attention was paid to these astonishing revelations. There was no discussion of the accompanying bill. The job of understanding it was too stupendous to be undertaken by any statesman in either house. It was never voted on, and it died. But its sad fate indicated that our experiment in state socialism has already grown beyond the power of the human mind to grasp it as a whole, and reform it and control it. And still it grows!

Seven years have passed. All of the flagrant evils thus exposed are still uncorrected by legislation. No systematic re-organization has been attempted. Except that a few of the minor defects have been remedied by executive action, nothing has been done. Meantime, the savings bank and the parcels post have been adopted, and still more dangerous innovations are seriously advocated in high quarters.

The time to defend the State against the evils of public ownership is now, before it is established, while the people are unprejudiced and open to argument against the advisability of the system.

HENRY A. CASTLE.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

BY JOHN ALLAN WYETH, M. D., LL.D.

THE Monroe Doctrine, accepted as an essential article of the political faith of the people of the United States, compels the recognition of our obligation, not only to other nations, but above all else to humanity, to take immediate steps to put an end to the anarchy, bloodshed, rapine and robbery which for years have made Mexico a disgrace to civilization.

The hopelessness of the Mexican situation lies chiefly in the impossibility, under conditions which have long existed, of bringing the people together in a common understanding of each other; and, in the opinion of the writer, nothing but intervention on our part, and the establishment of a stable government, by force, if necessary, can accomplish this.

Of the 15,000,000 inhabitants, approximately 1,000,000 are Caucasian; 2,000,000 are of mixed blood, and 12,000,000 are Indian descendents of the natives dwelling there at the time of the Spanish conquest. There are 133 separate tribes, speaking 53 different languages and numerous dialects, a condition which makes inter-tribal communication and the establishment of peaceful relations impossible.

In his *South America*, referring to Colombia, Bolivia, and Peru, James Bryce says: "In such countries there can be very little public opinion common to the nation, because the means of intercommunication are defective and slow. . . . The existence in the same state of different races, speaking different languages, prevents the homogeneity and solidarity which are almost indispensable conditions to the success of democratic government."

Moral degeneracy, due to the almost universal consumption of "pulque," the national intoxicant, and to the widespread disregard for the marital relation, is the natural result of the miserable conditions which have long prevailed.

McHugh says: "Marriage among them has no sacred meaning, and more than half the total births in Mexico are

illegitimate. Church and State are at war over the marriage ceremony, with the result that a vast number of these uneducated beings think a civil marriage is no marriage, and as they are unable to pay the price for the church ceremony, they dispense with both."

A century of misgovernment and unrest has naturally contributed to this absence of moral restraint and to the widespread savagery which prevails. A recital of the authenticated barbarities which are constantly occurring would be as painful as it is unnecessary, but a single paragraph from McHugh's *Modern Mexico* is significant:

> "So long as he, the peon, is kept in hand, he is fairly quiet and tractable, but when he takes to the road, and becomes his own master, he is turbulent, savage and brutal, displaying all the cruelty, lust and disregard of human life and suffering that is characteristic of the American Indian. The fiendish savagery of this class has been manifested again and again during the past three years by endless incidents, like the treatment of the women at the San Vincente mine in Guerrero, and at the wreck of the train to Cuernavaca last May, when the injured men were murdered, and the women passengers ravished, and then thrown into the burning train, that had been deliberately set on fire."

It does not detract from the significance of this awful incident to know that it occurred almost within sight of the capital of Mexico.

The moral degeneration which these crimes attest—in fact, all the misfortunes of Mexico—are the cumulative product of long years of misrule, and her people should be judged in charity and dealt with in mercy. Revolution has followed revolution in such assured succession that anarchy is supreme. From 1821, when Spanish sovereignty ceased, to the murder of Madero and the accession of Huerta, Mexico has had sixty-four different rulers. Leaving out the autocracy of Juarez and Diaz, who ruled with merciless severity, and to whom protest or opposition meant banishment, imprisonment, confiscation, or death, the average duration of the term of office of the sixty other rulers was eight months. Several served only a few days; one was president for only twenty-six minutes; and, incredible as it must appear, in a single instance, Comonfort joined in an insurrection, and overthrew his own government.

In the brief period which has elapsed since the death of Madero, Huerta has been exiled, and Carbajal, Obregon,

Guiterez and Garza have claimed the authority which none can successfully assume and maintain.

There can be no solution of this serious problem except by intervention, and intervention without annexation would only prolong a cruel experiment. As plainly as the writing on the wall, our national destiny is impelling us to the occupation of Mexico; not for conquest, nor for commercial gain, but for the benefit of her unfortunate people should we establish and insure forever in that unhappy land the order of civilization.

No people, however benighted, can fail to appreciate the blessings of peace. Correct the cruel abuses which peonage implies; give them their lands and homes, and the chance to live by honest means; give them, by patient and kindly encouragement and assistance, education and a common language; and give them, above all, good roads and ready intercommunication; for, in the long run, the pick and shovel compel obedience to the law more surely than Springfield rifles or Maxim guns.

Of her 15,000,000 inhabitants fully 12,000,000 are bound in the hopeless servitude of peonage; a condition more deplorable than was that of the negro slaves in our Southern States. Practically all the land is owned or controlled by the State, which has made no satisfactory distribution of its holdings, or by a landed oligarchy. We are told that seventy-two individuals own all the land in Yucatan, the area of which is more than three times as large as Massachusetts. Twenty-seven individuals are the proprietors of another State, and a single citizen owns 20,000,000 acres.

We can surely afford to act toward Mexico—with its boundary line of 1993 miles in touch with ours—in the same unselfish spirit we have shown toward the Philippines, thousands of miles overseas.

The gratifying result which has followed the bestowal of lands and homes and citizenship, and a voice in government, upon our Indian tribes in Oklahoma, would be well worth a trial with the scattered warring tribes in Mexico, where centuries of poverty, ignorance and oppression have made the poor so poor that banditry is their only resort. Each of our 41,698 Cherokees received 110 acres of land; the Creeks, Choctows, Seminoles, Chickasaws and Osages an equal, or larger allotment. They have made homes and quickly adapted themselves to the law and order of civilization. The Secretary of the Interior has made the statement in print that each of the Osages received 657 acres of land, and are today among the

most prosperous of our citizens. The errors made in our earlier dealings with the aborigines would naturally be avoided in the future.

Our preponderance of men and means, with tactful measures and kindly treatment, should readily overcome any opposition to annexation, and once our territorial system of government is established, the wonderful resources of Mexico would invite an enterprising immigration which within a single generation would insure the permanent reign of law and order. Moreover, this addition to the national domain would bring us nearer to our great canal, to which far-sighted statesmanship may foresee the advisability of having access by land through a protectorate exercised over the intervening States.

Finally, we would emphasize the Monroe Doctrine by entering into a solemn engagement with each and every government of the continent of South America that the United States will never encroach upon their territory, and will join with them should it ever become necessary to protect them from foreign invasion.

JOHN ALLAN WYETH.

JULES LAFORGUE

"Jules Laforgue—Quelle joie!"
—*J. K. Huysmans.*

BY JAMES HUNEKER

I

All victories are alike; defeat alone displays an individual profile. And the case of Jules Laforgue wears this special aspect. Dying on the threshold of his twenty-seventh year, coming too old into a world too young, his precocity as poet and master of fantastic prose has yet not the complexion of a Chatterton or a Keats. In his literary remains, slender enough as to quantity, there is little to suggest a fuller development if he had lived. Like his protagonist, Arthur Rimbaud—surely the most extraordinary poetic apparition of the late nineteenth century—Jules Laforgue accomplished his destiny during the period when most poets are moulting their wings preparatory to flight. He flew in youth, flew moon-wards, for his patron goddess was Selene, he her faithful worshipper, a true lunalogue. His transcendental indifferentism saved him from the rotten-ripe maturity of them that are born "with a ray of moonlight in their brains," as Villiers de l'Isle Adam hath it. And Villiers has also written: "When the forehead alone contains the existence of a man, that man is enlightened only from above his head; then his jealous shadow, prostrate under him, draws him by the feet, that it may drag him down into the invisible." Like Watteau, Laforgue was "condemned" from the beginning to "a green thought in a green shade." The spirit in him, the "shadow," devoured his soul, pulverised his will, made of him a Hamlet without a propelling cause, a doubter in a world of cheap certitudes and insolent fatuities, but barred him proffering his pearls to pigs. He came before

Nietzsche, yet could he have said with Zarathustra: "I love the great despisers because they are the great adorers, they are arrows of longing for the other shore." Now Laforgue was a great despiser.

But he made merry over the ivory apes and peacocks of existence. He seems less French than he is in his self-mockery, yet he is a true son of his country and of his time. This young Hamlet, who doubted the constancy of his mother the moon, was a very buffoon; "I am the new buffoon of dusty eternities," might have been his declaration; a buffoon making subtle somersaults in the metaphysical blue. He was a metaphysician doubled by a poet. Von Hartmann it was who extorted his homage. "All is relative," was his war-cry on schools and codes and generalizations. His urbanity never deserted him, but it was an exasperated urbanity. His was an art of the nerves. Arthur Symons has spoken of his "icy ecstasy," and Maurice Maeterlinck described his laughter as "laughter of the soul." Like Chopin, or Watteau, he danced on roses and thorns. All three were consumptives, and the aura of decay floats about their work; all three suffered from the nostalgia of the impossible. The morbid decadent aquafortist that is revealed in the corroding etchings of Laforgue, is germane to men in whom irony and pity are perpetually disputing. We think of Heine and his bitter-sweetness. Again with Zarathustra, Laforgue could say: "I do not give alms. I am not poor enough for that." He possesses the sixth sense of infinity. A cosmical jester, his badinage is well-nigh dolorous. His verse and prose form a series of personal variations. The lyric in him is by some temperamental twist reversed. Fantastic dreams overflow his reality, and he always dreams with wide-open eyes. Watteau's "l'Indifferent" ! A philosophical vaudevillist, he juggles with such themes as a metaphysical Armada, the moon and her minion, Pierrot, with celestial spasms and the odor of mortality, the universal sigh, the Autumnal refrains of Chopin and the monotony of love. "Life is quotidian!" he has sung; and women are the very symbol of sameness: that is their tragedy—or comedy. "Stability, thy name is Woman"! exclaims the Hamlet of this most spiritual among parodists.

One never gets him with his back to the wall. He vanishes in the shining cloud of a witty abstraction when cornered. His prose is full of winged neologisms, his poetry heavy with the metaphysics of ennui. Remy de Gourmont speaks of his

magnificent work as the prelude to an oratorio achieved in silence. Laforgue, himself, called it an intermezzo, and in truth it is little more. His intellectual sensibility and his elemental soul make for mystifications. As if he knew the frailness of his tenure on life, he sought azure and elliptical routes. He would have welcomed Maeterlinck's test question: "Are you of those who name or those who only repeat names?" Laforgue was essentially a namer; with Gallic glee he would have enjoyed renaming the animals as they left the Noachian ark—yes, and nicknaming the humans, for he is a terrible disrespecter of persons and rank and the seats of the mighty.

Someone has said that a criticism is negative if it searches for what a poet lacks instead of what he possesses. One would soon reach a zero if we only registered the absence of "necessary" traits in our poet. He is so unlike his contemporaries, with a solitary exception, that his curious genius seems composed of a bundle of negatives. But behind the mind of every great writer there marches a shadowy mob of phrases, which mimic his written word, and make them untrue indices of his thoughts. These shadows are the unexpressed ideas of which the visible sentences are only eidolons; a cave filled with Platonic phantoms. The phrase of Laforgue has a *timbre* capable of infinite prolongations in the memory. It is not alone what he says, nor his manner, but it is his power of arousing overtones from his keyboard. His aesthetic mysticism is allied with a semi-brutal frankness. Feathers fallen from the wings of peri adorn the hands of equivocal persons. Cosmogonies jostle evil *farceurs*, and the silvery voices of children chant blasphemies. Laforgue could repeat with Arthur Rimbaud: "I accustomed myself to simple hallucinations: I saw, quite frankly, a mosque in place of a factory, a school of drums kept by the angels; post-chaises on the road to heaven, a drawing-room at the bottom of a lake; the title of a vaudeville raised up horrors before me. Then I explained my magical sophisms by the hallucination of words! I ended by finding something sacred in the disorder of my mind." But while Laforgue, with all his "spiritual dislocation," would not deny the "sacred" disorder, he saw life in too glacial a manner to admit that his were merely hallucinations. Rather, correspondences, he would say, for he was as much a disciple of Baudelaire and Gautier in his search for the hidden affinity of things, as he was a lover of the antique splendors in Flaubert's Asiatic visions. He, too, dreamed of quintessentials, of the sheer power of golden vocables

and the secret alchemy of art. He, too, promenaded his incertitudes, to use a self-revealing phrase of Chopin's. An aristocrat, he knew that in the country of the idiot the imbecile always would be king, and "like many a one who turned away from life, only turned away from the rabble; he cared not to share with them well and fire and fruit." His Kingdom of Green was consumed and became gray by the regard of his coldly measuring eye. For him modern man is an animal who bores himself. Laforgue is an essayist who is also a *causeur*. His abundance is never exuberance. Without sentiment or romance, nevertheless, he does not suggest ossification of the spirit. To dart a lance at mythomania is his delight, while preserving the impassibility of a Parnassian. His travesties of Hamlet, Lohengrin, Salomé, Pan, Perseus, enchant, their plastic yet metallic prose denotes the unique artist; above all, they are modern, they graze the hem of the contemporary. From the sublime to the arabesque is but a semitone in his antic mind. Undulating in his desire to escape the automatic, doubting even his own scepticism, Jules Laforgue is a Hamlet *à rebours*. Old Fletcher sings:

> "Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
> Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

II

He seems to have been of an umbrageous character. His life was simple and sad. He was born August 20, 1860, at Montévidéo—"Ville en amphithéâtre, toits en terrasses, rues en daumiers, rade enorme"—of Breton parentage. He came to France at an early age and lived at Tarbes, in the Midi. He died at Paris 1887. Gustave Kahn, the symbolist poet, describes Laforgue in his *Symbolistes et Décadents* as a serious young man, with sober English manners and extreme rectitude in the matter of clothes. Not the metaphysical Narcissus that was once Maurice Barrés—whose early books show the influence of Laforgue. He adored the philosophy of the Unconscious set forth by Von Hartmann, was erudite, collected delicate art, thought much, read much, and was an ardent advocate of the impressionistic painters. I have a pamphlet by Médéric Dufour, entitled *Étude sur l'Aesthetique de Jules Laforgue; une philosophie de l'Impressionisme*, which is interesting, though far from conclusive, being an attack on the determinism of Henri Taine, and a defence of Monet, Pissarro, and Sisley.

But then we only formulate our preferences into laws. The best thing is the phrase: "There are no types, there is only humanity," to the wisdom of which I heartily subscribe. From 1880 to 1886 Laforgue was reader to the Empress Augusta at Berlin and was admired by a cultivated circle, as his letters to his sister and M. Ephrussi, his friend, testify. He was much at home in Germany and there is no denying the influence of Teutonic thought and spirit on his susceptible nature. Naturally prone to pessimism (he has called himself a "mystic pessimist"), as was Amiel, the study of Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann solidified the sentiment. He met an English girl, Leah Lee by name, and after giving her lessons in French, fell in love, and in 1887 married her. It is interesting to observe the sinister dandy in private life as tender lover, loving brother. This spiritual dichotomy is not absent in his poetry. He holds back nothing in his self-revelations, except the sad side, though there is always an exquisite tremulous sensibility in his baffling art. A few months after his marriage he was attacked by the same malady that afflicted his unfortunate wife, and was buried on his twenty-seventh birthday. Gustave Kahn notes that few followed him to the grave. He was unknown except to some choice spirits, the dozen superior persons of Huysmans scattered throughout the universe. His wife survived him a short time. Little has been written of him, the most complete estimate being that of Camille Mauclair, with an introduction by Maeterlinck—who said that the Hamlet of Laforgue is more Hamlet than Shakespeare's. In addition to these and Dufour, Kahn, De Gourmont, and Felix Fénèon, we have English essays by George Moore, Arthur Symons, and Philip Hale. Mr. Moore introduced Laforgue in company with Rimbaud to the English reading world, and Mr. Symons devoted to him one of his sensitive studies in *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*. Mr. Hale did the same years ago for American readers in a sympathetic article, *The Fantastical Jules Laforgue*. He also translated, with astonishing fidelity to the letter and spirit of the author, the incomparable *Lohengrin, Fils de Parsifal*. I regret having it no longer in my possession so that I might quote from its delicious prose. As to the verse, I know of few attempts to translate the untranslatable. Perhaps Mr. Symons has tried his accomplished hand at the task. How render the sumptuous assonance and solemn rhythms of "Marche Funèbre: O convoi solennel des soleils magnifiques"?

III

"Je ne suis qu'un viveur lunaire
Qui faits des ronds dans les bassins
Et cela, sans autre dessin
Que devenir un légendaire . . . ."

Sings our poet in the silver-fire verse of *L'Imitation de Notre-Dame la Lune*, wherein he asks: "Mais où sont les lunes d'Antan ?" This *Pierrot lunaire*, this buffoon of new and dusty eternities, wrote a sort of *vers libres*, which, often breaking off with a smothered sob, modulates into prose and sings the sorrows and complaints of a world peopled by fantastic souls, clowns, satyrs, poets, harlots, somnambulists, dainty girls, Cheret posters, pierrots, kings with strange morals, and blithe birds and sad-coloured cemeteries. The poet is a mocking demon who rides on clouds dropping epigrams earthwards, the earth that grunts and sweats beneath the sun or cowers and weeps under the stellar prairies. He calls himself "The Grand Chancellor of Analysis." Like Nietzsche, he dances when his heart is heavy, and trills his roundelays and his gamut of rancorous flowers with an enigmatic smile on his lips. It is a sad and disquieting music, a pageantry of essences, this verse, with its resonance of emerald. Appearing in fugitive fashion, it was gathered into a single volume through the efforts of friends, and, with the *Moralités légendaires*, comprises his life-work; for we can hardly include the *Mélanges posthumes*, which consist of scraps and fragments (published in 1903), together with some letters—not a very weighty addition to the dead poet's fame. His translations of Walt Whitman I have not seen. Perhaps his verse is doomed; it was born with the hectic flush of early dissolution; but it is safe to predict that as long as lovers of rare literature exist the volume of prose will survive. It has for the gourmet of style an unending charm, the charm *en sourdine* of its creator, to whom a falling leaf or an empire in dissolution were of equal value. "His work," wrote Mr. Symons, "has the fatal evasiveness of those who shrink from remembering the one thing which they are unable to forget. Coming as he does after Rimbaud, turning the divination of the other into theories, into achieved results, he is the eternally grown-up nature to the point of self-negation, as the other is the eternal *enfant terrible*." "Tout était pour le vieux dans le

meilleur des demi-mondes," Laforgue would have cried, in the epigram of Paul Bourget.

The prose of Jules Laforgue recalls his description of the orchestra in *Salomé*, the fourth of the *Moralités légendaires:* "Sur un mode allègre et fataliste, un orchestre aux instruments d'ivoire improvisait une petite ouverture unanime." That his syllables are of ivory I feel, and improvised, but his themes are pluralistic—the immedicable and colossal ennui of life the chiefest. Woman—the "Eternal Madame" as Baudelaire calls her—is a being both "magical and mediocre"; she is an escape from the universal world-pain. "La fin de l'homme est proche . . . Antigone va passer du ménage de la famille au ménage de la planéte" (prophetic words). But when lovely woman begins to talk of the propagation of the ideal she only means the human species. With Lessing he believes: "There is, at most, but one disagreeable woman in the world; a pity, then, that every man gets her for himself."

It is rather singular to observe in the writings of Marinetti, the self-elected leader of the so-called Futurists, the hopeless deliquescence of the form invented by Louis Bertrand in his *Gaspard de la Nuit*, developed with almost miraculous results in Baudelaire, and terminating with Huysmans, Maeterlinck, and Francis Poictevin (*Paysages*). Rimbaud had intervened. In his Illuminations we read that "So soon as the Idea of the Deluge had sunk back into its place, a rabbit halted amid the sainfoin and the small swinging bells, and said its prayers to the rainbow, through the spider's web. Oh! The precious stones in hiding, the flowers already looking out . . . Madame—established a piano in the Alps. . . . The caravans started. And the Splendid Hotel was erected upon the chaos of ice and night of the Pole" (from the translation of Aline Gorren). This apparently mad sequence of words and dissociation of ideas, has been deciphered by M. Kahn, and need not daunt anyone who has patience and ingenuity. I confess I prefer Laforgue, who at his most cryptic is never so wildly tantalizing as Rimbaud.

Moralités légendaires contains six sections. I do not know which to admire the most, the *Hamlet* or the *Lohengrin, Salomé* or *Persée et Andromède. Le Miracle des Roses* is of an exceeding charm, though dealing with the obvious, while *Pan et la Syrinx* has a quality I recall nowhere else in literature; perhaps the cadences of Chopin, charged with irony and magic, or the half-dreams of Watteau, color and golden sadness

intermingled, may evoke the spiritual parodies of Laforgue; but in words there is no analogue, though Pan is of classic flavor despite his very modern *Weltanschauung*. Syrinx is a woodland creature, nebulous and exquisite. Pursued by Pan—the Eternal Male in rut—she does not succumb to his pipes, and after she has vanished in the lingering wind, he makes sweeter music through his seven reeds. The symbol is not difficult to decipher. And who would not succumb to the langourous melancholy of Andromède, not chained to a rock but living on the best of terms with her monster, who calls her Bébé? The sea bores her profoundly. She looks for Perseus, who doesn't come; the sea, always the sea without a moment's weakness; in brief, not the stuff of which friends are made! When the knight appears and kills her monster, he loses his halo for Andromède, who cherishes her guardian. Perseus, a prig disgusted by the fickleness of the Young Person, flees, and the death of the monster brings to life a lovely youth—put under a spell by malignant powers—who promptly weds his ward. In *Lohengrin, Son of Parsifal*, the whole machinery of the Wagner opera is transposed to the key of lunar parody. What ambrosia from the Walhalla of topsy-turvy is this Elsa with her "eyes hymeneally illumined" as she waits her saviour! He appears and they are married. Alas! The pillow of the nuptial couch becomes a swan that carries off Lohengrin weary of the tart queries of his little bride concerning love and sex and other unimportant questions of daily life. The landscapes of these tales are fantastically beautiful, and scattered through the narrative are fragments of verse, vagrant and witty, that light up the stories with a glow-worm phosphorescence.

Salomé, with her celebrated eyebrows, is a spiritual sister of Flaubert's damsel, as Elsa is related to his Salammbô. She dwells in the far-off *I'les Blanches Esotériques*, and she, too, is annoyed by the stupidity of the sea, always new, always respectable! She is the first of the Salomés since Flaubert who has caught some of her prototype's fragrance. (Oscar Wilde's attempt proved mediocre. He introduced a discordant pathological note, but the music of Richard Strauss may save his pasticcio. It interpets the exotic prose of the Irishman with tongues of fire; it laps up the text, encircles it, underlines, amplifies, comments, and, in nodules of luminosity, makes clear that which is dark, ennobles much that is vain, withal it never insists on leading; the composer appears to follow the poet). Laforgue's Salomé tries to sport with the head of John

the Baptist, stumbles, loses her footing and falls from the battlement wall on jagged rocks below, as the head floats out to sea miraculously alight. There are wit and philosophy and the hint of high thoughts in Salomé, though her heart, like glass, is cold, empty, and crystalline.

The sub-title of *Hamlet*, which heads the volume, is: "or the results of filial devotion" As Mr. Hale asserts, this is Laforgue's masterpiece. Here is Hamlet for you, a prince whose antics are enough to disturb the dust of Shakespeare and make the angels on high weep with hysterical laughter. Not remotely hinting at burlesque, the character is delicately etched. By the subtle withdrawal of certain traits, this Hamlet behaves as would a man who has been trepanned and his moral nature removed by an analytical surgeon. He is irony personified, and is the most delightful company for one weary of the Great Good Game around and about us, the game of deceit, treachery, politics, love, social intercourse, religion, and commerce. Laforgue's Hamlet sees through the hole in the mundane millstone and his every phrase is like the flash of a scimitar.

It is the irony of his position, the irony of his knowledge, that he is Shakespeare's creation and must live up to his artistic paternity; the irony that he is *au fond* a *Cabotin*, a footlight strutter, a mouther of phrases metaphysical and a despiser of Ophelia ("chère petite glu" he names her). Intellectual braggart, this Hamlet resides, after his father Horwendill's "irregular decease," in a tower hard by the Sound, from which Helsingborg may be seen. An old, stagnant canal is beneath his windows. In his chamber are waxen figures of his mother Gerutha, and his uncle-father, Fengo. He daily pierces their hearts with needles after a bad, old-fashioned mediaeval formula of witchcraft. But it avails naught. With a fine touch he seeks for his revenge by having enacted before their Majesties of Denmark his own play. They incontinently collapse in mortal nausea—they are excellent critics.

Such a play scene, withal Shakespearean! "Stability, thy name is woman!" he exclaims bitterly, for he fears love with the compromising domesticity of marriage. It is his rigorous transvaluation of all moral values and conventionalities that proclaims this Hamlet a man of the future. No half-way treaties with the obvious in life, no crooking the pregnant hinges of his opinions to the powers that be. An anarch, pure and complex, he despises all methods. What soliloquies,

replete with the biting, cynical wisdom of a disillusionized soul:

"Ah," he sighs, "there are no longer young girls, they are all nurses. Ophelia loves me because, as Hobbes claims, 'Nothing is more agreeable in our ownership of goods than the thought that they are superior to the goods of others.' Now I am socially and morally superior to the 'goods' of her little friends. She wishes to make me, Hamlet, comfortable. Ah, if I could only have met Helen of Narbonne!" A Hamlet who quotes the author of *The Leviathan* is a Hamlet with a vengeance.

To him enter the players William and Kate. He reads them his play. Kate's stage name is Ophelia. "Comment!" cries Hamlet, "encore une Ophelia dans ma potion!" William doesn't like the play because his part is not "sympathetic." After they retire, Hamlet indulges in a passionate outburst reproaching the times with its hypocrisy and "des hypocrites et routinières jeunes filles." If women but knew, they would prostrate themselves before him as did the weeping ones upon the body of the dead Adonis! The key of this discourse is high pitched and cutting. Laforgue, a philosopher, a pessimist, makes his art the canvas for his ironic temperament. The Prince's interview with Ophelia is full of soundless mirth. And how he lavishes upon his own deranged head offensive abuse: "Piteous provincial! *Cabotin! Pedicure!*"

His parleying with the grave-diggers is another stroke of wit. One of them tells him that Polonius is carried off by apoplexy—a bust has been erected to his memory bearing the inscription, "Words! Words! Words!" He also learns that Yorick was his half-brother, the son of a gypsy woman. Ophelia dies—he hears this with mixed feelings—and he is informed that the young Prince Hamlet is quite mad. The grave-digger is a philosopher, he thinks that Fortinbras is at hand, that the best investment for his money will be in Norwegian bonds. The funeral cortége approaches. Hamlet hides.

His soliloquy upon the skull of Yorick has been partly done into English by Arthur Symons:

> Alas, poor Yorick! As one seems to hear in this little shell the multitudinous roar of the ocean, so I hear the whole quenchless symphony of the universal soul, of whose echoes this box was its cross-roads. There's a solid idea! . . . Perhaps I have twenty or thirty years to live, and I shall pass away like the others. Like the others? O Totality, the misery of being there no longer! Ah! I would like

to set out tomorrow and search all through the world for the most adamantine processes of embalming. They, too, were the little people of History, learning to read, trimming their nails, lighting the dirty lamp every evening, in love, gluttonous, vain, fond of compliments, handshakes and kisses, living on bell-town gossip, saying, 'What sort of weather shall we have tomorrow? Winter has really come . . . We have had no plums this year.' [Ah! Everything is good, if it would not come to an end. And thou, Silence, pardon the earth; the little madcap hardly knows what she is doing; on the day of the great summing-up before the Ideal, she will be labelled with a piteous *idem* in the column of the miniature evolutions of the Unique Evolution, in the column of negligible quantities . . . To die! Evidently, one does without knowing it, as, every night, one enters upon sleep. One has no consciousness of the passing of the last lucid thought into sleep, into swooning, into death. Evidently. But to be no more, to be here no more, to be ours no more! Not even to be able, any more, to press against one's human heart, some idle afternoon, the ancient sadness contained in one little chord on the piano!

And this "secular sadness" pursues the heartless Hamlet to the cemetery; he returns after dark in company with the buxom actress Kate. They have eloped.

But fatal irresolution again overtakes him. He would see Ophelia's tomb for the last time, and as he attempts to decipher its inscription, Laertes—"idiot d'humanité," the average sensible man—approaches and the pair hold converse. It is a revelation of the face of foolishness. Laertes reproaches Hamlet. He has by his trifling with Ophelia caused her death. Laertes calls him a poor demented one, exclaims over his lack of moral sense, and winds up by bidding the crazy Prince leave the cemetery. "Quand on finit par folie, c'est qu'on a commencé par le cabotinage." (Which is a consoling axiom for an actor). Hamlet, with his naive irony, calmly inquires:

"And thy sister!" This is too much for the distracted brother, who poignards the Prince. Hamlet expires with Nero's cry on his lips:

"Ah! Ah! *qualis . . . artifex . . . . pereo!*" And as the author remarks, "He rendered to immutable nature his Hamletic soul." William enters and, discovering his Kate, gives her a sound beating; not the first or the last, as she apprises us. The poem ends with this motto, "Un Hamlet de moins; la race n'en est pas perdue, qu'on se le dise!" Which is cold truth.

The artistic beauty of the prose, its haunting assonance, its supple rhythms, make this Hamlet impossible save in French.

Nor can the fine edge of its wit, its multiple, masked ironies, its astounding transposition of Shakespearean humor and philosophy, be aught else than loosely paraphrased. Laforgue's Hamlet is of tomorrow, for every epoch orchestrates anew its vision of Hamlet. The eighteenth century had one; the nineteenth another; and our generation a fresher. But we know of none so vital as this fantastic thinker of Laforgue's. He must have had his ear close to the Time-Spirit, so aptly has he caught the vibrations of his whirring loom, so closely to these vibrations has he attuned the keynote of his twentieth century Hamlet.

JAMES HUNEKER.

THE WAR AND LITERATURE

BY ST. JOHN G. ERVINE

THE effect of war on all imaginative literature is immediately adverse and ultimately incalculable. It is immediately adverse in the sense that it instantly devastates the writer, whose imagination, quicker than that of most men to see the horror and ruin of war, becomes distorted and inflamed so that he is made incapable of writing either forcefully or nobly about it. The artist, indeed, is the first man to suffer from war, and the last man to recover from it, not merely in the matter of finance, but also, and more importantly, in the matter of his art. Many men mocked at the English poets in the first months of the war because they wrought rhymes of incredible paltriness about the European disaster. These critics were ignorant, perhaps, of the fact that the poets were so conscious of the misery that had been let loose by the outbreak of hostilities that their art was overwhelmed by their feelings. Poets will not be able to write of this war with any artistry until the memories of it have been dimmed and blurred, and the sharp antagonisms have lost their edge, and the bitterness and hate have been dissolved by the chemicals of time. Thomas Hardy, writing *The Dynasts* a hundred years after the Napoleonic Wars, is able to make a great poem: he is sufficiently removed from them to be able to write without personal passion; but Thomas Hardy, writing in the midst of a greater disaster to the comity of the world than the Napoleonic Wars, makes a poem which, although it is better than that of any of his contemporaries on the same subject, is inadequate to its theme. No one, least of all a poet, can express his sensations properly at the moment that he is feeling them: passion passes into hysteria and windy rhetoric, or is held down and stifled, and the product of it is a dead thing. Poetry is "emotion remembered in tranquillity." The poet who will write superbly of this war will not begin to do so until the war has been at an

end for a long time. It may be that the poet is not yet born.

It is when we come to consider the effect of the war on the literature of the future that we find calculation almost impossible. We can say with some certainty that it will be difficult, even if possible, to write about the people of this time—particularly if the writer be a realist—without taking the war into account; for no other war in the history of the world has so intimately affected the lives of all men in Europe as this one has. Jane Austen was able to write six novels, intimately concerned with the lives of her contemporaries, without making any reference to the Napoleonic Wars, although they must have affected her personally, since two of her brothers were officers in the English Navy. Large sections of the people were able to conduct their lives in those days with as little disturbance as their descendants suffered during the Boer War.

But it is not possible for any one to live in England now, and not be touched in some way, in most cases very closely, by the war. And what is true of England, must be more true of France and Belgium and Germany and Russia and Serbia and Austria. Each one of us in Europe, broadly speaking, is connected with the battle-front by bonds that are not easily broken or forgotten. If we are not mourning for the dead or weeping with the maimed, or enduring anxieties for those who are still in the trenches or fearful for those who will soon be there, we are suffering from the sharp alarms of diminished fortune or the prospect of irretrievable ruin. War is the Great Interrupter; and this war has brought us all to a terrible standstill; it has caused us to cease from doing old, accustomed things. Even now, many months after the beginning of war when we have resumed as many of our normal habits as we possibly can, we still wonder stupidly what the end of the war will mean to all of us. It may be that we shall have to make a new routine for ourselves. It may be that the world into which we were born came to an abrupt end on that dreadful day in August when Death spread his bloody mesh over the fields where harvesters should soon have been reaping corn. It may be that we are living now in a nebulous state, and that presently God will say a second time, "Let there be Light!" and a new world will then be created. Whatever may be the result of this upheaval in the carefully conserved life of Europe, this is certain: that so strong and deep an intrusion into the life of these times will fundamentally affect every work of imagination that may be written in the next fifty years. The war will be

the pivot on which the destinies of imaginary men will revolve during at least two generations. It can no more be ignored in literature than the Flood could be ignored in any account of the time of Noah. Books will begin in all sorts of ways, romantically and realistically, but somewhere in the middle of them, the War will relentlessly thrust itself, diverting the characters from the normal course of their lives.

The incidents of stories and plays will, inevitably, be related to the war. Authors will have to send their men to the front or account for their absence from it; their women will have love affairs interrupted and their marriages precipitated or altogether prevented by the war; their characters may find themselves suddenly enriched or suddenly ruined by it; and in countless ways the people of the imagination will be caught up and thrown about as violently as a man is caught up in a machine and flung, broken and stunned, in this direction and in that. In France and Belgium, too, what tragedies will be woven round the terrible figures of women who have been debauched by war-maddened men! In Germany and Russia, there will surely come into literature some sorrow that was first conceived near the Mazurian Lakes and the swampy lands that separate Prussia from Poland; and a heavy tread will succeed the light dancing of Austria and Hungary when men tell the tale of the dead, "horse, rider, friend, foe, in one red burial blent," filling the Carpathian Passes with their bones and drenching the Serbian Hills with their blood.

More important, however, than the influence of the war on the incidents of stories and plays, will be its influence on the authors themselves. What will be the tone, the philosophy, if you will, of English literature or, indeed, world literature, during the next two or three generations? What will be the general tone of English writing now and onwards? Will there be a deepening of spirit and a strengthening of quality? What sort of life, in short, will the imaginative writers reveal in their works?

It depends upon the spirit shown by the people to whom they belong. Every experience that a nation undergoes makes a deep mark on its literature. The failure of the revolution in Russia sent a mood of pessimism spreading through the hearts and minds of the Russian people and the Russian writers of that time, and the literature that was created then was full of an insane despair and a desperate preoccupation with sex, not as an adventure, but as an anodyne. Such a book as Artsibashef's

Sanine, lately published in English, is representative of the mood of mind in Russia in the years of dashed hopes that succeeded the failure of the revolutionaries. Sometimes the experience of a nation is inversely reflected in its literature, just as the desires of a man are sometimes the opposite of his potentialities. Professor Walter Raleigh, in his book on *The English Novel*, writes:

> Literature has constantly the double tendency to negative the life around it, as it were, as well as to reproduce it; the lawlessness and unrest of medieval society are echoed, with the direction reversed, in the monkish hymns of rest and visions of endless Sabbath, while Browning's strenuous Epilogue and Stevenson's thrilling tales of adventure belong, it is no great cynicism to aver, to an age of sedentary occupations. Literature, that is to say, is an escape from life, its monotony or its distractions, as well as a grappling with life and its problems.

The most joyful nations have sometimes produced the most tragic literature. There can have been few richer, heartier periods in English history than the Elizabethan era; yet the literature of that time dealt mostly in death and disaster, in madness and disease and the violent end of kings. A natural literature came out of the artificial life of England in the eighteenth century. The brutal, commercialized people who inhabited England in the first fifty years of the nineteenth century produced a literature that began in gentleness and pity and ended in intolerable sentimentality. A saddened, disrupted race like the Irish prior to the enactment of the Land Laws, produces little literature, indeed, but such as it does produce is full of laughter and the Comic Spirit.

It is very difficult to prophesy what sort of literature will be produced from now onwards. It may be that literature will "negative the life around it," as Professor Raleigh puts it, rather than "reproduce it." The war will bring humiliation, perhaps disgrace, to some of the nations of Europe. To others, it will bring relief, possibly exultation. To all of them, it will bring heavy sorrow and a great mourning for the dead.

It is easier, perhaps, to prophesy what will be the temper of the literature that will come from Germany and Austria if the war should end in a decisive victory for those countries than it is to prophesy what the temper will be if the war should end in their defeat. It is likely, I think, that victory may bring into German literature a more insistent note of harshness, for harshness would have been justified of its children. It

would be natural, in those circumstances, for authors to make heroes of men who trample carelessly toward whatever goal they desire, indifferent to the suffering they inflict on the way. The spirit of the militarist, exhilarated and strengthened by victory, would probably become the dominant spirit, and men would go about saying, "He who is not ruthless, is effete!" And with that joy in hard living and smashed principles would come two literatures: one boasting of lust, and one preaching repentance; each of them hard and sterile. A plague of preachers, resembling Tolstoy in tortured austerity, but having none of the simple humanity of Bunyan, would devour what was left by the lechers of literature; and the empires would be divided into men who cannot control their vices and men who cannot control their virtues. There could be no health in such a literature as that.

If the war ends in defeat for the Dual Alliance, there may be a disruption of organized society, similar to the disruption of France at the time of the Revolution, though not, probably, so bloody as that. In that event, we may expect to find German literature full of self-examination, bitter and deep-searching. It may be that pessimism will brood over German life, and that self-suppression will be replaced by self-contempt. German literature would then be full of morbid, introspective people, posing continually and deeply interested, in a neurotic fashion, in the most trivial facts of their lives.

Or it may be that defeat will lead, through self-examination, to a prouder, because humbler, mood of hopefulness and determination and indomitable resolve. The purge may purify and not exhaust. In the ruins of one life may be discovered the foundations of another and finer life; and out of that new life may come something Miltonic or something after the fashion of Hugo. Or, if the two empires are fundamentally unsound, it may be that they will sink to trifling and flippancy and utter bankruptcy of spirit. Germany, in defeat, may give birth to a Jeremiah who will scourge her soul, or to a sweet singer of Israel who will fill her heart with hope; or she may be delivered to the little men, paltry and irresolute, who will make her sourness more sour and send her soul spinning into a dingy hell.

How will it be for the Allies in victory or defeat?

I do not doubt that defeat for Russia and France would mean the instant development of a despondent literature, a certain nervelessness of attitude towards life, a craving for annihilation. "We are alive," they would say; "let us pray

to be dead!" In that mood of decay, there would be no more Russia, no more France; but a heap of scattered tombs and endless funeral processions. Men would turn—not joyfully, but morbidly—to religion; and slowly, perhaps, but certainly, literature would disappear. It would not, I imagine, be with England in defeat as it would be with Russia and France, because ideas mean less to Englishmen than they mean to Russians and Frenchmen, and also because Englishmen are so afraid of despair and discomfort. "No one desires happiness except the English," Nietzsche wrote in his bitterness; and Englishmen, whatever their situation, will make desperate efforts to capture content, even if they lose position in doing so. Defeat for England may cause Englishmen to seek shelter from their memories in books that have no reality, that are full of a comfortable cheerfulness, that make great clumsy lunges at happy endings. It would always be Sunday afternoon in English books if the dreadful contingency of defeat were to come about. There would be a hushed literature in England, full of polite pages. The men of letters would, so to speak, go about with their fingers on their lips.

But if, as we hope and believe, victory rests with the Allies, it is very likely that a new note of ecstasy will be sounded in French and Russian literature. Russia talks too much, in literature, about second-rate metaphysics. Tolstoy was intolerably garrulous; Dostoevsky, less aimlessly garrulous than Tolstoy, still contrived to fill his pages with a great deal of gabble. Even Turgenev, the most economic and laconic of the Russian novelists, leaves the reader with the impression that Russians spend their days and nights in chattering rather naïvely about fundamentals. The war may correct this tendency to tattling. Victory may mean that the Russians will cease to lounge through life and become men of sharp actions. If that should happen, there will be a very distinct cleavage between the post-war and the ante-war Russian literature. The books will be shorter, crisper, less inactive, less pensive and moody, more hearty and brisk, full of vigour and open air. And in France, too, there will be a great change. France and Russia, unlike England, have had the invader on their soil. France, moreover, has a bitter memory to obliterate and lost provinces to recover. A victory for her would mean such a restoration of rapture to her people, and consequently to her literature, as can barely be imagined. Artifice would instantly disappear from the French novels and French drama. There

might almost be a revival of Dumas and the healthy romantics, loud laughters and generous natures. The Franco-German War of 1870 brought greed into France: the European War of today may drive it out again.

And it may very well be that out of Belgium, ravished and mangled, victory will bring a swifter spirit than the world has yet seen; for there is a point in human trouble beneath which it is impossible to fall, and when that point is reached, the spirit either expires or recovers and changes its direction, leaping eagerly towards life and quick pleasure. Belgium may turn away from Maeterlinck and the introspection and social self-consciousness of Verhaeren and Cammaerts, and give the world a new Chaucer, full of animal delight in existence and the bright look of things.

That note of ectasy, however, will hardly be sounded in English literature, because we in England shall not have the same recoil from misery and outrage that the French and the Belgians will have when victory comes. The sea is our defender and we are unlikely to come so nearly to the desolations of war as they have done. The joy of driving the invader from their soil and the recovery of lost lands will help Belgium and France to forget the griefs and bereavements they have suffered; but we in England shall have none of that satisfaction. When victory comes to us, we shall not shout for joy: we shall sigh with relief. We shall have long, lonely memories of undiscoverable graves in France and Flanders wherein our dead sons are laid; and where we were wont to go for pleasure, we shall for many years go on sorrowful pilgrimages. It may be that melancholy will settle on our literature, melancholy and thwarted desire and a solemn preoccupation with destinies. There will, indeed, be a greater sense of purpose discernible in our life and letters, and there will be an end of that aimless toying with incoherent ideas which culminated before the war began in the fatuities of the Futurists.

Whatever turn the wheel of English life may take, whatever be the mood of English letters now and onwards; this is certain: that we shall hear no more of the pretty-pretty babblers, with their Bond Street barbarism and their rococo recklessness. The Vorticists and the Imagists and the Futurists and the rest of the rabble of literary and artistic lunatics provided slender entertainment for empty days; but our minds are empty no longer; and we have no time to waste on monkeys on sticks. Our writers may turn Hamlets, questioning this and questioning

that, or they may take to the road like Tom Jones, developing a love of rough living and a hearty lust that is natural in strong, clean men, or they may turn to self-mortification and preach the discipline of the flesh, as Tolstoy did; or they may become as nationalistic and religious as Dostoevsky; or as cosmopolitan as Turgenev; or as imperialistic as Kipling; or as de-nationalized as Henry James; but whatever they may become, this also will be added to them, that they shall be fully sincere. It may be that men who have nothing whatever to say will realize that their tongues are empty, and will cease to make books in order that they may dig the earth. Mr. Wells, in *The Days of the Comet*, told a tale of a vapour which enveloped the world and, when it was dispelled, left men with fresh and wholesome minds. Perhaps the war, abominable and utterly senseless as it seems to be, will serve the function of Mr. Wells's vapour, and when it is over, there will be a renascence of fine spirit in Europe and America. We may yet see a greater and lovelier literature than our fathers ever dreamt of.

St. John G. Ervine.

THE NEW ENGLISH CABINET

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

When the Great War broke out and the European world crashed into measureless disaster, the British Liberals had held office without a break for some eight and a half years. Merely to think of what they achieved and of what they attempted is to be made conscious once more of the ghastly furrow that the events of last August have ploughed through the life and interests even of this island kingdom. Between what was a year ago and what is today, there has been dropped a seemingly impenetrable curtain. It is like trying to remember the form and appearance of a house that has been pulled down and its site rebuilt on. The commonest and most frequent phrase throughout Europe at this moment is simply "before the War." Is it really possible that in that other world, that other state of existence, "before the War," we in Great Britain vexed oursleves with questions of land reform and education reform and licensing reform, with Budgets and the House of Lords, with Old Age Pensions and Insurance Acts, with Irish Government and woman suffrage and the Welsh church, with strikes and Constitutional "crises" and a threat of civil war? So the record stands, real enough then, an empty and well-nigh incredible legend now. The Liberals did in fact grapple with all these and many other problems. They lived through years of the severest tension, both international and domestic; they essayed the largest and boldest tasks that any British Government in time of peace could well undertake; they formed and sustained an Administration that for vigor, courage and exalted democratic spirit, individual brilliance and collective energy, was, I think, by far the greatest in the annals of Liberalism. Possibly it might not in any case have lasted much longer. The Ulster question had been worked up to a state of apparent insolubility by any method except that of force, and the passions of all parties, in Great Britain as well as Ireland, were visibly nearing

the point of explosion. No one can say what would have happened. What did happen was enough and more than enough to draw men's minds to bigger issues.

It seemed for a while as though the Liberals might duplicate in their conduct of the war the best successes they had won in their handling of domestic affairs. Their diplomacy had more than satisfied the country. Their decision to take up arms carried with it the sober support of a virtually unanimous nation. They rose to the crisis at first with an almost dazzling competence. The mobilization of the Fleet was a master-stroke of decisive efficiency. The readiness of the Expeditionary Force and the celerity and smoothness with which it was dispatched to Flanders spoke of long years of able organization. Lord Kitchener's appointment to the War Office and the recall a little later of Lord Fisher to the Admiralty confirmed the impression that the Government was adequate to the emergency. Mr. Lloyd George's handling of the financial situation was such as to place not only his own country but the entire world of neutrals under a debt of gratitude that should be, but of course will not be, lasting. In every direction Ministers showed nerve, initiative and an energy that seemed absolutely unimpaired by nearly nine years of continuous office-holding. From the people they received everything that any nation could yield to its rulers for their encouragement. Parties ceased to exist; the whole country, the whole empire, drew together; the political state was wiped clean at a stroke of all animosities and contentions. There was evoked a genuine spirit of fraternity from the top to the bottom of the social scale. Many menacing labor troubles composed themselves in unprompted obedience to the needs and feelings of the hour; Great Britain, as never before in her history, was a solid and determined unit.

In the House of Commons, but lately a whirlpool of strife, the same concord prevailed. Almost all the great wars in which Great Britain has been engaged have been fought through in the teeth of a violent Parliamentary opposition. The American Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, the Crimean War, and fifteen years ago the struggle with the Boers, all saw a powerful party actively hostile to the Government of the day, and critical of its measures, bent on destroying its prestige, and careless as to how far its onslaughts might hamper the success of the nation's arms. There has been nothing whatever of all this in the present war. The Unionist leaders in both Houses have from the first given the Government an absolutely free hand. Time

after time they have refrained from provoking debates where discussion might have been construed as a sign of schism and unrest. Where they have had criticisms to offer or suggestion to put forward they have communicated with Ministers privately. I think myself they carried a sound principle further than was necessary and that the Government would have benefited by an occasional and public reminder that its proceedings were being narrowly watched and did not inspire universal confidence. There have been at least half a dozen episodes in the war which argued or seemed to argue bad judgment or a lack of prevision, and which have remained irritating mysteries to the public, simply because the Opposition leaders in Parliament declined to dwell upon them. Everything the Government asked for was ungrudgingly given to them. Powers such as no one in Great Britain has ever wielded since Cromwell's day were demanded and conceded almost without debate. I happened quite recently to spend an hour or two in the House of Lords when a Bill which had never been submitted to their Lordships, of which they possessed not a single complete copy, and the nature and scope of which did not seem to be very clear even to the Ministerialist spokesmen, was passed through all its stages in about half an hour merely on the assurance that the Government desired to see it on the Statute Book. That is the spirit in which the Legislature has acted throughout. For the first nine months of the war I cannot recall that any Bill, however revolutionary, which Ministers declared to be necessary for the more effective prosecution of the war, was rejected or seriously debated, or that any subject was pressed home after an official intimation that it would be better not to discuss it.

But the whole Government showed themselves worthy of the confidence thus freely reposed in them. The record of Great Britain thus far in the war is not one of which we feel we need be ashamed. The Navy has assured to us that practically uninterrupted security of the trade-routes without which we could not carry on this or any other struggle. It has transported several millions of men from all parts of the world without the loss of a single life. It has had rather decidedly the better of such encounters as have taken place with the enemy at sea. By clearing the oceans of German commerce and commerce-raiders it has brought a certain extra economic pressure to bear upon the enemy, and it has enabled the Allies to draw upon neutral—and especially American—

resources for the supplies, munitions, and equipment that are worth more to them than even a squadron of American dreadnoughts or several divisions of the United States Army. It has guarded against German submarine attacks on shipping—a wholly novel departure in warfare—with such conspicuous success that only one-fourth or one-fifth of one per cent of the vessels entering British ports have been captured and sunk. These are very real and solid achievements. Against them has to be set the faulty Staff work that sent Admiral Craddock to his doom, a slowness in waking up to the offensive power of the submarine, the bad judgment that permitted the gallant but costly and unsuccessful attempt to force the passage of the Dardanelles without the assistance of troops, and some isolated blunders,—among which, to the best of my belief, the sinking of the *Lusitania* ought not to be included,—that have resulted in the loss of valuable ships and of far more valuable lives. But taking it as a whole, we in Great Britain are proud of the work of the Navy, and await with some confidence "the day," if it ever comes, when the German High Sea Fleet will offer battle. In no war have we ever attained such an ascendency at sea as we hold today. The mishaps that have accompanied its achievement have been dramatic and resounding, but the achievement itself stands four-square. It is the supreme silent victory of the war, and the fruits of it are inestimable.

On land, too, the Government might well have felt entitled to plume itself on all that had been accomplished under its auspices. The eyes of the western world are fixed on Flanders. But we are fighting not merely there but in South Africa, in East Africa, in West Africa, in Egypt, and at the head of the Persian Gulf; and in addition, we are taking the chief part in what will probably prove the largest and one of the most arduous over-sea expeditions in history. I mean the attack on the Gallipoli Peninsula as a prelude to the siege of Constantinople. In all these theatres British troops have behaved with all their old cheerful courage and rather more than their old resourcefulness and skill; and in Flanders it has so happened that the brunt of the fighting on three separate and extremely critical occasions fell upon them. There can be, I imagine, no question of the value of the aid we have rendered to the French and the Belgians, or of the efficiency with which pretty nearly every detail of feeding, transporting, arming, supplying and nursing the half million men at the front has been worked out. Besides this, by efforts

that form a new page in military annals, we have raised and trained in these islands, and without resorting to compulsion, considerably over two million men who are the very pick of our youth and represent a standard of intelligence, character and physique that only the United States could hope to rival. Whatever mistakes there may have been in this particular or in that, nothing can mar the splendor of an achievement far beyond anything that had been expected of the voluntary system.

The functions of Great Britain in previous European conflicts have hitherto been threefold: (1) to command the seas, (2) to back up maritime power with a small but highly trained professional Army, and (3) to furnish her Allies with money and munitions. But in this war not only are we discharging the first duty and the third, not only have we achieved already an effective control of the seas, not only are we very largely financing our Allies and making good their industrial deficiencies, but we are also doing what we have never before even attempted—we are raising an Army on a scale hitherto associated only with Continental countries and compulsory service. That is a gigantic and unprecedented effort, and it will require every atom of strength we possess to sustain it. Indeed, what makes this war so infinitely more arduous than the struggle with Napoleon or the earlier struggle with Spain and Louis XIV is precisely this, that by enlisting an Army that runs into millions, instead of into scores of thousands, we are proportionately diminishing our productive power on which national wealth, and with it our ability to be of financial assistance to our Allies, ultimately rests. The question, in fact, is already presenting itself: How far can we withdraw men from the workshop and the field and enroll them in the Army without impairing the sum total of our military power—a power which consists of many other things besides men with rifles? That such a question should arise at all, is proof of the unparalleled labors which the Liberal Government had not only undertaken but carried through.

Then again, though they were given little credit for it and though it came too late to keep them in being, the intervention of Italy was a diplomatic triumph of the first order, enough, one would have thought, to re-establish the fortunes of any Government. It is true that the nation had been balked of other successes in the same field. It looked for a while as though Sir Edward Grey had been able to utilize the unique position

which Great Britain holds in South Eastern Europe, Bulgaria, and Greece on the side of the Allies. Those hopes were disappointed, though not, I believe, permanently. But in any event the partial failure in those directions was more than made up for by the accomplished fact of Italy's co-operation, a result to which British diplomacy very powerfully contributed—the Government then could fairly claim that in the three vital fields of naval, military and diplomatic activities thay had risen to the occasion. An extremely able set of men, they seemed also to possess the physical energy and the popular confidence that would carry them through any difficulties. Mr. Lloyd George in particular had shown himself precisely the type of man to lead and inspirit a great democracy in its hour of trial. From time to time there had, no doubt, been suggestions that Great Britain should follow the example of France, make a visible end of party politics, and form a really rational Government. But on neither side of the House was there any real eagerness to try so vast an experiment. The Liberals on the whole were doing more than passably well and the nation had reconciled itself to the idea that the conduct of the war would continue to remain in their hands. When a question was put to Mr. Asquith in the second week of May as to the possibilities of a Coalition Government, the Prime Minister replied that nothing of the kind was in contemplation and that he did not believe the idea was really favored in any quarter of the House. Yet only a few days later he announced that the essential steps to that end had been taken, that the Liberal Government had ceased to exist, and that its place was to be taken by a Coalition Ministry representing all parties in the State.

What were the causes of so abrupt a transformation? They may all, I think, be brought under three general heads: the Labor problem, the Munitions problem, and the Personal problem. It became very clear, even in the early stages of the war, that victory would be as much a matter of material as of men, and that the workers in the shipbuilding yards and in the factories that were already engaged in turning out guns, rifles and shells, or that could be adapted for those purposes, would play as momentous a part in the struggle as the men at the front. The first result of the war was, as I have said, to produce a marvellous unity throughout the nation. For the moment there was an era not only of industrial peace but of industrial good-will. Many Labor disputes that had broken out, or were on the point of doing so, were settled amid every

sign of patriotic enthusiasm, and employers and employees got together and everywhere set to work in amity to produce whatever the Government needed and to maintain in perfect working order those industries and services without which the nation could neither fight nor exist. But that mood of concord and self-sacrifice passed. It passed very largely because there was no obviously imperative need why it should be maintained. You must remember that we in Great Britain are still on the outskirts of this struggle, and that it has not yet been brought home to us as it has been brought home, for instance, to Belgium, Poland and France. Our towns and villages are not burning, our women and children are not being indiscriminately shot, no foreign soldier is on British soil, airships and Zeppelins have done us little damage of any kind, and many millions of our people have no tangible evidence that a war, and still less that the greatest of all wars, is in progress. Between us and the havoc and butchery, the social chaos and utter commercial prostration that prevail on the Continent, there floats, as throughout our annals there has always floated, the British Navy.

I need not say that the censorship has done nothing whatever to lift the scales from eyes long unaccustomed to the spectacle and significance of European wars. On the contrary, by habitually suppressing or minimizing bad news and glorifying good news, and by eliminating from the story of the war those personal and dramatic details that reach the popular understanding, the censorship is very largely responsible for the complacent view that all is going well, that Germany is as good as beaten, and that no special effort is required from the mass of the British people. Hundreds of thousands of our workingmen simply do not realize either the character or the magnitude of this conflict, and the possibility that it may end in a British defeat, unless the whole nation is organized for victory, has not even occurred to them.

This fundamental ignorance and lack of imagination have gone hand in hand with the scarcity of labor and an increase of wages. Men found they could earn in four days what previously they had earned in six. What incentive was there to any further exertion? They read of contractors making fortunes in a few weeks. They were conscious that prices were rising all round them, but they did not see that the Government took any special pains to reduce or control the cost of living. Agitators assured them that wars were waged solely for the benefit of the capitalist class, and they found nothing in their

own experience to disprove, and much to confirm, the statement. Gradually the old bitterness towards their employers took possession of them. Industry became again a trial of strength between the Haves and the Have-nots. Strikes broke out; work vitally needed for the Army and Navy was held up. It has not been a pleasant spectacle. We have paid in the last few months a high price for the indiscipline and the State-blindness in which millions of our people are permitted to grow up, thinking only of themselves, never being taught that they are a part of a whole, and ignorant of the very conception of citizenship. We have paid a high price for an industrial system that still, in the main, regards money as the beginning and end of the relationship between employers and employed. We have paid a high price for a social system that discourages thrift by withholding most of its rewards. We have paid, too, a high price for the grip that trade unionism has acquired on British industries, and for the limitation of output and the sharp demarcation of labor that accompany it and are, indeed, the proof of its power. All these factors and influences have led to developments anything but flattering to British self-esteem. The great majority of the workingmen of the country have done splendidly, but a not inconsiderable minority have shown symptoms and a spirit that are not easily to be reconciled with national health or the needs of a country fighting for its life. I blame them far less than I blame their employers and the State. They are the victims of a social, educational and industrial system which has at last revenged itself upon its creators.

Great Britain, therefore, finds herself in the somewhat anxious position of carrying on a war of the first magnitude abroad while hampered and distracted by a rising tide of strikes and labor unrest at home. There can be no question that her reputation and effectiveness have both been lowered thereby, and that she has been kept from turning her industrial resources to the best account. The Government appointed committees to arbitrate between employers and employed, and they assumed control of practically all the engineering works in the country. But they made a fatal error in their handling of the drink question. Mr. Lloyd George came to the conclusion that much of the slackness among sections of the workingmen, particularly in the Clyde district, was due to their drinking habits. Undoubtedly that was one of the causes, but it was only one, and not, I think, the most important among many. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however (as he then was),

had been inspired by what he had seen in France of the good that had followed the prohibition of absinthe and by all he had heard of the social transformation wrought in Russia by the suppression of vodka. He ardently desired that Great Britain should raise herself to the same height of altruism and self-denial. He was prepared to bring in a Bill buying up the entire brewing and distilling interests. He saw a chance of working a great and beneficent revolution and removing what he had convinced himself was the main hindrance to the productive power of British labor. He persuaded the King, but he could not persuade the Cabinet. For nearly three weeks Great Britain talked of little but drink and of the far-reaching scheme which Mr. Lloyd George was meditating. When it came to be presented to the House of Commons, however, it was seen that the Government's courage had quailed. Instead of a heroic solution, that would have given the nation a free hand in dealing with the liquor problem and have made an irresistible appeal to the impulse of patriotic self-sacrifice, what was actually proposed was a series of taxes on wines, spirits and beers, coupled with Governmental control over saloons "in certain areas where their presence is considered to be prejudicial to the output of munitions of war, the work of transport, or the discipline of troops." The flabbiness of the compromise deserved attack, invited it, and got it. The taxes were withdrawn one after the other, and all that emerged from the high hopes and the high courage with which Mr. Lloyd George started on his enterprise was a measure of State control over saloons "in certain areas." The agitation had intensely irritated the workingmen, who found themselves saddled as a class with the weakness of a small section. But the most significant thing about it was its humiliating collapse. It showed not that Great Britain would not respond to an appeal directed to its conscience, but that the Government had lost the nerve to make such an appeal. That was the beginning of the end.

Two other incidents quickly followed to push the Ministry out of existence. Reports had long been coming from France that our Army was insufficiently provided with high explosive shells, the only shells that can batter a way through the obstructions of French warfare, and that the shortage was mainly responsible for the size of the casualty lists and for the inconclusive character of some of our operations. In a dispatch which will always hold a place in the history of journalism, if not of Great

Britain, the Military Correspondent of the *Times* definitely put down our failure to advance at a certain point to this lack of shells. The public mind was at once switched off the question of drink to the question of shells. The matter was pointedly raised in the House of Commons; it was taken up with the greatest possible vigor by the most widely circulated paper in the kingdom; and it very quickly appeared that, in spite of many soothing official declarations to the contrary, the reputed shortage of high explosive shells did in fact exist. Whether Lord Kitchener had forgotten to communicate to his colleagues in the Cabinet the appeals he had received on this subject from Sir John French, or whether he had pinned his faith to the shrapnel shell that did so much execution in the Boer War, is immaterial. The fact remains that the insufficiency of the supply was established beyond doubt, that it was well known, if not to all the Ministers, at least to the leading members of the Opposition, and that a debate was threatened in the House which could not have been other than acrimonious, which would definitely have broken the party truce, and which would have confirmed the impression left by the drink muddle, that the Government had begun to tire and to falter. On the top of this exposure came Lord Fisher's resignation from the post of First Sea Lord. Lord Fisher, the creator of the Navy as we have it today, uniquely beloved and trusted by the nation which rarely knows anything about its seamen, a man of vision, remorseless energy, and that masterfulness of temperament that makes anything less than autocracy almost impossible to its possessor, had long been uneasy at the Admiralty. He clashed with another personality hardly less volcanic and dominating than his own, Mr. Winston Churchill's. He had shown an unusual weakness in disapproving of and yet not forbidding the unsupported effort of the Navy to get through the Dardanelles; and he developed a progressive uneasiness as the full scale and difficulty of that undertaking became apparent. Vessels which in his judgment were vitally needed in the North Sea were being transferred to the Aegean, and a very definite difference of opinion made itself manifest between Mr. Churchill and himself as to the relative value of the whole Dardanelles expedition. His resignation was the final knockout blow. Mr. Churchill obviously could not stay if Lord Fisher went. Some reshuffling of offices there had to be, and there could be no reshuffling that would not be a confession of failure. The Prime Minister decided that the time had come to make an

end to the entire Cabinet and to reconstruct it on a wider, non-party, and wholly national basis.

It was the decision of a strong man, though it is conceivable that a stronger man would never have been called upon to take it, and that had Mr. Asquith kept from the first a firmer hand on his colleagues and made a somewhat more peremptory use of his authority, the complications with which at last he found it impossible to cope would never have arisen. But Mr. Asquith has always been a tolerant foreman of his gang, allowing his Ministers a wide latitude both of speech and policy, and reserving himself for supreme emergency. It was characteristic of him that he made his great decision quickly, without consulting more than one or two of his colleagues, and that he acted upon it in the most liberal spirit. He threw open not merely the Cabinet but the whole Administration to his political opponents. If there was to be reconstruction at all he was determined that it should be thorough. The more thorough it was the more there devolved upon him the intensely disagreeable task of intimating first to this one of his old Ministers, who had shared with him the ups and downs of the fiercest political warfare for over seven years, and then to that one, that in the new Ministry there would be no place for his services. He parted altogether with no less than sixteen members of his Government, filling their offices from the ranks of the Unionists and the Labor party. I have heard it said, and it is entirely consonant with his character and his large ways of doing things, that he made no terms with the Opposition leaders, laid down no conditions, but frankly invited them to join with him in forming the strongest Administration that the combined talent of all parties could produce. Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen Chamberlain and their colleagues of equal position met him with the same spirit; but among the smaller and less humble lights of the Unionist party there developed something that almost resembled a scramble for the honor of placing their capacities at the service of the country. But on the whole these very delicate operations were carried out with a seemliness that was highly creditable. From the displaced Liberal Ministers there came, in public at any rate, no murmur of complaint or even of criticism, though many of them must have felt that it meant the end of their official careers. The Unionists who stepped into their shoes did so without any unbecoming avidity so far as the general public could discern, though the lobbies of the House of Commons and the smoking-rooms of the polit-

ical clubs told a different story; the Labor party very wisely agreed to join the Coalition; and only the Irish Nationalists, for reasons unintelligible outside of Ireland, declined to be represented on it.

The result is undoubtedly a combination of men of great parts and experience and tested capacities. I hesitate to say that, man for man, it is stronger than the Ministry it has displaced, but it is certainly more impressive, more palpably an executive microcosm of the nation, and therefore better able to speak and act for the nation. But whether it will prove a more efficient instrument of war—which is its sole purpose and justification—remains to be seen.

The one clear gain that has thus far been snatched from all this political turmoil is that the work of the War Office has been cut in half and its industrial side separated from its military side. Mr. Lloyd George is henceforth charged with the duty of furnishing the Army and Navy with the munitions they require—and a better appointment to a more onerous post could not have been made. Another gain that may be looked for is that the new Government will feel itself powerful enough to introduce a system of national service. That is, in my judgment, so far as Great Britain is concerned, the fundamental need of this war. The country will not have met its obligations either to itself or its Allies until every man and woman in it is told off to some specific task—this one to the Army or the Navy, that one to the workshop or the field. The duty to serve one's country—that is the lesson that one wishes to bring home to every British subject. When it is learned and acted upon, when the Government assumes control of all forms of productive work, and the laborer knows that he is toiling not for his employer's pocket but for his country's salvation, and the profits of contractors and middlemen are restricted by the State, and every able-bodied man who is not wanted in the factory is summoned to the colors, then not only will our industrial trouble be over, but Great Britain will be organized at last for war and victory. That is the supreme task to which the National Government is called.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

MR. WILSON'S CABINET

BY JAMES C. HEMPHILL

It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It is the hardest thing in the world to do justice. It follows, therefore, that since the Democratic accession the heathen, who are always raging about something or other, have fairly revelled in their interpretation of men and events at Washington, and not unnaturally have focussed much of their curiosity upon the members of the President's Cabinet—why did he choose these ten men out of the 47,000,000 males in the United States? Of the six million men who voted for him, it is probable that not one in ten ever heard of any of them except Mr. Bryan. That explains, possibly, why Mr. Bryan was Premier—everybody had heard of him and most of the people in the United States had voted against him three times. The rest of the President's official family were unknown in a big political way, and that is probably one of the reasons they were selected. It does not matter very much why they were chosen—the question in which the people are most interested is how they have justified the President for their selection and the Senate for their confirmation. Taking them by and large, and man for man, and service for service, they do not suffer by comparison with their predecessors in office.

It is too early to pass judgment on Attorney-General Gregory, who has not yet quite passed from the pin feather state; nor is it necessary to describe Secretary of Commerce Redfield, who was once a member of Congress from Brooklyn. That is enough to place him. No public officer was ever better fitted for his position than David F. Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, and, compared with Ballinger and Fisher and Garfield and Hitchcock, Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, shines like the morning star. What the Secretary of Labor, William Bauchop Wilson, will make out of his Department, remains to be seen. There is no question as to his honest in-

tentions and his industry; possibly he is too much of the partisan to be entirely just in his judgments.

The members of the Cabinet who have attracted most attention are Bryan, McAdoo, Garrison, Daniels, and Burleson. Of these, Bryan and Daniels have been under fire from the first day they were named for their respective places, and the remarks that have been made about them have been for the greater part wholly uncanonical. Mr. Bryan was most useful to the President and the country in holding his tremendous personal following true to the Administration. What he will do now that he is out of the Cabinet will not very much matter to the President, who has accomplished largely the purposes for which he was elected. What will become of Mr. Bryan does not matter either. His only chance seems to be sincere work with the Democratic party under the leadership of Wilson.

Then there is Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, who was born in North Carolina, and upon whom a great deal of very good powder has been wasted. Washington official life is not wholly unknown to him, as he was chief of a division in the Interior Department under Mr. Cleveland. He has also been the National Democratic Committeeman from his State for twenty years. In the last Presidential campaign he was at the head of the Democratic literary bureau and is, besides, editor of one of the principal newspapers in North Carolina. If any explanation were needed, these few facts will probably account for his selection; these facts, and the additional and very important one that his services have been entirely satisfactory to the President. One difficulty that he has not been able to overcome and will never be able to overcome is that he does not belong to the so-called "official class"; and for the reason that he has not been acceptable to the cabals and cliques which have heretofore regarded the Navy as a sort of individual affair, and for the additional reason that he has violated some of the conventions, he has been the target for a well-sustained fire during the whole of his official career.

He has been much criticised for the condition of the Navy in the matter of ships and munitions and personnel; but he had to take the Navy as it was, and many of its defects to-day are those of past administrations.

Mr. Daniels has "done things." He has displaced some bureau heads of admitted ability and large experience, but he has substituted for them other officers of the Navy of equal force, so that his personal staff is as well qualified to deal with

the many complex and difficult problems of the United States afloat as the staff of any previous Secretary of the Navy. That the Navy is short in submarines, in fast cruisers, in battleships, in heavy armament, is not his fault. He did not organize the "plucking board." The submarine that was lost at Honolulu with its crew was not built during his administration of the Department. The submarines that failed in the recent maneuvers were inherited by him with all their defects. The order issued by him changing "port" to "right" and "starboard" to "left" was issued upon the recommendation of the General Board, composed of experienced officers of the service. The office of Chief of Naval Operations created by Act of the last Congress upon his recommendation has been filled by the appointment of William S. Benson, one of the ablest officers in the service, and will be administered under regulations drawn by the bureau of chiefs of the line and staff. The placing of the submarine service under the command of an accomplished officer is a step towards securing the perfection of this branch of the service. The organization of a mine-laying and mine-sweeping division of the Navy which will be placed under an officer of high rank—a Senior Captain—will assure better protection to the ships at sea in case of war. The equipment of a division of sea-going tugs and a division of torpedo boats with mine-sweeping gear will further contribute to the safety of the ships of the Navy at sea.

On the recommendation of Mr. Daniels, the last Congress made provision for the construction of twenty-six submarines, three of them to be of the sea-going type, at a cost of $16,260,000. It also made provision, upon his recommendation, for the building of five dreadnoughts at a cost of $14,000,000 each, or a total of $42,000,000, and provided for the creation of a Naval Reserve, which will be of immense value to the country in the event of war. Congress has authorized the re-establishment of the grades of Admiral and Vice-Admiral, so that with three Admirals and three Vice-Admirals the American Navy will no longer be outranked by officers of other nations having smaller navies. Under the administration of Mr. Daniels the Department now has 31 mines for every 9 it had two years ago, an increase of 244 per cent in this stock, and these mines have been manufactured at a Government station at a saving in cost of $178,750. The stock of torpedoes for the use of the Navy has been increased 90 per cent within the same period. The cost of manufacturing powder by the factory at Indian

Head has been reduced 2.7 cents per pound, at a saving to the Government of $150,000. In the building of the dreadnought *Arizona* a saving of $3,000,000 has been effected by securing real competition among the manufacturers of armor.

For the first time in years the Department has a waiting list in recruiting; 5,824 men have been added to the enlistment in the Navy, which has enabled the full commission of 20 submarines, 4 battleships, 4 destroyers, 6 gunboats, 6 cruisers and 3 monitors, and increased the number of vessels in commission 41 since March 4, 1913. There are now in active service in the Navy 225 vessels of all classes and 101 vessels in reserve, and there are under construction and authorized 77 vessels—9 dreadnoughts, 23 destroyers, 38 submarines and 7 auxiliaries. All these things show that Secretary Daniels must have been a very busy man, and that in some respects at least he must have been misjudged by those who do not like him for any reason or who have been misinformed as to his official acts.

When the President was making up his Cabinet he offered the War portfolio to A. Mitchell Palmer, of Pennsylvania; but Mr. Palmer is a Quaker and does not want to fight. Neither does Lindley M. Garrison, who is a far better man in every way for this office than Palmer; but if he has to, he will have the men and guns and money when the time comes, or Congress will utterly fail in its duty to the country and to humanity. Mr. Garrison did not want to be Secretary of War. He was a Judge on the Bench in New Jersey, and fixed for life. The War office had no special attraction for him; but when he was told by the President that he wanted him, he responded, and it is a lucky thing for the President and the country that he is now at the head of the military establishment of the United States. Everybody likes him; everybody trusts him. His kindness, his uniform courtesy, his geniality, his consideration for the comfort and feelings of his subordinates, have endeared him to all who are serving under him in the Department as well as the rank and file of the Army.

Mr. Garrison's administration of the War Department has been distinguished by justice, hard work, common sense, and courage. For the first time in the history of the Department the Secretary of War has no favorites.

One who is unfamiliar with military administration cannot appreciate the baneful effect of political and personal favoritism operating on the Army—nepotism in the shape of unjustified promotion of the relatives of men powerful in Congress, the

squandering of money for Army posts in the most ill-adapted places, the pulling and hauling of politicians to secure details, favors, appointments and promotions for their proteges. All these things have been eliminated by Mr. Garrison, and by very simple means. Every time a representation was made by any one seeking preferment for any officer of the Army, the matter was called to the attention of the office concerned to avow or disavow any knowledge of or connection with the representations made in his behalf. If the officer were guilty of any complicity, *ipse facto* he became ineligible for the preferment or promotion sought. The public or private individuals who made the representations were politely informed that military preferment must be for military reasons, and that the injection of personal, social, or political influence from the outside was not desired and would only result in injury to the person in whose behalf the pressure was applied. Within the Army itself steps were taken to break up any possible influence of clique or faction. The use of places of power for the unjust reward of friends or punishment of enemies was made practically impossible. Any officer approaching a brother officer of special power to gain his influence for a desired billet on personal grounds was put in the position of committing a breach of discipline.

On the other hand, these restrictive measures have been supplemented by regulations permitting the freest expression through military channels of the personal desires of officers for special details and assignments, and, so far as these personal wishes are consistent with the interests of the service, they are complied with.

On the constructive side, Mr. Garrison framed the Act for the government of the Panama Canal. His was the creative mind behind the water power legislation now before Congress. He supported the new organic Act for Porto Rico and took an influential part in the discussion for Philippine legislation. He presented to the last Congress conservative and constructive measures for the increase and improvement of the military establishment, urging them on the ground that they were the steps which should be taken in any circumstances, as they would fit in with any wise and adequate military policy that might be formulated and adopted at a later time after careful and prolonged study. These measures provided for the expansion of the Army to its maximum size by the addition of 25,000 men, the strengthening of the weak places in the coast

defenses, the addition of 1,000 officers to the Army for the purpose of adequately instructing the National Guard, and other purposes, the creation of an officers' reserve corps to prepare for manning volunteer armies in time of war, and the creation of a motor transportation reserve for war purposes—the need of which has been conclusively demonstrated by the present war. Congress did not see fit to pass any of the bills introduced at the instance of the Secretary; but that was the fault of Congress. Carrying out the implied promise contained in his annual report, that comprehensive and constructive study of the military needs and policy of the country was necessary, the Secretary has concentrated all the energies of the War College and General Staff and War Department and the General officers of the Army, wherever stationed, on the problem of working out a military policy for the Nation which is at once adequate from a military viewpoint and consistent with the democratic ideals of the country. It is expected that the result of all this effort will be the adoption of a military policy distinctive for its inherent virtue, its adequacy and common sense.

The fiscal affairs of the Government have been conducted for many years on what is called "the independent treasury system," with very slight modifications. Under this system the revenues of the Government were collected and deposited in the Treasury until needed to meet appropriations. After the establishment of the National Banking System the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to use National Banks as depositories, provided that such deposits as he might make were secured by "United States Government bonds and otherwise." The supply of Government bonds available for this purpose is limited, and they are so held that it is not always easy for a bank desiring to secure such deposits to obtain the bonds except at a premium. It followed that however willing the Secretary of the Treasury may have been, in times of financial stress, to deposit in National banks a part of the usually large amount of idle funds in the Treasury, the requirement that such deposits must be secured by United States bonds proved a stumbling block. In 1907 Mr. Cortelyou had difficulty with this rule, which he obviated in a measure by offering to sell certain Panama Canal bonds and to accept them as security for the deposit of Government funds. The weak point in this makeshift was the fact that if the banks had had the money to buy the Panama bonds they would not have needed the Government deposits. The same conditions that confronted Mr. Cortelyou in 1907

confronted Secretary McAdoo in 1913, and while the panic in 1907 was distinctively a bankers' panic, occurring as it did when conditions in the country were much better than in 1913, a panic was avoided in 1913 by prompt and efficient action of the Secretary of the Treasury. In 1907 the banks throughout the country practically suspended specie payments and went on the clearing house basis. The McAdoo plan was a better plan. It was simple and effective. The statute provides that deposits of Government funds made by the Treasury may be secured by "United States Government bonds *and otherwise*." Mr. McAdoo simply had the temerity to give the term, "and otherwise," its ordinary common sense meaning, and accepted as security liquid commercial paper under an arrangement that safeguarded in every possible way the interest of the Government. He deposited thirty-five or forty million dollars in the banks when it was needed to move the crops, and averted what would have been a serious panic, incidentally earning several hundred thousand dollars for the Government by using otherwise idle funds.

Having saved this situation, Secretary McAdoo devoted all his energies to the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, working continuously and faithfully with the Committees of the House and Senate and the Conference Committee. The passage of this Act and the workable features of it were due more, perhaps, to his aggressive work than to any other person directly interested in the legislation. Anticipating the delicate situation in the banking world while this great constructive work was under way, and realizing that in the natural course of events some time would be required to put the new system into operation, the Secretary secured the extension of the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, with amendments designed to make it workable. Before the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, no bank could take out additional circulating notes on the security of commercial paper under the Aldrich-Vreeland Act unless it had outstanding circulation equal to 40 per cent of its capital stock. The interest charged increased each month at so rapid a rate that no bank could afford to take out this circulation unless it was prepared to retire it in a very short time. As a result, no bank had ever availed itself of the benefits of this Act, and $5,000,000 additional currency, prepared just after the passage of the Act in 1908, lay idle in the Treasury. Mr. McAdoo obtained an amendment to the Act decreasing the rate of interest, and authorizing him as Secretary to suspend the provision that

banks must have outstanding circulation equal to 40 per cent of their capital stock as a condition of issuing Aldrich-Vreeland currency. The wisdom of this action was apparent in 1914, when a panic was threatened. Acting within his discretion, and as the McAdoo amendment authorized, the Secretary promptly suspended the 40 per cent provision and made about $300,000,000 in Aldrich-Vreeland currency available for the business of the country, and in addition deposited Government funds in the National banks on security of commercial paper.

When a run had started on the United States Trust Company in Washington, an institution in which 55,000 depositors were interested, the Secretary again nipped another threatened panic in the bud by placing a million dollars of Government funds in the National banks of Washington on the security of commercial paper, and thus averted a local disaster which might very well, in a disturbed financial situation, have spread into a general catastrophe.

Mr. McAdoo found that National banks were paying interest on dormant accounts; but that many millions of dollars in National banks all over the country were drawing no interest. At the risk of making himself generally unpopular with the banks, he required all banks to pay interest at 2 per cent on average balances of active accounts, and thus increased the revenues of the Government by two or three million dollars.

When the trade balance of the United States with Europe was from three to five hundred millions dollars against us, Mr. McAdoo raised a fund of $100,000,000 in gold for deposit in an English bank in Montreal, and by this act effectively checked the exportation of gold to Europe. When the war in Europe began and the cotton growers of the South were face to face with absolute bankruptcy because they could not place their crop, Mr. McAdoo raised a fund of $150,000,000 in gold known as "The Cotton Loan Fund," and again saved a panic that would have bankrupted the South and impoverished thousands of merchants and other dealers trading with the South.

It was William Learned Marcy, of Massachusetts, then a Senator from New York, who laid down the doctrine 83 years ago that there is "nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy," and it was the patron saint of the Democracy, Andrew Jackson, of South Carolina, who made this rule one of the fundamental principles of the party now in power. But the Democrats have found during this Administration that they bore no comparison to the Republicans when

it came to the question of patronage. They found that the offices, and especially the post offices, had been stuffed with Republicans, that there were 482,721 officers and employees in the executive civil service, and that of the 298,456 positions in the Post Office Department, 189,788 were in June, 1914, competitive. In May, 1913, the President ordered that competitive examinations should be held of 21,000 fourth-class postmasters who had not been appointed as a result of competitive examinations, and these examinations were held with varying results. The great mass of incumbents were Republicans and had been appointed for political reasons. It was found that the service had been debauched for political reasons, and the examinations showed that efficiency had been the least of the conditions regarded in the selection of the postmasters. The examination ordered by the President cleared out a large number of incompetents whose only claim was the service they had rendered to their political leaders, and the condition was a hard one for Postmaster General Burleson to meet. He is a partisan, but a fair-minded partisan, and the records show that he has administered his office with but two principal objects in view—efficiency and economy. It is claimed that the postal service was never so extensive and never better administered than it is now, and until the revenues from the service were affected by the war in Europe it was not only self-sustaining but actually profitable to the Government. During the first two years of the Burleson administration, the Department turned into the Treasury about $7,000,000 actually earned in this service. This was not a matter of book-keeping; the hard cash was paid into the Treasury.

The Post Office Department has been regarded for years as the resort of the spoilsmen, and the members of Congress have directed their dependents to it with utter disregard of the public interests. There has been an improvement in the conditions since Mr. Cleveland attempted to make efficiency the test of service, and gradually, under succeeding Presidents, the classified service has been extended, until now there are only about 100,000 places in the postal service that are left for political uses—that is to say, if the civil service laws are faithfully executed. Mr. Burleson found that these laws had not been faithfully observed and that the post offices had been used as spoils to a most degrading extent. For example, he found that there were 395 post office inspectors,—who are the eyes and ears of the Postmaster General,—and that only 39 of these

inspectors were Democrats. He would not change the status without cause, but by a gradual elimination of the undesirables and incompetents he determined that there should be a fairer division between the two great parties of these and similar places, subject to a true interpretation of the civil service laws regulating the conduct of the public service. He has managed his office so fairly as to have escaped the condemnation of the civil service reformers; indeed, he has won their approval for the fair-minded way in which he has exercised his authority. He has gone much further than any of his predecessors, and has endeavored to extend the civil service. In recommendations to Congress he urged that the third and second class postmasters be placed in the competitive system, so that only the first-class postmasters (of whom there are few) should be in the Presidential class. Economy and efficiency are Mr. Burleson's chief aims. He recommended to Congress a plan of saving $12,000,000 in the cost of the rural postal service without affecting its efficiency, but his recommendation was rejected, and instead of helping him to save $12,000,000 the Congress actually piled on another $4,000,000, making the total waste of the public funds $16,000,000.

It is too early to make any predictions as to the final success of the Administration—so many things can happen in politics; but Mr. Wilson, considering the material he had to work with in Congress and in his party, has wrought miracles. Much of his success has been due to the faithful work of the men he gathered about him in his Cabinet.

JAMES C. HEMPHILL.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

AMERICA REDISCOVERED[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

One had supposed that the days of the blithely indiscriminate foreign commentator were past and gone. Apparently that is not the case. Here, for example, in this very number of the Review, you will find Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain declaring joyously that England is today a "nation of dissemblers, forgers, liars, and cheats." To be sure, Mr. Chamberlain is not, so far as England is concerned, a foreign commentator in the full sense of the term. He was born a son of England—his father was an English Admiral and his grandfather a Captain in the English Navy; but England is no longer beloved of this her son. He lives now under the protection of the German flag. He is married to a daughter of Richard Wagner, and has become so completely a child of *Deutschland* that when he spits his abuse in the face of his mother-country his tongue utters the speech of the treasured land of his adoption, and he requires the services of a translator. An apter illustration of our point is offered by the case of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson—an Englishman, like Mr. Chamberlain, but not an expatriated Englishman—who, having visted the United States, has now published the inevitable volume of impressions. These are contained in a sheaf of "travel notes" upon the East and the West, in which Mr. Dickinson has garnered his thoughts upon India, China, Japan and America. Of these, the American "notes" occupy almost half the total space; and it is naturally toward these that the American reader will most curiously turn.

Our traveller duly prepares us, in his preface, for the discomfiture which he evidently assumes we shall experience

[1] *Appearances*, by G. Lowes Dickinson. Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City and New York.

upon learning his opinions of us. There is in his observations, he tells us, "a note of exasperation" which he would have wished to remove if he could. And it appears that this "note of exasperation" resulted in bringing a certain deprivation to "American friends and publishers" who, we infer, were clamoring for Mr. Dickinson's impressions; for in spite of their importunities, he informs us, that regrettable "note of exasperation" constrained him sadly but sternly to withhold his views. Now, however, his scruples have been overcome (the details of this deplorable moral capitulation are left mysteriously obscure), and, inverting the words of the old story, "Charlie's loss is our gain"—Charlie in this case representing Mr. Dickinson's ravished conscience.

Mr. Dickinson, it should be said, is not completely the type of the solemn British ass with whom several generations of visiting English commentators have made us somewhat languidly familiar. He is known to bookish Americans (of whom, despite his sorrowful conviction to the contrary, there are, here and there, a few) as a distinguished man of letters, a scholar, a thoughtful and forcible writer. As a Cantabrigean, as a lecturer upon political science and economics, as a student of literature and philosophy, and (most popularly) as the author of the well-remembered *Letters from a Chinese Official*, he has made for himself an enviable reputation.

Mr. Dickinson seems to have travelled adequately in America. After noting (presumably in the cities of the nefarious East) that "the Public Service Corporations control the cities," and that "the protected interests dominate the Senate," we see him at Niagara, sitting on a bench by the river bank and listening to a spectral voice which tells him that "all America is Niagara—force without direction, noise without significance, speed without accomplishment." He ruminates upon history, and concludes that "history is the perennial conquest of civilization by barbarians"—it was so "when Rome conquered Greece, the English the French, and now, Americans the world." Mr. Dickinson thence proceeded to a garden by a calm sea, where everything invited to happy thought and innocent reverie—everything except the Sunday newspapers, which some tactless soul had permitted to intrude into the sweet repose of Mr. Dickinson's rustic Sabbath. Mr. Dickinson analyses for us at great length the particular newspaper which confronted him (presumably, from internal evidence, the unsuspecting *Herald*). The result leaves him with nothing to say but that

"comment [he supposes] is superfluous." He is led to conclude, however, that our newspapers (with five exceptions which he delicately forbears to identify) are a poor lot—"among the possible appeals open to them they deliberately choose the lowest." Yet: "Curious! for the fathers of this nation read nothing but the Bible."

Seeing, however, that the sun still shone and that the sky was still blue, Mr. Dickinson journeyed to the Rockies, eight thousand feet above the sea, where he was embarrassed by a sudden thunder-storm and sought shelter in "a little shanty of a railway station," in which he was given sanctuary by the telegraph operator,—"a thin, yellow-faced youth chewing gum, who looked at me without a sign of recognition or a word of greeting." This wretched youth, who unaccountably failed to identify his visitor as the eminent author of *The Greek View of Life*, recalled to Mr. Dickinson the fact that "absence of manners in an American is intended to signify not surliness but independence." The storm passed, but as it was then too late for the distinguished traveller to return to his hotel, he spent the night with "the yellow youth" in his shanty. They discussed the coming Presidential election, and from one topic to another passed to Mars and the stars. Mr. Dickinson told him about suns and planets, double stars, moons, Jupiter, nebulæ and the galaxy, and the infinity of space. After which they turned in. "The youth slept well"; but Mr. Dickinson lay awake, disturbed by the mystery of the stars, and sufficiently wide awake to quote eighteen lines from Dante. Then, murmuring to himself:

E la sua volantade è nostra pace

(which is by far the best line in Mr. Dickinson's book), he fell asleep, reflecting that "in all this continent there is not a human soul whose will seeks any peace at all, least of all the peace of God. All move, but about no center; they move on to more power, to more wealth, to more motion."

We next find our traveller in the Adirondacks, living in camp on a mountain lake and meditating upon Homer and Shelley. Here he employed a guide who might, he felt, have been Homer, "if he had had imagination"; but "he could never have been Shelley" (we, too, have met few Adirondack guides who reminded us of Shelley). "Not seldom," says Mr. Dickinson, "I feel among Americans as the Egyptian is said to have felt among the Greeks, that I am moving in a world of

precocious and inexperienced children, bearing on my own shoulders the weight of the centuries." We have never, it appears, faced life and asked ourselves what it is; we are so occupied in running that it has never occurred to us to inquire where we started or whither we are going. As for our religion, "it is nothing if not practical. It does not concern itself with a life beyond; it gives you here and now what you want." The only part of the Gospels that can interest us, Mr. Dickinson thinks, is the miracles; "for the miracles really *do* something. As for the Sermon on the Mount—well, no Westerner ever takes it seriously."

Then, still bearing on his shoulders the weight of the centuries, Mr. Dickinson journeyed to New Hampshire, where, in a pleasant, hilly, wooded country by the Connecticut River, dotted with charming, secluded villas, he divided men and nations into two classes, Red-bloods and Mollycoddles—Shakespeare's Henry V, and Bismarck, and Palmerston, it seems, were Red-bloods; Socrates, Voltaire, and Shelley were Mollycoddles. As for nations, the Greeks, the Italians, the French are Mollycoddles; we, of course, are Red-bloods—"the Red-blood nation *par excellence*." It is the question whether America will ever be civilized; "for civilization depends on a just balance of Red-bloods and Mollycoddles." There followed a journey of two days and nights in a railway train, when, despite the beautiful country traversed, our traveller's mind retained only "a jumbled vision of huge wooden cows cut in profile and offering from dry udders a fibrous milk." Thence to Canada, where he discussed with colonials in a club "the intolerable subject of education," and, incidentally, the question of culture in America. That subject was easily disposed of. "There *is* no culture in America." (That fact, thus definitely established, doubtless explains why it was that the greatest musical masterpiece since Bach, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, was performed in America years before the operatic stage in England heard a note of it.) It follows naturally that in art, America is sterile. Whitman and Poe, Inness and Winslow Homer and Sargent, wrote and limned to no purpose; Edward MacDowell sang in vain. America is industrialism pure and simple. "There is one pursuit, commerce; one type, the business man; one ideal, that of increasing wealth. Monotony of talk, monotony of ideas, monotony of aim, monotony of outlook on the world." A sensitive European, travelling among us, feels "at once starved and flayed. Nothing nourishes, and everything hurts." It

would seem that the American is a coprophagous beast: "whatever he has touched, he has touched only to defile."

And so, unedified and unpersuaded, our traveller went home.

It is regrettable that Mr. Dickinson should so evidently have brought with him to America the wrong kind of letters of introduction. He was unfortunate in his acquaintanceship; he found among us "no *élite*." To glean an idea of the sort of people with whom he must have consorted, let us glance at the composite image of the American which he erects in the course of his comments: This American has no culture. He cannot converse—he can only talk. He has humor, but it is a poor sort of humor—"it implies no imagination . . . it does not illuminate a subject, it extinguishes it . . . that is why it does not really much amuse the English. For the English are accustomed to Shakespeare, and to the London cabby"—Shakespeare being as unfamiliar to Americans as is the London cabby. The American—to proceed—is always doing and never experiencing. He has no inner life. Physically, he presents a "great jaw and chin, huge teeth and predatory mouth." In his speech, beauty and distinction are sacrificed to force. He is "masterful, aggressive, unscrupulous, egotistic, at once good-natured and brutal, kind if you don't cross him, ruthless if you do, greedy, ambitious, self-reliant, active for the sake of activity, intelligent and unintellectual, quick-witted and crass, contemptuous of ideas but amorous of devices, valuing nothing but success, recognizing nothing but the actual . . . undisturbed by spiritual life . . . the child with the muscles of a man, the European stripped bare, and shown for what he is, a predatory, unreflecting, naïve, precociously accomplished brute."

What can one say to Mr. Dickinson, or of him, that will adequately fit his remarkable case? Perhaps, in having permitted him to exhibit himself, we have sufficiently paid our respects to him. If he should ever deign to visit us again, we might venture (with what he would doubtless regard as a ridiculous assumption of "culture") to direct his notice to a sentence in Thomas à Kempis: *Da mihi, Domine, scire quod sciendum est.*

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AS A CRITIC. By JOSEPH J. REILLY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915.

It is perhaps not too rash or vague a generalization to say that several of the leading figures in American literature are rightly loved and venerated rather as inspired friends and as interpreters of taste, of feeling, of ideals, than as profound thinkers or as supreme artists. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his essays seems admirably to fulfill the function of an inspirational teacher of the art of everyday thinking and appreciating. In Emerson, despite his metaphysical assumptions, profundity comes in, as it were, by way of conversational suggestion. One hardly questions whether his orphic sayings embody a complete philosophy; one can hardly resist the feeling that any one of his aphorisms, if accepted sincerely for just what it is worth to the individual, will prove of value. Deeply versed in spiritual thought Emerson speaks to us as an aged seer addressing aspiring youth. Doubtless every reader of the *Essays* makes allowances and files exceptions as he reads, introducing the much-needed grain of salt, accepting with gratitude those sayings which he can receive. To the maxims of an experienced man of action we may listen respectfully without expecting to find in them a complete and consistent philosophy of conduct. In somewhat the same manner we have listened to the sayings of Emerson, the experienced man of abstract thought, and to those of Lowell, the experienced man of letters—the great reader and appreciator. It is impossible for one who has read in youth the works of Holmes, Emerson, and Lowell, not to revere these men as greatly gifted inspirational teachers. It is difficult, too, not to feel a certain surprise that the two latter should be held to strict accountability as practitioners of the great arts respectively of philosophy and of criticism.

Still, as our culture passes out of the pupillary stage, as it becomes more scientific, less tentative and provincial, it is inevitable that we should begin to criticize in somewhat ruthless fashion our old teachers. Mr. George Edward Woodberry has thoroughly sifted and evaluated the teachings of Emerson, the philosopher. Mr. Joseph J. Reilly does the like for Lowell, the critic. To an admirer of Lowell, grateful to

him for many a flash of insight or poetic phrase of appreciation, Mr. Reilly's book will certainly prove somewhat painful reading. The destructive analysis of such a mind as Lowell's can hardly escape giving an unintended impression of cold hostility. The reader may not improbably find himself up in arms at every turn against Mr. Reilly's point of view—all the more so because Lowell as a critic is obviously vulnerable. Who does not perceive that Lowell's attempt to work out the *Tempest* as an allegory is incomplete and self-contradictory? Prospero, to be sure, may be well conceived of as Imagination, Ariel as Fancy, Caliban as "the brute Understanding" which rebels against its natural lord, "the higher Reason." Miranda is in a sense typical of "abstract Womanhood," Ferdinand of Youth. But the critic carries his allegory no farther. "One may suspect," remarks Mr. Reilly, "that the difficulty of accounting for Womanhood as the daughter of Imagination, of identifying the higher Reason with the Imagination, and the like, may have baffled him." To such a comment as this the lover of Lowell may perhaps reply that such ideas as the one criticized may have an illuminating and suggestive value even if they cannot be successfully carried out to their utmost implications. One can hardly read the *Tempest* without feeling that the principal characters do, in a degree unusual with Shakespeare, body forth certain elements of human nature. It is difficult to believe that Shakespeare was not influenced by some such conception when he wrote. On the other hand it would be absurd to suppose that Shakespeare intended his play as an allegory, and almost equally so to suppose that Lowell thought that he did.

Some such objection as this, the reader of Mr. Reilly's book may occasionally feel inclined to register; yet on the whole he will find the author as just as he is ruthless and thorough. There seems, indeed, to be no escape from Mr. Reilly's final conclusion. In certain cases Lowell's fundamental deficiency, his lack of philosophical depth, leads to faults far less defensible than his failure consistently to apply his allegorical conception of the *Tempest*. It leads to subtle shiftings of the point of view, to the improvising of principles to suit an exigency, to a misleading and merely rhetorical shuffling of abstract ideas. A favorite idea of Lowell's was that moral character is a necessity for a great poet; that character is "the only soil in which real mental power can root itself and find sustenance." Yet he could write: "Shakespeare, Goethe, Burns—what have their biographies to do with us? Genius is not a question of character." And his confusion of mind concerning the relation of genius to character actually resulted in the expression of two quite contradictory opinions regarding Shakespeare. In one essay he demands to know whether Shakespeare's contemporaries would have "left us so wholly without record of him as they have done," if he as a man "had been as marvellous a creature as the genius that wrote the plays"; in another, he declares that Shakespeare was wonderfully exceptional because of "his utterly unimpeachable judg-

ment and that poise of character which enabled him to be at once the greatest of poets and so unnoticeable a good citizen as to leave no incidents for biography." Such looseness of thinking is as exasperating to the ordinary reader in search of light and leading as it is to the student of the science of criticism.

That Lowell lacked philosophical depth, that he was deficient in the power of penetration to ultimate principles—these are conclusions which a severely logical examination of his critical writings and a comparison of his pronouncements with those of the greater critics seem to establish rather easily. Mr. Reilly, in his exhaustive and acute examination of the man and his work from several different points of view, reveals other and contributory defects or limitations. In Lowell as a man and writer he finds an unusual capacity for enthusiasm coupled with an abiding conservatism; he discovers, too, that the critic's knowledge of human nature was somewhat limited—"the offspring of multitudinous books rather than of contact with men." Lowell's knowledge he admits to be wide, though not always accurate; but he finds reason to deplore the fact that the critic was imperfectly acquainted with art, science, and history, a truer knowledge of which "would have served to crystallize many of his vague notions" and "to send the current of his literary knowledge into parallel channels with other phases of men's interests and endeavors." A certain catholicity of appreciation one would be inclined to grant to Lowell without argument; yet Mr. Reilly finds some extraordinary gaps in his sympathy. Toward nineteenth-century literature Lowell was cold, and he regarded the fifteenth century throughout Europe as almost a literary desert. His interest in the drama and the novel was of the slightest. His condemnation of sentimentalism amounted almost to a fixed idea. Modern-day realism he could not abide. It is evident enough that Lowell honestly sought to maintain a judicial attitude, but it becomes apparent upon examination that he never attained true detachment. In writing of Shakespeare he frequently becomes the mere panegyrist. In his criticism of Rousseau his effort to treat with justice a writer with whom he is not really in sympathy leads him into strange vagaries. "He attacks Burke and Johnson, both of whom he admires; hopelessly upsets his deep-rooted notion of genius and character; involves himself in a contradiction regarding Rousseau's sanity; employs false logic; and sins against historical accuracy."

Mr. Reilly concedes to Lowell "that kind of taste which never mistakes poor verse or prose for good"; an unusual power of rendering his impressions in phrases epigrammatically pointed or poetically suggestive; occasional flashes of real insight. He leaves him little else. In reading his searching and rigorous examination of Lowell as a critic, one can hardly dismiss the irrelevant thought that almost any man, if he could read such an analysis of his own mind and work, would be disheartened and overwhelmed with chagrin. It is also a little difficult not to give weight to the impression that more is denied

to Lowell than he ever thought of claiming for himself or than even the most naïve of his readers is really in danger of claiming for him—though this, too, is irrelevant from the point of view of scientific criticism. In short, it requires a pretty thorough inoculation with the scientific spirit to enable one to read with pleasure so unsparing a criticism of one of the most engaging and suggestive of the elder American writers—a writer who has been loved and venerated rather as an inspired friend, as an interpreter of taste, of feeling, of ideals, than as a profound or systematic thinker. Mr. Reilly, however, has aimed to promote clearness of thought in his own special field and thus to further the interests of literature. In this he has succeeded.

WHAT SHOULD I BELIEVE? By GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co, 1915.

In the popular scientific and philosophical literature of the day there is clearly manifest an encouraging tendency to reassert with growing assurance the old values of common sense, of morality, of religion, and to give to life a full measure of "meaning" in some sense which every man may understand and respond to. Fundamentally this effort to give value and significance to life involves the practical reconcilement of those old opposites,—knowledge and belief, reason and faith, science and religion. And this reconcilement or rapprochement, in turn, seems in the last analysis to depend upon the practical recognition of two elements in human nature—reason and a something deeper than reason. The "something deeper" is conceived of in various ways and defined with varying degrees of exactness. To Mr. Paul Elmer More, this something deeper is the "inner check." He defines it with metaphysical exactness as a pure negation, and he contrasts it not with *reason* alone, but with the whole "flux" of impressions and desires. To others the bare dualism of Mr. More may seem "savage." These may find more to their taste some form of the doctrine of panpsychism—a doctrine which has the appearance at least of being monistic or "scientific." Others again, with more practical aim, may arrive at the notion of the something deeper concretely, and without attempting metaphysical definitions. This is the method of strictly psychological analysis.

The point in which divergent views agree is the practical recognition of a *duality* of some sort (the term *dualism* is purposely avoided because of its metaphysical connotation) in human nature, and in the frank recognition of the mysterious and paradoxical, but very real and important relation that exists between the two elements of this duality. Psychology teaches us that we cannot really think without employing both reason and the faiths that reason cannot justify. Experience teaches us that the result of attempting to do without either the one or the other is disastrous. The attempt to exalt reason at the

expense of those faiths which depend upon the something deeper is ultimately paralyzing and stultifying. It leads to a mechanistic conception of the universe and to a fatalistic view of life, which mankind has begun to feel intolerable. The attempt to exalt the something deeper at the expense of reason has evil consequences the nature of which depends somewhat upon the way in which the something deeper is conceived. If it is conceived of as a pure negation, its single exaltation may lead to a sheer denial of life—to quietism or to contemplative mysticism. If it is conceived of as "instinct" or "intuition" its elevation to sole supremacy may result in irresponsibility, in romanticism, in mere absorption within the current of life.

Under these conditions, the really important thing would seem to be the way in which the intimate and paradoxical relation between the element of reason and the deeper, less definable element is conceived—or, more concretely, the way in which we are to think of the contrast between knowledge and belief, between reason and faith, between science and religion. This contrast, this perplexing duality, is the real theme of the book *What Should I Believe*—though we may not draw the inference that the author is a dualist. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ladd stops short of metaphysical definitions. He does not tell us whether faith and reason are essentially alike, both being aspects of an indwelling Mind or other metaphysical reality, or whether, as Mr. More would have it, faith is a function of the "inner check" while reason is an organ of that flux to which the inner check is unalterably opposed. In the view of Dr. Ladd as a psychologist, the practically ultimate reality is the self.

To the thought that *both* faith and reason—whatever their metaphysical basis and whatever the nature of their difference—are inseparably connected with the self and with each other, Dr. Ladd recurs again and again as he studies successive phases of his subject. "In some sort all knowledge walks by faith rather than by sight, as indeed the wisest of men have done in the conduct of their daily life. But this conviction does not deaden, and it should only stimulate, the desire and the effort to know the reason,—Why?" In matters involving moral or religious truth the principle of the so-called "will-to-believe" may be accepted without entanglement in the sophistries of pragmatism. The true principle is—"not, that *is* true which we will to *believe* true; but our steadfast will must be to believe what has most seeming *really to be* true." The greater beliefs are "those which belong most essentially to the *Substance of the Self*." Thus "the faiths of morality are such that without them personality cannot exist." Religious faiths are quite as deeply rooted in the self, for "religion in man is nothing less than man himself considered in his total being with respect to its manifold relations towards one of the most complex and comprehensive ends of all life and all development." Yet in morality and in religion reason is as active as faith. "Without growth in knowledge, none of our beliefs, not even the most imperative and practically

important, can stand the test of experience which requires them to vindicate their claims by continual approaches to a higher standard of reasonableness."

In short, Dr. Ladd, through a psychological analysis Socratic in its simplicity and thoroughness, proves the *unreality* of a besetting moral and intellectual difficulty—the difficulty that arises from the supposition that we must be ruled by reason *or* faith rather than by reason *and* faith. How hard and at the same time how rewarding it may be to be faithful to both—not, indeed, to serve two masters, but rather to live with one's whole self—he makes abundantly plain. No man is better skilled in finding the way to truth through the path of every man's thought and inner experience. Dealing with the real elements of consciousness, he arrives at conclusions sufficiently abstract to be clarifying—to be, indeed, practically final—without involving his readers in the dubiousness of metaphysical assumptions. It may be added perhaps without impertinence that it is refreshing to find in a work preëminently of philosophy or psychology, an apt quotation from a poet so far outside the purview of the narrow specialist as is Ernest Dowson.

War and the Ideal of Peace. By Henry Rutgers Marshall. New York: Duffield & Co., 1915.

An instance of the way in which modern thought strives to work itself free from the bonds of a narrow scientific determinism, and to win fresh clearness and assurance for the old values of morality and religion, is seen in *War and the Ideal of Peace* by Henry Rutgers Marshall. It may as well be said at once that this book is an abridged philosophy and that it has no special bearing upon war and peace except in so far as these topics just now furnish the special problems upon which every man's philosophy must test itself. Dr. Marshall's first concern is to oppose the view that "the occasional recurrence of wars must be looked upon as inevitable because man is governed by certain inexorable laws of Nature which make war necessary and even salutary." It would seem that the refutation of this theory should not be difficult. It is an ancient error of those who proclaim adhesion to the laws of nature to narrow unduly the conception of what nature means. Human nature certainly includes the higher as well as the lower. As Professor Külpe remarks: "When the Stoics demanded a life according to nature, they had in mind a rational life founded upon the dominance of the highest spiritual faculties. On the other hand, when Rousseau preached a return to nature, he had reference to the casting off of all the fetters of culture and returning to the child-land of innocent, harmless, and genuine simplicity and happiness." What the extreme militaristic theory is but an incomplete form of naturalism, it is hard to see. But Dr. Marshall is not really content with refutation. His true aim is to

vindicate the value of certain *faiths*, or, to use the term which accords best with his point of view, of certain *ideals*.

Since faiths commonly cannot be justified by reason alone, Dr. Marshall, like others who have thought their way to similar conclusions, is constrained to look for a something deeper than reason. This he finds in a form of the doctrine of panpsychism. Against this doctrine the objection always lies that our mere inability to stop short at any definite point in our attribution of mental life to other beings than ourselves does not necessarily prove, though it powerfully suggests, that our consciousness "is but a special form of a broader psychic characteristic that is pervasive of the Universe." This doctrine, however, though it is not more readily provable than are other theories of reality, has many advantages. If the reader experiences no difficulty in accepting it, he will find in the remainder of Dr. Marshall's book much clear and sound analysis. With this theory as a starting point, it is readily proved that our "creative spontaneity" is not an illusion but that it is effective in the universe. Ideals are seen to have a sovereign efficacy. The pessimist is shown to be "one who more or less deliberately curtails the development of spontaneity"; the optimist "one who more or less deliberately encourages this development." Moral and religious ideas are easily understood as ideals, and moral progress as a conflict between traditional and individual ideals —between the new and the old. "We rise to the highest moral plane when we make permanent for ourselves by voluntary acts—by our own creative spontaneity—moral ideals which stand opposed to already existing ideals, whether these be traditional or self-created." However, since the essence of the matter lies in creative spontaneity, religion must be divested of its mythology and of its un-naturalistic idea of revelation. Hence morality is regarded as primary, religion as derivative. "The essential value of religious expression and of the experience connected with it, lies in the fact that it tends to strengthen within us the voice of conscience, and leads us to acquire the habit of submission to its guidance." Further, an analysis of the idea of *responsibility* shows the vagueness of the underlying conception and demonstrates pretty conclusively that there is no such thing as *irresponsibility*. The general application of all this to war and the ideal of peace is obvious.

But the application to the special problem in hand of the general principles deduced is disappointingly slight and perfunctory. The conclusion that it is our duty to discourage little boys from fighting and playing football seems to require some more special proof than the author vouchsafes. When we read the out-and-out admonition to uphold disarmament even though this may involve serious risks, we may turn back in some perplexity to an earlier passage in which the author warns us that "we must always remember that our own special individualistic ideals of reform are of an experimental nature, and that they may well fail to yield results as effective as those suggested by

the experience of the past as embodied in traditional ideals." Disarmament would be an experiment indeed! Dr. Marshall, after all, is constrained to fall back upon the method of minimizing our danger from foreign aggression. On the whole, he has rather little to say about the important questions of How? and How far? which arise in connection with the effort to realize any great ideal.

THE HARBOR. By ERNEST POOLE. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Harbor is one of those fictional "life-stories" which may possess a throbbing reality, even though if viewed objectively as novels they may appear to lack strength of plot, rigor of realism, or special accuracy or depth of character drawing. One reads *The Harbor* with feverish interest because the author speaks in terms of imagined experience that are so unconventional and true to nature that they promptly awaken responsive memories and imaginings. It is true that no one person in the story stands out as a particularly well-drawn character; yet all are alive because all do really think and feel and mingle their thought and feeling in the confused human way. It is true that the picture of life presented in the story as a whole has no particular realistic value. Life is viewed with humorous exaggeration at times, at times through a mist of enthusiasm, at times with disillusion: indeed the author views life "every which way," as real people in the course of their experiences do. But this is all real enough subjectively if not objectively. Mr. Poole knows how to inspire as warm a personal and intellectual interest as does, for example, H. G. Wells. He has a similar way of capturing this kind of interest by the unconventional reality of his child-psychology; by his frank dealing with such things as profanity and sex in somewhat close relation with the innocence of childhood—a dealing which one feels to be sincere, clean and real. The story thrills one too with the interest of personal growth and change. It strongly arouses in one the usually dormant feeling that life is not only a passionately absorbing matter to the individual—that there is no real excuse for being bored—but that it is a thing of wide relations in which the larger self must find its adjustments with the world.

Because *The Harbor* has this emotional reality, this intellectual aliveness, it is far more satisfying to read than the majority of contemporary novels. The final test of a story of this type, however, lies in the view of life which it does ultimately present. When we have seen the world through the innocent eyes of childhood and through those of fervent youth, we want to see it at last through the eyes of maturity. We have no right to require completeness of insight, but we properly insist upon a settled point of view. And here is just the fault that one has to find with *The Harbor:* its point of view throughout seems unsettled.

In the story, the old harbor on the Brooklyn water-front, about which the narrator, as a boy, used to play, and with which the fortunes of his father were bound up, typifies the workaday world, the brute reality of life, with its romantic challenge and its disillusioning revelations of harshness and vileness. To the challenge, the hero responds eagerly, from his first childish experiments with the harbor—experiments made in defiant disregard of the horrifying tales told him by an old nurse—to the investigations he makes as a mature man into the minds and lives of steamship stokers on strike. Always there is apparent in him a struggle between the love of adventure and the need of abstract standards: this is seen in his childhood, in his college days, in his year's experience in Paris, in his subsequent career as a magazine writer. This vibration between two different points of view seems to influence the author's literary method. At times he writes with a kind of determined and convincing realism; at other times his representations of life seem hardly worthy of the earnestness with which they are set forth. In his portrayal of college life, for example, there is a somewhat illuminating study of the irresponsibility of students and of the weary perfunctoriness of teachers. The picture as a whole may be substantially true for some particular time or place—but as a general representation of American college life in any period it is grotesque. The difficulty with colleges—in the author's view—seems to be an imperfect realization of *life*. But what is life without a "god" of some kind?

One god after another, the hero tests and finds unsatisfying—

> "Nay, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of gold,
> A bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold?"

The words which Swinburne puts into the mouth of a pagan living in the time of Constantine are not wholly inapplicable to this modern young man, endowed as he is with modern restraint and with a modern sense of humor. One god after another proves inadequate in the turmoil of life—"the kind god of my mother's church; the smiling goddess in Paris"; the god of art; "the clear-eyed god of efficiency; and the awakening god of the crowd." The god of service is the latest, but he, too, is obviously a bitter god to follow.

Emotionally true to life and intellectually acute, Mr. Poole's story seems to waver in its point of view between a kind of practical romanticism and a kind of practical idealism. This wavering makes its message uncertain and its details neither romantically nor realistically quite satisfying; for the story is far too thoughtful and moving to be dismissed as mere fictional entertainment, yet one is never quite sure as to the kind and degree of truth it is intended to express.

It is romance that has the last word. "Make way for me," shouts the thick voice of the out-going ocean liner, the voice of the harbor. "Make way, all you little men. Make way, all you habits and all you institutions, all you little creeds and gods. For I am the start of the

voyage—over the ocean to heathen lands! And I am always starting out and bearing you along! For I am your moulder, I am strong—I am a surprise, I am a shock—I am a dazzling passion of hope—I am a grim executioner! I am reality—I am life! I am the book that has no end!"

THE BREATH OF LIFE. By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

The revolt of human feeling or intuition against a purely mechanistic conception of nature is evinced in *The Breath of Life* by John Burroughs. The author speculates rather than philosophizes. He does not pin his faith to the vitalistic or panpsychic interpretation which obviously attracts him, nor does he attempt to make all human values depend upon it. He merely wishes to feel thoroughly at home in the universe. "I have a good deal of trouble," he confesses frankly, "in trying to make my inborn idealism go hand in hand with my inborn naturalism . . . but may I not hope to make the face of my naturalism beam with the light of the ideal—the light that never was in the physico-chemical order, and never can be there?"

The intelligent layman fairly well acquainted with popular scientific literature will find in this book rather little that is new or especially suggestive. The dominant thought is that no refinement of physics or chemistry can explain what it is that controls and directs mechanical and chemical forces in living things, so that "one compounding of elements begets a cabbage and another compounding of the same elements begets an oak—one mixture of them and we have a frog, another and we have a man." Chemistry can reveal the secret of the most complex chemical compounds, but it cannot explain "that adjustment of parts to each other, the coördination of their activities that makes a living machine." Nor can science make intelligible the genesis of consciousness: the evolutionary account is, of course, inadequate, since it is impossible to conceive of a "half-way house between being and not being."

The author explores with zest every nook and cranny of his subject. His glowing imagination gives a fire-new interest to notions that have oft been thought but ne'er so well expressed. His book, however, seems to be made up of essays written at different times and without any particular sequence. The discourse as a whole gives little sense of progress, and contains a good deal of substantial repetition. The author's characteristic candor and simplicity disarm criticism; but if it were not for John Burroughs' poetic power, *The Breath of Life* would be tedious.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THREE CORRESPONDENTS ANSWERED

SIR,—Your article, "The Government and the War," appearing in the May NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has been read by me with much interest.

Could this article rightfully be taken as evidence that Germany did not violate the neutrality of Belgium, according to your views, or in other words, could one from reading this article claim that you state that "Germany did not violate the neutrality of Belgium," and quote you correctly?

Your indulgence in answering this is merely and only for the purpose of settling a difference of opinion between myself and a friend who interpret the article differently. I shall appreciate your answer to this.

HENRY M. LUPTON.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

SIR,—I would be obliged to you if you would answer this question for me: I understand that in the case of the *Lusitania*, the rules of international law require that the German government should have given notice so that the passengers and crew might have been saved before they sunk the ship. Does the fact that the giving of such notice by a submarine would prevent the submarine from sinking the ship, abrogate the rule?

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy in this matter, I am,

FRANCIS A. HARPER.

CHICAGO, ILL.

SIR,—I have just read your article on "The Duty of America," and I feel constrained to inform you that it is my opinion that you have presented the *Lusitania* affair in an unnecessarily destructive manner. There are many men in our country who have expressed an adverse opinion on President Wilson's note to Germany, and there is honest ground for doubt as to the propriety of the form which it assumed. Any American who enters the war zone on land or sea, does so at his own peril. You do not claim immunity for him if he should attempt to traverse the trenches in Poland on a Russian cannon, but when he rides the war zone on a British arsenal, you have no condemnation for his folly. If Germany premeditated crime, surely England was equally criminal in inviting it. There are two sides to this affair, and one side of it you utterly fail to present to your readers.

I trust that it may not be unwise for me at this time to express my conviction that your magazine is catering to English interests. Your letter to Lord Northcliffe was a shameful admission of the subserviency of this country to England and of your hearty accord in this rôle. There are many Englishmen

who have not subscribed to your flatteries of England, notably Lord Derby and Houston Stewart Chamberlain. I cannot honestly understand how a man of your capacity can hold the convictions expressed in the Northcliffe letter.

English diplomacy has indeed wrought her masterpiece. According to Albert Bushnell Hart, writing in the *Independent*, England has violated many established laws of warfare in the present war. She has withheld all crude rubber from our country until our manufacturers signed a sworn statement not to export, even at their risk, to Germany or Austria-Hungary. She has fed us intelligent Americans on malicious lies which are an insult to us. She has gained almost conclusive control of our newspapers. She has sunk a German ship in a neutral port, she has interfered with American non-contraband to neutral ports, and many other things. May I ask what obligation impels you virtually to bow the knee to England and to make light of her many wrongs, while presenting so destructively any German act which will intensify American feeling against her?

HERBERT A. GEHRING.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN.

[Mr. Henry M. Lupton might be told that, so far as general neutrality is concerned, the conditional ultimatum of Germany is open to the construction that it was a declaration of war; but that, as to the conventional guaranty of Belgian neutrality under the Treaty of 1839, the invasion of Belgium would seem to be a breach of that treaty.

The inquiry of Mr. Francis A. Harper should be answered in the negative. The principles of humanity are more imperative than a belligerent right to destroy an unresisting merchant vessel on the high seas. The rules of naval warfare are thus laid down in the German prize court rules issued on August 3, 1914:

Section I. *General Instructions*

1. The captains of H. M. ships during a war have the right, in conformity with the following instructions, to visit enemy or neutral merchant vessels, to search them, and to seize them, as well as the enemy and neutral goods found on board, and in exceptional cases to destroy them. * * * *

4. The purpose of visiting and searching of a merchant ship is to determine:

(a) To what nationality the ship belongs.

(b) Whether there is contraband on board.

(c) Whether it [the ship] is assisting the enemy by unneutral service.

(d) Whether it has been guilty of a breach of blockade.

The visit and search shall be made only when the captain believes that results will follow. All measures are to be carried out in a form whose observance, even against the enemy, will comport with the dignity of the German Empire, and with a regard for neutrals conformable to the usages of international law and German interest.

Section VI. *Procedure in Visiting, Searching and Capture*

82. If the captain intends to halt a ship, he will cause her to stop by means of signals and sounding the siren. Ensign or pennant are to be displayed not later than the time of this signal; by night the first is to be illuminated. During the pursuit the display of the war ensign is not necessary; the flying of any merchant flag desired is permissible.

83. If the ship does not stop upon signal, two successive blank charges are to be fired, and if necessary a shotted charge over the ship.

If the ship then does not stop, or makes resistance, the captain will compel her to stop.

84. When the ship has stopped, the captain will send on board an officer, accompanied by a second officer and not more than three men as witnesses and for assistance, in an unarmed boat, manned with usual crew and carrying the flag. The officers of the boarding party will carry side arms, the men no arms. The remainder of the boat's crew will have their small arms in the boat.

Section VIII. *Treatment of Captured Vessels and Seized Goods*

112. The captain is authorized to employ a ship which has been captured as hostile under 10 to 16, as an auxiliary vessel, or, if its sending in seems not to the purpose or unsafe, to destroy it. The same holds for a ship captured under 56, if it is certain that an unneutral service of serious nature can be proved before the prize court.

116. Before the destruction, all persons on board, if possible with their personal effects, are to be placed in safety, and all the ship's papers and other articles of evidence which in the opinion of the interested parties are of value for the judgment of the prize court are to be taken over by the captain.

Section IX. *Rights and Duties of the Prize Officer*

129. If it is not possible to take the ship into the port ordered, he will seek another into which the prize may be taken (see 111). If this also is not possible, he will proceed to destroy the ship, under the provisions of Nos. 112 to 118, as soon as the safe salving of the persons, papers, and articles of evidence on board the ship has been accomplished. The requirements of No. 123 are to be observed.

Mr. Herbert A. Gehring's contention may be answered by pointing out the difference between the German war zone and the battle fields of Europe. Territory is subject to sovereign rights. From it persons can be legally excluded at the will of the sovereign. The high sea is the common property of all mankind. No nation has a right to assume control over any portion of it, nor has it a right to prohibit the citizens of any nation from traversing it.

It is true that a belligerent has the right to blockade its enemy coasts, but the blockade must be effective, that is, it must substantially close intercourse with the blockaded coasts. This has not been done by the submarines of Germany in the case of the British coasts, and no neutral is bound, therefore, to recognize the blockade.

Even in the case of a blockade a belligerent is bound to exercise the right of visit and search and to protect the lives of non-combatants of enemy as well as neutral nationality.

If a battle was raging between the naval forces of the belligerents a neutral would enter the waters of hostile operations at his peril, but except in such circumstances a neutral has the right to traverse the high seas at will subject only to the recognized rights of visit and search.

—Editor.]

SHALL WE GO TO WAR?

Sir,—Your editorial, "The Duty of America," in the June number of The North American Review, presents a clear and thoughtful view of the matter discussed; but more emphasis should be placed upon the idea that it is America's prime duty, both in her own and in the world's interest, to keep herself intact from the plague now infesting Europe. With the average American,

the mightiest question of the day is, "Shall we go to war?" Let us briefly consider this.

To this recent question there can be but one rational answer,—No! Supporting and explaining this verdict, there is but one reason, viz.: We have no occasion for war. The issues involved in the European imbroglio are not such as vitally affect either our present welfare or our future fortunes. It is true that certain incidents evolving from the conflict may concern us on the high seas and elsewhere and, by reason of their significance to international affairs, demand our serious consideration. But even these, grievous to us as they may be, do not require that we cast our physical power into the balance of war. For us there is a better way.

As to our attitude toward the nations now at war, there ought to be, and perhaps is, a common opinion. For the masses of those who comprise them, some of whom are dear to us because of racial connections, we should have only compassion in this their dark hour of suffering; for those in authority whose thoughtless arrogance provoked and precipitated the world calamity, another regard, as natural as the first and arising from the justness of our inmost being, should prevail. We can condemn as well as condole; for to man is largely given the management of the affairs of men. For the militaristic policy of Germany, we cannot and must not have any sympathy. The common knowledge of its workings, together with the results of recent investigations, condemn it as inhuman and characteristic of an age supposed to have long since passed away. For France we hold that natural affection which a child has for the guardian of its infancy; but we can serve France better out of this love than by mingling our blood with theirs at such a time as this.

England undoubtedly is the nation with which we have the greatest common interests; yet we cannot sacrifice our peace and strength for England's sake. The lesson taught us during the Civil War ought to convince us that our act of 1776 removed us from the mother country so far that, in the future, common interests need not occasion common sacrifices either of blood or of influence. Furthermore, aside from several minor and indirect offenses, the disposal of which we shall presently consider, we have no cause for complaint even against Germany. Let it be borne in mind that, in time of such a war, the United States Government is under obligation first of all to the people of the United States. The destruction of an unarmed British merchantman does not constitute an offense against American freedom.

But the violations already suffered! Is there a peaceful way for adjustment? Can we avoid the conflict and still retain our national honor? Yes; but we can scarcely hope either to obtain satisfactory recompense for losses sustained or to preserve that national honor if we allow ourselves to be drawn into a course that must cost a myriad *Lusitanias*. This war cannot go on forever. If it did, we could gain nothing by entering it. The day of final reckoning is not far away, and it is then that we can and will be heard. For a nation of thinking men to eschew arbitration is for a seer to play the fool, besides presenting to the world a flagrant anomaly.

Bryan has been unfortunate in having lived before that time of which he was the prophet. The people of these United States would have gladly and enthusiastically made him President had he delayed his political propaganda for a score of years. But having lived so that his doctrines and the times were "out of joint," he has been relegated to the fate of Webster, Clay, and Blaine —to the ignominy which universally graces positive men.

Yet, however this may be, in his present contention for peace at any reasonable cost, he is voicing the dominant note of America. And should the President at any time depart from his earlier stand of strict neutrality, he will have justly incurred the disfavor of the great majority of conscientious Americans. The desire for peace is universal among the masses of the common people, thoughtful and careful proceeding is everywhere being asked from those in whose power our future destiny lies, and a disregard of this—humanity's plea—invites inevitable disaster.

KEITH CANAY.

GETTYSBURG, OHIO.

IN DEFENSE OF THE KAISER

SIR,—May I be permitted to make a few remarks on the article about the Kaiser by Allan McLane Hamilton, M.D., LL.D., in your June number?

He says on page 875, "He it is who receives such promptings, suggestions, and orders from God that lead him to make ridiculous proclamations and to direct his army to violate all the rules of civilized warfare."

I understood that when the "contract" regarding Belgium was broken, self-defense and necessity were given as the cause. I have not read anywhere that the Kaiser stated he was guided by "such promptings." And I have not seen any "ridiculous proclamations" purporting to be verified by the Kaiser.

There are citizens of the United States who break contracts without the excuse of self-defense or necessity.

In the paragraph following that, Dr. Hamilton says: "All of us who see much of mental disease recognize the tendency of certain *déséquilibres* to ally themselves with God," etc., etc. But the Catholic Church teaches that all authority comes from God. And the Catholic Church has existed through the rise and fall of empires, and in the realm of moral theology claims to have received her authority from God. Of course, if one does not believe in a personal God, all references to any personal God or any expression of personal confidence in a personal God must seem ridiculous. As far as I have been able to learn, the speeches of the Kaiser merely express this personal confidence in a personal God—I have read nearly a volume of the Kaiser's speeches. Authority must have some moral backing.

Dr. Hamilton further says, on page 877: "This religious exaltation is attended by exaggerated ideas of personal fitness, which is shown in other things." Does it not seem quite natural that a sovereign who is surrounded by those who are his subjects, and perhaps many who are given to flattery, and who are in the habit of deferring to his opinion, should develop exaggerated ideas regarding his personal fitness about "things"? I think that disposition is very evident among citizens of the United States who do not happen to be in a position so exalted, but who are, however, surrounded by those who are constantly deferring to their opinions. And even the individual with a very small authority would, I imagine, like to lock up his critics if it were in his power to do so. The degree of self-conceit is generally in proportion to the position of authority, of superior influence, or superior brute force. No one will deny that the German Emperor occupies a position which is particularly favorable to the enforcement of his personal opinion or influence.

However, taken as a whole, I must confess that the Emperor's speeches published in English seem quite natural coming from a man in his position. I may not be a good judge, but is it not true that a specialist in any line has

a tendency to diagnose any case as a case in his own line? Is it not true that many surgeons perform surgical operations which are not necessary?

I doubt if the methods of German warfare, examined in the light of history and the facts of warfare by the English, for instance, are at all extraordinary. As far as using poisonous gas is concerned, I understand the French introduced poisonous gas, but were merely not so successful in its use. It would seem that in this particular instance the Emperor was slightly justified in his self-conceit. And just the other evening I saw an advertisement in the *American Machinist* which told of the superior quality of the ammunition it advertised over that of other ammunition of the same kind, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, the superiority consisted merely in its greater effectiveness. Is not that considered the most important thing in ammunition of all kinds? When men begin to make war, are they inclined to use the less effective methods of killing their enemies, especially if the same method was introduced, though less effectively, by their enemies?

Just because you are different from me does not prove that you are insane, or vice versa, does it?

J. MANDERY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CONCERNING UNEMPLOYMENT AND UNPERFORMANCE

SIR,—I have read with much interest the editorial in the May issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on "Unemployment and Unperformance." I append some comments which I cannot refrain from making; but all the same, I wish to thank you for the thought-arousing editorial.

> If philanthropists and publicists and sociologists will make these rational views of the case clear and will encourage the army of the unemployed to choose promptly and aright, and if they will also facilitate the agreeable and successful pursuit of the chosen courses, they will find the way opening for a solution of the problem.—NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May.

An adult suffering from unemployment is seldom in a position to "choose." It requires information and money to seek, find, and reach new fields of employment. It is a well-recognized sociological law that choice of vocation in the first instance presupposes a comfortable margin of income and leisure. The enforced idleness of unemployment hardly complies with the conditions of leisure which allow the possessor to make a discriminating choice. Certainly unemployment is seldom accompanied by a sufficient accumulation of savings to approximate an excess of income beyond daily needs.

Adaptability, though conferred on individuals in different degrees, is developed by a broad and liberal education. The army of the unemployed is not recruited largely from the ranks of those who have received such an education. The path of industrial development has everywhere been strewn with the wrecks of men who could not adapt themselves to new conditions. One of the most difficult achievements in the world is to successfully transfer men in middle age from familiar conditions and tasks to new surroundings and changed routine.

Philanthropists, publicists, and sociologists may talk, but only by well-organized bureaus of distribution will the great army of the unemployed be brought into contact with new fields of labor. And if bureaus of distribution

are needed to put labor where it is wanted, training schools to prepare adults for new vocations are even more necessary.

Women object to entering domestic service [says the REVIEW] because they dislike to be called "servants," and young men similarly eschew agriculture for fear of being considered louts and "hayseeds."

The vocation of servant and the vocation of farm laborer have even more serious disabilities than the stigma of belonging to the lowest rank of the social order. Even with the now-familiar Thursday afternoon off, and, perhaps, every other Sunday afternoon and evening added, the life of the average servant is far from desirable. Seven-thirty breakfast for the business man and seven o'clock dinner at night mean two or three hours more for morning preparation and evening serving and cleaning up. The family servant is thus on duty some fourteen hours. Until housekeeping is put upon a business basis so that the required service may be concentrated into reasonable working hours, we cannot hope to see many women, or men for that matter, "choose" this vocation. Though numbers may be forced into it, one can hardly expect even the ignorant and downtrodden to prefer fourteen-hour days of domestic service to eight and ten-hour days in factory or shop.

It may be true that the mental suffering resulting from the epithet of "hayseed" has driven a few farm boys to the city, but it is much more probable that the long, monotonous hours of labor without responsibility for the results and without share in the returns, the apparently narrow margin of a disappearing profit, and the absolute lack of recreation and mental stimulus of the average farm, have united to drive the vast majority of country boys to the city, where—in prospect at least—industry is rewarded, recreation provided, and opportunity is varied.

The tasks are not set by the laborer. They are set by the employer. The machinery for distribution and adaptation must be set going by those who have that margin of leisure and income which may insure right choice.

H. JAMES.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FOUR NOTABLE WAR ARTICLES

SIR,—I was much interested in reading four papers in the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. They stand in logical connection, pointing the way to that new world of peace for which we are all earnestly hoping.

First stands the "Why?" by W. D. Howells, that brings out in full force the reasons for our sympathy and support of the Allies, and especially of England. The full "Why" of the war is not developed, but it never can be while the ambitions and designs of the Powers are contained in the secret cabinets of emperors and kings.

When peace comes through the complete overthrow of German military power, then one great idea in aid of world peace presented by Norman Angell in "Neutralization of the Sea" will be a question for world consideration. When the ocean is prohibited as a fighting-ground for belligerent nations, it will not be far to "peace on earth" as well. When battleships of belligerent nations may meet on the ocean, as a German and an Englishman might meet today on American soil, saluting in quiet dignity as they pass, even so the enemy ships on the open sea would show their colors and pass on,

without challenge or shot. This provision would be hard for England to concede, but with her experience in this war she must realize that control of the sea is not a guarantee of safety.

The third paper, "A Potential Substitute for War," by Percy MacKaye, carries us down, as in a submarine, to the underlying causes, not only of war, but of the strife, turmoil, and unrest in civil life as well. Here is this writer's description of present life, even in time of peace: "Industrialism is so contaminated by suffering, disease, injustice, ugliness, hatred, death, and dull despair, that to millions of laborers, the conditions of war seem hopeful and visionary in comparison. . . . The conditions of industrialism, in short, *are* war, stripped of its dignity and national solidarity." We shall not find world peace while commercial and industrial arrangements are such that the man who works must suffer.

The fourth paper, "The Higher Patriotism," by John Grier Hibben, carries us, as in an airship, above the turmoil of military preparation and the contention of commercial competition, into a world free from the hate and jealousy of present life. Mr. Hibben shows us that if we would have world peace, we must have something more than the mere wish, or the expressed desire, that peace may come. "Give justice, love, mercy," is the foundation on which peace must be built up. "We can secure peace only by striving to realize in our lives the things which make for peace. It is not a matter of revolution, but of consecration. If we seek righteousness, and cause it to prevail, peace will inevitably follow." These be strong words, but not more strong than true. The only change I would suggest is to substitute the word "justice" in place of "righteousness." Justice sounds stronger and is more definite; the word seems to have the power of a self-enforcing mandate.

The "Higher Patriotism" is founded on the fact of the *oneness* of humanity. It is time to drop our narrow patriotism of race and nationality, and to adopt the words of Thomas Paine: "The world is my country, to do good my religion."

T. A. Carpenter.

Fort Dodge, Iowa.

THE MAN JESUS

BY MARY AUSTIN

CHAPTER III

No people can hear absolutely a new thing. The message that is delivered to them is one thing; the message heard is already half in the hearts of the hearers.

Jesus did not invent the phrase, Kingdom of Heaven; what he did contrive in the course of twelve or fourteen months' teaching, was to give to it entirely new meanings. As it stood in the heart of Israel it was a vision of a social order in which governorship should be of God and all temporal authority superseded by the Word. Working on this, the imagination of the time produced prodigies. More and more as the Gentile world pressed upon Jewry it had to be accounted for; how could the Kingdom come to a people knowing not Jehovah? Opinions differed as to whether Rome should be cast into outer darkness or be permitted to feel upon her neck the heel of Jewish autonomy. It might be that the Davidic line should be restored as a mere symbol of governance, or there would be twelve thrones of the twelve princes of the House of Israel. Differences of this kind were not doctrinal; they afforded a pleasant variation to speculation. As the tension of social and political unrest which ended in the revolt and fall of Jerusalem increased, they took on a prophetic cast. It was expected that swords should fall from heaven and come flaming in the midst of men, that the earth should yawn and all the widening rifts be filled with dead. The apocalypse, the vision of Judgment, was a favorite form of literature of the period.

There is a general impression that prophetic writing had ceased in Israel from the time of the Old Testament to the Gospels; but in fact there was a continuous though diminishing flow of it. The Jews had no profane history. All their writings were accounts of God in his dealings with them either as individuals or as a nation. Books of this kind, bringing the story of Israel down to his own time, were in circulation and had been read by Jesus; he quoted from them; from the book of Enoch he took the title which he very early began to apply to himself: The Son of Man.

But if no importance was attached to individual conceptions of the Kingdom and the manner of its inauguration, all Jewry was divided even to the sword and the spirit about the proper preparation for it.

Theoretically, Israel was a people united in the law, one in worship; actually, it was split into sects and factions over minutiæ of fulfillment. There was that old quarrel between the Samaritans and the Judeans concerning the mount upon which God should be worshipped, which had resulted, in the time of Cyrenus, in the Samaritans being disbarred from the temple. There were at least two ascetic orders, the Nazarenes and Essenes, of whom the first were as old as the time of the prophets; men dedicated to God from birth and sometimes before it, drinking no wine, celibate, cutting neither the hair nor the beard. They walked apart and sought out God in their own hearts.

The Essenes lived in communities, repudiated marriage for themselves but adopted children, prayed before and after meals, wore white, and had a sense of caste which made the touch of lower orders a defilement. They made no sacrifice except of their desires, devoted themselves to good works and practiced healing. They had community houses in all the large cities. It is not unlikely that as a lad the carpenter's son had gone to school to them, a kind of friar's school where one learned to read the scriptures and to be truthful, chaste and obedient.

Though they served to color the religious thought of the time, in numbers both Nazarenes and Essenes were inconsiderable. The great body of the Jews were either Pharisees or Sadducees. These last were mainly of aristocratic and priestly families. They held a practical monopoly of the Sanhedrin and the priestly offices, repudiating life after death, disbelieving God as far as anybody of that time dared disbelieve him. Opportunists, bent upon maintaining their own rights and privileges, they were sensitive to popular disorder lest it give the Romans an excuse for removing them.

Against these were the Pharisees, the aristocracy of moral assumption. So successful had they been in deluding the masses into a conviction of their superior virtue, that as patterns they had largely superseded the priesthood; in company with the Scribes, those scholarly and pedantic searchers of the scriptures, they set, as it were, the fashions in moral behavior. Their fields of action were chiefly the Rabbinical schools, where they taught that there is an immortal vigor in man which can be nourished to rewards or punishments in the life beyond this. Overnice in their liturgical observances, they were nevertheless the conservers of what was left of the ancient Jewish integrity.

In addition to these, there were in Galilee two fire-new vessels of social discontent: the following of the Baptist, among whom we reckon the Man of Nazareth, and the adherents of Judas called the Zelots, a considerable band who went mad with the abuse of authority under Gessius Florius, the procurator; who were reported not to value death nor any kinds of dying so long as they might call no man lord. They "had an inviolable attachment to liberty," and for the rest they agreed with the moral teachings of the Pharisees.

Over all was the hand of Rome, penetrating even into the dreams

of men so that they could not so much as imagine Heaven except in the terms of kingdoms and authority.

Into all this welter of formalism and self-seeking, formalism and piety, into attempted Hellenic culture and hole-in-the-corner asceticism, the Man of Nazareth poured out his message, to meet and contend with it, and be set back in its course like a stream pouring into the sea, finally to mix with it so that never any more could its meaning be traced clear until men should cease seeking at the meeting of the waters in the muddled word, but turn back to the immortal source of the Spirit.

It is a mistake, however, to think of Jesus at the outset of his career as opposed to all this; he was an inextricable part of it. Himself an avowed Baptist, there is some reason to believe that he held himself *Nazar*—vowed, set apart for God; he borrowed freely from the practices of the Essenes. It is probable that the family at Nazareth was pharisaical in the best sense, leaning a little to the too scrupulous fulfillment of the law rather than to a neglect of it. His brother James at least turned out a great pietist, and though he suffered a martyr's death, is described as wearing callouses on his knees praying in the temple for the spread of Christianity.

At least one of the disciples was a Zelot, and probably several of them were Baptists. One guesses that a certain aloofness, discernible in the beginning of his ministry, was actuated by the desire of Jesus to free himself from all these tangled and entangling lines of influence.

None of these, however, gave him so personal a difficulty as the effort to prevent his teaching from being swamped in the immediate human demand for material relief. After the opening of his ministry in Capernaum he made a tour of the neighboring cities, preaching in the synagogues and suffering similar interruptions.

A leper to whom knowledge of the new prophet's healing power had come, followed him across the fields protesting, "If thou wilt thou canst make me clean." It was not an extravagant confidence. The liturgical detail to be observed by a leper who has been cleansed is too complete not to warrant the belief that mental healing of leprosy was possible, even frequent, in Palestine. Although Jesus avoided healing, it is not of record that, once the afflicted succeeded in gaining his attention, he ever refused relief. On this occasion the faith of the leper and the compassion of the prophet were equal; but the caution to tell no man broke down before the natural flow of gratitude.

As the healed leper returned from showing himself to the priest and performing those things for his own relief and the protection of the community as prescribed by Moses, the news burst from him. It spread through all the countryside, and forthwith the preacher was engulfed again in the rising tide of human anguish. It drove him out from the cities to the hill places where only the strong could come to him. Shepherds heard him as they went with their flocks white from the spring shearing to feed on the plains of Esdraelon, wood cutters

going up toward Hermon, and a continual trickle from the towns; for, says the recorder, "all men were in expectation" straining toward the last struggle for Jewish autonomy. He visited Nazareth, preaching the acceptable year of the Lord, and discovered that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country; for, said the Nazarenes, "Is not this the carpenter?" Luke says they hustled him, but I find this incompatible with his ironic tolerance. The pinch of bitterness was yet to come.

It was after some weeks of this, when he returned to Capernaum, that there occurred the first of those encounters with established order which led on to his destruction and the final elevation of his message above the accidents of flesh. The house to which he had come, not his own but possibly Peter's, was so thronged with those who wished to hear and so besieged from the narrow street without that it was impossible for late comers to have access to him. But there was a man sick of the palsy whose desire for healing was equalled by his faith in the man from Nazareth to accomplish it. If they could only get at him! By this time Jesus' avoidance of publicity must have become a matter of general knowledge, for the sick man's friends took no chance of meeting the prophet on the public highway. They ascended by way of one of the flat, shoulder-to-shoulder houses, and from the roof let down the bed with the sick man through the open middle court which is the distinctive feature of Oriental dwellings.

Now was the wished-for moment when the prophet, moved by their faith and taking compassion on the sick of the palsy, should say "Take up thy bed and walk," but lying there with all eyes upon him the expectant sufferer heard a thing even more amazing. Said Jesus, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

It is possible that this was more germane to the case than appears from the meager account of it; whether or no this palsy was one of those nervous collapses which are the effect of excess, and had its seat deeper in the man's soul than in his quaking body, cannot now be more than suggested. Whether the remission of sin was addressed to the sufferer or beyond him to the waiting audience, it did strike across and reach the scribes who—with how much of honest inquiry who can guess?—had turned out to hear the new prophet. A scribe was in some sort a councilor of the law when one of the parties to the case was God Almighty. He was versed in all minutiæ of the scriptures and in nice interpretations. It was from the scribes that the Pharisees derived authority for all that punctilious observance by the exercise of which they assumed the virtues that no longer sprang spontaneously from their barren breasts. By a process which may be observed going on in our own day among legal interpreters, the work of the scribes had narrowed to the business of ascertaining just how far a man may push the letter of the law in his favor without incurring any of its penalties. Now, as they heard this so quietly uttered and so extraordinary statement, there ran a whisper from one to another, "Who can forgive sins

but God? Oh, blasphemy!" and there was a great wagging of turbans.

"Think you," said the Man of Nazareth, "it is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, take up thy bed, and walk?"

And, getting no answer from them, he continued: "That you may know that the Son of Man *hath* power on earth to forgive sins, I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house."

As the sick man arose and went forth before them all carrying his bed, there went forth with him the most revolutionary doctrine which had yet been pronounced among men: *The son of man has power on earth to forgive sins.* For observe, that up to this time Jesus had not thought of himself as the Anointed One, nor assumed for himself any character but that of preacher of an urgent word. There is no evidence that in the title by which he referred to himself he meant to express anything but the merging of his personality in his social function, to speak not as Jesus of Nazareth, but as heir of all the ages, a fraction of that close woven human fabric of which he at all times warmly felt himself a part. Later in his career he was to come back to this point and reiterate what was here so lightly indicated, the *community* of power, equally accessible to himself and his disciples—"Greater things than these shall ye do"—a power which even during his lifetime, under his instruction, they began to exercise. "Man," he said, "*hath* power. . . ."

It was no new thing for one man, by some process not yet fully understood, to reach across to another and so stir up the centres of his being as to set back the whole course of nature and effect a profound reorganization of his physical forces. That such a thing could be done was a common and ancient piece of human knowledge. But from times older than Israel it has been recognized that deep personal disaster can be traced to violations of laws which lie beyond the minor infringements of bodily illness, and are amenable only to the forgiveness of offended deity. There is always the chance of evading the consequences of such a violation by persuading the gods, or by setting them one against another; but it is a small chance and exceedingly uncertain. Pagan and Hebrew worlds alike brooded under a sense of inescapable destiny.

The doctrine that plain man could by plain man, his brother, be released from spiritual bondage, fell upon soil so unprepared that twenty centuries of harrowing have produced but a few thin sprouts from it. By what power resident in man, by what paths it is attained, was to be developed as a later part of his teaching. The disciples of Jesus perceived it only as a cloud on the eastern horizon. There was the thing before them in its concrete example of the man with the palsy, but the principle in its utter simplicity escaped them as the perfect pearl eludes the hand by its roundness.

It is impossible, however, to twist out of this incident any other meaning than that such release should pass from man to man. At

that time Jesus gave no evidence of thinking of himself as other than his companions except in the authority and singleness of his calling; all that he professed was the complete interpenetration of what we have agreed to call matter and spirit. It was a simpler and more direct form of what society begins to practice fumblingly, like a novice with a new instrument: the freeing of man by man; the criminal from the compulsion of his criminal nature, the obsessed from his evil obsession, the incompetent from his incompetency and—Heaven save the mark!—the poor from his poverty. About the much more advanced movement to free man from the violation of his physical nature by means of the spirit that is in him, I say nothing. It is among us in a form to admit of personal investigation on every side. We are tolerant of it as in their day were the scribes and the Pharisees, and tolerant for the same reason; we know that it has been done, but we are unfamiliar with and suspicious of the instrument. It is reported by one John Mark, who is described as having written down all that he could remember of what Peter told him of this occasion, that the launching of this revolutionary truth was accompanied with nothing more than a general amazed comment on the part of the Capernaumites that never in their lives had they seen things done in this fashion.

By this time, which could not have been more than six months after his baptism, Jesus appears to have broadened the scope of preparation for the Kingdom without having lost the sense of its immanence. On the way to his own house after the incident of the man sick of the palsy, he passed the office of the local tax collector, one of those minor officials to whom the Roman imposition was farmed out after the fashion which rendered Rome so obnoxious to conquered nations. It was an office hated not only for what it was but for what it stood for in the community, the constant menace of life and liberty in an age when death, mutilation, and the selling of whole families into slavery were adjudged not too severe punishments for delinquents. This Matthew, who from the description of him as "sitting at the receipt of customs" may have been a collector of imposts between Galilee and Perea, which lay along the eastern shore of the lake, had not yet been corrupted by his office, for the next we hear of him is his sitting at supper with Jesus and others of his following.

It was the custom in Oriental countries, in the absence of universities and public forums, for learned men to gather about them groups of disciples, sitting for disquisition on the housetops or at meat in the still, cool upper chambers. This was the practice of Rabbis in Israel, only in Israel there was nothing recognized as learning which did not concern itself with God and human conduct. Gatherings of this sort at the house of Jesus in Capernaum must have been of another sort than the slow, ordered discussions of Hillel and Shammai at Jerusalem, meetings full of hope and high-keyed expectation, looking toward the Kingdom.

Simon the Zelot would be there, the impetuous Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, nicknamed the Sons of Thunder, those impatient souls who would have called down fire from heaven on the villages which would not receive the prophet on his journey up to Jerusalem. There were also in that company Matthew the publican and other doubtful characters; sitting at the head of the board was the carpenter, witty, keen, sanguine, seeing Heaven in their midst and the great day so close at hand that they would scarcely have gone through the cities of Israel before it should be upon them. Whatever it was that went on in the house of Jesus, it was exciting enough or important enough for all Capernaum to be set gossiping over it.

"How is it," carped the scribes and Pharisees, "that this man sits eating and drinking with low fellows, publicans, whose word is not even taken in a court of justice, and sinners?" One suspects that the Pharisees had rather taken up the new preacher in the beginning—for a prophet might arise—and it was more than their sense of prophetic propriety which was slighted. But Jesus when he heard of it sent them word that he had come not to call the righteous but sinners. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," he said, in one of those flashes of gentle irony so characteristic of him; for if there was any class in Israel that was sick unto death with formalism it was the scribes and Pharisees. But another thing troubled them, and in this there was no doubt a measure of honest questioning. "John fasted," they said, "and the Pharisees fast, but why not thy disciples?"

There must be a special dispensation somewhere for those poor souls who would like to know the truth if they could only recognize it in an unfamiliar garment. Said Jesus, "Can the children of the bride-chamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them?" Also he said that no man seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment, lest the new piece tear away that to which it is sewed and the rent is made worse, and no man putteth new wine in old bottles, lest the bottles burst and the wine is spilled and the bottles marred. It was in this fashion that he placed the definite mark of modernism between himself and the Baptist. Whether or not he recognized the fullness of his message and its revolutionary character, he at least understood that it was a mistake to follow John in attempting to pour it into the old levitical mould. Jesus came preaching the Kingdom, but with new meanings and new manners. His vision on that point was perfectly clear, but the circumstance was too much for him; with his new cloth he tore the ancient fabric of Hebraism asunder; he poured his new wine into as many new bottles as could be found, and still the bottles burst.

CHAPTER IV

We shall have to go back to this remedial use of the Spirit as between man and man, called forgiveness of sins, but we must have more to go upon. From the time that Jesus came under the influence

of John to his declaration of a superior freedom of personal conduct, the sequence of events is clear, but the teaching is lost to us. That so little is recalled as being definitely placed in this period would imply that his audiences were small and his converts few in number. But at Capernaum he was again the object of public attention. He met here with that most coveted distinction of the revolutionist, opposition from the established order.

Both opposition and interest centered about these two points, his neglect of levitical formalities and his work as a healer. It was not that he failed to appreciate the value of ceremonial,—there is a custom of blessing bread before breaking it which is mentioned often enough to point the inference that he introduced it, and we find him paying the temple tax and keeping the great festivals of Israel with due observance,—but he went through the fabric of Pharisaical formality like a lion of Judah through a net set to catch fieldfares. It was only when he felt it close to the lesser personalities of his disciples that he stooped to justification. That was how we find him about the first of June of the year that began his ministry, walking with his disciples of a sabbath morning probably between village and village that he might preach at the morning and evening services, and passing on their way the fields of standing corn now whitening for the harvest. Perhaps the time was all too short for the customary midday meal, or the zeal of the preacher sometimes outran the nature of the apostle, for they, being ahungered, broke off and threshed out between thumb and palm the wheaten ears and ate them.

Now a man might not be condemned under the law for failing to fast, but threshing grain on the Sabbath . . . . here at last they had him! Here again Jesus defined for his accusers those principles of spiritual efficiency which determined all his conduct. "The Sabbath," said he, "was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." He also answered them a little more in their own key with a scriptural reference to what David did in the matter of the shewbread in the temple. It is doubtful, however, if the exposition, with its easy comparison of kings and carpenters, cleared the subject levitically any more than it satisfied them humanly.

Silenced they were but not answered, for we read that a little later, possibly on the same Sabbath or the next one, he was teaching in the synagogue and a man with a withered hand, posted there for that purpose, asked of him a healing. Fully aware of an intention to trap him into Sabbath breaking, for which in any notable degree he might be haled before the authorities, Jesus brought them face to face again with the spirit of that law by the letter of which they hoped to snare him. "What man of you that have a sheep fall into a pit on the Sabbath will he not lay hold to lift it out? . . . . and is not man more than a sheep?" There was more from the same source, but the Pharisees looked down their noses, unable to refute the argument and unwilling to admit it. It is the first time of record that Jesus showed

himself indignant with his audience. Reaching out his hand to the stricken man he lifted him from the pit of his own affliction.

We who are the inheritors of generations of prejudice against the class who opposed Jesus, need to remind ourselves that there is somewhat to be said in extenuation. The Pharisees were a people doing the best they knew to fulfill what they recognized as the supreme obligation, the will of Jehovah. Much that they did was done in anticipation of that closer union of God and Israel which was to be effected in the person of the Messiah. They served God as much as they were able and expected God to honor the alliance. Now here was this man of the common people, putting all their strained conformities to shame, and yet distinguished by God with the insignia of a true prophet. Not that they cared what the carpenter could do, but if this man were truly a prophet or, as began to be whispered, the Messiah, then had God passed them over. How the slight must have rankled! Would they believe it of God after all their meticulous service? Not they! Some other explanation must be found of the extraordinary phenomenon, and one was not long in forthcoming.

Shortly after the healing of the withered hand on the Sabbath, and possibly to escape the controversy stirred up by it, Jesus set sail upon Gennesaret for the opposite leopard-colored shore of Gadara. Here the hills broke off abruptly, full of caves, with little ledges of limestone running into the lake and little spits of sand breaking the shore. Swineherds fed their despised charges hereabouts; the caves were inhabited by lepers and the insane. What occurred there has come to us so mixed with popular superstition of the time that it is impossible to thresh out from it the modicum of fact, and perhaps not important. It was what people *thought* had happened that affected their attitude toward the teacher. It seems, however, that the Man from Nazareth was immediatley recognized and appealed to by one of the most unfortunate of that unfriended class, the demoniacs. It was so that all manner of mental and nervous derangements were described, as possession by evil spirits, a belief that Jesus seems to have shared. One such very pitiful case was healed here on the Gadarean shore under circumstances that excited the utmost superstitious awe of him, so much so that deputations came out from the cities round about and entreated him to depart out of their coasts.

It was this incident and some others like it which gave rise to the charge which was presently brought against him, that he cast out demons by the help of the very Powers of Darkness. The logic of Jesus that a devil casting out devils would be a house divided against itself, served not only to silence opposition for the moment but to augment the popular favor. All Galilee was aflame. Samaria heard of him. He seems almost to have been constrained to accept the significance of his healing at the common estimate, without, however, losing his remarkable poise and sanity.

The daughter of a centurion fell sick—at Capernaum, no doubt,

where a garrison was stationed—and the Roman, backed by the good word of his Hebrew neighbors, dared appeal to Jesus. By the time, however, that the prophet had reached the house, the child's condition was such that the rumor of her death touched with hysteria the ill-balanced Oriental household. To an impostor such an opportunity would have been irresistible. Dead certainly; and now behold a miracle! But the Man from Nazareth, quietly reassuring, passed through the crowds of excited domestics to the inner chamber. "She is not dead," said he, "but sleeping." Having taken her by the hand and waked her, he bade them in a perfectly commonsense manner give her something to eat and say no more about it. Out of this, which could not be kept entirely private, the common tongue multiplied wonders. The tide of enthusiasm rose and rolled over all parts of Judea even as far as Idumea. It reached John in his lonely prison; it rose almost to his own head.

Crowds poured into Capernaum from the surrounding country; they thronged him in the street if they might so much as touch his garment. Wherever he moved, the sick were laid out along his path, happy even to feel his shadow in passing. The tide of popular appreciation rose higher, it overflowed the narrow streets of the lake town and reached even to the hills of Nazareth. His people heard of his doings and came down to take him home with them; said they, "He is beside himself." In nothing so much have they confirmed the family status; it was so exactly like what would be expected of the leading family in a small town who had borne on their branches the greatest radical of their time. It is the last word as to their entire respectability. But Jesus made himself inaccessible in the midst of his disciples, and when word was brought to him that his brethren were without seeking for him, he answered them saying "Who is my mother or my brethren?" And looking round on those which sat about him he said, "Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God the same is my brother and my sister and my mother."

It must have been about this time that John called two of his disciples and sent to him saying, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?"

Now he that should come was the long prophesied Messiah, the Anointed One, who was to restore the Kingdom to Israel, concerning whose advent John had borne witness. It was a natural and inevitable question. It had been asked of John, who had himself been under no illusion as to the nature of his own calling. It was probably already being asked under the breath by believers of Jesus. From the answer he returned to the Baptist's inquiry, it seems likely that Jesus might have asked it in all humility of himself. For his answer when it came was neither an affirmation nor a denial: "Go your way," he said, "tell John what things ye have seen and heard, how the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, and to the poor the gospel is preached!"

All this is immensely interesting in view of what Jesus is known elsewhere to have said and indicated as to the relative place of his power to heal in his work as a teacher. From the beginning he seems to have regarded it as incident to his career rather than an integral part of it. He never ascribed it to any other power than the uninterrupted working of the Father in him. He never thought of it as a gift peculiar to himself, but attainable by any man who let himself be utterly shone through by the spirit that was in Jesus. For its complete operation he recognized the necessity of some sort of conjunction between the healer and the patient. Ordinarily this was accomplished by establishing belief between them—the desire to be healed accompanied by the firm conviction on both sides that healing was possible. "Believest thou?" and "According to thy faith be it unto thee," were his most frequent formulas; but he did not neglect to assist the faith of the applicant by material means when necessary. It is related of the first leper that applied to him, that Jesus touched him. To touch a leper was not only a levitical defilement, but a practical menace. It was because of this danger of contagion that they were required to go about crying "Unclean, unclean!" in an isolation more terrible than death.

Nothing then could have been better calculated to raise the faith of the unfortunate than that fearless human contact. To Jesus the leper *was* clean; and almost immediately he became so to himself.

Later, when his work of healing appears to have been overborne by his message and the unresponsiveness of the community, he used symbolic acts, such as touchings, anointings of the eyes, to create that rapport between him and his patient which was so important to success. Also it is recorded that in more than one town he did no mighty work because of their unbelief.

Although he once spoke, in reference to a stubborn case of possession, of the necessity of prayer and fasting,—he had just come on that occasion from a long session of spiritual communion,—he seems never to have related the healing power to any sort of goodness, any preferred frame of moral behavior. For we read that upon the cleansing of the temple in his most human outburst of indignation,there were brought to him in that same hour, lame and blind, and he healed them.

It is also indisputable that Jesus taught that healing could be sought by one for another; the faith of the parent for the child, of the master for the servant, acted as the solvent of disorder—or, if you prefer it, as the conductor of the divine inundation. Two or three instances of this sort shall be noted in their proper order; we have here to do with Jesus' own opinion as to what his healing powers witnessed. He offered them to John as the only available evidence, and in the same series, that the poor had the gospel preached to them. Is it too much to conclude that in offering the facts of his ministry rather than its message, his teaching was as yet differentiated from John's only by being an extension of it? In a beautiful tribute to the Baptist which

is reported to us by Luke, he places John at the forefront of the tribe of prophets. "Among those born of women . . . not a greater. . . ." If it is the case that John was the first to teach that the Kingdom of God is affected by relations between man and man, rather than between man and deity, the judgment of time would seem to agree with him. "But he that is least in the Kingdom of God is greater than he." If by this Jesus meant that the man who realizes in his daily life that perfect balance between man and his neighbor which is the essence of Christianity, is greater than he who merely announces it, here, too, history is in accord. John appears to us as a man who rather escaped such realization by his life in the Wilderness; but his disciple Jesus accomplished it.

This is almost the last we shall hear of the Baptist, for it was not far from this time that he should lose his life under Herod, the King himself being reluctant but trapped into beheading him by that Herodias whom John's preaching had so offended. It was fitting that this tribute should come from his most distinguished convert, and one reads with satisfaction that it was received with enthusiasm by the disciples of Jesus, many of whom had been baptized with John's baptism. And for the Pharisees and lawyers who rejected the counsel of God against themselves, there was one of those brilliant thrusts which, while it rendered his critics silent, always the more deeply enraged them. Said the Master:

> Whereunto shall I liken the men of this generation,
> And to what are they like?
> They are like unto children sitting in the market place,
> Calling to one another and saying,
> We have piped unto you and ye have not danced,
> We have mourned unto you and ye have not wept,
> For John the Baptist came
> Neither eating bread nor drinking wine;
> And ye say He hath a devil,
> The Son of man is come eating and drinking,
> And ye say Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber,
> A friend of Publicans and sinners.
>
> But wisdom is justified of all her children!

Among other things accomplished during the second stay in Capernaum, was the raising of the number of his personal following to twelve in remembrance of the twelve houses of Israel. Their organization was of the simplest; they had a common purse and were the recipients of his most intimate teaching. In nothing so much has Jesus shown his humanness to be of the same stripe as that of all great geniuses as in this selection, for of the twelve, one betrayed him, and only two or three after his death showed any particular aptitude for the dissemination of his doctrines.

But seeing all Israel as sheep lacking a shepherd, he seized upon

what seemed the likeliest material, and within a month or two began to send them forth to the cities of Galilee.

About the end of the barley harvest, if we accept the chronology which the color of his speech allows, they drew out of the plain of Gennesaret to one of those hollow cone-shaped hills of upper Galilee, having on its outer rim twin towering peaks like the frontlet of a bull, called the Horns of Hattin. It is reached by a foot path up through the Valley of Doves, between thickets of oak and thorn and oleander. Here the twelve came for their parting instruction, but not unmarked by that crowd of miserables who seem to have hung always about his path, ready to pounce upon the first faint hope of healing. Where the blind and the halt and the sick borne on litters were seen moving in a given direction, there the crowd came hurrying. They must have been at it all the warm starlighted dusk, threading the dim trails, for when Jesus, after a night spent in prayer apart on one of the peaks, came down into the amphitheatre, he found it filled with the multitude. Accounts differ as to what he said to them, but all agree that the occasion was notable and that he met it with a more than ordinary accession of preaching power. They agree, too, in presenting the sermon delivered between the Horns of Hattin as a practical direction for the conduct of life rather than a doctrinal disquisition. For something of the sort, the setting out of the disciples called; and in the manner of coming together of the crowd there was evinced a demand for instruction more explicit than the mere announcement of the Kingdom. Time and place had combined to make it the sincerest and best selected audience that had yet collected about the prophet.

Whether the things recorded as the sermon on the mount were first said there, or elsewhere, or whether, as seems likely, there were things said and repeated on various occasions, is unimportant. Some of them were framed undoubtedly to meet the exigencies of the twelve on their preaching tours, but all in all the discourse stands as the most consistent program of Christian character that had yet been offered.

It seems to have begun with a rush to meet the unvoiced demand that was made upon the teacher by their simply being there at such pains and in such numbers, anxious hearted; by the marks upon them of the conditions under which life was lived in Palestine, the personal tyrannies, the grinding impositions.

"Blessed are ye, O ye poor," he cried, "for yours is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye that do hunger and thirst, for ye shall be filled . . ." and one whose need was bread heard it as a promise of material relief, and whoso thirsted for the things of the Spirit, heard it as pertaining to the Spirit. To others who lacked everything it came as the promise of the Kingdom which was to come only Heaven knew how, but very shortly, a proletariat Heaven in which the poor were to be rich and the rich poor and everything quite and completely different. Taken with other things that he said then and upon later occasions, I can make nothing more or less of it than the involuntary expression of

his bright belief in the abundance of God lying open *in all things* to whoever would reach out and seize them. For he said again, "take no thought what ye shall eat, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on . . . for if God so clothe the grass of the field. . . . O ye of little faith!" And again, "for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

All his early teaching was vibrant with this joyous confidence of the Spirit to compel the flow of material things, health, food and raiment. He poured it out here, flashing his discourse now upon the twelve and now to the waiting multitude, and again sweeping them all into the compass of the hand as children of the Father. "Ye are the light of the world," he said, "Let your light shine among men. . . ."

For he was not come to destroy the law, but to fulfill it in terms of the thoughts and affections of men. They were not to think that the law against murder was to be kept by the mere avoidance of killing, but by the denial of hate and anger and all forms of enmity; it was not alone in incontinence of the flesh that unchastity consisted, but in the lusts of the eye and the imaginations of the heart. This was sterner doctrine to Israel than to us after a score of centuries, but the probe went even deeper. It struck at the very root of Hebrew morality, that austere and measured system of reprisal upon which their civil code was founded, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. *Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.* And as they expected God to deal with them, so dealt they with their fellows. "But I say unto you," ran the new teaching, "love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

In the multiplicity of points at which it touched their daily life, this was even a more revolutionary doctrine than that of the forgiveness of sins. But perhaps just because of its nearness they understood it better. This can be gathered from the readiness with which, after his death had sealed it to them, the early Christians practiced the new teaching; they were not, as we are, put at fault by the free imagery in which it was stated.

"Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," said Jesus; "and whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." But in the different accounts of it the context of this saying is changed. One suspects some crossing here of general principles and the special direction intended for the disciples who were about to set out on an errand in which it was important that no antagonism should be aroused. Jesus himself always went the second mile with his adversaries and at the end of it defeated them. The whole of that passage beginning "resist not evil," reads more like the best example of that spiritual astuteness that distinguished him than a declaration of religious principle. Wise as serpents and harmless as doves, they were to find in non-resistance the subtlest, completest form of victory. At least the passage was never interpreted by the

men who heard it as a doctrine of inaction. Both Jesus and his disciples were sharp in attack on existing evils, fearless in denunciation, not devoid of just wrath, and active in proselyting.

So much of the sermon as we have glanced at was constructive. The rest of it was mainly taken up with precept and illustration touching the peculiar weakness of the time, hypocrisy and formalism. Alms were to be given in secret, not to be seen of men; so also of prayer, which he enjoined on them. In the closet with shut door they were to seek the Father, and seeking they should find, knocking it should be opened unto them. "For if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

These were the sayings of Jesus in answer to the first eager cry of converts, "What shall I *do* to be saved?" For there was never any doubt on the part of those who listened to Jesus and his disciples that participation in the kingdom was dependent upon a changed conduct. "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees," and again, "not everyone that heareth, but he that doeth the will of my Father." That is why perhaps we have in the gospels so much of specific direction, and less than we would gladly hear of the spiritual illumination from which it proceeds. For it is impossible not to realize how little resemblance there is between the God of love whom Jesus came preaching and the Jehovah of the Hebrew scriptures, jealous, capricious, avenging, worshiped with bloody rites at Jerusalem, with scapegoat and sin-offering and burnt offering of bullocks and of rams. It was not in either of the great Jewish sects that he found the doctrine of man in God and God in man as implied in the terms of kinship used by Jesus. Yet in none of the gospels is it set down as a new doctrine, nor was the preacher ever called to account for it. Though there is some reason to believe that he regarded it as an important part of his mission to make known the true nature of God, Jesus himself never explained when or by what means he had come by the revelation. It was one of those truths which lie at the bottom of the deep wells of human understanding, so native to its element, so intrinsic, that, once realized, it is not thought of as requiring explication. With something of the same simplicity with which it was offered, the fatherliness of God was accepted. But your true Oriental is always a mystic. It was easier for him to realize that "no man knoweth the Father save only the son"—that is to say, that only by the God-in-Man is the God beyond man apprehended—than it was to understand how the kingdom of God could be set up in Israel without the physical overthrow of the Roman Empire. The sermon on the mount instructed those who heard it in the sort of behavior which at the same time fitted them for the approaching Kingdom of Heaven and provided a way of escape from destruction, but in respect to the scope and manner of that Kingdom when it should come, it left them exactly where it found them.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

FRANCIS BOWEN

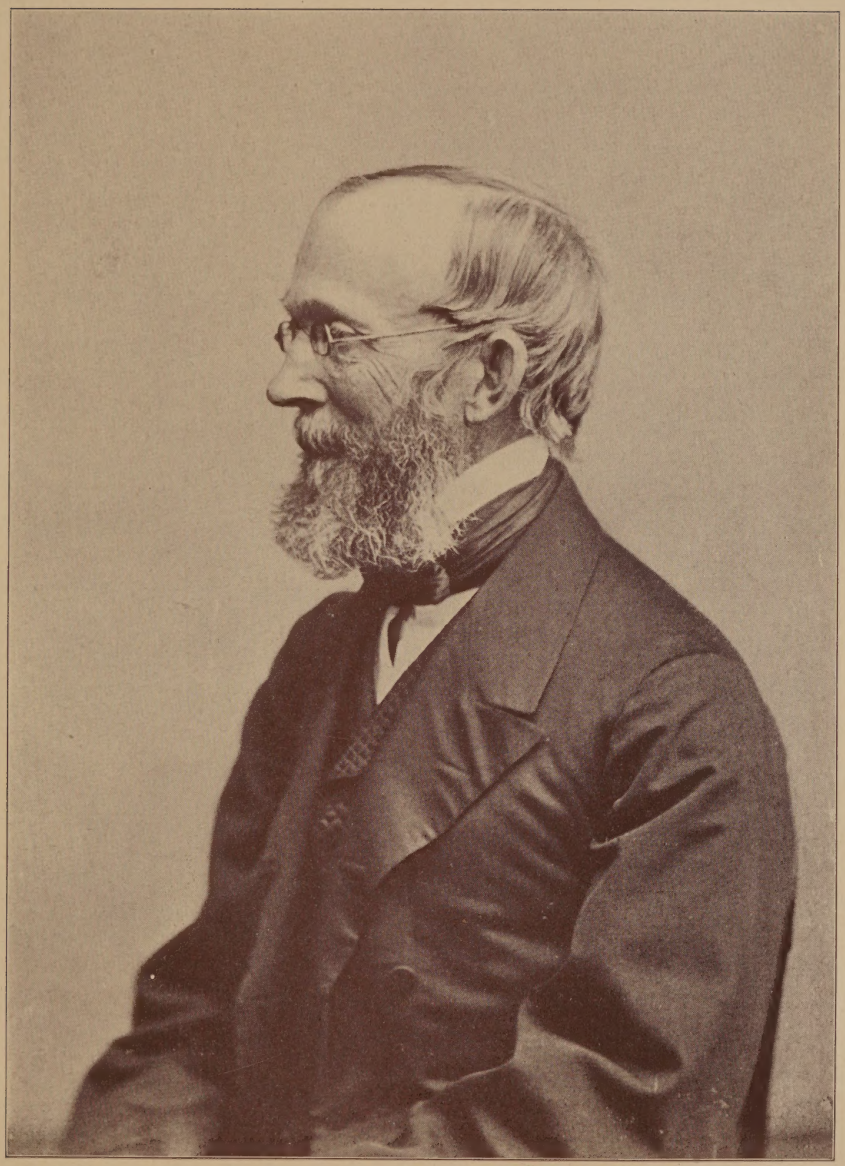
NINTH EDITOR OF THE REVIEW

The successor of Dr. Palfrey to the editorship of the REVIEW was Francis Bowen, who became the ninth editor, and also the proprietor in January, 1843. The outstanding feature of his successful connection with this publication was the fact that during the ten years of his editorship he contributed more than a fourth of the articles in the periodical. He was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, September 8, 1811, and was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1833. Two years later he was invited by the University to become instructor in intellectual philosophy, a position he held until 1839, when he resigned in order to have leisure for travel and study in Europe. He lived some time in Paris, where he met the distinguished scholars of the day, including Sismondi, and about whose life and works he wrote most sympathetically in an essay which he published in 1848 in the REVIEW, without, however, mentioning this acquaintance. With many of Sismondi's economic beliefs he was in accord, notably his protest against Ricardo's theory of rent. Mr. Bowen was always definite in his contentions, and could not be convinced that Adam Smith's theory of free-trade was to be supported, nor was he a Malthusian. He wrote of Malthus's views in this way: "Of all the doctrines of the English political economists, that of Malthus is at once the most absurd and most pernicious. It is a futile attempt to throw off the burden of responsibility for that state of things which is plainly attributable to nothing but human selfishness and improvidence; to consider as unremediable those evils which flow directly from a vicious form of social and political organization, and from unjust and unnatural laws. Its only monition is, *to let things alone.*"

Equally was he in opposition to Kant, Fichte and John Stuart Mill. He did not hesitate to use the channel of the REVIEW for the assertion of his political views, and this frankness was the occasion of costing him the McLean professorship of history at Harvard in 1850, when the Overseers failed to confirm his appointment. However, when Dr. Walker became President of the University, Mr. Bowen was asked to succeed him as Alford professor of natural religion and moral philosophy, and this time with the nearly unanimous vote of the Overseers. This work was most congenial to his tastes and habit of mind and he brought the best of his scholarly attainments to his university work.

He was associated with an earlier editor of the REVIEW, Jared Sparks, in the latter's great work on *American Biography*, and contributed to the seventh and ninth volumes Lives of Sir William Phips and Baron Steuben. And when Mr. Sparks issued the second series of the *Biography* Mr. Bowen was again asked to write for it.

Mr. Bowen was not an original nor imaginative writer, but his critical faculty was of a high order, and he maintained the standard of literary criticism which the REVIEW had won for itself since its beginnings. Mr. Bowen died in Boston January 21, 1890.



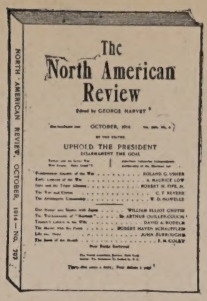
FRANCIS BOWEN

THE NINTH EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1843–1853.

1915

August

ONE-HUNDRED-FIRST YEAR



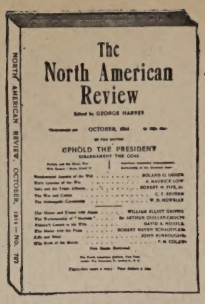
Contents

VOL. 202: NO. 2

		Page
"AMERICA FIRST"	THE EDITOR	161
LORD NORTHCLIFFE AND THE WAR	SYDNEY BROOKS	185
AN INVENTORY	WINIFRED KIRKLAND	197
PHANTOM ARMIES SEEN IN FRANCE	THE HON. MRS. ST. JOHN MILDMAY	207
THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO VOTE	JAMES C. HEMPHILL	213
INTERNATIONAL FINANCES	FRANK W. MAHIN	220
LIFE AND CHANCE	JOHN BURROUGHS	226
JOURNALISM AND PERMANENCE	GAMALIEL BRADFORD	239
FRIAR ROGER BACON	FREDERIC HARRISON	242
"A.E."—MYSTIC AND ECONOMIST	ERNEST A. BOYD	251
POCHADES	NATHAN HASKELL DOLE	262
DOSTOIEVSKY	W. B. TRITES	264
THE BOOK OF THE MONTH	LAWRENCE GILMAN	271
NEW BOOKS REVIEWED—CONTEMPORARY ECHOES LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		277
THE MAN JESUS: A Serial. (Continued)	MARY AUSTIN	304
ANDREW P. PEABODY: Tenth Editor of the REVIEW		320

The price of The North American Review is thirty-five cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price 36c. for postage, and those in foreign countries 96c. Remittances should be made by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. Renewal orders should be sent in promptly in order to avoid a break in the receipt of copies.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 171 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

SYDNEY BROOKS
is one of the most distinguished of English journalists. His contributions to important reviews and magazines in England and America have won him an international reputation as an observer and publicist.

WINIFRED KIRKLAND
is known as one of the more thoughtful among contemporary contributors to American magazines of the higher grade. She was born at Columbia, Penn.

THE HON. MRS. ST. JOHN MILDMAY,
before her marriage to Captain Wyndham St. John Mildmay, was the Honorable Alice Katharine Hamilton-Russell, eldest daughter of the eighth Viscount Boyne. She is a prominent figure in relief work among the wounded in London, and has had exceptional opportunities for learning many of the experiences of those sent back from the front.

JAMES C. HEMPHILL,
the prominent Southern journalist, is a native of Due West, South Carolina. Since 1911 he has been editor of the Charlotte *Observer*, and is peculiarly qualified to express the Southern point of view regarding the subject about which he writes in this issue.

FRANK W. MAHIN
was born at Muscatine, Iowa. He was owner and editor of the *Daily Herald* of Clinton, Iowa, and later served in the United States Consular service in Austria, England, and The Netherlands. He has recently been reappointed Consul at Amsterdam.

John Burroughs,
the veteran naturalist and author, was born at Roxbury, New York, in 1837. Among his most popular volumes are *Winter Sunshine*, *Birds and Poets*, *The Light of Day*, *Literary Values*, *Ways of Nature*, *Leaf and Tendril*.

Gamaliel Bradford,
was born at Boston in 1863, and received his education in the Massachusetts public schools, in travel abroad, and at Harvard. A life of leisure has enabled him to pursue the study of literature. Among his writings are *Types of American Character*, *A Pageant of Life*, and his recently published volume on General Lee.

Frederic Harrison,
the eminent English writer, critic, and philosopher, is the author of more than a score of volumes on literature, history, economics, philosophy, etc. He is now in his eighty-fourth year.

Ernest A. Boyd
has held the position of assistant editor of *The Irish Review*. He has been a frequent contributor to the leading Irish newspapers, and is a close student of the Irish Literary Movement.

Nathan Haskell Dole
graduated from Harvard in 1874, and for a number of years thereafter was engaged in teaching. He was for a time musical and literary editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, and was on the literary staff of several leading publishing-houses. He is the author of many books.

W. B. Trites
is an English critic whose brilliant studies in literary appreciation have attracted wide notice. He is also a novelist, and his book, *Life*, was a "best seller" in England.

Mary Austin,
whose serial, *The Man Jesus*, began in the June issue of The Review, is a native of Illinois, but spent many years in California, the country of which she has written with such sympathy in *The Land of Little Rain*, *Lost Borders*, and *California*. Mrs Austin has devoted some ten years to the preparation of this scholarly piece of work, which has included a study of the historical sources in many countries. Its universal appeal passes the bounds of sectarianism.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

WE CAN BE OF ASSISTANCE TO YOU IN SELECTING A SCHOOL. WRITE US APPROXIMATE LOCATION, KIND OF SCHOOL, AND AMOUNT DESIRED TO SPEND. BOOKLETS OF ANY SCHOOL CAN BE HAD ON REQUEST.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 171 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Recognized as the leading institution for dramatic training in America

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
FRANKLIN H. SARGENT, President
DANIEL FROHMAN JOHN DREW
AUGUSTUS THOMAS BENJAMIN F. ROEDER

For catalogue and information, apply to
THE SECRETARY
Room 160
Carnegie Hall
New York

CARNEGIE HALL
NEW YORK

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL
Healthfully located in beautiful Garden City, 18 miles from New York. Buildings completely equipped. Gymnasium, swimming pool fine athletic fields. Prepares for any college or scientific school. Competent master at the head of each department. A LOWER SCHOOL FOR YOUNGER BOYS. For information and Catalog, address,
WALTER R. MARSH, Headmaster, Box 30, GARDEN CITY, L. I., N. Y.

WESTCHESTER ACADEMY
WHITE PLAINS, New York
Reopens Oct. 1. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Summer session. For references and particulars
Address the HEADMASTER.

THE SHEPARD SCHOOL
on Narragansett Bay will appeal to those parents whose boys are of a nervous temperament, or have congenital deformities, or are suffering from the effects of infantile paralysis, scarlet fever, or any other physical drawback. At The Shepard School a boy's life is so ordered that his physical welfare takes precedence over everything else. He learns to become efficient by doing and observing. For booklet giving detailed information address
FRED WALKER BURNHAM, M.A., Principal,
5 Hamilton Ave., WICKFORD, R. I.

EASTERN COLLEGE
Co-ed. 30 m. from Wash., D. C. A 20th Century College. Fine new bldgs. Standard A. B. course. Also two-year degree courses in Lit., Ped., Domestic Science, Expression and Business, for high school graduates. Superior Music Conservatory. Select academy for boys and girls. $275 a year. Opens Sept. 28th. DR. H. U. ROOP, Pres., VIRGINIA, Manassas, Box K, (The Battlefield City).

CLUSTER SPRINGS ACADEMY
CLUSTER SPRINGS, Va.
A Select School for Boys and Young Men.
HAMPDEN WILSON, Principal.

LUCIA GALE-BARBER SCHOOL
of Rhythm and Correlated Arts. Home and Day School for earnest young women seeking Knowledge and Culture. General and Special Courses. Rhythmic expression for mental, physical, and artistic development. Music. Fine and Industrial Arts. Languages. Normal Course in Rhythm. Catalog. MARY GALE-DAVIS, Pd.M., Principal. 2003 Columbia Road, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE WEIGESTER STUDIOS OF VOCAL MUSIC
A complete education for the singer. Superior instruction at moderate rates. Pupils assisted in securing positions. Write for booklet "X." R. G. WEIGESTER, Director, Carnegie Hall, NEW YORK CITY.

School, College and Camp Advertising Rates

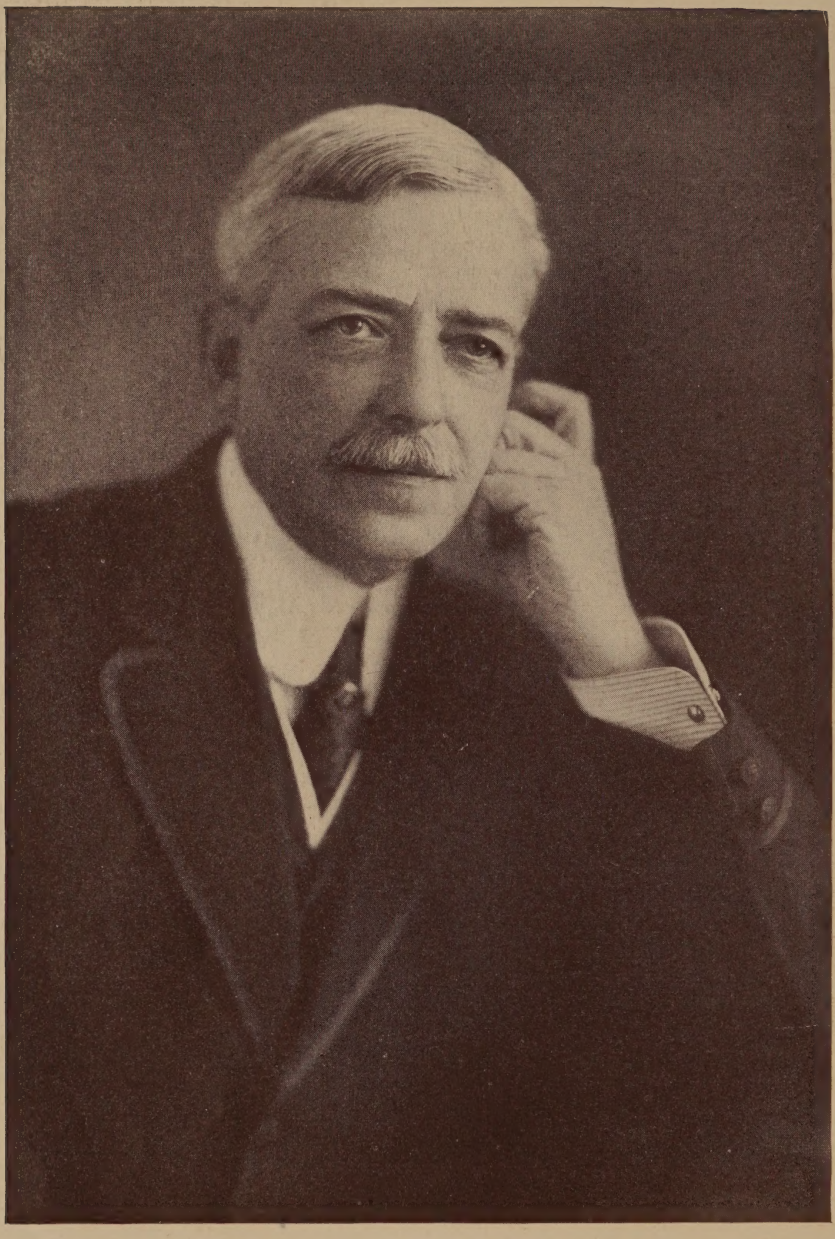
July 1, 1915

	1 month	3 months	6 months	12 months
7 lines (½ inch)	$1.40	$1.33	$1.26	$1.12
14 lines (1 inch)	2.80	2.66	2.52	2.24
⅛ page (2 inches)	5.00	4.75	4.50	4.00
¼ page	10.00	9.50	9.00	8.00
½ page	20.00	19.00	18.00	16.00
1 page	40.00	38.00	36.00	32.00

FOR EACH INSERTION

Forms close on the 10th of the month preceding date of issue.
Standard of measurement, agate; 14 lines to an inch.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 171 Madison Ave., NEW YORK CITY



ROBERT LANSING
SECRETARY OF STATE

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

THE STORM-CENTRE OF BRITISH POLITICS

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AUGUST, 1915

"AMERICA FIRST!"

"SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD"

BY THE EDITOR

Our whole duty, for the present at any rate, is summed up in the motto: "America First!"—President Wilson to the Associated Press on April 20, 1915.

If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me.—President Wilson to first voters in Philadelphia on May 10, 1915.

We trust that the day will never come when it may seem necessary to remind a President of the United States of what America stands for or of his own responsibility as the chosen conservator of the rights and liberties of her citizens. But there do come times when it is advisable to clear away the mists of logomachy and take a fresh perspective, to the end that there shall be no obscuration of the straight line of duty. To our mind this is one of those times because—and too great stress cannot be put upon the vital fact—our nation is now at the parting of the ways. One path points to honor and self-respect, the other to obloquy and shame; one to maintenance of free democracy, the other to craven submission to arrogant monarchy; one to *America First* in reality as well as in words, the other to *Americans Last* in the consideration of their own Government.

Copyright, 1915, by North American Review Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

We are not of those who would evade responsibility or avert criticism by shouting vaguely, "Stand by the President"; that is a course befitting subjects, not citizens; but in fact, as our readers well know, we have upheld him consistently in this crucial instance, not because he was President, but because he was right. We hope to continue to support him for the same reason. What we wish to make certain is that he recognizes the need of a change, not of policy, but of method. Words having borne no fruit, recourse must be had to acts which shall speak so loud that their meaning cannot be wilfully misunderstood or safely ignored. As we write, response has not been made to the insulting German Note; we assume that it will be reiterative of demands and exemplary in form; our interest is not great; academic discussion palls in the face of vital things. It is not what the President is going to say, but what he is going to do, that concerns us as a nation desirous of peace but neither too weak nor "too proud" to fight if driven to the hateful necessity.

"My interest in the neutrality of the United States," said the President on April 20, "is not the petty desire to keep out of trouble. . . . I am interested in neutrality because there is something so much greater to do than fight; there is a distinction waiting for this nation that no nation has ever yet got. That is the distinction of absolute control and self-mastery. Whom do you admire most among your friends? The irritable man? The man who will fight at the drop of the hat, whether he knows what the hat is dropped for or not? Don't you admire and don't you fear, if you have to contest with him, the self-mastered man who watches you with calm eye and comes on only when you have carried the thing so far that you must be disposed of? That is the man you respect. That is the man who, you know, has at bottom a much more fundamental and terrible courage than the irritable, fighting man. Now, I covet for America this splendid courage of reserve moral force."

"It sounds well," once remarked Grover Cleveland, reflectively, of an address by a college professor; "what do you suppose he means?" So, too, this, in common with the official declarations which we have commended so highly, has a fine ring, but what we want to know is how much further the disdainful Kaiser must carry this particular thing before the self-mastered man with the calm eye will "come on."

Lest we forget:

On February 4 Germany, in brazen violation of international law and usage, declared the waters surrounding the British Isles a "war zone" and threatened to destroy every enemy merchant ship "without its being always possible to avert the dangers threatening the crews and passengers on that account."

On February 19 the United States protested against the abridgment of the "*acknowledged rights*" of American citizens on the high seas and declared that she would not only hold the German Government to a "*strict accountability*" for any such infringement but would "*take any steps that might be necessary*" to safeguard American lives.

Germany wasted no words in reply; she answered with an act unparalleled for barbarity in modern history. On May 7 —nearly three months ago—she sank the *Lusitania* and murdered more than a thousand unoffending men, women and children, including more than one hundred Americans, without giving them so much as a chance to save their lives.

On May 13 the United States expressed a "confident expectation" that Germany would "disavow" an act "so obviously subversive of the principles of warfare" and firmly declared her intention "not to omit *any word or act* necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights" of her citizens.

So far from "disavowing" the dastardly performance of her naval officers, Germany gloried in their achievement. A holiday for general rejoicing was decreed by municipalities, and press dispatches from Denmark recorded that "*the Kaiser bestowed upon Lieutenant Hersing, commander of the U-21, the decoration of the order Pour le Merite, in recognition of the torpedoing of the Lusitania.*"

Again Germany's actions spoke louder than words, but there were words, too, many of them, shuffling, irrelevant and false. With crocodile tears, simultaneously with her official festivities, Germany expressed "deep regret to neutrals concerned that nationals of those countries lost their lives," through the skill of Lieutenant Hersing, decorated by the Kaiser. "According to reports here [in Berlin]," the answer of May 28 continued, "the *Lusitania* when she left New York had guns aboard which were mounted under deck and masked", and "lastly"—this without qualification—"the *Imperial Government* must especially point out

that on her last trip the *Lusitania* had Canadian troops aboard." Both of these statements were false.

Again—on June 10—the President patiently submitted proofs to the German Government that it had been "misinformed," reiterated his understanding that Germany accepts "as established beyond question the principle that the lives of non-combatants cannot lawfully nor rightfully be put in jeopardy by the destruction of a non-resisting merchantman", and sought "assurances" that this principle be put into practice.

On July 9—four weeks later and two months after having assassinated one hundred American men, women and children—Germany responded to the President's frank and considerate representations with a contemptuous sneer.

> The Imperial Government learned with satisfaction from the note how earnestly the Government of the United States is concerned in seeing the principles of humanity realized in the present war. Also this appeal finds ready echo in Germany, and the Imperial Government is quite willing to permit its statements and decisions in the present case to be governed by the principles of humanity just as it has done always.

Whether this opening sentence was designed to be ironical is a matter of opinion; we neither know nor care; let it pass. Nor does the grandiloquent condescension of the *Imperial Government,* in permitting its "statements and decisions" to be "governed" by the principles of humanity, merit even passing attention. We asked respectfully that their deeds, not their words, be made to conform to humane principles; and to this request they make no response.

> The Imperial Government welcomed with gratitude when the American Government, in the note of May 15, itself recalled that Germany had always permitted itself to be governed by the principles of progress and humanity in dealing with the law of maritime war.

The *Imperial Government,* in turn, is welcome to whatever gratification it can derive from contrasting its honorable past with its shameful present.

> Since the time when Frederick the Great negotiated with John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson the Treaty of Friendship and Commerce of September 9, 1785, between Prussia and the Republic of the West, German and American statesmen have, in fact, always stood together in the struggle for the freedom of the seas and for the protection of peaceable trade.

Are they standing together now? Read this from the ancient treaty between Prussia and the United States which is still in force:

If one of the contracting parties should be engaged in war with another Power, the free intercourse and commerce of the subjects or citizens of the party remaining neutral with the belligerent Power shall not be interrupted.

It is this explicitly guaranteed right to engage in free intercourse and commerce with other nations that we contend for and *all* that we have contended for; it is, moreover, this self-same privilege which Germany denies to us and whose abridgment she demands. What impudence to talk of "freedom of the seas" and "protection of peaceable trade" while simultaneously designating illegal "war zones" and torpedoing merchant ships indiscriminately!

Germany likewise has been always tenacious of the principle that war should be conducted against the armed and organized forces of an enemy country, but that the enemy civilian population must be spared as far as possible from the measures of war.

Conceding that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was a wanton massacre and not a "measure of war," the most striking example of Germany's tenacity in sparing civilians is afforded by Belgium.

The case of the *Lusitania* shows with horrible clearness to what jeopardizing of human lives the manner of conducting war employed by our adversaries leads.

One might infer that England sank her own ship. Or perhaps it was France or San Marino. But no!

If the commander of the *German submarine* which destroyed the *Lusitania* had caused the crew and passengers to take to the boats before firing a torpedo this would have meant the sure destruction of his own vessel.

One way to have obviated the "sure (?) destruction of his own vessel" was to refrain from slaughtering innocents, even at the risk of not winning the decoration of the order *Pour le Merite* for glorious assassination. In any case—

After the experiences in sinking much smaller and less seaworthy vessels it was to be expected that a mighty ship like the *Lusitania* would remain above water long enough, even after the torpedoing, to permit passengers to enter the ship's boats.

So really no harm to anybody was intended; the outcome was unfortunate, to be sure, but how else could the gallant

Lieutenant Hersing have got his medal and the school-children of Germany have obtained their holiday? Besides——

In addition it may be pointed out that if the *Lusitania* had been spared thousands of cases of munitions would have been sent to Germany's enemies and thereby thousands of German mothers and children robbed of bread winners.

How much wiser to rob American mothers and children at home of bread-winners and to kill the American mothers and children aboard the *Lusitania,* thereby conserving the interests of superwomen as well as of supermen!

The American Government will also understand and appreciate that in the fight for existence, which has been forced upon Germany by its adversaries and announced by them, it is the sacred duty of the Imperial Government to do all within its power to protect and save the lives of German subjects. If the Imperial Government were derelict in these duties it would be guilty before God and history of the violation of those principles of highest humanity which are the foundation of every national existence.

It may, indeed, prove to be a fight for existence; but "*forced upon Germany*"? Then it was England, not Germany, that was fully armed and equipped and ready to spring at a moment's notice! And it was France, not Germany, that tore up the "scrap of paper" and made the irresistible drive through brave little Belgium, devastating her fields, burning her villages, shooting her old men, violating her women; France, rushing on and on in a mad fury to the very gates of Berlin until—why, until the unoffending Germans drawn hurriedly from all parts of the Empire to defend the firesides of the Fatherland managed to gather in sufficient numbers to crowd back the overreaching invaders; of course; and, of course, too, we understand—"understand and appreciate"—that in such circumstances it is indeed "the sacred duty of the *Imperial Government* to do all within its power to protect and save the lives of German subjects," even though despised Americans and other helpless neutrals do perish in the process. Of what consequence are their paltry lives—the lives of men like Frohman and Pearson and Hubbard and of mere American women and children when contrasted with a possibility of the *Imperial Government* finding themselves "guilty before God and history"—history especially—"of violating principles of

highest humanity"? But there is no need to indulge in a contemplation so horrifying. The Almighty, in common with ourselves, we assume, is duly informed that——

> If in the present war the principles which should be the ideal of the future have been traversed more and more, the longer its duration, the German Government has no guilt therein.

From which two inferences are obvious: (1) That humane principles *have been* traversed in the past and (2) that they *will be* traversed "more and more" as the war continues. So the *Imperial Government* absolve themselves in advance. *Me* (positively) *und Gott* (reservedly) can do no wrong. And the United States of America and her President, her Congress, and her people can go to hell.

For that is what Germany says to us; just that; nothing more and nothing less. She disavows none of her crimes; she makes no suggestion of reparation; she recognizes no rights of neutrals; she reiterates her repudiation of all treaties and of all laws, whether among nations or of civilization and humanity, which may conflict with her own conception of military necessity; she apologizes for nothing; she concedes nothing; she acknowledges nothing; she seeks only to secure our approval of her lawless practices through our acquiescence in her proposal that we waive our unquestioned rights upon the high seas and sail so many of our ships as she may permit, under her surveillance and subject to her dictation; having injured us, she would wrong us; having insulted us, she would humiliate us; that is all there is of this insolent declaration.

Not one of our moderate demands is accorded even the courtesy of frank recognition; all are in effect denied; each and every one is either tacitly spurned or impudently ignored.

Never before has this country and seldom, if ever, has any country been treated so contemptuously. Why is this? What has happened to convince even a truculent autocracy that this Republic can be flouted with impunity? Surely history warrants no such assumption. Tripoli at the outset was taught her lesson by Jefferson, England first by Madison and again by Cleveland, Mexico by Polk, France by Lincoln, Spain by McKinley, and Japan, more decisively than is commonly understood, by Roosevelt. What now induces Germany to believe that President Wilson does not mean what he says? That "strict accountability" signifies nothing?

That definite and solemn pledges to " take any steps that may be necessary " to enforce American rights are but empty phrases?

Is " watchful waiting " largely responsible for a misapprehension that may prove to be fateful? It is a natural inference. The facts cannot have escaped the attention of Germany that in Mexico we have permitted our treaties to be ignored, our flag to be spat upon, hundreds of American citizens to be murdered, and hundreds of millions of Americans' property to be destroyed; that we have bullied and cajoled to so little effect as to evoke only derision from common bandits; that after sacrificing the lives of a score of our own sailors and killing hundreds of Mexicans in the name of " humanity," we backed away from the anarchy which we had substituted for a Government and calmly announced that after all it was " none of our business " and that there should be no further interference during the period of the present Administration. That the *Imperial Government* should reason that the Kaiser is surely as awe-inspiring as Carranza or Zapata and that flat refusal to protect American lives and property on land warranted full expectation of like conduct respecting outrages upon the seas is readily understood.

But obviously there is another and more insidious cause back of the *Imperial Government's* insolence,— nothing less than a fixed belief that the sentiment of this country is not only divided but is veering in their direction. " Feeling in the United States," placidly remarks the inspired *Morgen Post* of Berlin, " is changed from what it was at the time of the *Lusitania* sinking and President Wilson will have to satisfy this new feeling in considering and answering the present note. That the note will meet unrestrained approval at the hands of a large part of Americans is certain." For this impression undoubtedly, as we foresaw, the resignation of Bryan, supplemented by the traitorous utterances of hyphenated editors who write as Germans, not as Americans, is directly responsible. And it is because of this conviction beyond question that the *Imperial Government's* address was in no sense, categorical or otherwise, a response to the American Government; it was a stump speech to the American people; not an answer to the President, but an appreciation of Bryan.

Germany's misconception of our real attitude may be at-

tributable to her stupidity or to her wilfulness; it matters little. The important fact is that President Wilson's mind harbours no illusions. Speaking in New York on April 20, he said:

> Men are saying that if we go to war upon either side there would be a divided America—an abominable libel of ignorance! America is not all of it vocal just now. It is vocal in spots, but I, for one, have a complete and abiding faith in that great silent body of Americans who are not standing up and shouting and expressing their opinions just now, but are waiting to find out and support the duty of America. I am just as sure of their solidity and of their loyalty and of their unanimity, if we act justly, as I am that the history of this country has at every crisis and turning point illustrated this great lesson.

It was well that the President should voice his faith in his countrymen in return for the splendid confidence which they had manifested in him. And, happily, there has been no change on either side. But three long months have passed since the most damnable outrage we have ever known was inflicted upon American citizens, and we are still waiting, not now to "find out," but to "*support*," the duty of America. Following the lead of our President, we have acted more than justly; while he was showing, as he should have shown, the utmost consideration, we have proved our patience, our long suffering, our sincere devotion to peace. But we can go no further along a road which leads nowhere; nor can our guide, if he would keep the faith; a new way, an effective way, must be found to uphold the dignity and maintain the honor of the Republic. Reasoning has proved futile, pleading has been spurned; no course is left but to *suit the action to the word.* There is no question of an "ultimatum"; every American Note has contained the ultimatum that our rights and the rights of all neutrals are inviolable and must be recognized in theory and in practice. We confidently anticipate a yet more emphatic and a *final* expression in the reply which, as we write, is in the making.

And then—if, as we foresee, no adequate response shall be forthcoming *immediately*—but one thing will remain to be done. We can no longer humiliate our envoys by compelling them to represent in other capitals a Power which defies and derides their own country. We can no longer retain in Berlin an Ambassador personating a National sovereignty which is contemned by the *Imperial Government*

to which he is accredited. We can no longer extend our hospitality to the obnoxious Minister of a disdainful Prince. We can no longer recognize in any way a Power which by its own deliberate, flagrant and sinful practices has constituted itself an outlaw among nations.

Would action to this end mean war? That would be for Germany, not for us, to determine. Nor would we turn a feather to influence her decision. If so be it that the great issue between Autocracy and Democracy is in the crucible. while only that long, thin line of the gallant sons of France stands between civilization and the domination of the Huns, it ill becomes the citizens of this Republic to evade any responsibility or to " omit any word or *any act* " veering so much as a hair's breadth from " *support of the duty of America.*" Germany is " fighting for existence " of her own volition. So, involuntarily, are the peoples of England and of France. So may we be compelled to do to withstand the *Imperial Government's* ruthless endeavor to place " *Deutschland über* "—not merely France and England, but —" *über Alles.*" Let their words be ours. No more than they and *never* so long as patriotic spirit animates American beings shall this free Republic be found " guilty before God and history of violation of those principles of highest humanity which are the foundations of every national existence " and of all civilization.

We can but believe that, when those American men and women were swept to their doom from the decks of the *Lusitania,* after vainly trying to save " the kiddies," their hearts were comforted by the certainty in their minds that they had a country. Shall we who live sear the trusting souls of those who died by forgetting that they were our kinsmen and were slaughtered like sheep in a pen?

A YEAR OF WAR

The first year of the War of the Nations has been a year of dispelled delusions. Never before, probably, have so many beliefs been shattered, so many expectations been disappointed, so many unexpected things come to pass. Almost every preconceived notion of importance concerning the military situation in Europe has been proved an error. Almost everything which was confidently declared impossible has been performed.

It used to be said that despite, or perhaps rather because, of the bloated armaments there would never be a war between any of the great military Powers. The forces of destruction which they had manufactured and marshalled were so tremendous and appalling that no government would dare to release them and set them in action. As a matter of fact those forces, on land, on sea, under the sea, and in the air, were and are far more powerful for destruction than they were supposed to be. Yet they have been unchained in all their potency without the slightest hesitation.

It was also said that war was impossible because the money-kings of the world would not permit it. The great capitalists who held the purse-strings of the empires would not provide the means of waging a war which would destroy the value of vast investments if it did not actually bankrupt the belligerents. Their profit was in the transactions of peace, and they would not themselves assist in the destruction of those profits. Yet the capitalists of the world flocked forward with avidity to provide the financial means of beginning and maintaining the most costly war, in gold as well as in blood, that the world has ever seen, and they are now, after a year, straining every nerve to supply the means of keeping it going.

There was a familiar and confident belief that whatever nations might fight each other, Great Britain and Germany certainly would not. France and Germany might fight over the "lost provinces"; Italy might wrest "*Italia Irredenta*" from the hated Austrian; Russia might try forcibly to absorb the Slav states of Austria. But Great Britain and Germany, which never in history had been at war with each other, would assuredly not fight. Each was the other's best customer in trade, and each had too vast a sea-borne commerce to be risked and sacrificed in war. They might grumble and growl at each other, and compete in naval expansion; but two nations of shopkeepers would never be so foolish as to ruin their trade by actually fighting. Yet for a year these two have been the recognized leaders in the war on their respective sides, and it is seen that the war is primarily and fundamentally between them, with the others as mere followers and aids.

Again, there was a feeling that since the Congresses at The Hague the world had entered a new era in which "the common sense of most," if it did not actually "hold the

fretful realm in awe," would greatly restrain belligerence and would in any event make the nations more than ever amenable to international law and observant of treaty obligations. Yet this war was begun with one of the most flagrant and cynical violations of a " scrap of paper " that the world has ever seen, and it has been throughout the year conducted on land and sea with an unsurpassed disregard not merely of the agreements of The Hague but also of some of the longest-established and most generally recognized principles of international law. Not in a hundred years has there been another so lawless conflict between civilized Powers.

So much for the irenic illusions which have been rudely dispelled. There were others, relating to the conduct of the war in case it should occur.

It would, men said, of necessity be a very short war. Its great cost would limit its duration. The tremendous destructiveness of its human and mechanical agencies would make it impossible for it to be long maintained. One or two gigantic battles would end it. There would be no protracted sieges; there could be no long campaigns. Flesh and blood, and gold, could not endure the strain. Well, the war is costing more, in money and in lives, than was expected; there have been long sieges; there have been not one or two but many stupendous battles; and at the end of a year it seems to have little more than begun, and judicious authorities are talking of two or three more years of it.

There was a general agreement, too, that war if it occurred would be civilized and humane in its conduct. Savagery, massacre, rapine, wanton vandalism, were things of the past. International agreements had put an end to them. The use of poisons and other barbarous agencies would of course be unknown; prisoners would be humanely treated; and the lives, rights and property of non-combatants would be sacredly respected. Yet methods of warfare worthy only of Malayan savages or Barbary pirates have been widely practiced; the ill-treatment and even the murder of prisoners have been not uncommon; while rape and loot and devastation, directed against the civil populace, have raged to an extent hitherto unknown since the days of Pappenheim's Black Riders and the sack of Magdeburg.

There is or should be another awakening from illusion, of special and intense interest to America. It is, or should

be, seen with convincing clearness that the United States enjoys no intrinsic immunity from implication in European wars. The present war began almost exactly a hundred years after the close of the last preceding general European war. Theoretically we had nothing to do with that former war. Practically it so affected our vital interests that we were involved in a separate war with one of the chief belligerents. If Great Britain and France had not been engaged in a life or death conflict, we should have had no war with Great Britain in 1812. The present war has, after the lapse of a hundred years, affected our vital interests and national honor in a similar manner, to an extent which has actually strained our relations with at least one of the belligerents and has forced us to regard our involvement in hostilities as painfully within the pale of possibilities. The over-confident boast that we were exempt from Europe's broils rings vain and hollow. A century ago we had no such exemption, and we have none to-day. As a world-Power we cannot regard with indifference a war among other world-Powers; nor can we rationally imagine that our position is so isolated as to assure us freedom from being attacked or from being compelled ourselves to take up arms in vindication of our rights.

These are the lessons, or some of them, of the first year of the war. They may seem discouraging to some who have cherished visions of peace, and alarming to those who have imagined America to occupy a place apart from and superior to the rest of the world. They should be neither. Great as is the inevitable disappointment of the world at the flouting of treaties and the breach at once of the law and the peace, it should not for a moment deter men and nations from the effort to establish peace in the world upon the only possible basis of justice, and through the only effective means, namely, the education of the people in ways not merely of peace but still more of international justice and righteousness. Great as is the revelation of menace to America, it should cause no panic nor alarm, but rather a calm and thoughtful resolution to set our house in order in readiness for a contingency which we must deprecate and which we must hope will never occur, but from which we must realize that we enjoy no exemption.

WILL THE WAR BANKRUPT EUROPE?

The most instructive and significant comparison of the cost of this war is not with that of any former war so much as with the wealth of the nations and with, therefore, their ability to endure the fiscal strain. In our own great war of half a century ago, to which we naturally turn for an example, the North, with a population of 21,000,000 and a total estimated wealth of more than $10,000,000,000, spent $1,000,000,000 a year for four years. That was ten per cent a year, or a total for the war of forty per cent, of our total wealth. It was also about $50 per capita annually. How does that compare with what Europe is doing at the present time? Or, rather, what should Europe be able to do on such a basis?

Let us take the case of Great Britain, since its fiscal operations and conditions are better known than those of any other of the belligerent powers. Mr. Asquith, in speaking about the recent loan of several billion dollars,—which was promptly over-subscribed,—said that the cost of the first year of the war to that country would amount to $5,000,000,000. Now the United Kingdom has a population of about 45,000,000. At five billions a year, therefore, the war is costing it $111 per capita, or more than twice as much as the Civil War cost the United States. On the other hand, the wealth of the United Kingdom is estimated at $80,000,000,000; so that the war is costing annually only 6.25 per cent of that, instead of the ten per cent which our war cost us. Great Britain could therefore keep on at the present rate of war expenditures for nearly six and a half years before she had consumed as large a part of her total wealth as we did in four years, namely, forty per cent. That is, obviously, because Great Britain is much richer, per capita, than the United States was half a century ago. From such a point of view, then, the fiscal outlook of the war for Great Britain is by no means disheartening. The war can scarcely last six years, but if it does, the United Kingdom will be subjected to no greater pecuniary strain than the United States was in the Civil War.

For the other belligerents the outlook is less favorable, because their wealth is less, per capita, than that of Great Britain. France is by far the most favorably situated of them all, her wealth being only a little less than that of the

United Kingdom; but the others show a painful contrast with these in their per capita wealth. Great Britain, the richest country in the world, is estimated to have a per capita wealth of $1,777. France stands second, with $1,625. The United States is third, with about $1,300. Fourth,—among the great powers,—at a long distance, comes Germany, with only $923; and then Italy with $588, Austria-Hungary with $500, and Russia with only $250.

It is an obvious and inevitable reflection that, if money is indeed the sinews of war, the Allies have an enormous advantage over Germany and Austria-Hungary. The per capita wealth of either Great Britain or France is considerably greater than that of Germany and Austria-Hungary combined. The total wealth of France, despite her far smaller population, is greater than that of Germany, while that of the United Kingdom approximates that of Germany and Austria-Hungary put together. The combined wealth of Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy is nearly two and a half times as great as that of Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The effect of the war upon foreign commerce is also to be considered, though it may not be easy to determine which side has the advantage. On the face of the case the Allies would seem to be the more favorably situated. Their control of the sea enables them to maintain their foreign trade with little interruption, and at the same time practically to annihilate that of their opponents. Beyond doubt, that results in great convenience to the one side and great inconvenience, perhaps in some respects distress, to the other. Convenience is not always, however, a criterion of profit. The export trade of the Allies has been much impaired. British exports this year, we are told, have decreased by at least thirty-three per cent. That means that the balance of trade is heavily against that country, and, therefore, that there is a large outflow of gold to foreign creditors. Germany may suffer inconvenience and privation through being unable to import goods, but at least she is not being drained of gold to cover an unfavorable balance of trade. If she cannot import goods she does not have to export gold.

The case of the colonies is somewhat different. Germany has lost all of her extensive possessions, or at least has lost all communication with them. Theoretically, sentimentally, and with respect to the far future potentially, that may be

accounted a heavy loss. Practically, for present purposes, it is an actual gain, for the reason that the colonies were not a source of revenue to her, but of heavy expense, and of that expense she is, through the loss of them, now relieved. The seizure of some of her colonies and the severance of intercourse with the others are consequently a pecuniary advantage to her. On the other hand, it is also an advantage to the Allies, at least to Great Britain and France, to retain possession of their colonies, since these have been and are sources of large profit to them.

In two major respects these conditions and processes are of direct pecuniary interest to the United States. Obviously, a great opportunity for commercial profit is afforded us. We hear of European orders for war supplies and other commodities placed in this country, to the amount of scores and even hundreds of millions of dollars, which must have a stimulating effect upon our industries. In the first five months of the present year British imports increased by $160,000,000 and British exports decreased by $360,000,000. As we have long been her chief source of imports and have stood second as a purchaser of her exports, —Germany being first,—the meaning of this is not difficult to divine. She is buying more than ever from us, and is selling us a little less than before the war, to the great advantage of our balance of trade with her. It will also be noticed that there has been a very marked increase in the volume of shipping on the high seas under the American flag, which we may hope will prove permanent.

The other feature of interest is more purely financial than commercial, and it is this: that because of the war European countries are reselling to us the American securities which they have been holding. It is estimated in round numbers that before the war something like four billion dollars' worth of American securities, including railroads and industrials, were held in Europe, chiefly in Great Britain and France. These have been coming back to us for redemption at the rate of more than a million dollars a day. Down to the middle of the present year the total amount thus thrown back upon the American markets was about $400,000,000, or ten per cent of the whole. It is an interesting and gratifying circumstance that we have been able to receive and to liquidate this large amount without embarrassment, and indeed without any considerable effect upon our own money

market. It is no small achievement thus to pay off ten per cent of our foreign obligations in less than a year, and the circumstance suggests the cheerful prospect that if the war continues and this liquidation continues we shall become far less of a debtor nation than we have been, if, indeed, we do not become a creditor nation. With the redemption of foreign-held securities at the rate of ten per cent a year, and the increase of foreign loans placed and held in this country, the balance of credit may in time be in favor of the United States.

There arises finally the question of the ultimate solvency of the European Powers, and especially of those which are beaten in this war. Will they be able to meet their obligations, or will they be compelled to repudiate their debts? At the outbreak of the war the belligerents were already burdened with debts which seemed enormous by the side of ours. That of France was $6,280,000,000; of Germany, Empire and States, $5,000,000,000; of Russia, $4,553,000,000; of Austria-Hungary, Empire and States, $3,700,000,000; of Great Britain, $3,486,000,000; and of Italy, $2,706,000,000. But already those debts have been enormously increased; though not, of course, by the entire expenses of the war, since these latter have been met in part by increased revenue from special war taxation. Anticipating the ending of the war at the earliest possible date, however, we must expect these debts to be doubled, while the trebling and even the quadrupling of some of them, especially of that of Great Britain, cannot be regarded as beyond the limit of possibility.

What, then, could the United Kingdom do with a debt of, say, ten billions; and what could the other countries named do with a comparable load? Again we must naturally turn to our own record for an example. Our national debt at the end of the Civil War amounted to $2,682,500,000. As the nation was then reunited, this must be reckoned as resting upon the population and wealth of all, and not merely of the North, as in our former computation. The population was then approximately 33,000,000, and the wealth probably $16,000,000,000. It must also be observed that we are now considering the debt, and not the cost of the war, a large part of which had been met out of the current revenue of the government. The debt in 1865, then, amounted to $81 per capita of the population, and to something less than 17

per cent of the wealth of the nation, which latter was then only $485 per capita. On the same basis, what debt could Great Britain endure? At our rate of $81 per capita her 45,000,000 people could carry only $3,645,000,000, or less than they already have incurred. But we must remember that their per capita wealth is $1,777, instead of only $485, and its national total is $80,000,000,000. A debt of 16.7 per cent of that, corresponding with ours in 1865, would amount to no less than $13,360,000,000. If, then, the British debt should be increased as a result of this war to more than thirteen billions, or nearly four times what it was when the war began, it would still be, in proportion to the wealth of the nation, no larger than ours was at the end of our war, when we rightly reckoned it little short of moral treason for any one so much as to hint at insolvency or repudiation.

There is, of course, another important consideration, which makes in the other direction. That is the difference in recuperative powers between America and European countries, though this is not all on one side. The comparative ease with which we bore and reduced our debt was due to the rapid growth of the United States in population and wealth. No such phenomenon is to be expected, or indeed is possible, in any of these European countries. On the other hand, some of them practice a degree of thrift of which we Americans have no conception, and others have developed an industrial and commercial potency far exceeding ours and of immense profit. It would, therefore, be injudicious to gauge their debt-bearing powers entirely by our own. We should doubt if the United States could or, at any rate, would have paid the forced tribute of two billions as expeditiously and as cheerfully as France did at the close of the Terrible Year, and we may expect to see the nations bear their increased burden of debt with a fortitude and an efficiency from which something might be learned by ourselves. At any rate, it would be rash and probably unjust to assume that as a result of this war, stupendously extravagant as are its expenses, the nations of Europe will be bankrupted and will repudiate their debts. Our own indignant resentment of such hints concerning ourselves may well restrain us from such imputations upon our neighbors. All Europe may become the "weary Titan" of Arnold's vision, but it was forty-odd years ago that he had that vision of England, "staggering on to her goal." During all those

years the load " well nigh not to be borne " has increased, and yet has been borne. So, we may believe, she and her neighbors will bear their burdens; staggering, perhaps, at times, but never falling. The sinews of war will be sorely strained, but they will not break.

NUMBERS IN NATIONAL DEFENSE

It was observed in these pages eleven months ago, and repeated last month, that " Our own Revolutionists, the Boers, and the Belgians have left no room for doubt that one patriot defending his country is the equal of three members of an attacking force;" whereupon says the Hartford *Times:*

> Colonel Harvey should consult the figures concerning the total number of British troops and American patriots engaged in the wars of the Revolution of 1812.

But why? " Gentle shepherd, tell us why? " Is it for confirmation of our statement? Or should we have figured more exactly and have said, not that one defender is equal to three aggressors, but that one is equal to 2.999, or to 3.001? Or again, and preferably, is it to suggest an opportunity for correcting once more that most persistent error concerning the " total number of American troops " engaged in the Revolution? The common statement is that the Colonies furnished to the Continental army 231,771 men, beside nearly half as many more militia, and it seems to be supposed that Washington had something like that number of men in his army; " which," as Euclid says, " is absurd."

There are two points of view from which to regard the subject. One is that of the total population of the belligerent States. At the time of our Revolution no census had been taken of either England or America. But seeing that in 1790 the population of this country was ascertained to be only 3,172,006, Patrick Henry's round-number estimate of three millions in 1776 may well be considered above rather than below the mark. The first British census in 1801 showed a population in the whole United Kingdom of 15,896,452; from which we may safely conclude that in 1776-1783 it numbered as much as 10,000,000. Ten millions to three is something more than three to one.

The other point of view is that of the number of soldiers enrolled and engaged on each side. It is recorded, as we

have said, that 231,771 men were enrolled in the Continental army. That sum is obtained by the facile but quite futile process of adding together the yearly figures, from 1775 to 1783; taking no cognizance of the fact that thus men serving for three years are counted three times over, and that men re-enlisting are duplicated. The fact is that not one-fourth of that number were ever enrolled at the same time, and that the Continental army never had an effective strength of more than one-tenth of it. The greatest number ever enrolled at one time was less than 47,000, in 1776; and that represented enrollment, not efficiency.

At Bunker Hill the Americans were 1,200, against 3,400 British. At Cambridge in January, 1776, Washington raised the flag of Commander-in-Chief over fewer than 10,000 men. When the Declaration of Independence was adopted he had fewer than 8,000, while the British here numbered 30,000. In August, 1776, at New York, Washington had 10,514 men, mostly militia, and no fleet, while Howe had 31,625, of whom 24,464 were the equal of the finest veterans of Europe, beside a powerful fleet, giving him full control of the water. On Long Island, Washington had fewer than 8,000, chiefly raw militia, while Howe had more than 20,000 regulars. In 1777 Washington never had more than 11,000 men. In the spring of 1779 he had about 8,600 effectives, while the British at New York and Newport numbered about 16,000, not to mention other thousands in the South.

In the closing scenes, Cornwallis at Petersburg had 5,000 veteran regulars, and yet was baffled by Lafayette with only 1,000 Continentals and perhaps 2,000 raw recruits; and he was shut up at Yorktown with 7,000 regulars by Lafayette with 2,000 Continentals and 3,000 untrained militia.

So much, then, for the numbers in our Revolution; abundantly confirming our former statement. Let that statement, however, not be misunderstood, or misconstrued into an argument against adequate preparation for national defense. It must be borne in mind that conditions of warfare have greatly changed. Morgan's riflemen, and even Ludington's militia, had as effective weapons and ammunition as the veterans of Burgoyne and Cornwallis. Even artillery could be made by the Americans about as well as by the British. But to-day what would an improvised militia army amount to when confronted with the tremendous enginery of Essen, Le Creusot or Woolwich? Granted that we could

make as good cannon and shells; that would avail us little if an abundant supply of them were not made and ready for use when war broke, for such things cannot be turned out over night, like the moulded lead bullets of the Revolution. The discrepancy between the trained and thoroughly equipped regular army and the improvised volunteer force is almost immeasurably greater than it was in the Revolution, or even in the Civil War. In our article in which we spoke of the efficiency of one defending patriot against three invaders we were particularly discussing the defensive potency of the best trained and best equipped army in the world.

There is one other point. Could we at this time hope to oppose one against three of an attacking force? A great European military empire, getting control of the sea with a superior fleet, could easily throw an expeditionary force of 250,000 men upon our shores. It would not undertake the invasion of America with fewer. But where have we one-third of that number of effective men to oppose to it? Our regular army could scarcely provide an effective field force of more than one-sixth, or at best one-fifth, of that number. The tremendous defensive power of Germany, where every man is a trained soldier, is no criterion by which to judge the power of the United States, where only about two men in a thousand of the population have even rudimentary military training.

We confidently reaffirm our statement that one patriot in defense is equal to three invaders in attack; equipment and efficiency being approximately equal. But we are no less insistent in the demand that this nation shall be made and kept ready at any time to oppose every three possible invaders with one defender as well equipped and as efficient as they.

THE BALANCE OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS

Nature maintains an equilibrium. She will not permit the world to become either over-populated or depopulated, until the time comes for writing "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!" upon the wall. There has prevailed a notion that the former of those conditions is prevented by the occurrence of great wars and pestilences. Doubtless these things do have their effect. But they are not a part of Nature's plan.

They are sporadic and abnormal, and, save in a very few cases, quite insufficient for the needed end. Not since the Black Death of the Middle Ages has there been in Europe a pestilence sufficient to affect materially the growth of population. Moreover, there is no reverse of these things to serve as a stimulus to failing population. The methods of Nature are more subtle than these, but they are more constant in operation, and are more effective. Some recondite but infallible law, the nature of which is not yet understood but the results of which are clearly seen, appears to provide automatically for a certain balance between births and deaths, and between the increase of population and the duration of life; a law perhaps as certain as that of gravitation or of the conservation of energy. Why not? If the propagation of the race is a part of Nature's scheme, why should it not be controlled and directed by Nature's laws?

When the birthrate of a country rises, its deathrate also rises; and when the birthrate falls, the deathrate also falls.

Superficially observed, this process, or at any rate the latter part of it, is attributed to "conditions." Neglect of sanitation, it is explained, causes a high deathrate, as in Russia. On the other hand, improved sanitation causes a lower deathrate, as in Great Britain. These are obvious truisms; but they are no explanation of the balance between birthrates and deathrates, since they do not apply at all to the former, and only in part do they apply to the latter. For the deathrate is falling in some countries in which sanitary conditions are not improving, or are improving too slightly to be taken into account; and it is practically stationary in some countries in which the very greatest improvements are being made in sanitary conditions. In other words, there is no invariable correspondence between deathrates and sanitation.

As for the birthrate, it is difficult to see how sanitation could directly affect it in either direction, though, of course, its influence upon infant mortality might be and probably is very great. That it does not in fact affect the birthrate is evident from statistics. In some countries in which sanitary conditions are worst the birthrate is highest; and vice versa. In some countries in which sanitary conditions are best the birthrate is lowest; and vice versa. There is no uniform rule.

There is, however, almost universally and invariably a

close relationship between the birthrate and the deathrate. The exceptions to it are such as can readily be traced to special circumstances which do not affect the general truth. There is also a similar relationship or correspondence between those rates and the average duration of life. That is to say:

Where the birthrate and deathrate are high, the duration of life is short. Where the birthrate and deathrate are low, the duration of life is long.

These rules obtain not merely in a few individual cases, which would prove nothing; but in the countries of the world taken in groups and as a whole, which is highly significant and suggestive. Thus of twenty-one leading countries outside of America, where vital statistics are too meagre and uncertain to serve our purpose, eleven have an average duration of life of more than fifty years, and ten of less than fifty years. The eleven, with the greater longevity, have an average birthrate of 24.9 and a deathrate of 14.08 to the thousand yearly. The ten, with the less longevity, have a birthrate of 36.2 and a deathrate of 22.5. The difference between these figures is so great that its significance cannot be ignored; and this significance is emphasized by the comparison of some individual cases. For example:

Russia has of all the highest birthrate and the highest deathrate, and the shortest duration of life.

Australia and New Zealand have almost the lowest birthrate and decidedly the lowest deathrate, and the longest duration of life.

Yet the natural increase—that is, the excess of birthrate over deathrate—is exactly the same in Russia as in Australia.

To cite the figures:

Russia has a birthrate of 45, a deathrate of 28.3, longevity of 27.8, and a natural increase of 16.7.

Australia has a birthrate of 27.5, a deathrate of 10.8, longevity of 56, and a natural increase of 16.7.

Russia's birthrate is more than 63 per cent and her deathrate more than 162 per cent higher than Australia's, yet the percentage of excess of births over deaths is precisely the same in both.

Another comparison to the same effect may be drawn between Austria-Hungary and Great Britain. Austria-Hungary has a birthrate of 31.7 to Great Britain's 24.4; a death-

rate of 21.2 to 14.2, and longevity of 38.3 to 53.8, and a natural increase of 10.5 to 10.2.

It is impossible to believe that these things "just happen so." They are surely the result of some ordered principle, concerning which four theories are advanced:

First—That because bad sanitary conditions cause a high deathrate, Nature incites fecundity in order to make good the loss and to prevent depopulation.

Second—That a high birthrate, which means excessive fecundity, overtaxes physical vitality and exhausts material resources, and thus causes a high deathrate and short duration of life.

Third—That because good sanitary conditions make a low deathrate, Nature spontaneously induces a low birthrate, in order to avoid overpopulation, and thus conserves vitality and increases longevity.

Fourth—That because of a low birthrate, from whatever cause, nature increases vital forces and thus lowers the deathrate and increases longevity so as to prevent depopulation.

Whichever of these, or whatever combination of them, may afford the true explanation of the intensely interesting tendencies of vital statistics, the controlling law in the case seems to be inexorable. No country has ever more earnestly and persistently striven to increase its birthrate than has France; yet that rate has remained stationary. None has more devotedly and scientifically striven to maintain its rate than Germany; yet that rate has for some years been rapidly and irresistibly declining. The deathrate may to some extent, and to an increasing extent, be controlled, though not invariably. The birthrate is quite beyond control, except as it is lessened by the lessening of the deathrate. It is a grim reflection that if, by sanitation and therapeutics, we save men from dying, we at the same time prevent children from being born; and, conversely, that if we wish to increase the birthrate the surest way to do it is by neglecting sanitation and letting the deathrate increase!

Nevertheless, if the former of these processes be inevitable, and if to lower the deathrate means to lower the birthrate also, it will be wise and humane to continue our efforts to that end.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE AND THE WAR

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

Lord Northcliffe has been a power in British journalism for now nearly twenty years. It was on May 4, 1896, that the first issue of the *Daily Mail* was sold in the streets of London. Its advent marked a revolution in the press not merely of the metropolis but of the whole kingdom. Up till then a certain ponderosity had been the hall-mark of most British newspapers. They were extremely respectable, weighty and dull. They had, one might have said, a temperamental distrust of liveliness as something dangerous and ensnaring. Verbatim reports of everything reportable, long-winded and eminently sententious editorials, and stodgy columns of Parliamentary debates, filled their pages. Occasionally some journal of unusual enterprise would send a special correspondent out to Persia or Afghanistan, would dive deeply into the profundities of European politics, would open a subscription-list for some semi-public object, or produce a new scheme of army reform. It was a decent Press and a well-informed Press. It was wealthy, pontifical, respected and "literary." But it had an extraordinarily limited range. From the every day interests of normal men and women it stood serenely apart. It made no effort to reach the mass of the people who had grown to maturity since the setting up of a national system of education. It was curiously out of touch with the commercial life of the country. There were, of course, some exceptions. The *Pall Mall Gazette,* under Mr. Henry Cust, was a brilliant feature of the early 'nineties. So too was the *Daily News,* when Mr. E. T. Cook was its editor and Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. H. W. Paul were among its contributors. In general the appeal of the British Press in those days was mainly to the educated and the fastidious, to

those who liked to find a University flavor in the editorial columns of their favorite paper, and who were much less interested in news than in opinions.

Into this easy-going and self-satisfied world there burst nineteen years ago the *Daily Mail.* Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, as he then was, its orginator and chief proprietor, had already shown as a producer of newspapers that he had ideas, keenness, courage and initiative. But this was by far the biggest venture he had yet essayed. Over $2,500,000 was spent on the initial cost of founding the *Daily Mail;* two solid years were devoted to the preparatory work; and the paper was issued daily, complete in every respect, for nearly three months before a single copy was sold to the public. Its success was immediate. Small where its rivals were unwieldy, compact where they were diffuse, published at one cent while they sold for two, sacrificing everything to presenting the events of the previous twenty-four hours in as clear and as concise a form as possible, and with a news service far beyond anything that had hitherto been even attempted, it jumped instantly into popular favor. The daily circulation at the end of the first year was over 300,000, and at the end of two and a half years had passed 500,000; during the Boer War it reached the 1,000,000 mark, and is now, I suppose, somewhere between 1,300,000 and 1,400,000. From the first it has been a paper with a real individuality, going clean outside the humdrum game of politics, tackling the questions that interest it with a directness the very opposite of the gingerly, non-committal fashion affected by most papers, suggesting rather than echoing or criticising, and never content to hew to the hackneyed line. From the first, too, it developed a remarkable knack of getting the news ahead of its competitors. Those exclusive pieces of information that warm the editorial cockles have repeatedly refreshed the columns of the *Daily Mail.* It made a particular hit with its war service during the struggle with the Boers and the Russo-Japanese War; and its intelligence in matters of domestic moment has again and again been in advance of all other London journals. Two features in especial helped it to build up a circulation never before dreamed of in the history of the British daily Press. One was a business organization that was never satisfied with what was good so long as it saw a chance of getting something better. The *Daily Mail* became a national newspaper to a unique degree

and in a way all its own. A duplicate plant was set up in Manchester and connected with London by a group of special wires. The paper is telegraphed each night to Manchester, printed in facsimile, save for a certain amount of local news, and is distributed from there throughout the North of England in time for breakfast. Another edition is similarly telegraphed to Paris whence it covers practically the whole Continent; and yet a third edition has within the last two or three years been brought out on the Riviera. The *Daily Mail* has, in short, solved the problem of distribution in a way that enables it to be on sale in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom almost as soon as any of the local papers; while on the Continent no British journal even begins to compete with it.

The other feature that did a great deal to establish its position was the Fourth Page. The Fourth Page of the *Daily Mail* is given up to a column or two of editorials, followed by two or three columns of special articles, each about twelve hundred words long. Most of the ablest writers of the day have at one time or another contributed to these columns. It was in them that the late Mr. G. W. Steevens first made a national and an international name for himself as the most brilliant war correspondent and descriptive writer of our generation, the one man who with the highest literary gifts and the culture and temperament of a scholar was yet an unsurpassable journalist. For sheer breadth of interest I know of nothing in the British or American Press that even begins to approach these Fourth Page articles in the *Daily Mail.* They cover every topic in which normal men and women are interested and they have sustained from the first an astonishingly high standard of style, authority and distinction. Perhaps, indeed, the greatest achievement of the *Daily Mail* has been precisely this enlargement of the scope of things with which journalism should concern itself. It has lent its support to a bewildering variety of causes, for each of which it has campaigned with consummate effectiveness. It was the first journal to perceive that the motor-car was not merely a new toy or a new convenience but portended a complete revolution in the methods of land transportation. The publicity and encouragement it gave to the industry did much to stimulate British manufacturers to catch up with their French rivals. It was the first journal, too, to foresee the possibilities of aviation. By offering in

all some $200,000 in cash as prizes for flying it has done more than any other single agency not merely to popularize the sport but to equip the Army and Navy with what the present war has proved to be an indispensable weapon. In one year the *Daily Mail* headed a movement in favor of earlier holidays—against, that is to say, the tradition which confined the summer vacation to the month of August. In another it turned its attention to the question of small holdings, and took a farm, stocked and equipped it, selected a tenant, and interested the whole country in the success of the experiment. In a third it initiated a vigorous effort, backed up by prizes of over $3,000 in value, to secure for the British public a properly standarized loaf containing at least 80 per cent. of the whole wheat. The result of its agitation, which aroused immense interest throughout the kingdom, was a distinct and permanent improvement in the bread of the nation. In a fifth year the *Daily Mail* offered $5,000 for the finest bunch of sweet peas, in the sixth another $5,000 for vegetable growers and in a seventh a further large sum of money for a new rose—three competitions that at once throve on and ministered to the national love of gardening. And at other times the *Daily Mail* has fought for pure milk, has given large prizes for the best designs of cottages and small houses, and has paid away several thousands of pounds in fulfilment of a scheme of insurance for its readers against accidents in public vehicles, and has utilized its financial columns as a medium for effecting the purchase and sale of stocks and shares.

All these campaigns, it will be noticed, were directed to far-sighted ends, and the health and happiness of the nation. In addition the *Daily Mail* has shown an unequalled ability for raising money. During the Boer War it collected in three months over $500,000 to supply the British troops with comforts. In four days its readers furnished some $80,000 to enable the Union Jack Club for soldiers and sailors to be opened free of debt. When Lord Rosebery brought to the notice of the *Daily Mail* readers the plight of the London cabbies, deprived of their livelihood by the advent of the taxi-cab, nearly $40,000 was raised in a few days, some five hundred cabbies were trained as motor drivers, over a thousand families were given substantial relief, and a number of pensions were distributed. A single article in the *Daily Mail* describing the needs of the children in an

East End district brought in at once unsolicited contributions of over $10,000, and a Santa Claus fund some ten or eleven years ago furnished sixty thousand children, who otherwise would have gone without, with Christmas stockings. Another and more appealing act of practical benevolence was the publication of a weekly edition of the *Daily Mail* in Braille type for the blind. It was thoroughly in accordance with its traditions that the *Daily Mail* should have subscribed for $125,000 of the new War Loan.

These various enterprises and achievements give the measure of the *Daily Mail* as the most popular and practical of all British newspapers. None other enters so intimately into the daily domestic life of the nation. It has left its mark, too, on many issues of political moment. It has advocated a national system of military service; it has fought with power and effect for a larger navy; and it has had from the beginning a very clear idea of the character and intentions of German policy and of the menace to British security embodied in it. But though it has a great social influence, its political influence is scarcely as great as its enormous circulation would suggest. It affects elections rather than political thought. Had it been guided by an instinct of statesmanship as sound and sagacious as its business and its journalistic instinct, it would have scaled an almost unimaginable height of authority. As it is, people are as a rule more interested what the *Daily Mail* does than in what it thinks. On the other hand I do not think that the charge of "sensationalism," often brought against it, is well-founded. It has made mistakes like all other papers; but I have seen enough of its inside workings to be sure that no journal could be at more pains to ascertain the facts. Its methods of handling them and the views it builds upon them may at times be impeached, but the accuracy as well as the fullness of its information and the care and ability with which its news columns are edited are in general beyond successful attack. In many ways the *Daily Mail* has improved the standards of British journalism, notably by having nothing to do with the accounts of executions that used to be horribly common in the 'nineties and by keeping its reports of divorce cases and other unsavory scandals within limits; while its influence on the appearance, make-up, and general alertness of its competitors, on the price at which they are sold, and on the salaries paid in all ranks of the profession

has been prodigious and altogether to the good. What used to be a competition among writers to contribute to papers has been largely converted into a competition among papers to secure the services of writers.

Besides the *Daily Mail* Lord Northcliffe is also the chief proprietor of *The Times,* which he secured control of some eight or nine years ago, and the *Evening News,* which came into his possession about a couple of years before the *Daily Mail* was started. The *Evening News* is an exceedingly brisk, well-arranged and readable paper that in point of circulation far outdistances any of its metropolitan rivals in evening journalism. *The Times,* under Lord Northcliffe's auspices, has been reduced successively from six cents to four, and from four to two. It is the cheap and easy thing to say that the reduction in price has been more than offset by a reduction in tone and quality. I disagree entirely. *The Times* is still easily the most authoritative journal not only in England but in the world, and the dominant organ of the educated classes. Its unrivalled foreign service, the excellence of its special articles from all countries and on all political and social subjects, and its impartiality in throwing open its correspondence columns to arguments on all sides of every public question, made it and still keep it a national forum. So far from having parted with any of its old and honorable traditions *The Times* of to-day, better managed and more prosperous than in any period of its history, has on the contrary maintained and amplified them. The suspicion that Lord Northcliffe's association with it would involve some falling-off in dignity or judgment is one that any issue of the paper is enough to refute. With increased energy and resources and a remarkable improvement in the technique of newspaper production and presentation, *The Times* combines all its old intelligence, its knowledge of political events at home and abroad, its independence and its measured sanity. As a national journal it remains without a peer; it speaks for England as no other paper even pretends to. In addition Lord Northcliffe owns a Sunday newspaper and a number of minor periodicals which for my present purpose may be left out of account. When people speak of " The Northcliffe Press " they mean *The Times,* the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News.*

To many Englishmen Lord Northcliffe, as the director-in-chief of these three powerful journals, seems a sinister

figure. Yet it would be easy, I imagine, to over-estimate the extent to which he actually lays down the policies of his newspapers. He is believed to write himself many of the editorials in the *Daily Mail,* but I have never heard of his writing a single one for *The Times* or the *Evening News.* The three papers pursue, it is true, though in very different ways, the same general lines, but this probably arises from a natural approximation of attitude and opinion rather than from a central inspiration. One often, too, hears it said that Lord Northcliffe cares only for circulations and success and that he will champion any cause and exploit any momentary passion if only by so doing he can sell more papers. That is a ludicrous untruth. Lord Northcliffe is an extremely practical journalist who understands all sides of the business, is proud, and naturally so, of the unexampled triumphs he has achieved in his chosen profession, and possesses a highly developed instinct for catching the popular favor. But he is also a man of genuine public spirit and patriotism. He has travelled much and with an understanding eye and mind; he is one of the comparatively few Englishmen who really know America and can enter into the American point of view; he is one of the largest employers of labor in the kingdom and one of the largest manufacturers of paper in the world. All this, and a zest in life that brings him into agreeable relations with multitudes of people, make him a man who would count in any sphere. He enjoys life and he enjoys power and he enjoys particularly turning out a better newspaper than anyone else; but for money itself he has, I should say, the indifference that most men feel who have made a sufficient fortune in their early years by sheer hard work and to whom it is simply an instrument for further activities. Lord Northcliffe is a prodigious and insatiable worker, a man of swift and strong emotions, of instantaneous, usually shrewd, sometimes erratic and impulsive decisions, kindly and generous in his periodical relations with men, tingling with ideas himself and quick to appreciate them in others, with an ever-present sense of humor that can generally be appealed to when his self-confidence shows signs of passing into rashness or obstinacy, an expert fisherman and therefore a man who knows how to wait, and a joyous and wholly delightful companion on the golf-links. He is in every sense a man of power, but it is power directed to no personal or unworthy ends. So

far from merely giving the public what it wants he more often makes it want the many excellent things he has to give; and if he were once convinced that the national interest demanded that a certain thing should be done, Lord Northcliffe would do it and would keep on doing it, whatever the loss of popularity or circulation or advertisements.

Of this he has just given startling and sufficient proof. Even during the present war the British people have had few severer shocks than awaited them when they picked up the *Daily Mail* of May 21, and read the editorial article on "The Tragedy of the Shells: Lord Kitchener's Grave Error". In that article the *Daily Mail* bluntly declared that "Lord Kitchener has starved the Army in France of high explosive shells" and that in spite of repeated warnings he had persisted in sending out shrapnel when what was needed was shells that "would dynamite their way through the German trenches and entanglements and enable our men to advance in safety". The kind of shell supplied to the British soldiers by Lord Kitchener's orders "has caused", it was said, "the death of thousands of them". As a gatherer of men Lord Kitchener had done admirably, though the *Daily Mail* refused to print any further War Office advertisements urging the enlistment of men of forty—most of whom would be married—while "some thousands of capable young slackers were staying at home and stealing the business of married men who have gone to the front". Such a state of affairs it declared, was "no testimony to Lord Kitchener's organizing ability." It was particularly severe on the suggestion, at that time not an uncommon one, that Lord Kitchener might succeed Sir John French as commander-in-chief of the British forces in France. "It has never been pretended", said the *Daily Mail,* "that Lord Kitchener is a soldier in the sense that Sir John French is a soldier. His record in the South African War as a fighting general—apart from his excellent organizing work as Chief of the Staff—was not brilliant. The opinion which Lord Roberts expressed as to his handling of troops at Paardeberg is well known, and we have never met a soldier who held any other opinion. Nothing in Lord Kitchener's experience suggests that he has the qualifications required for conducting a European campaign in the field, and we can only hope that no such misfortune will befall this nation as that he should be permitted to interfere with the actual

strategy of this gigantic war.—If by any mischance Lord Kitchener went to France to conduct the campaign, we should probably have a costly object lesson in the difference between African and European warfare."

On the following day and for many days after the *Daily Mail* reiterated its charge that Lord Kitchener had supplied the Army with the wrong kind of shells. It saddled him with the direct responsibility. It insisted that a "tragic blunder" had been committed and that the public ought to know the facts. It declared it to be a proof of "grave negligence" that the shortage of high explosive shells should persist "after ten months of incessant object-lessons." It very much doubted "whether there is a single Front Bench man on either side of the House who is prepared to join the Coalition Ministry except on the express condition that Lord Kitchener no longer holds the absolute power which has placed the Army in its present predicament." It declared it to be a matter of immediate necessity that "the industrial business of organizing the production of munitions" should be separated "from the military business of raising and training troops." "There is something wrong with the war," it exclaimed, "and the public ought to know it." It answered its critics with the confident retort, first, that the *Daily Mail* stood by every word it had written on the vital need of high-explosive shells, and secondly, that when the facts emerged, as emerge they would, all of its statements would be found to be more than justified. Personally I had no doubt that the *Daily Mail* would be proved right. Lord Northcliffe had paid, to my own knowledge, at least two visits to the front and has probably seen more of the inside of the war than any other British civilian. His sources of information are innumerable, and it seemed extremely unlikely that on a matter of such moment he could possibly have gone astray. Nor in fact had he. On the main and essential point he has been justified up to the hilt. I have, it is true, heard that there is another side to the shell question, that the Headquarters Staff at the front were late in realizing the need for high-explosive shells, that Lord Kitchener more than once asked them to look into the matter, and that they astonished and overwhelmed him by suddenly demanding that of the shells sent out, 70 per cent. should be high-explosive. According to this version Lord Kitchener was to blame only for the delay that followed in meeting

Sir John French's tardy requisitions. But however this may be, the fact that the Army was short of munitions was abundantly proved and to Lord Northcliffe must go the credit for hammering it into the public mind.

Where, however, he erred, or seemed to err, was in attacking Lord Kitchener personally. That there was any personal feeling of any kind behind the attack I do not for one moment believe—the two men have not, indeed, met for several years—but it was a mistake in tactics that the public bitterly resented—the whole country was instantly in an uproar; the *Daily Mail* was publicly burned by excited crowds and banned by one public library after another; letters of abuse, I am told, poured into the office; all the rival newspapers began belaboring Lord Northcliffe with one accord; and undoubtedly public opinion was moved to a greater indignation by the references to Lord Kitchener than it was by the revelations that he had muddled the provision of shells. Lord Northcliffe, if he were challenged on the point, would probably reply that to make his disclosures effective and to rouse the nation to their meaning and gravity it was necessary to pin the responsibility where it unquestionably belonged; that the crisis was too serious merely to throw the blame for it on the "War Office" or "the authorities" or some other vague and impersonal abstraction, or to spare any man's feelings or reputation; and that, in addition, he considered the possibility of Lord Kitchener's being sent to the front as full of peril and took the most direct means of saying so and of killing the project. He might also reply that everything he said in regard to shells is now admitted to be true; that the public ignorance which veiled the facts and was the main obstacle to their removal is at an end; that, just as he suggested, the business of furnishing munitions has been taken out of Lord Kitchener's hands; and that the energy and determination with which the country is now throwing itself into the task of making good its deficiences in armaments are largely the result of his revelations and could not have been produced by any other means. I still think, however, that these results could have been obtained without attacking Lord Kitchener or raking up his tactical dispositions at Paardeberg, or irritating the public by casting slurs on the capacities of a man in whom it reposes a just confidence. *The Times,* which powerfully ventilated the question of the shells, contrived to do so without

suggesting any private animus or indulging in irrelevant personalities. Had the *Daily Mail* restricted its outspokenness to the matter immediately at issue, it would have scored an undiluted triumph. As it is, great numbers of people are left under a confused impression that it has somehow acted unfairly and unpatriotically; much of the effect it aimed at has been blunted or dissipated; and its reputation and influence have suffered for the time being and until the inevitable reaction sets in.

Nothing, however, can disguise the fact that Lord Northcliffe was the first man with knowledge and courage enough to lay bare the shortage of shells and machine guns, which, so long as it lasts, must pile up the casualty lists and operate as a fatal barrier to any sustained advance. Nobody, again, who knows him can doubt that in acting as he did, he was impelled solely by public motives. Nor, I think, can anyone question that the net result has been highly advantageous to everybody except Lord Northcliffe, that the country at last realizes the truth which official assurances had obscured or perverted, and that it was only by painting the situation in its real colors that the British people could be stirred to the gigantic efforts necessary to retrieve it. It was the question of the shells far more than anything else that brought down the Liberal Government and led to the Coalition Ministry, the division in the powers of the War Office, and the appointment of Mr. Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions. These developments may have been discussed and meditated even before Lord Northcliffe started on his campaign. But his journals, and his alone, made them inevitable; and it is merely a question of time before the value of the national service that they thus rendered is ungrudgingly recognized.

For all editors and newspaper proprietors the war has necessarily been a time of peculiar difficulties and anxiety. The censorship controls their news columns, but it does not control their editorial policy. To know when the interests of the country called for silence and when for plain speaking; to weigh the public gain that might be hoped for from criticising the speeches or actions of Ministers against the risk that thereby the national unity might be impaired; to decide how far particular measures or policies should be advocated and how far it would be better to leave the initiative solely in the hands of the Government—all these problems,

occurring and recurring in a hundred different forms, have asked for their solution an extraordinary degree of balance and discrimination. The papers under Lord Northcliffe's control have borne the test well. They have never underestimated the enemy or lent any countenance to the ludicrous notion that this war will be either a short or an easy one. They have consistently striven against official optimism or reticence or timidity to induce the nation to face the facts. On many questions—the internment of aliens, for instance, the drink problem, the best way of handling the labor difficulty, the need of national service, and the supply of shells—their suggestions and their insight have been proved by the event to be superior to the Government's. Their criticisms have in the main been constructive and directed solely to the more efficient prosecution of the war; and their timely disclosures of deficiencies that grew the more dangerous and the harder to remedy the longer they remained unrealized or only hinted at or surrounded with mystery, may prove to have saved the country from a great disaster.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

AN INVENTORY

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

The psychologist of these heavy days learns a new respect for human nature as he observes its adjustment to abnormal conditions. In the stress and strain of an embattled planet, it contributes as much to knowledge of the universal human heart to examine the spirit of a nation not at war as to analyse the attitude of any belligerent, and in the dizzying contemplation of world-minds and war-minds, the mind of the individual home-keeping and peace-keeping American provides a neglected but absorbing study. Every intelligent American is a different person from the self of a year ago. As if each of us were some petty tradesman of the war zone, forced to continue business under bombardment, every thinking man and woman of us is taking an inventory of spiritual resources. Spontaneously our mental business has obeyed an impulse common, but not co-operative. This distinction in itself implies a new era, for hitherto the mental activities of the average American have been a combination of co-operation and of copying.

The first fact we face in our self-study is the discontinuance of our old supplies. Not only too impatient to manufacture our own dye stuffs and chemicals, we have been even more dependent on Europe in matters of intellect. We have shipped our gifted youth to the Continent in order that their raw energies might be converted into the finished product of singer, sculptor, or scholar. This dependence on trans-Atlantic mentality to give the needed metamorphosis to our own has ceased. All Europe's mental output is devoted to its own death-struggle. American intellectual life must still go on, but for its nutriment it must depend either upon the stores we have already accumulated from the other side, or upon our own inventions.

We have not yet fully accepted the fact that this condi-

tion is not transient, whatever be the issue of the world-conflict. We long for peace, but which of us has the courage to face the aspects of that peace?—the harvest of international hate, the severance of commercial and cultural relations between countries, internal revolutions, lands denuded of resources, material and human. Small chance that any of the nations will ever again become our gentle Old-World teachers! It will take perhaps a century of calm before Europe will be able to respond in artistic creation to the emotional demands of the present holocaust. For at least three generations we Americans shall be forced to do our own thinking. By the end of that time the habit may have become ineradicably established. Already there is an agreeable stimulus in the prospect.

Because we have taken all without selection or criticism, we have now in our keeping all that the Old World has had to bestow. This very humility of uncritical acceptance may bear fruit of independence if we will now by process of selection manufacture out of our foreign importation a national possession.

There is, however, a more profound reason that will compel us hereafter to be our own artists and thinkers: our masters have shattered our trust. Because we cannot morally sever conduct from culture, we cannot mentally sever culture from conduct. Moreover we have learned from Germany herself in the past an honesty of thinking that itself perceives Germany's inconsistencies in the present. Just here we who are endeavoring to be steadfast keepers of our spirits must administer to ourselves a caution: among all our stores Germany has contributed perhaps those most sacred for the uses of peace; the fact that we decry her death-dealing militarism should not make us reject the former inestimable benefits she has given to every thinker and student. This admonition implies the hardest of our war-time adjustments, for the bitterest severance of our old self from the new is in the fact that never again can we trust Germany for inspiration. Believing that art and intellect depend for all vital development on a reverence for human life as such, I could never again accept university instruction from a man who believed in the glory of war. A man has killed too many beautiful things in his own soul before he has learned how to murder efficiently. The destruction of Belgium, of the *Lusitania,* will never equal the injury that

the Germany of battle has done to the Germany of our hearts. Just as we condemn Germany for her efficiency, so we shall distrust those other Powers who have needed to learn still greater efficiency to conquer Germany's. So long as we Americans believe that the moral injury of war is deadliest for the nations who most successfully practice it, we cannot in the future accept with our old uncritical docility even purely intellectual inspiration from any of our former European teachers. Our test is soundly moral and pragmatic,—if thus your thinking *acts,* let us do our own.

It assists our self-reliance thus to discover that we must for a long time have been depending entirely on home-made morals. For longer than we have dreamed our consciences have been strictly American, but in respect to intellectual and artistic independence we are still hesitant to manage our business without assistance from foreign sources. It is high time we perceived that we possess the foundations of a culture more sound and virile than that of any nation at whose feet we have sat. When we consider what representatives of manhood we can already point to, Hawthorne, Whitman, Sargent, MacDowell, Edison, why should America be any longer humble in matters of mind? National culture needs two things, appreciation of others' attainments and faith in one's own. We have already proved the first by a catholic indiscrimination that has taught us sympathy with every form of human endeavor; why not prove the second by a manly self-dependence that shall produce yet greater Americans in music, art, literature, and science?

There seems small fear that as we enter upon our national inheritance of culture, any new pride should swallow up our former sincerity of appreciation. It is our special duty to preserve this, since by holding our breadth of sympathy for ourselves, we shall hold it for others as well. We owe our elder brothers, severed by unreasoning hate, an American criticism, broad-minded and healthy, which shall introduce to each other the members of that international brotherhood of poets and thinkers still to be born from the unguessed future.

The chief comfort of this inventory of our resources is the discovery that they are available practically and personally. We each of us need something to make life seem worth while in the face of world-destruction. New habits of personal independence in thinking mean new habits of national

independence. A new self-reliance in matters of mind is one way of service to country, and our souls cry for some means to embody that which has been born within us, our new and passionate patriotism. A constant consciousness of our country as a factor of our individual life is a novel sensation for most of us. Our new patriotism is as humble as it is intense, for Europe has frightened us. Our introspection causes us to turn upon ourselves questions as honest as characterize our scrutiny of Europe. We decry the materialism and militarism that could burn Louvain and bombard Rheims; our culture is different, but is it deeper? Which is more essentially barbarian, to burn another country's libraries, or never to use one's own? For which do we as a nation show more reverence, the acquisition of power, which in our land spells wealth, or the acquisition of learning, which in our land spells poverty? For many an American money-maker is beauty any more its own excuse for being than for a European war-maker? We have battle fields dealing death or crippling wounds not to bodies alone. Cases seem only too sadly authentic in which soldiers have struck off the hands of little children, but how many of our States have brutally rejected bills that would have made the minds of our children safe from the maiming of early labor?

To the supra-mundane observer, which seems more cruel, national or class warfare? Class warfare surely, since the classes have better opportunities for brotherhood, and since class hostility has all the selfishness of the personal without any of the inspiration of the patriotic. While candidly introspective, we may wonder whether plutocracy is any less tyrranous over democratic ideals than is autocracy. Is not our capitalist system founded on the principle that might makes right? We apply the doctrine of expediency and of the survival of the fittest more in private business than in public, but is there any other essential difference between the American type of war and the European?

This self-scrutiny brings us to a deep humility, but it does not bring us to the devastating despair to which the spectacle of an embattled Europe reduces us. Throughout all our adult lives we have been doing business, like the French shopman of today, under the bombardment of evil facts. To become spiritually inert merely because evil facts have assumed an unfamiliar and hideous shape argues, it is true, a proper sensibility and sympathy, but argues also

something of hysteria and affectation. Henceforth we must rise to the requirements of a courage stout enough to meet conditions that can be predicted and conditions impossible to forecast. Some practical effects on American existence are obvious. From generation to generation every department of our life from cabinet to kitchen has been affected by the ceaseless tide of immigration. This influx must cease. There will be boundless opportunity for the European who remains at home. Who will dig our ditches and stoke our furnaces? Manual labor performed by skilled intelligence may acquire a dignity it has never attained; it may also acquire a perilous power. In any event the change implies a socialist readjustment that all thinking people may as well face.

Quite apart from its relation to labor, socialism by virtue of its creed will after this war have incalculable influence because it will preach international peace to a world nauseated with the stench of battle. In spite of the defection of socialism in the present war, we hope better things of it in the future, since it may have learned faith in its theories through the bitter experience of deserting them. While the world continues to wait, as it has been waiting for two thousand years, for the growth of an unselfishness energetic enough to destroy destruction, there are two classes whose self-interest gives the practical-minded more immediate hope: the international financier, who may refuse to waste his money; the international socialist, who may refuse to waste his body.

The effect on immigration and the effect on socialism are only two of the many new conditions to be observed as we regard, still with as much puzzlement as pride, our new supply of patriotism. It is so far a painful possession, very different from our childish thrills on Fourth of July, this new piercing sense of personal responsibility to the world to uphold the flag of American ideals. There is nothing of my-country-right-or-wrong in our watchfulness of our Government's actions. We may wish, with stinging shame before a course that must appear to the world as commercialism when it may perhaps be genuinely parental care for our suffering people, that we had been equally bold in protests for other people's neutrality as for our own, but our criticism of our Government is not superficial and articulate as in many smaller crises. We may envy Germany her deifica-

tion of State and Kaiser, a conception seductively and culpably devoid of individual responsibility, but to democratic common sense a President seems a mere man. To that same democratic common sense he also seems a man doing his noblest to steer our ship of state through a sea made chartless by mines and submarines. The sensations that are vividly novel for most of us are that every hour we feel as if we were pulling an oar, and that no one of us feels covetous of the pilot's seat.

Again, as in our duty to establish an American aesthetic, our attitude to American morality as shown in the public actions of the United States, is a personal responsibility. In the bewildering confusion of national behavior everywhere, one course is clear to every citizen of every land, his own individual allegiance to the ideals he believes his country to represent. For each American it is a duty incalculable and inspiring to uphold by his private and personal conduct the principles of American patriotism: peace and justice, freedom and brotherhood. How profound these principles are is shown by our reaction to the crime of the *Lusitania*. If that horror revealed to us German madness, still more it revealed to us American manliness. Our slowness to revenge stands forth as national honor so high that it perceives that the honor of no nation is so high as the honor of humanity. As we have proved that we can live the creed of America, so, if ever the flames of war reach us, we shall prove that we can die for our faith in peace.

As we continue to give honest account, each of his private soul-changes, we find that nothing has altered more fundamentally than our personal attitude toward war. We have always hated war with our heads, and loved it with our hearts. Now we feel a nauseating abhorrence far more potent than mere acquiescence in argument. Today the sight of khaki brings instantly to my eyes spurting blood, the martial airs I have always loved seem the pipes of death, stirring my soul with unclean emotions. There are, of course, many to gainsay this revulsion with the threadbare arguments for the ennobling heroism of war. I have too much faith in humanity to believe it needs war to make it heroic. War is an inspiration merely because men have not been educated to see that they can serve their country better by living for her than by dying. The emotional uplift of battle does indeed raise men from a material to a spiritual plane,

but it is never the highest spiritual plane, and it is never permanent. The man or nation that needs the red whip of war to sting to sacrifice will suffer afterwards for lack of the goad. It is an honest Englishman who writes, "I've found it harder to go straight in life than to go under fire." While the impulse to spill one's blood in utmost effort is nobler than the impulse to save one's skin, it is primarily a desire for irresponsibility and mob-support. However high humanity may be raised on the tide of war, it is raised far higher by the lonely heroisms of peace, sublime, unapplauded, and without reaction.

This statement is far from opposition to a sane and adequate national defense. So long as the world is the world there will be criminal nations as well as criminal citizens, and both necessitate police protection. Policemen and firemen are as brave as the bravest of soldier lads, but there is an immense difference in our concept of a policeman and a soldier. The policeman exists for safeguarding life, the soldier for destroying it. In the future we shall be no more thrilled by a soldier's uniform than by a policeman's, which last suggests a comfortable sense of protection, and an equally uncomfortable sense of patrol wagons and prisons. The conception of the glory of war has passed forever from the content of our daily thinking.

In our inventory we must all reckon henceforth with a change in the status of woman. We are still arguing the question here, blind to the fact that in Europe it has already passed from argument to experiment, and to experiment that is not temporary, since the terrible ranks of dead, wounded, and missing can never be refilled. The curious aspect of the case is that the work of men will fall to the hands of exactly those women who have never asked for it, those classes who would infinitely prefer to remain comfortable, old-fashioned wives and mothers. It is as if Heaven granted the demand of women for equality, but ironically reserved the choice of which women. They are to be women as little tainted by the superficialities of fashionable society as by the subtleties of university education. Further, they enter upon their test under the most favorable conditions for proving their fibre, pitifully enough, as women purged of all pettiness, tragic with suffering, but brave with an unbearable bravery.

As we strive for a permanent ability to recognize in the

soul-shaking conditions of a world under reconstruction the seething of a marvellous, resistless leaven, we discover that most of us have already won an adjustment incredible a year ago. Poise has succeeded paralysis. The simplest man among us grows in soul-stature as he perceives his high duty, not alone to country, but to the world. In some powerful subconscious fashion we have come to feel that each normal-going individual adds to the sum total of sanity that alone can save this rocking universe. Nothing before this war ever brought so sharply to our consciousness the dignity of dailiness. The humblest deeds of the humblest people startle one with their intrinsic beauty when one contrasts them with days spent in murder. Lifted out of its dulness the normal shines in sudden sublimity, like the picture of a family breakfast table, warm and merry with affection, seen against a burning background of pillage and rapine.

Not alone by contrast with a flame-swept Europe do we seek to taste in each fleet hour our present security, but by contrast with our own possible future. Never do we veil our vision from the fact that our own homes may tomorrow be paying their terrible tribute to the war-madness of the world. Surely of all possessions that shall give us strength both against the insidious perils of peace and the brutal perils of war, not least shall be the power to do the dullest deeds with a singing soul. This ability, for which in the last year we have paid heavy price, is a vital asset for all the future, since experience has proved to us that the simple doing of our accustomed round can be sanctified to high protest, personal and constant, against violence and blood-thirst.

Another possession that both publicly and privately we have saved from the gun-fire is our humor. There is nothing we could more worthily keep watch and ward of for the world. If one cure for war lies in incorporating into one's personal daily life the qualities most opposed to the sins of the nations, we may surely appreciate the power of pure fun. We observe whole countries desolated through lack of humor, lack of perception of their own incongruities, lack of understanding of other people's peculiarities. These sins against sanity bring colossal retribution. It is only superficially flippant to question how far history would have been different if William Hohenzollern had possessed a sense of humor. The query serves at least to convince us of the need of keeping a large stock of fun on our souls' shelves, for hu-

mor provides the sanity and the grace of life, and is as greatly germicidal and as little fratracidal as that sun a share in whose salubrity some people have thought worth killing millions of their brothers to obtain.

As we continue to check off our resources for courage, we find sky and wind and air no mean possessions. From my window a vistaed battalion of beauty challenges, O you of little faith and less logic, whether it is easier to explain a mountain or a murder? Dullards of despair, while all the time is spread above our heads a blue banner of majesty whereon sun and moon and stars have woven a handwriting divinely hopeful! We are stupid never to learn the alphabet of the sky. War has done us service if our shuddering gaze has been forced from a crimsoned earth to a clear spread heaven. The blood of battle fields is rebuked by the calm beauty of every dawn recurring in exhaustless forgiveness. Even over Belgium the stars are shining, annulling by their eternal loveliness all petty human pain.

As we look with new intensity to a kind and constant nature to reimburse us for our loss of faith in men, so by the destruction of so much of the material stock-in-trade of civilization, we are thrown back, as never before in our lives, upon the possibilities of spirit. The loss of works of art has the shock of a personal blow, but after all, works of art are but symbols: it is spirit that is the substance. The transmission of crystallized achievement is not so important as the transmission of the artist-spirit which shall be nerved to fresh achievement as much by the example of heroic soul as of heroic monument. Rheims ruined may touch the world's thoughts more vitally than Rheims intact. Children of to-day may learn new reverence for art from the very intensity of protest against vandalism with which the air about them is vibrant. Cast violently from comfort in the customary, we have been set throbbing by a sense of new possibilities in our grapple with spiritual problems.

Awed as never before, we find that no battle flame has burned out God. Our stock of faith has proved indestructible both for ourselves and for our country, for what humblest newspaper has hesitated to found its peace-arguments upon the Galilean Gospel? Christianity is the last thing we should lose faith in, for the simple reason that we never have had faith in it. We have granted that Christian principles may be practiced by the individual, but how many of us have

ever honestly believed those principles could be practically applied to the conduct of business, government, or international relations? At the same time few of us could deny that Christianity has molded the noblest individuals of our acquaintance. Suddenly Christianity looms before the world as possibly practical for public application. Never having been tested, it remains its best argument. What stronger logic for the Christ experiment than the devastation of the world without it? Much is being written nowadays to prove that Christianity sanctions war. To some of us such pleas are a burning blasphemy. To all such arguments one may oppose one question: Which of us can picture the Jesus of history plunging a bayonet into any man's flesh, or touching the fuse that shall spatter the grass with the warm red blood of boys?

The heaviest fact that the resources of our faith must meet is that whichever side wins, War wins! Surely the conviction farthest from the action of any nation, belligerent or neutral, is the conviction of the practical application of Christianity to public issues. In these bewildering days we can assert our principles only privately and personally. Only as individuals can we serve our country, only as individuals can we serve the world, and only as individuals can we serve our God. It is incumbent upon us as private citizens so to live as to assert our faith in peace, and in the example of One who died to prove His faith in it. Battles may crash and roar about our heads, but we stand, we toil,—serene, high-cheerful, for our inventory reveals to us that we possess, unto death and after, a supply of inexhaustible ideals, since we believe, indeed, in the survival of the fittest, though our ideal of the fittest is a Christ, not a Krupp gun.

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

PHANTOM ARMIES SEEN IN FRANCE

BY THE HON. MRS. ST. JOHN MILDMAY

Literature and history abound with impressive evidence of the intrusion of the phantom world into the affairs of men —a phenomenon which always presents a curious problem. Once again the world is full of rumours, and some of these phenomena seem to be manifesting themselves, to a certain extent, in the present war.

A letter lies before me now in which is related an incident so strange as to excite attention and demand sympathy, although it may be beyond our understanding. It occurred " during the retreat of the 80,000 on that most awful day of that awful time,"—I quote from the graphic description in this letter,—" when ruin and disaster came so near that their shadow fell over London far away, and without any certain news, the hearts of men failed them and grew faint, as if the agony of their brothers on the battlefield had entered into their souls. 300,000 Germans in arms with all their artillery swelled like a flood against the little English Army, and not only was it a time of danger, not merely of defeat, but of utter annihilation." The courage of our gallant men did not fail when " the German guns thundered and shrieked against that little force of 1,000 or so " who held the crucial position.

" The men joked at the shells and found funny names for them, and had bets about them, and greeted them with music-hall songs," as they screamed in this terrific cannonade, laying low the flower of the British Army. The climax seemed to have been reached, but " a seven-times heated hell " of the enemy's onslaught fell upon them, rending brother from brother. " At that very moment," continues the writer, " they saw from their trenches a tremendous host moving against these lines. Five hundred of the thousand remained,

and as far as they could see the German infantry was pressing on against them, column by column, a grey world of men, 10,000 of them, as it appeared afterwards. There was no hope at all. Some of them shook hands. One man improvised a new version of the battle song *Tipperary,* ending, ' and we shan't get there! ' And they all went on firing steadily. The officers pointed out that such an opportunity for fancy shooting might never occur again; the Germans dropped line after line, while the few machine-guns did their best. Everyone knew it was of no use. The dead grey bodies lay in companies and battalions, but others came on and on, swarming and advancing from beyond and beyond.

" ' World without end, Amen,' said one of the British soldiers, with some irrelevance, as he took aim and fired. Then he remembered a vegetarian restaurant in London, where he had once or twice eaten queer dishes of cutlets made of lentils and nuts that pretended to be steaks. On all the plates in this restaurant a figure of St. George was printed in blue with the motto, *Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius.* May St. George be a present help to England! The soldier happened to know Latin and other useless things, so now, as he fired at the grey advancing mass, 300 yards away, he uttered the pious vegetarian motto. He went on firing to the end, till at last Bill on his right had to clout him cheerfully on the head to make him stop, pointing out as he did so that the King's ammunition cost money and was not lightly to be wasted in drilling funny patterns into dead Germans. For as the Latin scholar uttered his invocation he felt something between a shudder and an electric shock pass through his body. The roar of the battle died down in his ears to a gentle murmur, and instead of it, he says, he heard a great voice louder than a thunder peal, crying ' Array! Array! ' His heart grew hot as a burning coal, then it grew cold as ice within him, for it seemed to him a tumult of voices answered to this summons. He heard or seemed to hear thousands shouting:

> St. George! St. George!
> Ha! Messire, Ha! Sweet Saint! grant us good deliverance!
> St. George for Merrie England!
> Harow! Harow! Monseigneur St. George, succour us, Ha! St. George!
> A long bow, and a strong bow, Knight of Heaven, aid us!

"As the soldier heard these voices, he saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout their cloud of arrows flew singing and whirring through the air toward the German host. The other men in the trenches were firing all the while. They had no hope, but they aimed just as if they had been shooting at Bisley.

" Suddenly one of these lifted up his voice in plain English. ' Gawd help us! ' he bellowed to the man next him, ' but we're blooming marvels. Look at those grey gentlemen! Look at them! They're not going down in dozens or hundreds—in *thousands* it is! Look, look! There's a regiment gone while I'm talking to ye! ' "

" ' Shut it,' the other soldier bellowed, taking aim, ' What are ye talking about? ' But he gulped with astonishment even while he spoke, for indeed the grey men were falling by the thousands. The English could hear the guttural scream of their revolvers as they shot, and line after line crashed to the earth. All the while the Latin-bred soldier heard the cry ' Harow! Harow! Monseigneur! Dear Saint. Quick to our aid! St. George help us! '

" The singing arrows darkened the air, the heathen hordes melted before them. ' More machine guns! ' Bill yelled to Tom. ' Don't hear them! ' Tom yelled back, ' but thank God, anyway, they have got it in the neck.'

" In fact, there were ten thousand dead German soldiers left before that salient of the English army, and consequently —no Sedan. In Germany, a country ruled by scientific principles, the great General Staff decided that the contemptible English must have employed turpenite shells, as no wounds were discernible on the bodies of the dead soldiers. But the man that knew what nuts tasted like when they called themselves steak, knew also that St. George had brought his Agincourt Bowmen to help the English."

And so ends this wonderful description.[1]

It has been frequently remarked that though the enemy has been through the first and even the second lines of the English army, and when complete destruction appeared inevitable, owing to lack of reinforcements, something stayed these attacks. Could it have been that these great wreaths of grey vapour floated to and fro, shaping them-

[1] The battle of Agincourt was fought Oct. 25th, 1415. It would be interesting to discover whether the incident related above happened on that date last year.

selves into mysterious phantom forms, and were visible to the advancing hosts against our soldiers? These, too, may have heard in their ears the rising wild notes of clamour, the fierce shouts of battle, now surging in wild waves of tumultuous melody, then dying away in the battlecry, "St. George! St. George! Grant us deliverance! Knight of Heaven, defend us!" Their eyes may have been unveiled to behold the dazzling light that hovered round the mystic army, and their ears rang to that wondrous call, as the Spirit World was sending forth its sons to fight for their beloved country in the cause of Truth, of Light, and of Hope. In vain did it appear for the war-lords to seek to gather their forces together to drive them through that thin khaki line; a stronger Power was opposed to them, and they were hurled back and held in check by the brightness of those Hosts of Heaven until they sank down in their thousands, as so vividly described in this letter.

There is a curious resemblance between this vision and that revealed to the Maid of Orleans, whose mission to deliver France had been foretold in an ancient prophecy. She heard the voices of the Saints and saw their glorified forms in shining light as she sat alone at Domremy. Imposture and witchcraft, in those days, seemed to be the only explanation of her assumptions, and the English, who had come to believe that their beloved King Henry VI. had led them to a Holy War for the purification of France, were convinced that only Satanic might could withstand them, and turn their courage to timidity. Visions of St. Michael and St. Aignan fighting against them increased their terror, and the Maid led her victorious army into Rheims. A few years separate this mission of La Pucelle from the Battle of Agincourt, and vows to Our Lady and to St. George were made when ford after ford was found impracticable and the army became dispirited.

> Their gesture sad,
> Investing lank-lean cloaks and war-worn coats,
> Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
> So many horrid ghosts.

But St. George again answered the call, and Dover watched the homeward sails while it greeted the Royal Standard with shouts of ecstasy.

Once more we hear of psychic phenomena, and in order to

be able to make any reasonable conjecture regarding these spiritual manifestations on the blood-stained territories of Northern France and Belgium, we must look at the subject with an open mind.

It is conceivable that waves of thought are continually flowing from the great centres of the Universe, which are transferred to earth through media of intelligence, but each spirit can transfer only such portions of truth as his development has enabled him to understand, and each mortal can receive only so much knowledge as his intellectual faculties are able to assimilate and comprehend. An explanation of these matters would require a knowledge of the illimitable Universe itself as well as of the nature of that Supreme Being of whom no man can know save in so far as he can grasp the great truth that He is limitless in all senses. Thought is as eternal as life, and as fathomless. Who can say but that the spirits of those killed on the battlefields of old, as well as at the present time, show that they still live, and still think of those they have left, still feel an interest in their struggles, and are as ready to help as when standing side by side in their physical life? It is conceivable, also, that a spirit, at the moment of dissolution, does not lose all the thoughts and desires that have been cultivated in the earthly existence. If the spirit world be created by the thoughts and actions of the soul, every act or thought would therefore form its spiritual material counterpart, and make it possible for events to reproduce themselves.

Modern science tends undoubtedly toward credence in such appearances. Some of our greatest living thinkers, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and others, are of the opinion that we are on the verge of vast discoveries, and that the future will reveal secrets that have as yet barely entered the mind of man. The hypothesis has been advanced that at death the fluid ether which holds the material body together, escapes into the surrounding atmosphere, and, according to the temperature, this dispersal of the essence is retarded or accelerated, thus explaining the disintegration of the body. Atoms suitable for materialization may be collected from the atmosphere as well as from the emanations proceeding from man, and shaped by spirit-will into the forms of their earthly bodies. Were the chemists of this world sufficiently advanced in knowledge, they might discover the secret of extracting and retaining this mysterious ether, which, in its

tangible form, has been sought by the sages of all times and all countries. When the world has progressed far enough in its knowledge of chemistry, a greater enlightenment concerning this process may be given to man, just as the understanding of electricity and kindred sciences has been bestowed—discoveries which an earlier age would have termed miraculous, or the result of magic in its worst attributes. Electricity is known to be an active agent in the formation of the shapes of vegetable life. Is it possible that the magnetic, electric currents which flow through space continually act upon cloud-masses of human atoms in the same way, and cause in them the semblance of human beings?

Impressions made upon the eye or mind, and associations with certain events in life, recur at times through messages from an invisible world, which reach us in many ways, and it is, perhaps, through these human faculties that the finite is immersed in complete unity with the infinite.

The picture of St. George upon the plate was visualized in the mind of the soldier at a moment of dire distress when the help of a Higher Power was needed, and possibly the Vision and that great cry infused new strength, and thus brought the soul in closer contact with the eternal reality.

Mrs. St. John Mildmay.

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO VOTE

BY JAMES C. HEMPHILL

It could hardly have been expected that in the midst of wars and wars' alarms the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court on the negro suffrage question would receive much attention from the newspaper press; and yet it is one of the most important judgments pronounced by the Court in fifty years. Twenty years ago it would have "fired the Northern heart" to its depths, and been regarded by the Southern white people as demanding from them some new and desperate remedy for a desperate situation. In fact, it has caused scarcely a ripple in the great sea of American public sentiment, which has changed immensely since the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment. It is held by Chief Justice White, who pronounced the unanimous opinion of the Court, that State laws basing the right of persons to vote on the right of their ancestors to vote before the Fifteenth Amendment was passed are illegal, unconstitutional and inoperative—the question as to whether or not the Amendment was adopted lawfully does not appear to have been considered by the Court. It would not be claimed that the mere fact of race or color should determine the right of a man to vote. Basing the right of persons to vote on the right of their ancestors to vote, was hardly worse than basing the right of persons to vote on their race or color, or on the fact that they did not have any ancestors who enjoyed that right.

There can be no question as to the meaning of the first clause of the Fifteenth Amendment. Its terms are perfectly clear and there would never have been any question as to its meaning but for the provision contained in its second clause that "the Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation." The Fourteenth, or reconstruction, Amendment, was rejected by Dela-

ware, Kentucky and ten Southern States, and was not acted on by California. But the ten Southern States were subsequently forced to ratify it. The Fifteenth, or negro suffrage, Amendment was rejected by six of the "loyal States" and was forced upon the Southern States by the bayonet at the ballot box. Surely, that was not the "appropriate legislation" contemplated by the Northern States which voted for the ratification of these Amendments.

So far, however, as the suffrage in the Southern States is concerned, speaking generally, the decision of the Supreme Court was largely academic, as, with the exception of the so-called "grandfather clauses" in the State Constitutions of Oklahoma and Maryland upon which the decision turned, there are no other Southern States in which the "grandfather clause" obtains. It will not add a cubit to the voting stature of the negro, and it will not take away from the white man any of his rights. If it shall result in the further restriction of the suffrage to those, whatever their color, race or previous condition, who should be regarded as fit to vote, the South will be all the better for it. Neither the reconstruction nor the suffrage Amendment was contemplated by Lincoln in his struggle to "save the Union." The first was not proclaimed until three years after his assassination, and the last followed two years later. He held that the Southern States had never been out of the Union, and, further, the policy of reconstruction adopted by Congress would never have had his support. In his *Life of Lincoln,* Lamon says: "He never at any time favored the admission of negroes into the body of the electors in his State, or in the States of the South." "I have no purpose," said Lincoln, "to introduce political or social equality between the white and black race. There is a physical difference between the two which probably will forever forbid their living together on the same footing of equality."

There can be no just judgment of the South and the sometimes extraordinary measures to which it was driven for self-preservation without taking account of conditions as they were when the new era in our National life began. There was no such thing fifty years ago as clear thinking on sectional questions. The passions of war were still blazing, and men had lost their reason. In one of his speeches Wendell Phillips said: "I do not believe there will be any peace until 347,000 men of the South are either hanged or exiled."

While the war was still raging fiercely, Parson Brownlow said at a public meeting in New York: "I would like to see Richmond and Charleston captured by negro troops, commanded by Butler, the beast. We will crowd the rebels into the Gulf of Mexico, and drown the entire race, as the devil did the hogs in the Sea of Galilee." When the bill to confiscate land in the South was before Congress, Thad Stevens said: "The South's land must be seized and divided and conveyed to loyal men, black and white." In one of his speeches at Washington in 1863 Senator Lane, of Kansas, said: "I would like to live long enough to see every white man in South Carolina in hell, the negroes inheriting their territory." As late as 1879, Wendell Phillips wrote in an article published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March: "Every rebel State should have been held as a territory under the direct rule of the Government, without troublesome questions." Major George W. Nichols, aide-de-camp of General Sherman on his march through the South, wrote in his book *The Story of the Great March,* page 193: "The white people of South Carolina are among the most degraded specimens of humanity I ever saw—lazy, shiftless; only energy to whine. The higher classes in South Carolina represent the scum, the lower, the dregs of civilization. They are not Americans; they are merely South Carolinians." Shortly after the South surrendered, Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, made a flying trip down to the South Atlantic States, and on his return to Washington the newspapers reported him as saying: "I found the whites a worn-out, effete race, without vigor, mental or physical. On the contrary, the negroes are alive, alert, full of energy. I predict in twenty-five years the negroes of the South will be at the head of all affairs, political, religious, the arts and sciences."

As showing the temper of the times these statements could be extended indefinitely. The South was helpless. Its legislative assemblies were packed with the most ignorant negroes, who were managed by criminal carpet-baggers and worse native "scalawags," as they were called, and government in the South was one long orgy until the better sentiment of the whole country was stirred to sympathy with the prostrate States. When human flesh and blood could endure no longer, there were acts of violence in the South that could be defended only on the plea of stern necessity, and when the

deliverance of the South from alien control finally arrived, and the white people had come back into their own, new laws were enacted which would make a return to this savagery forever impossible. That there was discrimination against the negroes has never been denied; that such discrimination was justified by their failure to administer public affairs in the public interest, when they had behind them the sentiment of the entire country outside the conquered States, the facts will show.

Ten years ago Colonel Francis G. Caffey, a native of Alabama, then practicing law in New York City and now Solicitor of the Department of Agriculture, discussed with great ability and fairness, in the *Political Science Quarterly*, "Suffrage Limitations at the South." In December, 1903, the committee on political reform of the Union League Club of New York made a report on the suffrage conditions in the eleven Southern States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. The committee argued that the suffrage was greatly restricted in the Southern States, that the restrictions imposed upon it constituted a denial of the right of citizens of the United States to vote within the meaning of the amended Constitution, that the marked decrease in the average vote for Congressmen in the South from 1892 to 1902 was due primarily to the limitations upon the suffrage, that these limitations were intended to eliminate the negro vote, that they gave the white population of the South an unfair advantage, and should result in the reduction of Southern representation in Congress and in the Electoral College. The committee reported that it had failed to find restrictive or unfair clauses in the Constitutions of Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas, but made no complaint of the statutes in these States except that in Tennessee and in Florida the Australian ballot laws in practice excluded illiterates from voting.

In the remaining six Southern States the suffrage is restricted by constitutional provisions, and, as fairly typical of the conditions in these States, Colonel Caffey discussed at considerable length and with some detail the suffrage provisions of the revised Constitution of Alabama which went into effect in November, 1901. Two plans were provided for in this Constitution—a temporary plan which remained in force only until January 1, 1903, under which all persons

registered could obtain certificates which would entitle them to vote for life, provided they complied with the other requirements of the Constitution; and a permanent plan which now controls the suffrage requirements in the State. Under the temporary plan, persons possessing the prescribed qualifications as to age and residence, and who had not been convicted of crime, were entitled to register if they had honorably served in the War of 1812 or in the Mexican, Indian, Civil or Spanish war; if they were lawful descendants of persons who had honorably served in these wars, or if they were persons of good character and understood the duties and obligations of citizenship. Under the permanent plan, only persons who possess educational or property qualifications are entitled to registration—those who, unless physically disabled, can read and write and have been regularly engaged in some lawful employment for the greater part of the twelve months preceding their application for registration, and those who own at least forty acres of land on which they reside, or own real or personal property assessed for taxation at a valuation of at least $300, on which the taxes for the previous year have been paid. Two further restrictions are imposed on the suffrage—the payment of a poll tax in February of each year, nine months in advance of the general election in any year and a provision barring vagrants and all who are not substantial, settled citizens from registration. In the actual operation of the law it has been found that many who obtained life certificates of registration under the temporary plan, and who have not paid their poll taxes, have been unable to vote.

In its report the committee of the Union League Club criticised severely the "grandfather," "good character," and "understanding" qualifications for registration required in the temporary plan; but failed to note the poll tax and vagrancy clauses which apply alike to whites and blacks, to the validity of which there can be no objection and which have been more effective than anything else in barring the negroes from voting. The permanent plan of the Constitution was framed after the example of Massachusetts and other Northern States. The vagrancy clauses are absolute, and bear upon white men and black men alike. The poll tax clause makes no discrimination, and has eliminated from the voting lists many who were registered under the temporary plan. Deaths and removals from the State have gradually

removed from the registration lists all others whose names were unfairly or unworthily placed there prior to 1903.

Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana each have a constitutional suffrage scheme similar in general purpose to the Alabama plan, but varying in details. Four States had the "grandfather" clause—Virginia, Alabama, North Carolina and Louisiana. In Virginia the right to registration was extended to soldiers and sailors who served in time of war prior to 1902, and to their sons; in Alabama the right was not limited to sons, but extended to lawful descendants. In Alabama the clause ceased to be operative January 1, 1903, and in Virginia on December 31, 1903. In North Carolina the Constitution provided a square educational qualification, but up to December 1, 1908, persons who had the right to vote prior to 1867, and their lineal descendants, were excepted from the educational test. In Louisiana there was a similar provision in the Constitution, extending, however, only to sons and grandsons; but this provision ceased to be operative in 1898. The real "grandfather" clause, based on descent from a voter, has existed only in North Carolina and Louisiana; but in the former State it ceased to be operative in 1908, and in the latter in 1898. This clause, Colonel Caffey naïvely observes, "was probably suggested to these two States by the provision in the Massachusetts Constitution making the right to vote in 1857 a sufficient qualification for registration"; and he adds: "In North Carolina, down to 1835, 'free persons, without regard to color, claimed and exercised the franchise,' and the free negro population of that State in 1830 was 15,543." Under the war service qualification for the suffrage some negroes could have registered in every Southern State. "In Alabama, for instance, one out of three regiments from the State in the Spanish War [of which, by the way, Colonel Caffey was the Lieutenant-Colonel] was composed of negroes; and if we may take as a basis of estimate the number of negroes in the South drawing pensions, a great many of them served in the Civil War. It is not unusual in Northern States to reward war service by favorable provisions in suffrage and public service laws. Massachusetts has for many years made such a discrimination in its election laws."

It is not claimed that the election laws have invariably been administered with fairness in the South. They have

not been so administered in many Northern States—in Adams County, Ohio, and in Terre Haute, Indiana, for example—but that does not excuse crooked practices in the South. In Alabama it is made a felony for any one to pay the poll tax of another. Ballot-box stuffing is not indigenous to the South. "Tissue ballots" were taken down there by the adventurers who followed in the wake of the invading armies. The making over of Congressional districts to suit political necessities was taught by the clever statesmen who were never under the spell of human slavery. The South is no better than it should be, but it is far better than it would have been had the gentlewoman from Kansas realized her pious hope and prayer: "I hope and pray that when I pass away from earth, I will be able to look down from the heavenly blue above and see the black heel set on the white necks of these people."

James C. Hemphill.

INTERNATIONAL FINANCES

BY FRANK W. MAHIN

Great Britain, France, and Germany are the countries which naturally suggest themselves for comparison in a study of international finances, since they and the United States are always classed together in any category of countries most distinguished for progressive activity in commerce, for general intelligence, and for the other elements constituting a great nation. The comparison is made, of course, with the finances of the three European countries as they were before the present war began.

In making a comparison, the colonies of all these countries are excluded, for where they are not fully self-supporting their annual cost to the respective parent countries is negligible in the vast totals of Government accounts. Besides, this comparison is only to show the relative weight of the financial burdens carried by the people of the countries in question, and it is immaterial where the tax-raised money is expended.

The Government expenditures of all these nations have grown steadily year by year. Between 1900 and 1913 they grew in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland from $700,000,000 to $917,000,000 a year; in France, from $709,000,000 to $945,000,000; in Germany, from $577,000,000 to $900,000,000. During the same period in the United States the growth of Government expenditures was from $590,000,000 to $969,071,190, this not including $41,741,258 spent on the Panama Canal. The most of the increase in the United States was on three accounts—pensions, the navy, and the postal service.

While the increase in the United States was absolutely greater than in either of the other countries, it was less in proportion to growth of population. In 1900 the Govern-

ment expenditures of this country averaged $7.90 per capita, and in 1913 about $10 per capita; those of Great Britain averaged $17.24 per capita in 1900 and $20 in 1913; those of France, $18.30 in 1900 and $23.60 in 1913; those of Germany, $10.27 in 1900 and $13.45 in 1913. Thus, the increases during the thirteen years were, in the United States $2.10 per capita, in Great Britain $2.76, in France $5.30, in Germany $3.18.

The expenditures of the United States were not only less per capita than those of the other countries, but very much less in proportion to national wealth. The wealth of the United States, according to the latest estimates, is 140 times its annual Government expenditures; that of Great Britain, 93 times; of France, 75 times; of Germany, 73 times.

We have seen that the per capita expenditures of the United States for National Government purposes are much less than those of the other countries considered. The contrast is also brought out forcibly by comparing the population and area of the countries. While the expenditures of the United States are but little more than those of either of the other countries, it has nearly 25 times the area of the United Kingdom and over twice its population; over 14 times the area of France and over twice its population; over 14 times the area of Germany and 50 per cent. more population.

In the matter of debt, comparison also favors the United States. According to recent official statements our national debt is $1,028,000,000, or $10.45 per capita of the population; Great Britain's, $3,486,000,000, or $76.35 per capita; France's, $6,346,000,000, or $160.25 per capita; Germany's, $1,300,000,000, or $19.70 per capita.

It might be supposed that the separate debts and expenditures of our sovereign States would offset the favorable difference between the United States and those other countries, but such is not the case. They also have local divisions, with separate debts and expenditures. The total annual expenditures of all our States approximate $400,000,000, and their total debt is also about $400,000,000. There is nothing in Great Britain and France fairly comparable with our States, though in some respects they resemble the shires and departments of those countries. But the German States materially resemble our States in their financial independence; they levy direct taxes, while the revenues of

the Imperial Government are derived mainly from indirect taxation, like those of our own National Government. The total expenditures of the German States approximate $1,600,000,000 a year and their total debt is about $4,000,000,000. However, a considerable part of this enormous State debt is due to construction and ownership of railroads, which form an important asset against the debt.

Then there are the county and municipal expenditures and debts in the United States, and their like exists in those other countries. Such local expenditures in the United States annually aggregate approximately $2,300,000,000 and the local debts about $2,800,000,000. In Great Britain similar local expenditures aggregate $930,000,000 a year; with local debts totaling $3,365,000,000. Much of this British local debt was caused by the purchase and construction of water-works, gas and electric works, street railroads, and so forth, by cities. In France corresponding local expenditures are placed at the relatively low annual total of $420,000,000 and debts at $1,100,000,000. In Germany official returns of annual local expenditures aggregate only $320,000,000, with debts of $1,200,000,000.

The foregoing items tabulate as follows:

EXPENDITURES.

	Great Britain.	France.	Germany.	United States.
National.....	$ 917,000,000	$ 945,000,000	$ 900,000,000	$ 969,000,000
State, city, etc....	930,000,000	420,000,000	1,920,000,000	2,700,000,000
Total.....	$1,847,000,000	$1,365,000,000	$2,820,000,000	$3,669,000,000
Per capita.....	$41	$34	$42.70	$37.40

DEBT.

National.....	$3,486,000,000	$6,346,000,000	$1,300,000,000	$1,028,000,000
State, city, etc....	3,365,000,000	1,100,000,000	5,200,000,000	3,200,000,000
Total.....	$6,851,000,000	$7,446,000,000	$6,500,000,000	$4,228,000,000
Per capita.....	$152.24	$184.60	$98.50	$43

These figures show that the United States has a much lighter debt burden per capita of population than any of the three countries compared, and a lighter tax burden per capita than any of those countries except France. But even this exception is probably erroneous, because the available statistics of public local expenditures in France are believed

to be incomplete. That is also true of the corresponding statistics for Germany. So it is probable that the total public expenses of France per capita are as high as those of the United States, if not higher, and that the per capita of Germany is still higher than appears by the preceding table.

All these figures apply to a time of peace. The war in which these other countries are now engaged will immensely widen the comparative difference between their expenses and debts and those of the United States. Great Britain's debt may be doubled, France's increased one-half, and Germany's tripled or quadrupled. Taxes have already been heavily increased to pay the current expenses of the war, and taxes must remain at an abnormal height foryears after the war to meet obligations and to repair the wreck and devastation caused by it.

France has the largest debt of any country in the world. It was created by wars and the extravagance of monarchs. But in later years France's finances have been managed with skill and prudence. The readiness and apparent ease with which France paid the $1,000,000,000 indemnity to Germany in 1871 astonished the world.

It is said that this great sum gradually disappeared from the German treasury during the ensuing six years, for Germany's ordinary revenues were less than its expenses. Subsequent deficits have been met by loans, so that nearly every year has witnessed an increase of Germany's debt. It has doubled during the last twenty years, though it is still much less than the combined debt of the German States. However, this national debt increase does not mean waste or extravagance, but rather an insufficiency of revenue. For means to meet its national expenses Germany is practically limited to customs duties and internal revenue taxes. Income taxes, which are indispensable to the national treasuries of various other countries, are levied entirely by the German States and municipalities and go into their treasuries. Notwithstanding the great development of Germany's army and navy in recent years, its expenditures in that direction have been relatively small. The cost of the German army has averaged about $240,000,000 a year and of the navy about $120,000,000 a year for the past five years. Germany's standing army was 870,000. Great Britain's army cost during the same period averaged $135,000,000 and its navy $210,000,000 a year, with a standing army of 250,000.

France's army cost averaged $200,000,000 and its navy $90,000,000 a year; standing army, 700,000. The cost of the United States army averaged about $115,000,000 and of its navy about $125,000,000 a year; standing army, 100,000. The relatively higher cost of the United States army is due mainly to its soldiers being better paid than those of other armies.

The national debt of the United States has been practically stationary during the past twenty-five years, though it has decreased nearly one-half per capita of the population. The per capita interest charge on this debt is now 23 cents annually. Great Britain's interest charge is $2.41 per capita; France's, $4.71; Germany's, 83 cents.

The per capita circulation of money in the United States December 1, 1914, was $36.40. Recent statements gave the per capita circulation in Great Britain as $21.21; in France, $48.91; in Germany, $21.36. France leads not only in the per capita of all kinds of money in circulation, but also in that of gold, with $30.30 per capita, against $19.48 in the United States, $16.10 in Great Britain, and $13.30 in Germany.

All these countries have uncovered paper money—that which is not represented by an equal amount of coin or bullion held in the national treasury to redeem it on demand. The United States leads with approximately $1,000,000,000 worth of uncovered paper—the amount varying with financial requirements. According to recent statistics France follows with $325,000,000 worth, Germany with $261,600,000, and Great Britain with $115,200,000. Apparently the United States has a vast lot of irredeemable paper money afloat; but in fact all except some $200,000,000 of its uncovered paper is national bank notes, secured by United States bonds held in the treasury. The national bank paper has been greatly increased by issues under the present currency law, previous to which the total amount of our uncovered paper was under $800,000,000. The increase was made possible by the Congressional legislation of the past two years, giving our financial system the elasticity for lack of which it has been invidiously compared with the systems of other countries.

We have seen how favorably the United States appears in contrast with other great countries in respect to public debt and expenditures. Even if those countries had not engaged in war there is no reason to doubt that the comparison would have continued to favor the United States in-

definitely so far as national debt and expenses are concerned. But it is less certain as to local debt and expenses, particularly those of towns and cities. They have increased prodigiously in this country during the last twenty-five years, out of proportion to increase of population, and in striking contrast to the moderate growth of State debt and expenses. Supervision and control akin to what the British Government exercises over British cities would be wholesome for American municipalities which are inclined to prodigality.

But the State control in this country should be through constitutional restrictions upon municipalities rather than through mere legislative enactment, which always lacks stability and certainty and might be meddlesome and capricious or inspired by party considerations and personal interests.

FRANK W. MAHIN.

LIFE AND CHANCE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

MANY natural philosophers of our time believe that the appearance of life upon this planet was a fortuitous occurrence—that it was as accidental as the fall of a die, or as the profile of the rocks—entirely the result of the blind hit-and-miss method of Nature as seen in the inorganic world. In the last analysis, according to this view, we are all merely molecular accidents. Let us see in what sense, if any, this may be true. To come at the truth in it we must look upon the fortuitous and the accidental, not as they occur in a world of mechanical movements, but in a world of chemical reactions. The fortuitous among chemical bodies is quite a different thing from the fortuitous among ponderable bodies. We might shake together the parts of a watch for all eternity and not get that adjustment of the wheels and springs that makes a watch. If a thousand of brick are dumped upon the ground, is there any probability that they will take the form of a house? Or if the letters of the alphabet are shaken up together in a bag, is there the slightest chance that they will arrange themselves into words and that the words will arrange themselves into intelligent sentences? In all these things the parts have no attraction for one another, but among chemical compounds, out of which living bodies are built up, there rules the selective force of chemical affinity. The elements select their partners. It is a marriage in which two literally become one. Chemistry is on the road to life; chemical transformations lead up to the transformations we call vital. The physical forces transport and transpose and seek a state of rest; they sort and sift the sands and gravels and clays of the soil, depositing them in a regular series, but they never get beyond the realm of mere chance. The clouds are ever changing, but they never change

into living forms. The waves shift and pile the sands endlessly upon the shore, but the shore is always essentially the same. Gravity is the ruling force. But among chemical bodies a new force appears; chemical affinity is here the determining factor. The law of probability plays a secondary part. Spontaneous combustion, for instance, is a molecular accident only in a limited sense. The antecedent conditions may be in a measure accidental, but the chemical reactions that bring about the rise of temperature to the point of combustion are not accidental; they inhere in the constitution of the elements. Life may be of spontaneous and fortuitous origin in the same sense; not a mere chance happening among unrelated bodies, but the continuation of long-antecedent conditions brought about by that mysterious force we call chemical attraction. This force, as it were, gives the elements eyes, and hands, and feet, and power of choice, and determines the line of their activities. Liquid water, without which life could not exist, was contingent upon the chemical union in fixed properties of the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen; accident may have played a part in the meeting of those two gases, but, once met, under the proper conditions, water was bound to appear. The chemical union of oxygen and silica, which forms so large a part of the earth's surface, was predetermined by the nature of the substances, but the forms of the landscape and the size and the shape of the continents were not in the same sense predetermined. An entirely different disposition of the land surfaces of the globe than the one we behold might have occurred.

Life has its roots in the ground. Everywhere in the inorganic world are movements that foreshadow the organic; inanimate nature is dreaming of the animate. If the worm, as Emerson says, "is striving to be man," the clod is no less striving to be worm. The crystal prepares the way for the cell. The flowing currents of air and water are forerunners of the flowing currents of the living body. Solutions, precipitations, chemical reactions, oxidation, osmotic pressure, assimilation, disassimilation, catalytic power—all antedate and apparently lead up to the movement in matter that we call vital. Life had a large capital to begin on. Its house was well furnished, and its servants awaited its call. It was dowered with the air, the water, the soil, the warmth, the light. The four estates of matter—the solid, the fluid, the gaseous, the ethereal—were its special inheritance. They furnished the conditions. The colloids mothered it, the catalyses fathered it. Electricity, radio-

activity, chemical transformations, are parts of its assets. The forces of life are only the forces of inert matter imbued with a new purpose. In the living body we see the same old chemistry and physics working to higher ends. The chemical transformation of the two substances into a body totally unlike either is a forerunner of the magical changes in the conditions of matter wrought by life. The scientific philosophers find no tendency or activity in living matter that they cannot match in the non-living; hence to them there is no difference between the two that experimental science can grasp. But behold the difference to our consciousness! The difference lies in the purposive activities of one that is absent from the other. There is no purpose in the facets of a crystal in the sense that there is purpose in the forms and structures of living bodies. The hinge of a bivalve has purpose that is determined by the needs of the organism; but what purpose have the lines of cleavage in the rocks, or the contours of the hills, or the courses of the streams? All these things may serve man's purpose, but they are meaningless when regarded in their own light. There is no significance in the whistle of the wind about your house, but a whistle of another kind there in the darkness would startle you. The sounds of inanimate Nature mean nothing, but all sounds that proceed from living, moving things are significant. The rainbow is an optical phenomenon, and, though a beautiful symbol to us mortals, it is not purposive; it plays no part in the physics of the storm. There is no purpose in the glint of the dewdrop nor in the sparkle of the diamond, but there is purpose in the flash of the firefly and in the beam of the glow-worm. The gay plumage of certain birds has a deep significance that does not attach to the brilliant hues of precious stones.

All the movements of Nature may be divided into rational and irrational. The movements of living things are rational; they serve a purpose in meeting the needs of those things; but non-living things have no needs, hence their movements are fortuitous and irrational.

The collisions and disruptions that take place in the vast depths of sidereal space show that chance takes a hand in the game even there, though the universal law of gravitation is not annulled.

Though one has trouble in reconciling the hit-and-miss method of Nature which one sees all about him—her blind, groping, experimental ways—with the obvious purpose and order which one sees in all living bodies, yet the reconciliation some-

how exists. Here life appears and here it goes on amid accidents, delays, waste, failures; at war with itself, at war with the physical forces; rooted in the inorganic, but perpetually crushed and destroyed by it; the long evolutionary process crowned by a man as if he were the end of it all, yet man beset by a thousand enemies, internal and external; his history marked by war, pestilence, famine, suffering, injustice, the monstrous and the abnormal; the methods and aims of intelligence seen everywhere in the organic world, yet intelligence hampered by matter and struggling to be free; chance taking a hand in every game in life, and only life itself seeming superior to the clash of conflicting forces.

We have at once to look upon the organic and inorganic as occupying two different planes. In the world of inert matter one sees only the operation of fixed laws, things cannot be otherwise than as they are; fate rules, the balance of forces is fatefully kept. But when we reach the world of living things all this is changed; the books are never balanced; there is purpose, flexibility, indeterminateness, a shaping of means to an end, an ever-changing fixity, movement which perpetually defeats the tendency in matter to a dead equilibrium. In life matter takes on a new behavior, enters into new combinations, builds up new forms, and in a measure escapes from the law of necessity that rules inanimate bodies.

Life is like those figures which the sculptor sometimes carves when he shows us the form of a youth or a maiden partly freed from the shapeless block of marble—the flowing and delicate lines of life are quickly lost in the ragged and broken lines of the insensate stone. Life is hampered and bound by the fatality of matter in the same way—the organic is still in bonds to the inorganic; it is half one and half the other, and is constantly struggling for mere freedom. This struggle is the drama of evolution, and the drama and tragedy of human history. Its very condition is the union of two opposing elements —fate and freedom wedded in one movement. Life without that which hampers and holds it would not be life; it would have no reality, no expression. The struggle and the antagonism give it body and power. It also opens the door to chance or fortune, as the ancients called it.

The living has to adapt itself to the non-living. The latter is uncompromising; it goes its own way if all life perishes. But life is plastic, inventive, compromising; it takes what it can get; under the pressure of outward conditions it is per-

petually changing; it flows on like a stream, taking the form that external conditions impose upon it, but ever flowing. It would not be life without this inherent movement.

All life asks is opportunity; it takes its chances in the clash of opposing forces; it loses at one point and gains at another; the hazards of time and change modify it, hindering or helping it, but do not extinguish it.

Forms grow old, but the life impulse does not grow old. The animal brain suddenly began to increase in size in Tertiary times. Why? To account for evolution, as I see it, I have to substitute something like the creative impulse of Bergson for the mechanical and fortuitous selection of Darwin. The process of evolution would have stopped, or never have begun, had there not been the inherent tendency of life to struggle up to higher and more complex forms. Mechanical forces seek rest—life forces seek action and change; a static equilibrium is the tendency of the one, a dynamic disequilibrium is the aim of the other. The boy's hoop stands up as long as he keeps it running; it does not have time to fall, gravity is defeated every moment. This is a type of living matter; the life impulse keeps it from stopping and falling down.

It is easy to see that chance, or the law of probability, would have brought the world of dead matter where it is, but the living world presents a different problem. Here we strike the world of organization, parts fitted to parts, and parts subordinated to parts, the many organized into the one. Still there is the same hit-and-miss method of the action and interaction of bodies upon one another, the blind inorganic forces taking a hand in the game of life; the seeds are sown by the chance action of the winds and the floods, the forests are planted and trimmed by chance; the chance actions of squirrels and jays and crows plant the heavy nuts, the grazing cows plant the apple and red-thorn seeds, the fruit-eating birds scatter and drop the many small fruits; there is chance in the planting and trimming and weeding of Nature's garden, and in its locality, but is there chance in the production of her living gardener, in life itself? It is in the reciprocal action of the living and the non-living that life goes on. Chance, inside of mechanical and chemical laws, rules in the one; chance, limited and subordinated to specific ends, rules in the other. Fate and freedom each play a part in life. The plants that spread by runners are free to spread in all directions, but they are fated to run; the vines that climb by tendrils are free to reach

out in all directions, and their tendrils react to whatever they touch, and cling there; the fate of their organization limits them to this mode of getting up in the sun and air. Were there not something fixed and upright, the tendriled vines and plants could not get on in the world. Every tree and every plant has its typical form, but what variations inside that pattern or form! The pines and spruces must throw out their branches in whorls at regular intervals, with one central shoot leading the ranks upward; this is the fixed or stereotyped form, but kill the central shoot, and the tree is free to promote one of the lateral shoots to take the place of the lost leader. The maple-leaves, the oak-leaves, are of fixed patterns, but how hard to find two leaves of the same tree that are exactly alike! The mating of the queen bee and the drones in the air of a summer's day is a chance meeting; the mating of men and women from which marriages result is largely a chance meeting; the fertilization of flowers through the agency of insects is largely a chance occurrence; if the weather is bad for a number of consecutive days, the fertilization does not take place. Chance enters into life in this way. As the inorganic forces are blind and haphazard, and the wind bloweth where it listeth, the success of the organic forces, so far as they draw upon these things, is fortuitous also. Aristotle seems to think that organisms are under the same rule of necessity as prevails in the inorganic world. The rain he says does not fall in order to make the corn grow any more than it falls to spoil the corn when it is threshed out in the field. This is the modern scientific view. The weather system is indifferent to crops; the rain falls by reason of the laws of physics, which always act the same under the same conditions. The rain is not designed for the corn, but the corn avails itself of the rain because it has organic needs. The rain has no needs; inert matter has no needs; it is ruled by necessity, but living things are ruled by a different order of necessity—the necessity arising from their internal spontaneity, of which Aristotle speaks. Aristotle thinks that the teeth and other organs of an animal have a merely accidental relation to its body, and all the parts to which we attribute design; they continue, and are perfected because they are useful. This is natural selection before Darwin. But it is more in agreement with the thought of today to regard all the parts of a living body as the result of an inherent demand of the organism—the "internal spontaneity" which Aristotle had in mind. All parts of living bodies are appropriately

constituted, but the word "appropriate" does not apply in the same sense to winds and clouds.

Contingency attends all forms of life, but determinism rules throughout the realm of insensate matter. The pulp of all fruits is purposeful; it is a wage for any animal that will come and sow this seed, but behold how largely chance enters into this bargain! The heavy nuts have neither hooks nor springs nor wings, but they are toothsome to birds and beasts which supply feet and wings, hence they get scattered. Every part and organ of a living body is purposeful, and not the result of chance as we use the term, but its lot is cast in a world of unorganized material forces, which go their endless rounds from one static condition to another, bound in the iron law of causality.

Nature makes her knives and shears and drills and chisels and augers and hammers a part of a living organism, while with man they are but the mechanical extension of his hand and brain. The parts of a watch are no more purposeful than are the parts of the human body, and are no more the result of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms"; but there is no mystery about a watch; it can all be explained in terms of mechanics plus the mind of man. A living body cannot be so explained; the mystery is in the organizing principle which defies all analysis and all attempts at reproduction. "Natural philosophy," says Professor Soddy, of Glasgow University, "may explain a rainbow, but not a rabbit." We can produce a rainbow at will, but only rabbits can produce rabbits. Yet Professor Soddy seems to think it is not improbable that the time will come when the chemist will be "able to synthesize foodstuffs apart from the life-process." If he means directly from the inorganic elements, I do not see why it would not be as easy to synthesize a rabbit as to synthesize a peach, or a kernel of wheat, or a beefsteak, or an egg, "apart from the life-process."

Fate and freedom play with or against each other in all living things; there is fate in the material conditions of life, and freedom in life itself; their interaction opens the door to chance; freedom of choice in us makes all our mistakes and failures possible. Life is plastic, fluid, a flowing metamorphosis, ever and never the same.

When the wind snatched my hat off my head the other day, and carried it down the street amid a cloud of dust and dry leaves, whisking it across to the other side and between the feet of a colored man bearing a big bundle of excelsior on his shoul-

ders, the hat was completely in the grip of the fateful material forces. But the colored man who seized it and held it was force of another kind. The wind might have carried him away also had it been stronger, but he would at least have struggled and opposed his strength to it. And it is in this that the freedom of life consists: freedom to struggle—to push on, to overcome obstacles, and to turn the inorganic forces against themselves, thus making life strong by the strength of the obstacle it surmounts. We cannot still the wind, but in our sail-boats we can use it.

The extent to which the law of probability rules in the organic world is seen in the fact that the proportion of males to females among all species keeps pretty uniform. In any given city or country there will probably be about the same number of deaths from the various diseases year after year, unless some means of fighting disease are employed. There will be about the same number of weddings and elopements, about the same number of defective persons born, about the same number of persons that reach extreme old age, and of persons above or under the average height. The fluctuations about a common mean in all things will be pretty regular. Indeed, the law of averages plays about as full a part in organic as in inorganic nature. It is probable that just about as many boys will be drowned while skating each winter and while bathing each summer.

In a world of pure mechanics and chemistry all these things would remain about the same, century after century. But the reason and soul of man introduce a new element, and the dice are loaded, at times, at least. Still, the law of probability plays a prominent part in the affairs of men and nations. Over and above our wills and purposes stream the great cosmic currents which we cannot stem, but which, in a measure, we can and do utilize.

Development is what distinguishes the living from the dead. Friction and collision, warmth and moisture, do not develop the pebbles on the beach.

A variation proves advantageous only to something growing, expanding, and seeking advantages and capable of profiting by them. The tendency of the action of outward physical forces upon a body is to produce uniformity, and if living bodies were shaped by these forces alone they would all be alike. If there was not something in every living form that was *sui generis*, they would all be alike.

Professor Soddy says that "inanimate molecules in all their movements obey the law of probability, the law which governs the successive falls of a true die." While this is true in a world of mechanical forces, it certainly is not true in the world of living bodies—here the die is loaded.

The slight variations in the forms of living things are doubtless the result of outward chance occurrences. In passing from the purely mechanical to the vital, we seem to enter a realm where the dice are loaded; chance still plays a part, but a secondary part. The perfect apple on the tree has escaped many mishaps of wind and storm and hostile insect and germ, but it is not a matter of chance that it is an apple, and that it is sweet or sour, red or green, round or flat. That species of apple is always thus with possible modifications. Soil, climate, exposure, culture, all have their influence.

In all marriages and social relations chance plays a part—a chance meeting, an auspicious moment—but sex and the social instinct are not a matter of chance. There is no chance in the workings of the Mendelian law; it is mathematically exact.

If a hybrid which results from the crossing of two varieties that differ from each other only in one specific character, as in color, or tallness, or shortness, be planted, we know that one-fourth of the seeds will take on the character of one grandparent, and one-fourth take on the character of the other, and that the other two-fourths of them will take on the character of the hybrid, and that this order will repeat itself endlessly. Chance takes no part in the result. The dominant characters are constantly separated from each other in the second generation to the extent of one-half, while the other half remains hybrid.

The element of chance enters into all the operations of outward nature. Not a flower blooms, not a fruit forms, not a drop of rain falls, not a child is born, but is more or less contingent upon the changes and fluctuations of the natural currents and forces. But the capacity of matter itself to produce life we cannot think of as accidental; only its development is subject to the law of chance in a world of conflicting forces.

If the seed did not possess an innate tendency to grow and unfold under favoring conditions, the flower, the fruit, could not appear, or the child be born. And if matter did not possess potential life, life could never have appeared in the world.

I conceive that the appearance of life upon this globe was a matter of chance in the same way that fertilization or impregnation in the vegetable and animal world is a matter of chance. There is the possibility of fertilization to start with, and there is the inherent tendency, but unless conditions favor—conditions that are contingent upon many things—it does not take place. In the vegetable world, storms, frosts, rains, floods may prevent fertilization; or the part played by insects may be negatived in some way. In the animal world, external conditions, as well as internal, must also favor, and fortune certainly plays a part in the game. In cold late springs the first birds' nests contain fewer eggs than they do in warm, early seasons. One summer there is an invasion of insect pests—grasshoppers, or tent caterpillars, or forest worms—the chance conditions favored them; the next season the country may be quite free from them, the conditions having been reversed. The slow or the rapid increase of the population of a country is contingent upon many things. Economic conditions play a part, climate plays a part, the geography and the geology play a part. What a part the Gulf Stream has played in the life of the British Islands! What a part a great river, an inland sea, or a much broken coast-line plays in the life of the countries to which these belong! Life is expansive, tends to push out and develop, but it is at the mercy of external conditions. Environment is either a check or a stimulant.

The origin of life, and the many forms it has taken, were probably a matter of chance in the same sense that the origin of springs and streams and the formation of rivers were matters of chance. Given our weather system, and the unequal elevation of land above the sea, and fountains and streams are bound to appear, but they will all be modified and shaped by the chance conditions they encounter. Water will flow, and the tendency of life to push out and on, and organize itself into new forms, is equally inherent. It seems to me we have to take into account this innate expansive or evolutionary force in living matter. To ask whence it comes, how it is related to the matter which it animates, as mankind so long have asked, is at once to get beyond sounding. All forms of life bear the stamp of the environment. Life must adapt itself to its material conditions. And this living adaptation of life to its environment is radically different from a mechanical adjustment. Inanimate bodies adjust themselves, animate bodies adapt themselves. It is this power of adaptation which makes all purely mechanistic

conceptions of life so inadequate. The only machine that can fit itself to the medium in which it moves is the living machine. To inquire into the fitness of the environment is to reverse the problem, and leads to confusion; since the environment is uncompromising, and life must adapt itself to it or cease to be. Man can and does alter his environment to a limited extent, but not so radically as his environment alters him. He cannot change the air he breathes, or the water he drinks, or the nature of the food he eats, nor change his vital relations to the physical world. His mechanical relations, to a certain extent, wait upon his will, but his vital relations are for ever fixed. The place and the hour leave their mark upon everything—more upon the plastic and adaptive forms of life than upon the rigid and immobile forms of death. If you and I had been born in another month, another season, or in another country than we were, can there be any doubt that we should have been quite other than we are? If Carlyle had come and settled here when Emerson invited him, is it not almost certain that his outlook upon life would have been radically changed, and his literary output different? The currents flow; life molds itself to the moments as they fly. The almost infinite diversities of types and characters attest the influence of the chance happenings in the environment. The plains beget one type of life; the mountains, the desert, the sea, the wilderness beget others. The professions and occupations beget their types. The general type of a race long adjusted to its environment—the English, the French, the Arabian, the Mongolian—remains fairly constant, but inside this constancy occur the slight local differences owing to differences in environment. No doubt extraordinary men are in a measure the result of happy accident. There are determining or favoring factors—race, climate, family inheritance, and so on—and there are modifying and fortuitous factors in the daily lives and habits of the parents and in the social conditions. The web of human life is so complex, so many influences and inheritances converge and unite in the genesis of every life, that the elements of chance or fortune inevitably play a part. The malformed, the undermitted, the monstrosities, the still-born, all afford evidence of how the plans of Nature are thwarted or marred by accident. This factor of chance invades even the life of the cells, and occasionally some part is absent or defective.

The forms and distributions of bodies in inorganic nature are not important; any other scheme or rearrangement would do

just as well. The wonderful monumental and architectural rock-forms in the great Southwest are purely a matter of chance—that is, they serve no special purpose, though, given the kind of rock, and the conditions, they are inevitable; they are fated to be thus and not otherwise. But the men and women who make long journeys to view the marvelous spectacle are not in the same way a matter of chance, and their going thither is not a matter of chance; other than physical causes have determined the journey. Their desire to make the journey has its physical basis, but the journey itself was not inevitable like the flow of water down-hill, or like the geometric forms of the rocks themselves. A psychic principle played a part.

Man's freedom is not that of the wind which bloweth where it listeth, but freedom to go against the wind, or to conquer and use the forces that oppose him. There is no movement in inanimate nature that typifies human freedom; only living beings withstand and turn to their own account the forces of dead matter.

Man's work is geometric; he runs to angles and right lines; in other words, to parts and fragments. The circuitous method of Nature—her waste, her delays, her confusion, her endless seeking, her survival of the fittest, her all-around-the-horizon activities—he seeks to avoid, because he is not concerned with the All, but with a part. He aims at victories now and here, and not in the next geologic age. He would eliminate the element of chance. He does not wait for the winds and the floods to sow his seeds or plant his trees, or for the storms to trim and thin his forests; he takes short cuts, he saves time because he has not all time; he selects and abridges and cuts out, and reaches his ends by direct, geometric methods.

The red-thorn in the pasture is constantly cropped back by the cattle; the first shoot is browsed off half its length or more, but the push of life is behind it, and it throws out one or more lateral shoots; the ends of these are nipped, and the shoots that remain again subdivide, thus causing the would-be tree to spread out wider and wider upon the ground. The cropping continues, every new shoot is nipped, and the bush rises slowly as its circle extends farther and farther. Its progress is slow. Every season it goes through the same ordeal; every nip from the cows is met by new subdivisions of the shoots, till the rising bush becomes an impenetrable network of short, thorny branches. The mass is so dense that only the small birds can enter it. I have seen a song-sparrow take

refuge in it when hotly pursued by a hawk. The hawk flies round and round, unable to reach his victim. As inevitably as fate, the mass rises in the form of a cone, pushing its enemy farther and farther away till it is four or five feet high and as many feet broad at the base. Its triumph is now near at hand. Its top reaches a point where the cattle do not easily reach; they neglect the central twig at the apex of the cone; this shoots up, and having the whole push of the extensive root system of the tree behind it, grows rapidly as if in a race for life. I see such a red-thorn daily in my walks. Last year it won with this central shoot; this year it has made rapid progress, and now it has a stalk two feet high which the cattle cannot again crop. They will continue to crop the cone beneath it as long as fresh shoots are put out, but as the life of the tree is more and more drawn off from this mound at the base, and transferred to the rising top, the base soon ceases to grow and slowly dies. So that in a few years more there stands the tree in the shape of an hour-glass, the upper half flourishing, the lower half at a standstill or slowly going back. A few years more and the hour-glass form has faded; only a part of the lower half remains, and so the tree, after a struggle of many years, comes into shape and drops its fruit to the cattle that were so bent on destroying it, and who, by eating this fruit, plant more thorn-trees all over the landscape. Not all species of trees possess this power of struggling successfully against their enemies. The linden, for instance, when cropped by the cattle, resorts to no such tactics as do the apple and red-thorn. In its simplicity it pushes out new shoots each year to be cropped off by the cattle, and it never gets above their reach. The push of life is there, but it is along right lines. There is no manœuvring for advantage, as with the thorn.

The red-thorn in the pasture, struggling to become a tree, is a good type of life. Accident and destiny enter into its problem in due proportion. Accidents are analogous to the grazing cattle, and destiny to the inherent nature of the tree. All life is certainly more or less a struggle against opposing forces, and were it not for the push of life within, living bodies would soon cease to be such; and if the part played by changing fortunes without were greater or less than it is, these bodies might present a far different appearance from that which we now behold.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

JOURNALISM AND PERMANENCE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THERE are many obstacles to the production of literature of high and permanent quality in Ameria, but probably the greatest is the immense development of current journalism. This is something the classical writers did not have to contend with. Sophocles was not tempted from the stage with the offer of big money for sketches of Athenian politicians, nor was it ever suggested to Cervantes that *Don Quixote* might be serialized and syndicated.

To-day many of the best books find an easy road to success and popularity through being hacked in pieces and sold in neat, wrapped, labeled sections, like chewing-gum. How can an author think at once of the rounded perfection and continuity of an entire work and of the detachment of effective specimens, each of which shall be complete in itself and calculated to inspire a jaded public with eager longing for more of the same kind?

It is well known that journalism encourages superficiality, but perhaps few appreciate to how great an extent. Journalism creates superficial readers. Unfortunately, the immense growth of modern knowledge in all branches makes an intelligent superficiality a necessary requisite of education. The man who reads line for line and word for word is in these days stranded on a desert island. Everybody must make a dart for useful information and snatch it where he can. But sound mental discipline requires that this versatility should be tempered by a certain amount of slow, steady, thoughtful, drudging application. Now the newspapers and current magazines do not encourage this—they do not even admit of it. Who would plod through a page of a great daily? Who could? Instead, we are trained to run diagonally from top to bottom between two mouthfuls,

or in the midst of an inquiry as to the neighbor's baby. Nothing takes our attention but what is thrown at it; nothing really stimulates our thought but a leaded head-line or a staring picture.

And the superficiality of readers inevitably breeds a corresponding superficiality in writers. Of what use is long meditation, exact research, the careful sifting of arguments, when nobody knows or cares? One or two facts must hit, must count, must tell. As to these, you have to be terribly sure; otherwise you will suffer for it. But the expert soon learns where the strain comes, puts all his thought on that, and patches up the rest from any handy source in books or fancy.

Here is a strange thing, too: You would think this wild hurry of writers and readers would at least foster one of the chief literary merits—brevity. Quite the contrary. Our newspapers are one of the wonders of the world for size—and padding. Why is it that when most of us want to read only the headlines, and should apparently be satisfied with head-lines and nothing else, every newspaper is stuffed with column after column of amplification which seems to add little to the few essential words printed at the top? The reason is obvious. It is precisely because we have acquired such a happy facility in the art of skipping that we are perpetually invited to skip—like little lambs. I want to satiate myself with baseball, you with the cotton-market, Jones with politics, Mrs. Jones with murder. We can each of us make perfect brevity of the others' interests. But brevity for the paper as a whole would be quite out of the question.

The best, indeed, the only fundamental remedy for this decay of literature under the influence of journalism, is the cultivation of conscience and ambition. It is true that it seems a waste of conscience to do good work for the housemaid to make fires with. But Warburton's cook made fires with unique manuscripts of Shakespeare. It is true that the gaping image of posterity, created by much experience with the skipping approval of the average newspaper reader, makes glory seem not so much hard to get as not worth getting. Yet serious, thoughtful, intelligent people still read and will read, and the more hopeful among us still believe that such readers are posterity.

When we consider more in detail, there are three points which the active journalist who dreams of doing something

permanent should keep before him. First, there is the question of subject. And here he has comparatively little choice. If he wants to write for the public, he must write on what interests the public. There are a thousand odd corners he would like to probe, a thousand things that interest him and should interest the public. But they do not. The question of God lacks actuality, said the French editor. Other things of some importance lack actuality, which sticks like a burr to things of no importance at all. Editors and contributors both must make sacrifice at the altar of the tawdry idol, timeliness. But this at least you can do: you can know what you are writing about. Make for yourself a specialty—or two, or three, specialties.

Then there is that indefinable, that immortalizing element, style. Style is nothing in the world but the best and most effective way of saying things. It is style that makes literature to-day of the work of those two journalists, Voltaire and Macaulay. But in style, more than in anything else, the good is the enemy of the best. Our average journalistic product is well enough written, clearly written, sometimes it hits hard. But it lacks originality. It lacks sincerity. It is all plastered over with a crust of conventional phraseology which comes from conventional thought. If you want to do anything permanent, you must scratch off this crust, burn it off, fling it off. Keep the great masters of style constantly before you, many of them and many different ones; and, if possible, learn to think and feel a little for yourself.

One thing more. If you want to write for permanence, live always with the permanent things. A current subject may be treated so completely on its surface that what you write deserves to be forgotten before you have written it. But every current subject is rooted somehow in permanence. God is permanent, in spite of French editors. Truth is permanent. Above all, human nature, with its hope and its passion and its suffering, is permanent. Every timely subject, no matter how trivial, is related to these things and to others as enduring. See that you get hold of such relations, as you can if your own nature is steeped in permanence. Then you will write about the commonest matters of to-day under the aspect of eternity; and eternity, or as much of it as you deserve, will listen to you. GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

FRIAR ROGER BACON

BY FREDERIC HARRISON, D.C.L., OXON

Roger Bacon, one of the greatest men of genius who have done honour to the history of Western thought and the greatest of English medieval philosophers, was born at or near Ilchester, Somerset, in 1214, in the last years of King John, one year before Magna Charta.

Bacon suffered cruel persecution from the ignorance and superstition of his own age, and misrepresentation and neglect from the six centuries that followed his own work; and it is only in our own generation that his transcendent merits have been understood and even that his writings have been made accessible and accurately published. Few thinkers and discoverers in the whole history of thought have lain under so prolonged a period of misinterpretation and oblivion. As it is, much of his writing is not even printed. The editor of his principal work in 1733 even deepened the error by burking the most important part of the whole. Few students of modern philosophy read his works more than cursorily and in sections. And even serious students did not read them at all. His fame, such as it was, rested on an absurd legend; and a man whose life was given to experimental science and systematic canons of organic philosophy was treated as if he were a charlatan and a magician. The only magic in Bacon's life is the melancholy truth that one whose mind is by centuries in advance of his time has to suffer a martyrdom in his person and a long epoch of oblivion to his merits.

The few known facts of Bacon's life can be shortly told. It is not quite certain that he was born in the year 1214, nor that the place was in Ilchester—but this date and birth place

are the more probable. He says himself that his brother was a rich man, and that he had expended a considerable sum of his own on instruments, books, and materials for study. It is thought that the young Roger was the same clerk who gave a clever suggestion to King Henry III., in his contest with the barons. Certainly the Bacon family stood by the King in the war and was ruined and exiled. He tells us that he had been an ardent student of philosophy and science, ever since the year 1227, when he must have been only thirteen or fourteen. All through the long civil wars of Henry's reign, Roger pursued his studies at Oxford and at Paris, conversing with learned men to be found in the schools of both. Having exhausted his own fortune of "two thousand pounds," and finding his family unable to help him, Bacon entered the Order of St. Francis, and about his thirteenth year became Friar Roger, and took the degree of Doctor of Theology. But his bold original mind, and still more his criticism of the worldliness and ambition of the monastic Orders, made him suspected of "new ideas" and heresies, and when he was about the age of forty-three, in 1257, he was removed to Paris from Oxford and placed under close supervision or imprisonment.

He continued to study and to work, but was forbidden to make public any writings, and had great difficulty in procuring parchment to record his observations and thoughts. This close time lasted for some ten years; but in 1266 his friends seem to have induced the Pope, Clement IV., to command Bacon to send to him an exposition of his system. In the astonishing space of one year the *Opus Majus* was completed and sent to Rome in 1267. This was just after the Parliament of 1265, which first embodied a real representative of the Commons. Thus Bacon's principal work is almost contemporary with our Parliamentary system. A few months afterward, the Pope Clement died: his successor was appointed for three years; and the next Popes were alien to Bacon's ideas. In 1278, when Bacon was about sixty-four, he was condemned for heresy and imprisoned, though he still continued to write smaller treatises. In 1292 or 1294, at the age of seventy-eight or eighty, he died at Oxford and was buried in the Franciscan Church there, whilst his memory remained there for some three or four centuries as a professor of the magical art and as the inventor of some more or less uncanny discoveries and instruments.

To sum up the essential points on which the greatness of Roger Bacon must depend—they are:

I. He was the first of the exponents of natural science in modern Europe—the earliest prophet of the experimental method.

II. His was the most encyclopaedic mind of the Medieval world—having the most systematic range of general philosophy. I am inclined to hold him in this to be the widest thinker since the Greeks, until we reach the time of Descartes, Francis Bacon, and Leibnitz.

III. He was far the most original intellect in natural science between Hipparchus (B. C. 150) and Galileo (1564).

IV. He was a real Martyr of Science—being a man of heroic courage, perseverance, moral and religious earnestness.

Experimental Science—The Sixth Part of the *Opus Majus* is devoted to what Bacon names *Scientia Experimentalis,* and it opens with the striking aphorism: *sine experientia nihil sufficienter scire potest.* He says there are two ways of acquiring knowledge: 1. by reasoning; 2. by experiment. No reasoning can make the mind entirely rest in belief, until the truth of it has been shown by actual experiment. This was laid down nearly four hundred years before the *Novum Organum* of Francis Bacon.

This Experimental Science, he says, has three *prerogatives,* that is, typical characters, namely:

a. Experiment confirms conclusions to which deduction or abstract reasoning has pointed but has not verified.

b. It reveals new truths which take their place in other sciences, but were previously unobserved.

c. It creates new departments of science.

(a) As an illustration of experimental method, Bacon then elaborately discusses the principle of the Iris (nebular rainbow). The theory of the rainbow is sufficiently explained by geometry. But this theory can be verified by observing the iridescence in natural objects—in crystals, drops from the oar, from a water-wheel, in the morning dew. In these, the same colours, in the same order, can be seen. He then explains how, by observing the sun's altitude, the degree of latitude, and the position of the spectator, the phenomena of

the rainbow as stated by a mathematician can be ocularly demonstrated to an observer. "In latitude lower than 24° 25′ no rainbow is possible at noon even in winter." Bacon devotes eleven chapters to experimental observation of iridescence in various conditions. He did this with astonishing insight.

(b) In the second character of experimental science, i. e., its opening out new truths, Bacon discusses the possibility of an astrolobe moved automatically by the motion of the earth—the astrolobe was an ancient instrument in use up to the times some five hundred years after Bacon. Again, he passes to some bold suggestions as to the means of prolonging human life, mainly by observing practical rules of hygiene, but, I fear, we must add that he gives a prescription for a wonderful drug compounded of gold, pearl, spermaciti, aloes and other materials. In another chapter he deals with the refinement of gold.

(c) In the third phase of experimental science Bacon goes into utopian dreams of astrology, of explosives, poisons, the magnet, and the divining rod. In the *Opus Majus* he merely notes these possible new discoveries. We know that he worked on several and studied magnetic attraction, but the result of his inventions is no longer recoverable.

The sixth part of the *Opus Majus* covers so wide a ground that it would need practically a treatise to explain it. But, by simply noting the heads of various chapters, we can learn how truly Roger Bacon is the father of experimental science in Europe.

The fifth part of one hundred and sixty-six pages is devoted to the science of Optics—beginning with the physiology of the organs of sight, and then the mathematical theory of vision. Herein we find some astonishing anticipations of modern and much later knowledge. "Vision," says Bacon, "is in the brain—only as its instrument, in the eye." He deals with short and long sight, the true understanding of which was not reached until five hundred years after Bacon. Again, he says, "the propagation of light is not really *instantaneous,* though enormously more rapid than that of sound." Yet Francis Bacon adhered to the old theory that light was transmitted without time. Of course, Roger Bacon had not instruments such as enabled Roemer in 1675 to prove that the light even of the distant stars occupied time, but he saw the truth in his mind's eye four hundred years earlier.

Another of Roger's anticipations of modern science was his aphorism that "no bodies are so dense that no rays can pass through them." He laughs at the old sophism that "a lynx can see through a wall"; but he imagined the permeability of solids six hundred years before the discovery of X-rays.

Another of his anticipations was his doctrine of the ponderability of air. He discusses the weight of the atmosphere, whilst his contemporaries and his successors believed air to be without weight, just as they believed light to be transmitted without time—though we now know light to be transmitted in about two hundred thousand miles per second.

There are really few subjects of natural science on which Roger's mind was not occupied in observation and experiment as well as in criticizing the theories of Aristotle and the Greeks, and the Arabian scientists: the laws of refraction, of incidence and reflection, of the convergence of rays, of temperature, of climate, of the tides, of the moon's phases, of the spherical nature of the earth, of the uniformity of matter, which he repudiates as atheistic materialism, of the weight of falling bodies, in which he revived the old sophism which Galileo refuted some three hundred years after Bacon. He discusses the habitable portion of the globe, and the proportion of land in relation to the sea (he says, not one-third). The sources of the Nile, he believes, are in a vast central lake, and the annual rise of the Nile is due to Spring rains. Then he passes to the dimensions of the earth, as compared with the sun and moon.

Now it is, of course, impossible in a multitude of such difficult problems, with rude instruments, surrounded by the gross superstitions and conventions of the dark ages, that Roger the Friar, in his prison-like cell, could have attained to definite truth and knowledge. But he constantly touches the truth in a tentative way. He understood the microscope, and he just worked around the parts of the telescope without at all reaching the true combination which produced the instrument three hundred years later. He discusses the properties of petroleum and of Greek fire and explosives. He clearly knew the ingredients of gunpowder, but he had no idea of using its explosive force in a tube. He had some adumbration of the possibility of a flying machine.

But as Roger was a more systematic philosopher than Francis, he reduced his scheme of experimental science to

various definite axioms. He says: "Nothing can be held certain until it has been verified by experiment."

This was written in the age of the Crusaders, and the Barons' war against Henry III. There are some crucial points on which we may claim Roger Bacon's vast superiority to his age:

1. His criticism of the Julian Calendar, and his own law of the annual circuit of the earth: a calendar which was not settled in England until five hundred years after him.
2. His criticism of the inaccuracies in the Vulgate translation of the Bible, and the necessity of new translations from the Greek and the Hebrew—both of which languages he knew himself.
3. His criticism of the incorrect knowledge of Aristotle and of the ancients, and of the need to recover their works largely by means of the Arabian and Jewish men of science.
4. His foundation of experiment as the true basis of real science.
5. His insight into such problems as the form of our earth, the ponderability of air, the penetrability of solids to rays, the velocity of light, the possibilities of spectrum analyses.
6. His invariable habit of connecting knowledge of Nature with the improvement of human life.
7. His belief in the continuity of science, and the filiation of all human discoveries—joining the classics with the moderns, the East with the West, primitive civilization with contemporary times.
8. The desire to make science the instrument of morality and religion, and to harmonize the discoveries of ancients and scholastics with the teaching and discipline of the Church.

II. I turn now to the second point to which I call attention—the encyclopaedic character of Bacon's intellect, the vast range of his studies. This was the special faculty of the students of the thirteenth century—their rare privilege. It was then possible for a man of incredible industry and profound capacity, shut up in a monastery where there was almost nothing but books, and nothing to do but to read and to think,—it was possible for such a one to master almost all

that was to be found in books, and to range over the whole field of contemporary science. Men like Albert the Great of Cologne, Thomas Aquinas, Dante, and one or two schoolmen, could do this. But the Friar Roger is the most conspicuous example of this universal knowledge of the sciences. Aristotle is the great Greek example, and in a vague and very amateur way, Pliny the Elder was at Rome. But I incline to rank Roger as the widest of all the Medieval scholars.

We have only to look at the various divisions of his work:

1. First Principles—the Causes of Error—a. authority, b. custom, c. popular prejudice, d. conceit of our own wisdom.
2. The affinity of philosophy and theology. Such schoolmen as Peter Abelard regarded theology as field for sophisms. Churchmen like Bonaventura, who condemned Roger, cared little for philosophy. But Roger's whole mind was set on the conciliation of philosophy and theology, which in the thirteenth century did not seem utopian.
3. Philology, proof of the need for knowledge of Greek and Hebrew to study the Scriptures, and also of Arabic to read the Oriental men of science. Perhaps not three men in England at Bacon's death could read Greek, much less Hebrew or Arabic.
4. Mathematics, including Astronomy, Optics, Astrology, Chronology, the Calendar, and the Geography of the earth.
5. Optics, Physical and Mental; Reflection and Refraction of rays of light.
6. Experimental Science, on which I have enlarged in previous pages.
7. Moral Philosophy—Man and God. Morality, the comparative Study of Religions—the superiority to all of the Christian faith. Again, in what Bacon calls his *Scriptum Principale,* to which the *Opus Majus* was introductory, the Sections are:

1. Logic and Comparative Grammar in Various Languages.
2. Mathematics, Geometry, Arithmetic, Astronomy and Music.
3. Natural Science, including Barology, Alchemy, Agriculture, Physiology, Medicine.
4. Metaphysics and Morals.

Without pretending that Roger was complete master of all these branches of knowledge, or that his knowledge was entirely accurate, we see that it was sympathetic, logical, and intelligent, even when he was wrong, or short of accurate data. Where he is in error, none of his contemporaries knew any better; and he often was right when they were in error or in utter ignorance.

Roger's great maxim was:

"All the sciences are connected; they lend each other material aid as parts of one great whole," each doing its own work, not for itself alone, but for the other parts, as the eye guides the whole body, and the foot sustains and leads it from place to place. No single department of wisdom can attend to its proper result separately, "since all are parts of one and the same complex wisdom."

What a reflection in this profound maxim on the narrow specialization of our age, and the hide-bound sections to which science is jealously restricted! Friar Roger was one of the earliest to realize the continuity of all solid human thought, as he was the first to preach the co-operation, or what may be called the Solidarity, of all the Sciences.

As to the originality of Roger, almost everything said above tends to support it. But in the general view of the problem, it will be seen that, after the discoveries of the later Greek geometers, practically no original work in science was accomplished in Europe, for we have no reason to think that either the Plinys or even Galen made any original step in science. For at least ten centuries Europe was absorbed in war, in re-settlement of nations, in law, morals, and religion —not in science. Philosophy and science passed over into Asia, which inherited and kept alive the Greek traditions and writings. Europe from the time, say, of Constantine, to that of Copernicus and Galileo, was too busy with fighting, or with theology, law and art, to trouble itself about philosophy and science, which it left to a few monastic students. Of these, the most versatile, and the most original and penetrating spirit was the Oxford Friar, Roger Bacon.

Lastly, I claim Roger as a martyr of sciences. He was by so many centuries in advance of his age that his scientific knowledge was treated as magic; his experiments were devices of the black art; for four centuries his name was associated mainly with a mechanical toy which could speak. Samuel Johnson's famous line in the *Vanity of Human*

Wishes—"And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head" —recalls the popular saying that Bacon's cell or work-room in the Tower of the South or Watergate of Oxford would fall when a greater than Roger passed under it. Even in the seventeenth century he was mainly remembered for his astrology. And it was not till the eighteenth century that his chief work was even printed. For some fifteen years of his life he was practically a prisoner. But what was worse than prison to him, he was forbidden by his Superior to publish or even communicate to others his ideas. Being now a mendicant friar without money, and having exhausted his own fortune in scientific research, he was unable even to buy parchment to put down his thoughts. He was formally condemned by his Church and Order, and regarded as a dangerous heretic. His great work, the *Scriptum Principale,* was never completed—at least, it does not exist now. His writings in scattered and disconnected manuscripts were rarely seen even by students and theologians. Francis, in the plentitude of his earthly glory, refers to him as an obscure monk. Until five hundred years after his own time the *Opus Majus* was never printed, and then was mutilated and issued with manifold errors. Even now the scattered and disordered manuscripts of the indefatigable Friar are only published in detached works—French, English, or German. And some are still manuscript in unvisited shelves. Thus, the earliest founder of Science in Modern Europe is still unknown to men of science. And one of the noblest divines in the central and characteristic age of the Catholic Church is still a heretic and an outcast.

Frederic Harrison.

"A.E."—MYSTIC AND ECONOMIST

BY ERNEST A. BOYD

THE smallest pseudonym in Irish literature stands for the most manifold, indeed, the greatest personality in Ireland at the present time. A.E., mystic poet, painter, and essayist, whose pseudonymous initials were once the cherished friend of a few, is now known to a wider public as George W. Russell, the co-operative economist. It is difficult to find a recent parallel for such a diversity of intellect and activity, all nevertheless the faithful reflection of a consistent, yet multiform, personality. William Morris suggests an obvious comparison, but there was less contrast between the different interests of Morris than between *Homeward: Songs by the Way*, and the *Irish Homestead*, the agricultural journal of which A.E. is the editor. The combination of artist and poet does not surprise, especially when we find the artist expressing in his painting the same thought and emotion as the poet in his verse. When, however, we hear pleading for agricultural improvements the same voice that was expounding the most abstruse doctrines of Oriental philosophy, or clothing them in verse of the tenderest beauty, then surprise is more legitimate. It is related of a certain society of intellectual pretensions in Dublin that considerable astonishment was experienced when A.E., on being invited to speak to the members, discoursed familiarly of fertilisers and creameries, but said not a word of Karma or Nirvana. The "impractical" mystic proved on that occasion too mundane for the hard-headed intellectuals, who had come prepared for a feast of reason, at which the dreamer's fantasies would be picked to pieces and the dry bones exposed.

It was not, however, always thus. The evolution of George W. Russell, the economist, from A.E., the mystic poet, has been gradual. The one has so slowly merged into the other that it is now difficult to dissociate them. In the beginning, A.E. came forward primarily as an exponent of mysticism,

though in such an early pamphlet as *Priest or Hero?* one can discern the later polemicist on behalf of intellectual freedom. With John Eglinton, Charles Johnston, W. B. Yeats, and Charles Weekes, he was one of a group of young men who met together in Dublin, some twenty to twenty-five years ago, for the discussion and reading of the Vedas and Upanishads. These young enthusiasts created in time a regular centre of intellectual activity, which was translated in part into some of the most interesting literature of the Irish Revival. Their journals, *The Irish Theosophist*, *The Internationalist*, and *The International Theosophist*, contained a great deal of matter which has since taken a high place in modern Anglo-Irish literature. It was in the pages of those reviews that the first poems of A.E. were published, and to them we owe a number of the essays afterwards collected by John Eglinton under the title, *Pebbles From a Brook*. Of all who contributed to that intellectual awakening few remain, in the Hermetic Society, as it is now called. But A.E. is still the mystic teacher, the ardent seer, whose visions and eloquence continue to influence those about him. One no longer enjoys the spectacle, described by Standish O'Grady, of the youthful A.E., his hair flying in the wind, perched on the hillside preaching pantheism to the idle crowd. His friends Johnston and Weekes are elsewhere, the heroic days of intellectual and spiritual revolt have passed; but A.E. may yet be seen, in less romantic surroundings, constantly preaching the gospel of freedom and idealism.

If we may believe Mr. Moore, who has made himself the rather sophisticated Boswell of A.E. and his contemporaries, it is to the foresight of his fellow-mystic, Charles Weekes, that we owe the publication of A.E.'s first volume. Weekes himself had published in 1893, and immediately withdrawn, a most unusual and promising volume, *Reflections and Refractions*. His lack of faith in his own verse fortunately did not extend to that of his friend, whom he persuaded to preserve what he had written. In the following year, *Homeward: Songs by the Way* appeared. The very title of this exquisite little book indicates the author's attitude toward life. Home, to A.E., means the return of the soul to the Oversoul, the absorption of the spirit in the Universal Spirit. *Homeward* is the narrative of his spiritual adventures, the record of those ecstasies which mark the search of the soul for the Infinite. As he says in one of his essays, "the 'quaint rhythmic trick' is a mnemonic by which the poet records, though it be but an errant and fal-

tering tune, the inner music of life." His songs have, therefore, a sensuous, unearthly note; they do not speak of man's experiences in his normal unexalted state, but of those rare moments of divine vision and intuition when his being is dissolved in ecstatic communion with the Eternal. It is then A.E. feels that he is one with the invisible, immortal Powers, and obtains that glimpse of Reality which, as Schopenhauer has said, is seen only by the artist in the travail of creation. Shaking himself free of the illusions of this world, where our representations obscure the Real, the seer beholds Deity, and knows himself to be a god. "In the moment he has attained to spiritual vision and ecstasy he has come to his true home, to his true self, to that which shall exist when the light of the sun shall be dark, and the flocks of stars withdrawn from the fields of heaven."

Homeward was followed in 1897 by *The Earth Breath*, and in 1904 by *The Divine Vision*. These latter volumes do not, in a sense, represent any progression; they are the utterances of a similar contemplation, and were, in essentials, contained in his first book. The late Professor Dowden, in one of his rare references to the literature which was growing up around him, says, in this connection: "I do not know that we should expect much progress in such art as his. One who has found the secret doesn't need to grow in the common way of growth." There is, of course, the deeper note of a more mature reflection, a certain sadness which has come with the years. The eager spirit still aspires homeward, but the goal is yet far away. In the preface to his *Collected Poems*, published in 1913, A.E. confesses to the change of mood which makes his later work slightly different from the earlier. "When I first discovered for myself how near was the King in His beauty I thought I would be the singer of the happiest songs. Forgive me, Spirit of my spirit, for this, that I have found it easier to read the mystery told in tears and understood Thee better in sorrow than in joy, . . . though I would not, I have made the way seem thorny and have wandered in too many byways, imagining myself into moods which held Thee not." This volume is, therefore, the complete expression of A.E.'s thought, no less than the final collection of his verse. So far as its content is concerned, the book is perfect. Some of the less successful poems of the earlier volumes, notably of *The Earth Breath* and *The Divine Vision*, have been omitted. It is interesting to note that only two from *Homeward* have been suppressed. This is

a significant illustration of the initial perfection of his work, and of the constancy of belief it has expressed. Form has never been a preoccupation of A.E.; his verses are sometimes marred by clumsiness and obscurity of phrase, and he openly avows his inability to remould them before giving them in their now definite arrangement. Nevertheless, *Collected Poems* is an achievement of which Irish literature may be proud. Seldom has such beauty of thought and language been accompanied by the restraint which makes this book the small but great contribution of A.E. to contemporary poetry.

It is when he is alone with Nature, and beholds the beauties of the phenomenal world, that A.E. is lifted to participation in the Eternal. The conditions and scenes which produce in him the necessary exalted mood are usually the same. Morning or evening twilight, the quietude of the hills, and the silence of the lonely countryside—these are the typical landscapes of his canvases, as of his poems:

> When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
> All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam
> With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
> I am one with twilight's dream.

or:

> When twilight flutters the mountains over,
> The faery lights from the earth unfold:
> And over the caves enchanted hover
> The giant heroes and gods of old.
> . . . . . .
> When twilight over the mountains fluttered,
> And night with its starry millions came,
> I too had dreams: the songs I have uttered
> Come from this heart that was touched by the flame.

Yet it is not only in solitude that A.E. has visions. He is no recluse, dreaming his dreams far away from the disturbing facts of material existence. In one of his most recent poems, *The City*, we find his mood unaltered by the change of setting. Looking "on mortal things with an immortal's eyes," he sees them transfigured:

> Above the misty brilliance the streets assume
> A night-dilated blue magnificence of gloom

Like many-templed Nineveh tower beyond tower;
And I am hurried on in this immortal hour.
Mine eyes beget new majesties: my spirit greets
The trams, the high-built glittering galleons of the streets
That float through twilight rivers from galaxies of light.

Concerned as most of his poems are with the relation of man to Deity, of the soul to the Eternal, A.E.'s verse has been pronounced "inhuman" by some critics. The great themes of poetry, love and death, are not absent from his pages, but they are treated from the special standpoint of the transcendentalist. A.E. is enamoured of beauty and mystery, he is enthralled by a sense of immortal destinies. In the love of woman he feels an emotion which goes far beyond that conveyed by the mortal senses:

I sometimes think a mighty lover
  Takes every burning kiss we give,
His lights are those which round us hover,
  For him alone our lives we live.

Often one reads some exquisite evocation of the Irish countryside, only to find, after a verse or two, that the poet has peopled this landscape with the phantom figures of the heroic age, or with the flaming beings seen in mystic ecstasy. What seemed to be a simple picture becomes a glimpse behind the veil, and bog and mountain are forgotten in the splendour of the vision. Similarly in his love poems A.E. has the faculty of projecting his emotion into regions beyond time and space:

You look at me with wan, bright eyes,
  When in the deeper world I stray:
You fear some hidden ambush lies
  In wait to call me, "Come away".

What if I see beyond the veil
  Your starry self beseeching me,
Or at its stern command grow pale,
  "Let her be free, let her be free".

Death, for him, has none of the mysterious terror which has inspired so much fine poetry. To A.E. the immortality of man is assured, for is he not of the same divine substance as the Great Source of all being? Death is the consummation

of the greatest desire, permanent absorption into the Universal Spirit. He sees it as the homecoming of the soul, and it is with a sense of infinite peace and joy that he anticipates the passage "beyond the Gateways of the Day," when he will rest "in the high Ancestral Self".

The *leitmotiv* of A.E.'s poetry, and the fundamental postulate of his philosophy, is the divine origin of man, the gradual falling away of the human race from its heroic destinies, and its present enslavement to materialism. It is only when he is aroused by some noble ideal, or some great memory, that man rises to a realisation of the divinity that is in him. His constant endeavour is to fan this divine spark into flame. Hence his love and admiration for the heroic figures of Celtic history and legend, when man carried latent within him all the potentialities of nature, and his faculties were not diminished by specialisation.

II.

It has long been a regret with lovers of Irish literature that the prose writings of A.E. have never been collected into a representative volume. They are practically inaccessible, either because of their dispersion in the various journals in which they originally appeared, or because of their partial republication in limited or semi-private editions, now for the most part out of print. He has written few things more beautiful than that little volume of mystic stories, *The Mask of Apollo*, published in 1905, but already very rare. Although the date of publication is comparatively recent, the book belongs to a much earlier period, some of the stories having appeared in those esoteric reviews, *The Shrine* and *The Green Sheaf*. A.E.'s prose was just ripening into the strength and delicacy which characterise his later essays. *The Mask of Apollo* has a fresh charm, a sincerity and tenderness which cannot fail to delight. The stories range from the Orientalism of *The Cave of Lillith* and *The Meditation of Ananda* to the Celticism of *A Dream of Angus Oge*, in which the East and the West are blended in a manner which A.E. has made his own. John Eglinton calls him somewhere "the theologian of Neo-Celticism", and certain it is that he has interpreted the mythology and legends of Ireland in terms of Oriental mysticism. The mysticism of A.E. is a profound religious belief, having its roots in the very depths of his nature. To this conviction everything in his life is referred and adjusted, and his prose work, outside of economic

propaganda, is devoted to the enunciation of his doctrines. Sometimes, as in the volume just mentioned, he adopts the form of simple narratives, at other times, that of the essay. The most notable of the latter are *The Hero in Man* and *The Renewal of Youth*, which have been made available in pamphlet form.

Some Irish Essays, which appeared in 1906, contains a selection of A.E.'s literary essays. With Douglas Hyde, W. B. Yeats, Standish O'Grady, John Eglinton and others, he was a collaborator in two previous collections of essays, *Literary Ideals in Ireland* and *Ideals in Ireland*, but this brochure—for it is little more—is the only book of its kind which bears his name. It opens with *Nationality and Cosmopolitanism in Art*, one of the best manifestoes on behalf of the Literary Revival that has yet been written. A.E. rightly conceives it the aim and *raison d'être* of the new Anglo-Irish literature "to create a national ideal in Ireland, or rather to let that spirit incarnate fully which began among the ancient peoples, which has haunted the hearts, and whispered a dim revelation of itself, through the lips of the bards and peasant storytellers." In *The Dramatic Treatment of Heroic Literature* are set forth the reasons which call for the re-creation of the bardic tales at the hands of the modern poets, and more particularly the use of this material in the Irish Theatre. A.E. was afterwards to put his theories into practice by writing *Deirdre*, the first important play to be performed by the company from which sprang the Irish National Theatre, as distinct from the Irish Literary Theatre, founded by Edward Martyn, George Moore, and W. B. Yeats. The author has since recanted some of the views he first held as to the desirability of staging the heroic stories, perhaps as a result of his dissatisfaction with his own effort in that direction. There can, however, be no question as to the suitability of such a natural tragedy as that of *Deirdre* for the stage. Synge's version, incomplete as it is, shows sufficiently the power of this theme, when treated by a real dramatist. Of A.E.'s *Deirdre*, as of that of Yeats, it may be said that it is a work of poetic rather than dramatic merit.

Within recent years A.E. has made his prose almost exclusively a vehicle for the propagation of his social and economic ideas. A born teacher of men, it was a characteristic impulse that led him to flee from the possible sterility of a purely meditative, literary activity, and to throw himself into the work of agricultural reorganisation.

The Irish co-operative movement has gained infinitely by the

presence of A.E., who has brought into it that loftiness of ideal, that faith in mankind, which are the mark of his poetry. He has raised the economic struggle to a level from which one catches a glimpse of vistas elsewhere obscured by the darkness of materialism. Co-operation is seen to be something more than the saving of middlemen's profits and the capture of dividends; it stands for a new social order. This is not to say that A.E. is an impractical idealist, ignoring the obvious facts of the movement in which he is engaged. Week by week, in *The Irish Homestead*, he demonstrates his ability to grapple with the difficulties that arise. His experience as a lecturer and organiser provided him with all the first-hand knowledge of the specific questions with which he has to deal. To the experience thus acquired he was able to add a deep acquaintance with the rural population of Ireland, from which he sprang. Whether, therefore, he is pleading for the establishment of credit banks and creameries, or combating the criticism of opponents, the forces of theory and practice, of experience and idealism, combine to give Irish co-operators a powerful champion.

Fortunately, unlike his other prose work, what A.E. has written on behalf of the co-operative ideal is not lost in the stagnant waters of old journalism. The quintessence of his social teaching has been preserved in *Co-operation and Nationality*, affectionately termed the Bible of the Irish co-operator. This volume, which has been widely recognised abroad, and has even been translated into Finnish, is one of the noblest expositions of national polity Ireland has seen. As far removed as its author from the worn-out politics of the traditional parties, it represents the stirring of a new spirit in a country harassed by political dogmatists, who stifle all thought outside certain prescribed limits. In the years to come it will doubtless play a larger part, when the younger generation to whose aspirations it more nearly corresponds takes the place of those whose lives and brains have been narrowed by concentration upon the single question of Home Rule. For the moment the book stands for a minority, who are regarded with equal suspicion by the two groups, into neither of which they seem to fit.

Political unorthodoxy is still the unpardonable offence in Ireland. The man who ventures to tread the narrow path between the Orange and the Green soon finds a strange unanimity in those otherwise hostile ranks, which close in to crush

him. Thanks to the leadership of A.E. there is now a sufficient wedge of heretics to keep an open space where modern ideas may be discussed, and the Battle of the Boyne no longer serves as a test of citizenship.

Co-operation and Nationality is an appeal for the building up of a rural civilisation, a co-operative commonwealth. Ireland being an agricultural rather than an industrial country, its progress depends upon the reorganisation of rural conditions. "We have not had a social order in Ireland since the time of the clans," the author writes, and it is his purpose to set his countrymen thinking in the direction that will lead to the restoration of something approaching the ancient order. With his belief in the divine potentialities of man, A.E. is naturally an opponent of State Socialism. "The grim mechanic state" must not be allowed to usurp the initiative of the individual, for it is in the individual that he places all his hopes. From the voluntary activities and association of the various sections of the community, the new social organism will be created.

The individual protest of a nature such as A.E.'s might perhaps have had less weight were not the special local conditions all in favour of his personal feeling. The possession of the soil of Ireland by numerous small proprietors has given an official seal to the sentimental consecration of the right of private ownership. The Land Acts have blocked the way to the progress of nationalisation and state ownership. In Ireland, therefore, success depends upon the power to effect a social reconstruction outside the limits of collectivist sociology.

A.E. would have us revert as closely as possible to the clan system, of which he has said: "We had true rural communities in ancient Ireland, though the organisation was military rather than economic." How to approximate to that ancient order, this time with an economic basis, is the problem he has set himself to solve. First of all the eyes of the people must be turned from the State Departments, from whence, as they imagine, cometh their help. They must look to themselves, and develop the faculty of mutual aid. Already a great step has been made by the implanting among the farmers of the co-operative ideal. Every creamery that is set up, every credit bank that is established, is evidence of the awakening of the communal sense. The Irish farmers are realising the identity of their interests with those of their political opponents, and the need and advantage of working together. A similar change is affecting the towns, and A.E. has the satisfaction of

knowing that a strong, practical movement is ploughing deeply the soil into which he would drop the seeds of his idealism. The spread of co-operation is the first step in the direction of that commonwealth which is ever before his eyes, and which he has described with all the charm of a noble enthusiasm. The co-operative societies contain the nucleus of a true social organism, where each member feels himself identified with the common welfare. Into such genuine communities A.E. would see Ireland resolved, on the model of the Greek states. No state should become so large as to be inhuman, as to render impossible that contact and sympathy with all that concerns the public interest, without which the sense of citizenship is imperfect or atrophied. But this will take time. The movement must get rid of those who think that, "because they have made good butter, they have crowned their parochial generation with a halo of glory." They must entertain a larger hope than that of "petty parsimonies and petty gains," as the author of *Co-operation and Nationality* expresses it. Let them reflect where "all this long cavalcade of the Gael is tending, and how and in what manner their tents will be pitched in the evening of their generation." For, as A.E. so finely asserts:

> "A national purpose is the most unconquerable and victorious of all things on earth. It can raise up Babylons from the sands of the desert, and make imperial civilizations spring from out a score of huts, and, after it has wrought its will, it can leave monuments that seem as everlasting a portion of nature as the rocks."

It is almost as hopeless to try to sum up the contents of this great manifesto as to attempt an adequate description of its author. In the man himself, as in his work, one is constantly obtaining glimpses of an extraordinarily beautiful soul. There is nothing he has touched without investing it with the glamour of idealism. His conversation is at its best a great, rhythmic torrent, which carries away the hearer, who in most cases is reduced to rapt attention. It is a privilege to have attended those Sunday evening gatherings at A.E.'s where all those in Dublin who are interested in ideas sooner or later meet. Many they are who come regularly to renew the pleasure of direct contact with a living personality. There in the dimly lighted room, surrounded by the canvases of the artist and his friends, the eye notes those soft twilight mountain landscapes, and the strange superhuman Beings and fiery visions, glimpsed in a moment of mystic rapture, which are characteristic of A.E. the

painter. But soon the attention is drawn from these reproductions to the spirit that produced them. With a wealth of imagery, with subtlety of mind, with astonishing breadth of knowledge, A.E. will speak of every question that presents itself to the intelligent man of to-day—or of all time, should the theme be metaphysical. The conversation ranges over a comprehensive expanse of human experience; the Sanscrit Books are invoked at one moment, only to make way the next for a citation from the latest work on agricultural credit, or a scathing scientifico-metaphysical indictment of the pretensions of the biologists. All his discourse is fired by the same splendid energy, the same enthusiasm for what is noble and exalting in mankind. Few young men can have known A.E. without being stirred mentally, spiritually, and emotionally, and as long as the younger generation comes under his influence there is hope for the destinies of new Ireland.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

POCHADES

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

SEA-MONSTERS

Under my cottage-window lies a sloping beach,
Broken by enormous boulders.
When the tide is out
They are dull, inanimate things;
But when the swelling waters come with a shout
They suddenly awake and are alive.
I behold wide eyes flashing challenges,
Clutching arms jut from rugged shoulders
And spasmodically forthreach
To grapple with the foaming billows which strive
To overwhelm them with their frolic madness.
I vow I hear them hoarsely roar,
Vying with the storm that flaps on misty wings
Its way along the lonely rock-ribbed shore.

THE METEOR

Standing on my craggy headland overlooking the sea,
Discerned only in ghostly phosphorescent flashes,
While overhead the Summer constellations marched
In ordered silence, suddenly
A red iridescent star burst into sight:—
Slowly, majestically it swept down the West,
Leaving a faint, dying trail, like sparks in drift-wood ashes.—
Was it a world like ours, a vast inhabited world
By frightful cataclysm to annihilation hurled
By having blindly broken some eternal law;
Or was it but a torch borne by an unseen messenger of Night,
Hurrying across the vault that arched
From buttress to buttress of Infinity?
I cannot tell; but over me crept a shuddering chill of awe.

MIRAGE

Across the Bay are low-lying cliffs,
Where stand fishermen's cottages:
I can barely distinguish them with the naked eye.
But to-day the cliffs are lifted, escarpt,
Perpendicular, mysterious, inaccessible,
And those sordid dwellings have become
The magnificent fortified castles of Sea-kings.

SEALS

The beach ends abruptly in a spikèd point
Over which have torn for ages,
Unwearying, mighty toppling waves.
Often I watch arise
From the green translucent waters beyond,
Round, black, glistening heads with canny eyes:—
For a moment they stare at me in mute surprise,
Then noiselessly disappear.
Do they go tell their mates,
Huddled in deep, safe, kelp-curtained caves,
Of a strange white animal which, in frantic rages,
Runs up and down the sands
Shouting and tossing unwebbed hands
And dives with a thunderous splash
Into the swirling white-crested breakers?

THE CEDAR-BUSH

A stunted cedar-bush on the headland clings:—
The fierce winds of Winter strive to tear it away;
But it resists and digs in its roots to stay,
Undiscouraged, full of life.
Its never-fading green is frosted with salt spray
From the great crashing billows below.
On its quivering, topmost bough
Each morning through the long Summer sings
A tiny Song-sparrow:—
He pours forth his melodious note
Like a hymn to the Sea, to the Sun, to his God,
To his near-by nesting mate.
To my ears it seems a sweet song of happiness:
But alas! I may misinterpret; I do not know—
It may be the expression of his heart's despair,
The utterance of bitter woe. NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

DOSTOIEVSKY

BY W. B. TRITES

The Slav peril has been much talked about of late. Now the Slav peril means, if it means anything, Russian thought; and Russian thought, as it reveals itself in Russian literature and Russian dancing, seems to me the most splendid and most desirable thought in the world to-day.

Take Russian dancing. The dancing of France and England and Germany and America is negligible; but the Russian Ballet—the Russian Ballet, led by Nijinsky—is so profoundly beautiful that it has lifted dancing up to the plane whereon stand tragedy and sculpture.

As Nijinsky leads the world's dancers, so the world's novelists are led by Dostoievsky, Gogol, Tolstoi and Turgenieff. *Crime and Punishment, Dead Souls, War and Peace* and *Fathers and Sons* are to the novels of the rest of the world as, I might almost say, the Russian Ballet is to a cakewalk.

Dostoievsky, the greatest of the Russian novelists, is also to-day the most discussed one. Dostoievsky has had of late a singular revival. It is his striking "modernity" (modernity is the supreme test of art, since only the truth remains always modern) which has brought about this revival. Dostoivesky is said to have been influenced by Dickens, and occasionally, indeed, I seem to detect a Dickens touch in him; but how old-fashioned Dickens seems to-day, while how modern seems Dostoievsky! Dostoievsky seems, indeed, as modern as Dr. Johnson in his *Life of Savage,* that large, profound, and tender study in psychology which might have been written yesterday, if anybody had been alive yesterday capable of writing it.

I desire to consider Dostoievsky from one angle alone—the angle, namely, of the dish rag. *The angle of the dish*

rag: to interpret that phrase, let me quote the following passage from *The Double:*

He must not suffer them to insult him, to trample him under foot like a dish rag. As a matter of fact, if some one really attempted to make a dish rag of Mr. Goliadkine, the attempt would, perhaps, succeed without difficulty and without danger (Mr. Goliadkine often admitted it himself). He would then become a dish rag; he would no longer be Mr. Goliadkine, but a foul dish rag, not a commonplace dish rag, however, but an aspiring one; a dish rag with fine feelings; fine feelings concealed deep within his wet folds, but fine feelings all the same.

Dostoievsky shows us—to speak fantastically—the souls of dish rags. He lets us hear the lamentations of the lowest, the vilest, the most shameless. From the mud the drunkard speaks. The coward speaks from his black skulking-place. Thieves speak, and the murderers of old women; harlots speak, and men who live on harlots' gains. And lo, all those voices are beautiful. They are sad and beautiful. All those ruined souls are like you and me. Like you and me, they love virtue. Like you and me, they loathe vice. And they mourn, down there in the morass, they mourn their incredible fall as you and I would mourn if, by some incredible mischance, we ourselves fell.

Dostoievsky reveals the soul of the lowly and the degraded. That is his essence. That is the one thing which he alone can do. The souls of our great picturesque, grandiose sinners have been revealed to us, lamenting in their jewelled robes, their marble palaces, from time immemorial. But the soul of the drunkard kept in drink by his harlot daughter: the soul of the elderly coward pawnbroker whose girl-wife kills herself rather than endure his petty cruelties: it is Dostoievsky alone who reveals the terrible beauty of these.

But assertion is nothing without proof. Let me, then, try, by means of a truncated and weak paraphrase of Dostoievsky's most famous passage, to prove that he can take these degraded beings and show us that they have souls, souls shimmering with beauty and splendor.

If ever there was a degraded soul it was Marmeladoff —and it is the famous Marmeladoff passage in *Crime and Punishment* that I am going to paraphrase. Raskolnikoff, the young student, enters a vile drinking-bar. There, as he quaffs his beer, a ragged, half-drunken, but educated

stranger of fifty or more begins to talk to him. This is Marmeladoff. And whilst Marmeladoff, half-drunk, sips his vodka and talks, the landlord and the boozers in the filthy bar listen, laugh, and interrupt:

"I am a swine; but she—she is a lady. On me the mark of the beast; but Catherine Ivanovna, my wife, is a person of refinement, the daughter of an official. I admit that I am a rogue, but my wife has a liberal mind, fine feelings, and an education. And yet—oh, if she would pity me! . . . But Catherine Ivanovna, notwithstanding the grandeur of her soul, is unjust. Not once has she ever shown me pity. But—that is my character; I am a brute."

. . . . . .

"We live in a cold room; this winter she took a chill; she coughs and spits blood. When I married her, she was a widow with three little children. Her first husband was an infantry officer, with whom she had eloped. She adored him, but he gambled, fell foul of the law, and died. Towards the end he beat her. . . .

"Her husband's death left her alone with those three young children in a wild and desolate district. It was there I met her. I have not the heart to describe her destitution. . . . And, young man, I, a widower, with a fourteen-year-old daughter, offered my hand to the poor woman because her suffering grieved my heart. She accepted my proposal, weeping, sobbing, and wringing her hands; but she accepted it, for she had nowhere to go. . . .

"During a full year I did my duty honestly. But I lost my place through no fault of my own. It was then that I began to drink. . . . I have no idea how we live or how we pay our way.

"And meanwhile my daughter was growing up. As to what her stepmother made her suffer, well, I prefer to pass over that in silence. And now, young man, in all sincerity, do you believe that a young girl, poor but honest, can really earn her living? If she has no special ability, she may make fifteen kopecks a day, though even that—— And the children are dying of hunger. Catherine Ivanovna walks the room and wrings her hands. 'Lazybones,' she says to my daughter, 'aren't you ashamed to live on here in idleness?' I was lying down at the time—come, out with the truth, I was drunk. . . . It was then past five o'clock; I saw Sonia rise, put on her hat, and go out.

"At eight o'clock she returns. She goes straight to Catherine Ivanovna, and silently, without uttering a single word, she places thirty silver roubles on the table before my wife. Then she takes our large green handkerchief (it is a handkerchief that does duty for all the family), and she wraps her head in it, and she lies down on the bed, her face turned to the wall; but her shoulders and her body shook with a continual tremor. (As for me, I was still in the same condition.) And at that moment, young man, I saw Catherine Ivan-

ovna, she also in silence, go and kneel beside Sonetchka's little bed. She spent all the evening there on her knees, kissing my daughter's feet and refusing to rise. Afterward they both fell asleep together, in one another's arms—both together—both together—yes—and I—I was still there, overcome with drunkenness. . . .

"Who, then, will have pity on a man like me? Can you, sir, pity me now? . . . Why pity me, you ask? It is true; there is no reason. They ought to crucify me; put me on the cross, and not pity me! . . . But He who had pity on all mankind, He who understood all, He will pity us; He is the only judge. He will come on the last day, and He will ask, 'Where is the girl who sacrificed herself for a hateful and consumptive stepmother, for children who were not her brothers? Where is the girl who pities her earthly father and did not turn away in horror from the vicious drunkard?' And He will say, 'Come, I have already forgiven thee once. Now, again, thy sins are remitted thee because thou hast greatly loved.' All will be judged by Him, and He will forgive all, the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish. And when He has done with the others, then it will be our turn. 'Come unto me, ye, also,' He will say. 'Come unto me, drunkards; come unto me, cowards; come unto me, ye lewd!' And we will all approach without fear. And He will say, 'Ye are swine. Ye bear the mark of the beast. But, nevertheless, come.' And the sage, the intelligent, will say, 'Lord, why dost thou receive them?' And He will answer, 'I receive them, O ye sage; I receive them, O ye intelligent, because not one of them believes himself worthy of my favor.' And he will hold out his arms to us, and we will run to Him, and we will burst into tears—and we will understand all. Yes, all then will be understood by everybody. And Catherine Ivanovna, she, too, will understand. Lord, thy Kingdom come!"

That is the most famous passage in Dostoievsky. Whenever you discuss Dostoievsky with a Russian, he will ask eagerly, "Do you remember the Marmeladoff passage in *Crime and Punishment?*" You nod. Then he asks in what language you read the passage. But whether you reply that you read it in English or in French or in German, he will say sadly, "Ah, but it's only in Russian that it can really be appreciated." And that is my apology for the paraphrase I have given, a paraphrase wherefrom much has been omitted. Yet, perhaps, for all the omissions, for all my clumsy paraphrasing, the reader will grasp something of the beauty of this wonderful passage. What notes of horrible and heart-breaking splendor Dostoievsky strikes from the soul of Marmeladoff!

Marmeladoff would not appeal to the conventional reader.

He has not even youth—youth with its promise of reform—to recommend him. No, he is past fifty. A drunkard, he lies at home sleeping off his drunkenness; then he snatches up a pair of his wife's stockings and steals forth again. Or he goes to his daughter, the harlot, for drink money. In fact, the half-bottle that he consumes while conversing with Raskolnikoff was bought with his daughter's last thirty kopecks. No, Marmeladoff would not recommend himself to the general. He is a dish rag, nothing more; and yet—he feels his degradation as I would feel if, in my later years, by some unhappy chance, such degradation fell on me.

The novel of *Crime and Punishment* is itself an exposition of the motive which I have propounded as Dostoievsky's essence. This long and superb novel concerns a murder. An old woman money-lender and her sister are murdered by a young man for purposes of robbery. And what a murder it is! None of the blood, none of the horror, is spared us. None of the pathos is spared us, either. How pathetic this vivid picture of the sister: "The young man launched himself upon her, the hatchet upraised; and the unhappy woman's lips assumed the plaintive expression which one sees in very little children when they begin to be afraid of something, look fixedly at the object that frightens them, and are on the point of bursting into tears." The police take up the case. The murderer is finally captured. And that, crudely, is the plot of *Crime and Punishment*. What would our modern novelists do with such a plot? They would not touch it. They would turn up their noses at it. It would be too low and vulgar for them. Sir Conan Doyle alone might consider it; he might make of it a conventional detective tale. Dostoievsky, however, describing the murder in the beginning of the story, then describing the work of the detectives as the cringing murderer follows it step by step, obtains a strange, new horror such as the conventional detective story neither gives nor seeks to give. But it is not this strange, new horror which makes *Crime and Punishment* immortal. No: it is the fact that the thief, the murderer of two old women, reveals his soul to us, and his soul is like Goliadkine's and Marmeladoff's, and yours and mine.

Krotkaia is Dostoievsky's most beautiful short story. It is a story about an officer, turned out of the army for cowardice, who, after years of poverty and ignominy, opens a little pawnshop and prospers. To him, to this elderly, taciturn

pawnbroker, a beautiful young girl of sixteen comes one day to pawn a worthless silver brooch. She is alone and destitute. She is seeking a place as governess. The pawnbroker makes her several advances—advances in both meanings of the word. He follows her advertisements in the newspaper as they grow from day to day more desperate. On her final visit he asks her to marry him. In her childish helplessness she consents.

This story is strangely composed. It is in the form of a soliloquy, the soliloquy of the pawnbroker, pacing the floor, distracted with grief, while on a table in her coffin lies the corpse of Krotkaia, the girl-wife, who had leapt from a high window to seek in death escape from her unhappy marriage.

The elderly pawnbroker is well done. His cruelty to Krotkaia is a conscientious cruelty, intended for the girl's own good—no doubt innumerable girls have undergone this sort of conscientious cruelty at the hands of elderly husbands. Yes, the pawnbroker is well done; but Krotkaia! She is a masterpiece indeed.

To paint a young girl the brush must be dipped in mystery, in dew, in morning haze: but, above all, in mystery. Ibsen at sixty-five, after his strange love affair with the seventeen-year-old "Princess of Orangia," painted a young girl well in Hilda Wangel. All the mystery is there. And in Krotkaia, too, all the mystery is there. But Dostoievsky had to have two trials at Krotkaia. There are two versions of this story. The first version, in *A Writer's Journal,* is much the longer, and in it the girl-wife is analyzed to the core. She lives, to be sure. But the mystery, the lovely dawn mystery, is absent. Hence the picture is not a success.

Dostoievsky came back to Krotkaia again. He cut out the analysis of the girl-wife. He made her beautiful, silent and mysterious. The result is perfection. Krotkaia and Hilda Wangel are more truly, vividly alive than any two girls walking with shining eyes and soft laughter down the street.

The Karamazov Brothers is another novel full of degraded souls. The subtlest touch in it seems to me to be the episode of the Pole. Grouchenka, the beautiful Grouchenka, had been seduced in her girlhood by a Pole, and now, after some six or seven years, he is coming back to her. He had appeared, to her unsophisticated girl's eyes, noble and dis-

tinguished; she believes that she still loves him; she is even, in her prosperity, prepared to marry him. But the Pole turns out to be a vulgar sharper. He has come back, he and his accomplice, only to get hold of Grouchenka's money. How well the Pole is drawn!—his silly and stupid imitation of a landed proprietor, the solemn stubbornness that he puts into his transparent lies, his stupid, hopeless pluck when he is caught cheating at cards. And then, when Grouchenka repulses him, he tries to borrow money from her. "He began by demanding haughtily two thousand roubles for a very short term. No answer came, but he was not discouraged, and his letters followed one after another, always haughty, but little by little the sum required grew less. He descended to a hundred roubles, to twenty-five, to ten. Finally, Grouchenka received a supplication wherein the two Poles implored of her a single rouble for the pair of them." That touch—the two haughty adventurers fallen so low that they ask for one little rouble to share between them—that subtle touch of pathos achieves the effect which Dostoievsky always tries for and seldom misses—the effect of friendship, nay, of brotherhood, between his characters and ourselves. Dostoievsky has never drawn a character, no matter how degraded, how shameless, but the reader must say of him, "He is my brother."

W. B. Trites.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MOVING-PICTURE POETRY[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Since the famous discovery of Paris by Mr. Richard Harding Davis some years ago, there have been few more edifying happenings of a similar kind than the recent disclosure, by our always alert "general public" and our no less alert newspaper paragraphers, of a strange and hitherto unheard of poetic phenomenon: "*vers libre.*" Letters to the papers from sarcastic and jocose readers, parodies by the paragraphers, solemn discussions by reviewers, have marked this momentous emergence into public view of a novel and arresting verse-form. There have even been anxious editorials on the subject; and the inexhaustible "F. P. A." has charmed the discussion with the breath of inspiration by turning the weather report into "free verse," and by confessing, in a deathless phrase, that, since he could not like "free verse," he must be suffering from hardening of the fine-arteries. A generation hence, inquisitive and patient students of the history of poetic art will learn with astonishment that *vers libre* was discovered by America in the second decade of the twentieth century.

But whether "free verse" is something new or something old is not so important as the fact that its present condition has yielded at least one remarkable creative product —we mean, of course, the extraordinary *Spoon River Anthology* of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters.

It is apparently not yet agreed what Mr. Masters' book is,—except that it is "free verse." Convinced that it is certainly not poetry, and horrified by its content and structure, the æsthetic Calvinists have exhorted Mr. Masters to

---

[1] *Spoon River Anthology*, by Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1915.

be still, in the spirit of the command of the immortal ship-captain to his mate: "What I wants of you, Mr. Coffin, is SILENCE, and damn little of that." But Mr. Masters is unlikely to oblige. It is extremely doubtful if silence is his long suit. Certainly it is not a conspicuous characteristic of his *Spoon River Anthology,* which is nothing if not articulate and alive and what we have a fancy to call psychically reverberatory. In this village *comédie humaine* are assembled the life histories of the inhabitants of Spoon River, and the overtones of the jangling music of these spent lives reverberate from page to page, clash and re-echo, attaining at times a poignancy which we do not quite know how to regard or appraise.

They speak to us from their graves, these Spoon River people:

> Where are Elmer, Herman, Bert, Tom and Charley,
> The weak of will, the strong of arm, the clown, the boozer, the fighter?
> All, all, are sleeping on the hill.

And when, through Mr. Masters, they have spoken, we know them beyond the power of forgetting; their actuality is amazing: Isaiah Beethoven, Flossie Cabanis, Aner Clute; Willard Fluke and Fiddler Jones; Serepta Mason, Hamlet Micure, Peleg Poague and Mrs. Purkapile; Tennessee Claflin Shope, Margaret Fuller Slack, Jonathan Swift Somers, W. Lloyd Garrison Standard, and Hod Putt. We know not if Mr. Masters be an authentic genius; but there is genius of a kind in these superb names. What an inspired nomenclature is here: Flossie Cabanis, Isaiah Beethoven, Georgine Sand Miner, Pelig Poag, Lydia Puckett, Hod Putt. What portraits they evoke!

Throughout two hundred and fifty pages this unique human comedy unfolds itself—the life of Spoon River and its men and women, its girls and boys. The *Anthology* has a microcosmic completeness. We hear, told by themselves, the life-histories of village belles and grocer's clerks, farmers and farmer's wives, travelling salesmen, lawyers, blacksmiths, school-girls, politicians, tramps, doctors, bank-presidents, druggists, the village poetess, the village dandy, deacons, school-teachers, saloon-keepers, preachers, adulteresses and Sunday-school superintendents, hired girls and circuit-judges, newspaper editors, whores, bullys, grafters, crooks, murderers, gamblers, wantons, drunkards, ne'er-do-

wells, dreamers, idealists, wastrels and paupers and prudes. Here are tragedies, sordid or touching, horrible or grim; pitiful romances, scandals, little histories of violence and tenderness, of patient waiting and rebellious enduring; grotesque comedies, preposterous melodramas; a humanity that is universal.

You see that tragically ill-assorted pair, Benjamin Pantier and Mrs. Pantier—lonely and hostile souls: he, driven from home, living with his dog Nig in a room back of a dingy office:

> . . . She, who survives me, snared my soul
> With a snare which bled me to death.

But now hear Mrs. Pantier:

> I know that he told that I snared his soul
> With a snare which bled him to death . . .
> But suppose you are really a lady, and have delicate tastes,
> And loathe the smell of whiskey and onions . . .

There was Benjamin Fraser, who was tortured by life, oppressed by sex:

> Their spirits beat upon mine
> Like a thousand butterflies
> . . . . . .
> I closed my eyes, yet I knew . . .
> . . . when their garments clung to them,
> Or fell from them in exquisite draperies.

There was Minerva Jones, the village poetess, whom "Butch" Weldy captured and whom he left to her fate with Doctor Meyers,—"good-hearted, easy,"—who tried to help her out; but she died. And we hear from Mrs. Meyers that, though her husband protested all his life long that the newspapers lied about him villainously, and he was not at fault for Minerva's fall, but only tried to help her, she held him to be nought but a poor soul sunk in sin. We turn a few pages, and out of his earthly cell speaks Frank Drummer, the village fool, who tried to memorize the *Encyclopedia Britannica;* and we observe with admiration that Mr. Masters is the first poet who has dared to put, not only the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* but Henry George, Free Silver, the Peerless One, and Prohibition, into serious verse, as you will see by turning to the life history of poor George Trimble,

politician, who was hectored by his wife, and died a disappointed and futile being:

> For the radicals grew suspicious of me,
> And the conservatives were never sure of me.

—the eternal tragedy of the trimmer!

There was Harold Arnett—wretched, sick-souled failure, who, weak from the noon-day heat, heard the cry of a baby,

> Then the violent voice of my wife:
> "Watch out, the potatoes are burning!"
> I smelled them . . . then there was irresistible disgust.
> I pulled the trigger . . .
> . . . thus I came here.

And for a companion piece, consider Margaret Fuller Slade, who "would have been as great as George Eliot but for an untoward fate." She married John Slade, the rich druggist, thinking thus to secure leisure for her novel; but she bore eight children, and had no time to write, and ran a needle in her hand while washing the baby's things, and died from lock-jaw—"an ironical death."

What Mr. Masters has accomplished is the cinematographing of narrative-verse. He has reversed the practice of the moving-picture people,—who give us stories in picture-form,—and offers us a kind of moving-picture in the form of fictional verse. The *Spoon River Anthology* is a series of vivid, concentrated, rapidly shifting visualizations, related and interwoven, and employing that favorite device of the screen-play: a single event exhibited from different dramatic angles. You get, for example, Aner Clute's story of how she happened to "lead the life": well, it was a silk dress, and a promise of marriage from a rich man (Lucius Atherton); and because they gave her the name for it, why, that made her what she was. You get, then, Lucius Atherton's picture flashed on the screen: the former town dandy,—"an excellent knave of hearts who took many a trick,"—now old and shabby, living at the village restaurant; "a gray, untidy, toothless, discarded, rural Don Juan." But this is not all: Homer Clapp is put before you, begging of Aner Clute a parting kiss at the gate—a kiss that she refused, "saying we should be engaged before that"; but no sooner had he gone (so he learned afterward) than Lucius Atherton stole in at her window. So he died cursing himself for one of

Life's fools, " whom only death would treat as the equal of other men."

Just what relation Mr. Masters' cinematographic verse bears to poetry it is not easy to declare with confidence. We have said somewhat of the substance of his book, nothing of its form. Here is a fair sample of it at its most characteristic—it is Deacon Taylor speaking:

> I belonged to the church,
> And to the party of prohibition;
> And the villagers thought I had died of eating water-melon.
> In truth I had cirrhosis of the liver,
> For every noon for thirty years,
> I slipped behind the prescription partition
> In Trainor's drug store
> And poured a generous drink
> From the bottle marked
> " *Spiritus frumenti.*"

Clearly this is as remote from poetry—the poetry of Whitman no less than the poetry of Swinburne—as the music of young Mr. Leo Ornstein is remote from the music of Chopin. It is perfectly easy to conclude that it is not poetry at all. To call it " free verse " is as idle as it would be to call it blank verse, or a sonnet. Nine-tenths of the *Spoon River Anthology* is, as verse, equally bald, flat, and uncouth. Occasionally it attains a measure of grave eloquence, an exaltation of speech that is seen at its best in the picture of Isaiah Beethoven, with but three months to live, brooding in the darkness by the mill-stream, where

> The flame of the moon ran under my eyes
> Amid a forest stillness broken
> By a flute in a hut on the hill.

But there is little in the book that is of this fibre. Most of it is of a piece with the " Deacon Taylor " passage. So, reading about the trial of Dr. Duval for the murder of Zora Clemens, we come back to the question that disturbs us throughout most of the *Anthology:* If this is poetry:

> Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
> Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

what, then, is this?——

> It was clear he had got her in a family way;
> And to let the child be born
> Would not do.

When, in Whitman, we weary of reading that

> The President holding a cabinet council is surrounded
> by the great Secretaries,

we can turn a few pages and find this:

> I am he that walks with the tender and growing night.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Smile, O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
> Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!

There are no such compensations in Mr. Masters' verse. You will seek there in vain for what Stevenson called the "unexcelled imaginative justness of language" that is in Whitman. The *Spoon River Anthology* prevails—seizes you, engrosses you, haunts you—not because of its verse, but in spite of it. It is often as rank and as candid as the records of a police-court; but it is ineluctably detaining, at times extraordinarily moving. It is a miracle of veracious characterization; fiction of an unexampled kind; a new thing under the sun. But why drag in poetry?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE CHURCH. By John Huss. Translated, with notes and an introduction, by David S. Schaff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Through his scholarly translation of the Treatise upon the Church written in 1413 by John Huss, the Bohemian reformer and martyr, Dr. Schaff has placed a work of the first importance in the history of religious belief—and hence in the history of thought and of civilization—within the reach of readers who have hitherto known it chiefly by its renown. Huss's treatise is, as Dr. Schaff remarks, "the best known work upon the subject issued from Augustine to the Reformation period." Huss himself was a true precursor of Luther, though a determining influence over the latter cannot be claimed for him. Historically speaking, his trial, upon charges drawn from this *magnum opus* and *apologia pro vita sua* of his, is "the most famous formal trial of a single individual in the history of the Christian Church," not forgetting those of Abelard and Savonarola. So far, at least, as the written word is concerned, the influence of Huss has been greater than that of his predecessor and acknowledged master, Wyclif; for Wyclif's Treatise upon the Church was hidden away in manuscript until a generation ago, and the power over men's minds which his views continued to exercise long after his death was due rather to tradition and to his version of the Bible than to any original writing of his; while the effect upon the development of the idea of the Church produced by the treatise of Huss has been permanent and plainly marked. In a sense, Huss suffered martyrdom in Wyclif's stead, and through his death and his treatise, he kept open a subject of the utmost consequence to mankind.

Born in 1373, Huss was a student at the University of Prague during the period of its greatest influence and celebrity. In 1403 he was made rector of the University, holding the position for six months, and he was again rector in 1409 for the term of a year. Appointed, in 1403, preacher of Bethlehem Chapel, which had been founded ten years earlier to afford preaching in the native Czech tongue, Huss at once commanded attention by the fervency of his eloquence and the fearlessness of his attacks upon the abuses of the clergy. He made the Chapel the center of a new religious force and of a national movement

as well. His first conflict with the authorities came through his refusal to acquiesce in a ruling of the University making it an offense to teach or read the writings of Wyclif, which had been carried to Bohemia soon after the Englishman's death in 1384 and had made as deep an impression there as in the land of their origin. At the instance of the clergy hostile to Huss, an appeal was made to Rome, the archbishop of Prague was instructed by the Pope to take measures against the Wyclifite heresy; chapels such as Huss preached in were ordered closed; and in 1410 the archbishop made a bonfire of Wyclif's writings in the dooryard of his palace. Huss, moreover, raised up for himself bitter and powerful enemies through the leading part he took in bringing about a change in the charter of the University—a change by which the native Czech element was given three votes, while the foreign nations were reduced from three to one. A third cause of trouble for the reformer was his attack in 1412 upon the sale of indulgences authorized by John XXIII to enable him to carry on a crusade against Ladislaus, King of Naples. Huss spoke out as boldly as did Luther a hundred years later. Deserted by most of his friends, he voiced his own firm belief against a practically universal conviction and an all-powerful church, with a degree of moral courage for which in these days it would be difficult to find a parallel. To read without adequate historical sense or background the Treatise on the Church, with its passages of somewhat thorny dialectic, might well prove an unrewarding task; but to read it in a proper light and spirit—as Dr. Schaff (so far as the limited space of his introduction permits) enables one to do—is to realize afresh the preciousness of that union of intellect with conscience which makes character—and history. Huss's unyielding resistance to the papal power led to the almost inevitable consequences. He was excommunicated, and, this proving insufficient, the city of Prague was put under the interdict. In 1414, Huss went to undergo trial before the œcumenical council at Constance, and on July 6, 1415, the council, after charging him with thirty errors, handed him over to the civil authorities to be burned as a heretic.

Huss sought primarily to base his argument firmly upon the Scriptures, and secondarily to reconcile it with the canon law. This latter task, especially, required a full use of that logic, at once ingenious and childish—as it seems to a scientifically trained and free-thinking modern—which comes into play when truths having their real basis in conscience and common sense have to be proved by words and texts. There are difficult scholastic passages in Huss's treatise—passages curiously contrasting with others in which the author speaks as humanly and forthrightly as one of Wyclif's "poor priests." Even in the more recondite parts of his treatise one may pay tribute to the passionate earnestness of the man, recognizing him as no mere logician, but rather as a laborer in the cause of clearness of thought, obliged to cut his way as best he could through preconceptions, precedents, verbal difficulties. Great as his debt to Wyclif admittedly is, he is

plainly no servile imitator, for his discourse differs from that of his predecessor in just those matters of detail, of figure, of illustration and citation, in which one would expect a vain and feeble borrower to show least originality.

Huss begins his treatise with a subtle and carefully guarded definition of the church—a definition meant to be scripturally sound and metaphysically clear. This definition sets at naught the ideas prevailing at the time—that the Pope and the Cardinals constitute the church; or that the church is confined to those over whom the apostolic see has jurisdiction. "The Roman Church," said Huss, "is not the Catholic Apostolic Church, for no partial church can be the Holy Catholic Church. However, among the militant churches the Roman Church is the principal one." The Roman pontiff, he next contended, is not the head of the church on earth. Christ is the head. And the rock upon which the church is built is Christ and not Peter. Moreover, Huss sought to show that the power of the Keys, or of remitting sins and retaining them, was in reality conferred not upon Peter alone but through him upon the church; and further that this power is merely declaratory—that neither Pope nor priest can absolve from sin except where God has before absolved. The scriptures, Huss held, supply the supreme rule of life and conduct. Finally, one hundred years before Luther's famous protest against the burning of heretics, Huss, appealing to the example of Christ and the purpose of the Gospel, denied the right of the Church to kill or torture misbelievers.

The copious notes, and the exact references to the works quoted or used by Huss which Dr. Schaff has provided, are adequate and reliable helps to the student of church history. The editor's interest in his task is, however, not merely that of the narrow specialist; he leads his readers to see the significance of Huss's work in the largest view. "When the two principles emphasized in this treatise," he writes, "are given proper recognition—personal devotion to Christ and a daily life conformed to his teachings and example—the practise of Christian tolerance and all human tolerance will be advanced..... This treatise will have a mission to-day, if its pages promote the idea that devotion to Christ is the condition and surety of Christian fellowship."

America and her Problems. By Paul H. B. D'Estournelles de Constant. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

No book about the United States by a foreign observer is more suave in manner, more acceptably cordial in spirit, than this of Baron D'Estournelles de Constant. The author writes from a point of view determined by a lifetime of observation, study, and travel in distant lands. His journeyings in this country extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Mexico to Canada; they gave opportunity for

something more than hit-or-miss observation; they brought the writer into close touch with many significant personalities and (as a lecturer) with audiences of varying composition and sectional temper. The first part of his book, *America and Her Problems,* is crowded with observations and with candid appreciations of men and things, of cities and scenery, intermingled with comment of a sort seeming casual but often really profound. The second part of the volume deals more deliberately with specific problems.

The point of view of the book is not so much foreign as international, not so much French as humane. That smartness of observation, that superior rehandling of our problems, which makes some foreign books about the United States oddly illuminating and sometimes piquantly amusing, the author seems deliberately to eschew. His emphasis is laid upon likeness rather than difference; his attitude is that of one who seeks for grounds of sympathy and coöperation rather than for opportunities to contrast impressions. His book is accordingly sympathetic and complimentary in its tone, elevated and general in its view. But the reader soon discovers that there is much more in Baron de Constant's discourse than the facile flattery of a friend of America and a lover of humanity. The author has, indeed, a genuine gift for catching the very spirit of sections, cities, universities, political parties, and for describing sympathetically the conditions and problems of a country about which it is so easy to make mistakes as our own. It is strange to see our actual America built up before our eyes in this book written by a Frenchman, absolutely as we know it—and, to say truth, a good deal better than we know it. For the view revealed is quite free from the exaggeration, the prejudice, the journalistic over-emphasis or self-conscious caution, which so often enter into any knowledge of ourselves. To each descriptive passage the author joins an analysis or suggestion bearing upon his fundamental idea—and this fundamental idea is peace. The generality, the elevation and unity, of the author's point of view and purpose are not favorable to boldly striking comment—a fact that seems at first to detract somewhat from the effect of the book. But the reader soon finds that in these very characteristics the value of the work really consists. Its cumulative effect is very great, and the lesson it unobtrusively yet forcefully impresses is that peace is the organization of all other useful forms of organization.

From baseball to politics and religion, Baron D'Estournelles de Constant sees everything American with sympathy for its special peculiarities and in the light of the greatest of all practical ideals, the ideal of peace. Baseball he describes accurately, and he tactfully expresses a desire to see it introduced into France. An incorrigible peace advocate, he finds even in the national game proof of the possibility of the arbitration of bitter disputes. Are not the players, after all, wonderfully obedient to the umpire? His analysis of the position of political parties in the United States affords a broader view

than we, inevitably attached as we are to party names and catchwords, are likely to take. As in all parliamentary countries, he says, the old parties are "compelled to come closer, not to absorb one another, but to unite so as to make the greatest or smallest number of concessions to popular claims, but the maximum is never more than a beginning. They represent the unpopular status quo, and for the time being defend it whether they like it or not. They constitute a natural center of resistance much more than of action—a center of moderation and opportunism with whose slow progress impatient humanity must put up. It is in short a center—a word that sums up the whole situation." On either side of this center are the discontented rich and the discontented poor. This is the true situation, irrespective of party lines. The discontented rich, the author tersely declares to be the same everywhere — jingoes, plebiscitaires, pronunciamentists, partizans of personal power, what you please:—their influence is towards war rather than peace. The socialists in this country, the author rather acutely remarks, are not so well organized as the women, who have brought their efforts to bear upon certain definite points, such as the drink traffic, education, the protection of children, hygiene. The aims of the socialists are relatively indefinite and merely express the aspirations and unselfish ideals which are more or less common to all countries. As for religion, Baron D'Estournelles de Constant, instead of criticizing us for our lack of personal faith or for the bumptiousness with which we are in the habit of announcing that we are coöperating with God, prophesies that the religion of America—that religion of doing and serving which is so broadly human that it scarcely requires a name—will become the religion of the future. Despite his passionate attachment to the peace cause one recognizes no mere rhetoric but rather sincerity and an eye for what is essential in the remark about American efficiency: "The Americans do not know it, but without being militarized, they are drilled and a hundred times readier than they were a hundred years ago to take up arms and conquer if attacked. They have been so well educated by discipline, sobriety, and muscular development that they are superior to any armies they might try to form on the spur of the moment."

In conclusion, Baron D'Estournelles de Constant eloquently expresses his conviction of the importance to the world of America's destiny, and points out what he conceives to be the greatest danger—a danger symbolized by the distance of the national capital from the center of the country and its nearness to Europe. The people, he thinks, have kept their ideals up to the high level of the founders of the republic: the government on the other hand has tended to ape European ways and to acquire the puerile pride of imperialism. *America and Her Problems* is neither a rhetorical plea for peace nor an essay characterized by carefully sought brilliancies; it is an extremely friendly and informing book, with a note of special appeal to the young. In presenting a great ideal concretely, it gives

Americans an illuminating view of what unsuspected idealists—and those who without being conscious idealists are practically helping to organize ideals—are doing and thinking in all parts of the country.

The Story of Napoleon's Death Mask. By G. L. de St. M. Watson. New York: John Lane Company, 1915.

A book not of recondite and technical interest alone, but of a singular and almost uncanny fascination, is this which G. L. de St. M. Watson has written—after years of profound study of the life of Napoleon and of absorption in its details and spirit—about the singular problem of the Napoleonic death masks. Few writers can equal Mr. Watson in the art of combining conciseness and the extreme scrupulosity of a trained scholar with a suggestiveness and power of intriguing interest which produce almost the effect of discursiveness or of leisurely charm. The author is plainly an enthusiast for Napoleon—a fervent admirer, not merely a zealous specialist—but his enthusiasm is well restrained. It bursts out only in one or two passages forceful and fitting. It manifests itself chiefly in an intensification of the interest pertaining to every phase of the subject—in that superior clearness, compactness, and point, which is begotten of zeal and intellectual curiosity. The book establishes truth, it seems, beyond peradventure of reasonable doubt; it is incidentally a remarkable study of the strange ways of the human mind and of the singular process by which a lie may impose itself upon generations of men.

The author first traces the progress of what he calls "the Antommarchi fiction." Dr. Antommarchi is said to have taken a death mask of Napoleon shortly after the great man's death at St. Helena. The original cast he carried with him to Europe, and many years later he issued an edition of copies—the "souscription Antommarchi"—which were widely sold. The issue of the casts created something of a sensation, in which the general tone was that of surprise and disappointment: the conformation of Napoleon's head and features as shown by the plaster was so different from the conventional idea of what they should be that the genuineness of the mask was doubted. The question was warmly debated between phrenologists and physicians with endless sophistries. But the authorship of the mask was hardly doubted. In newspaper paragraphs, in magazine articles, finally in books of sober history down to the present day, Antommarchi has been given the credit of the achievement he claimed for himself, with little protest. Slowly, conservatively, by unconscious touches and reservations, the legend has been built up. It has given rise to sub-legends more strange than the original, and these, too, have obtained recognition. There is the tale to the effect that Drs. Mitchell and Burton attempted to take an impression of

the head, but failed. There is the preposterous story that a cast was taken of Napoleon's face at the time of his exhumation in 1840. There is the fiction of the outrageous "wax mask," a forgery, repulsively hydrocephalous. The author shows the lineage of all these legends and maps their course. He also marks out the slow and tentative stages through which the truth has at last made itself unmistakably clear. There is not a particle of evidence emanating from St. Helena to show that Antommarchi did what he claimed to have done. On the other hand there is abundant testimony to show that the mask of Napoleon's face was formed by the English physician, Dr. Francis Burton, after Antommarchi had declined to make the attempt. The original cast which Burton took from the waste-mould was purloined during his absence by Count and Countess Bertrand, and subsequently passed into the possession of Antommarchi. The facts in the case Mr. Watson makes out in detail and with extraordinary clearness, reconciling minute discrepancies of time in varying accounts and explaining every incident and corollary. The most dubious, though not the least interesting, part of his reconstruction of the events immediately following Napoleon's death has to do with the so-called Sankey cast. This, thinks Mr. Watson, must have been made from an impression in wax hastily taken by the artist Rubidge from Burton's first cast—that is, the one remaining after the waste-mould had been destroyed. This is the more probable because the Sankey cast corresponds with that made by Burton in the smallest details of measurement and of expression—a thing that would be scarcely possible if two different moulds had been taken of Napoleon's face, since the yielding flesh is not likely to make precisely the same impression upon the plaster in two different trials. Briefly summed up the facts seem to be somewhat as follows: All death masks of Napoleon are derived from one and the same original mould—that made by Dr. Burton on May 6, 1821. This waste-mould was necessarily destroyed in freeing the first cast—also made by Burton and now in the possession of Prince Victor Napoleon at Brussels. From this cast, on May 7, Joseph William Rubidge took a secondary non-plaster impression. From this cast also Antommarchi in the summer of 1822 took a secondary plaster piece-mould. From his secondary mould Rubidge before leaving St. Helena took the plaster-cast now in Dr. Sankey's possession. The ancestry of all death masks of Napoleon of known antiquity now found in museums and private collections may be traced back, through the "subscription issue" of 1833-4, to a cast made by Antommarchi in 1822 from his secondary mould.

Seldom has any one conducted an investigation into a curious and interesting problem to better purpose than has Mr. Watson. Rarely does a work of meticulous truth-seeking possess so many-sided and romantic an interest as does his story of Napoleon's death mask. Not the least interesting passages of Mr. Watson's work are those in

which he studies and describes Napoleon's physiognomy and those wherein he shows the manner in which the conventional head of the medallions and later portraits gained acceptance.

The Little Man and Other Satires. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

A certain meagerness of outline, an apparent lack of story-telling charm, may at first offend the reader of Mr. Galsworthy's fine and penetrating studies of human character; yet no one who begins the book will fail to finish it, and no one who has read it can possibly forget it. So finely and sharply etched are these quiet delineations that their impression remains long after one has put them out of mind—or rather into the mind, as the psychologists now say. It would be unfair to hint that the effect of Mr. Galsworthy's book is altogether discomforting; on the contrary it is amusing and sympathetic. Yet the sketches have the power of awakening an uneasy desire for greater sincerity and self-knowledge. In analysis of an accuracy so unsparing and of a subtlety so penetrating, every sentence is a suspected challenge to the reader's cherished opinions and his fixed belief in his own complete freedom from self-deception. Mr. Galsworthy through his persuasive art betrays us into the pain of thinking—which is said to be the greatest pain of all. His particular merit and achievement is that—not in the narrow sense, in which the trick is relatively easy, but in the larger sense, in which it is inordinately hard—he has drawn types. The portrayals of people in his narratives, accurately and personally executed as they are, have a general and very deep significance. That is why they are so unforgettable. They fit, not a person, but categories of human nature. And this manner of writing, which might so readily become stiff and academic, is, as Mr. Galsworthy uses it, full of a subtle human warmth. One may smile over the sketches in *The Little Man* if one feels sufficiently superior and sure of oneself to do so; there is laughter for the gods in the book. In any case the reaction will be one of enjoyment.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

THE ENGLISH VIEW

(From the London Standard)

"BECAUSE Great Britain refused to permit the United States to supply the German army with foodstuffs Germany officially assassinated more than a hundred American citizens. That is the naked fact, from which escape is impossible." Thus the scholarly editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, perhaps the most serious of Transatlantic periodicals, sums up the facts of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. No Englishman will quarrel with this proposition, though he may not altogether follow Mr. George Harvey's deductions from the facts. For Mr. Harvey, who may be taken as the type of all that is cultured in the United States, clearly states that America is "confronted by no necessity of inflicting punishment on Germany." He uses many excellent phrases in condemnation of the German reversion to barbarism, but—and this is the point most important to Englishmen—he insists that America's duty is to keep out of trouble unless trouble is actually forced upon her. In point of fact, the only serious arguments in the article are against Great Britain. The writer goes so far as to suggest that we are guilty of exactly the same kind of conduct we denounce in Germany as wholly evil. For "the British Government practically concedes that it has committed infringements upon American commercial rights, but promises to make atonement in the form of indemnities at the end of the war." Is not that, asks the editor, precisely analogous to the conduct of Germany towards Belgium? Germany demanded of Belgium that she should acquiesce in the violation of her neutrality by the passage of German troops, promising in return to make a satisfactory cash indemnity at the close of the war. "It is difficult to see any material difference between that and the violation of American mercantile neutrality under a like promise."

Surely this argument is based on a fallacy. Great Britain for a long period strictly regarded what she considered to be the letter and spirit of international law; but in view of the attitude of the United States Government she agreed to compromises which have militated heavily against the Allies, simply because she considered bad relations with America a greater disadvantage even than the deplorable waste of sea power involved in these concessions. President Wilson did not then talk, it must be remembered in justice to our Government, about being "too proud to fight." Afterwards, when Germany flatly disregarded (with the tacit acquiescence of the United States) every international obligation, and carried her "humane and enlightened attitude" so far as to commit wholesale murder on the high seas, our Government modified somewhat a timorous policy which had been of incalculable advantage to the enemy, though even now extraordinary indulgence is given to American cotton and other articles which should obviously be made abso-

lute contraband. Those we know to be the facts. Our fault, if fault there be, has been a greater care for American trade convenience than for the military interests of the Quadruple Alliance, and it does seem rather hard that, after months of this compliant attitude, we should be accused of a violation of American commercial neutrality "precisely analogous" to the crime of Germany in Belgium.

Needless to say, however, we do not complain. We are grateful for such moral support as we have had from America, and no reasonable man has ever expected more than moral support. It is for the United States Government and the American people alone to determine whether they should deal with Germany in polite platitudes or in sharp words and sharper deeds. Intelligent Englishmen do not need, either, this learned editor's reminder that if America fights—that is, if war is absolutely thrust on her, for she will not fight otherwise—she will battle, not for us or for humanity, but for herself, or, as he phrases it, "only for the inalienable right of peace-loving peoples to live their own good lives in their own better way." It is just as well that excitable people in this country, who are ready to believe that every successive Note from Washington brings an extension of the war nearer, should realize that there is very little disposition on the American continent to quarrel with Germany over incidents like the *Lusitania*. There is enough of popular horror and indignation, no doubt, but not of that kind that forces the hands of a Government which has its own good reasons for moderation. The American people chiefly want peace—peace for themselves first, peace for the world next. They would prefer, on general principles, that Germany was beaten, though not too badly beaten. But if Germany is not going to be beaten quickly, they still want peace, even if it is at the expense of the Allies, as it must be in present circumstances. Of this craving for peace, it may be expected, German diplomacy may take adroit advantage during the next few weeks or months, and there are signs already, of which this article is one, that American opinion is being diverted from the *Lusitania* and kindred topics to Great Britain's supposed naval sins. Of course, if official Germany insists on war with the United States, war must come sooner or later. There is a limit beyond which forbearance implies serious loss of self-respect. But official Germany can hardly commit so grave a blunder. She has tested the United States by an experiment which in other times might have been disastrous, and has found that the "ancient friendship" between the two countries is proof against the greatest imaginable shock. America, she finds, does not want war, will avoid war at any sacrifice short of actual loss of honor. The next step is obviously to see whether this pacific mood cannot be turned to account in other directions. Therefore the British nation must be prepared for the possibility of a very strong movement in the United States—Mr. Bryan is already engineering it—to bring pressure to bear on the Allies in order to put an end to the war, or, at least, to abolish all restraint on American trade. That seems to be the tendency of American opinion, and the appearance of the article noticed above is highly symptomatic.

MR. WATTERSON ON BRYAN

(*From the Louisville Courier-Journal*)

By way perhaps of final leave-taking—not to say after the manner of a parting shot—the *Courier-Journal* in this issue devotes what may be thought

an excess of space to the recent Secretary of State. As a corollary to the luminous and convincing paper by George Harvey, reproduced from the July number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, it ventures to recall and reprint some observations of its own with which more than two years ago it regaled alike its readers and its prophetic soul. No apology shall be offered for this exploitation of itself, whilst Col. Harvey's essay needs none. Leaving little, if anything, to be said, it will repay perusal.

Whether Mr. Bryan means to take the field directly against Mr. Wilson, and contest the nomination with him, or, using the one-term plank as a pretext, contemplates a rumpus and a bolt, the future will disclose.

He has shown himself capable of any folly, not to say treachery. The circumstances of his resignation, if there were nothing else, sufficiently attest the disingenuous in his character. It is known that he had been grinding his teeth with rage for months because he was no longer considered or consulted as Secretary of State. Doubtless his *amour propre* was justly offended. The President has a winning way of making himself disagreeable when he has no further use for a servant. A Webster, or a Clay, a Calhoun, or a Hay, would, with the first sign of slight, have folded his cloak about him and scornfully withdrawn.

Not so with the faker of Nebraska. He is nothing if not a showman. He must make commotion. He must have his exploitation. Dignity is nothing beside gate-money. So, with an equal lack of self-respect and fidelity, and the ill-judgment marking all his proceedings, he eats his leek and bides his time, till the trumpets blare and the big drums beat, and the occasion insures the spectacular.

Mr. Bryan's relation to parties, and what he may do or may not do to Wilson and the Administration, is of small account. We have our political ups and downs. We whack one another around the ring. But, between elections, we eat, drink and are merry, bearing not malice one toward another, good Americans all, the ship's crew of us ready to make common cause against the world outside, or any part of it, that ventures to come against us.

Mr. Bryan is the first public man of reputation who has violated this rule, making his break upon an issue of foreign affairs, and for revenge, or revenue, aligning himself with the enemies of his country.

That was a shameful meeting at Madison Square Garden in New York. Immediately succeeding the resignation of the Secretary of State, it gave notice to Germany that we are not only a divided people, but that the pro-German end of the division is led by no less a person than a Prime Minister who has thrown down his commission to raise the standard of revolt. We had already been warned by the pro-German leaders and organs that war with Germany would mean civil war. At the Madison Square meeting Mr. Bryan confirmed this warning to the degree that in the event of war with Germany he will not be able to escape the character of a suspect. He would at once become a kind of twin to Huerta—a lineal descendant of Vallandingham—and, if not exiled like the famous Buckeye Copperhead, yet held with his pro-German colleagues of Madison Square in a camp of detention.

If the German-Americans had been at the outset let alone—or if, in despite of the organized pro-German propaganda, they had possessed the wisdom to draw the line between Imperialism—Autocracy—Absolutism, and the Fatherland—between the Hohenzollerns and the German people—consulting their naturalization papers, which commit them to Republicanism

in renunciation of Kaiserism, all had been well. Those of them who made the Kaiser's fight their fight went back on their oaths of allegiance. If war should come between the United States and Germany, they will have put upon themselves as American citizens a fatal disability. After what has happened, their professions of loyalty would go for nought. No Government could afford to trust them. No commander would dare lead them to battle. Their attitude at the Madison Square meeting was that of a German colony in America. The attitude of Mr. Bryan was that of a demagogue seeking profit from their treason by fomenting it. This should consign him to everlasting execration and disgrace.

CAN GERMANY BE BEATEN?

(*From the New York Herald*)

Colonel Harvey in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW takes rather a gloomy view of the war situation in an article headed "Can Germany Be Beaten?"

"It is still," he remarks, "as we said ten months ago, inconceivable that Germany shall triumph, but it is no less certain from the standpoint of the Allies that the prospect is laden with gloom and foreboding and that the end is far off."

Only a few weeks ago there was a strong feeling in America that July would see the end of the struggle. This was prompted by the moral certainty that Italy would enter the great arena on the side of the Allies and that the preparations for a supreme effort on the part of England and France for driving the invaders out of France and Belgium were likely to bear fruit in May and June.

Italy is in, BUT the effort in the western theater of war has thus far had no decisive results, while on the eastern front Russia has suffered a considerable reverse which time will be consumed in offsetting. On the Dardanelles the situation is a desperate one for the attackers as well as the attacked, and another British battleship was destroyed on Wednesday.

Germany fights doggedly on and on, while it is undeniable that the Allies will steadily gain in strength. Yet the impressions gained from each day's events lead to the conclusion that no living man can make a reasonable guess as to the duration of the war either in months or years.

(*From the Greensboro News*)

We dove eagerly into Col. George Harvey's piece under this title in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; but presently, and not to keep the reader in suspense, skipped over to the conclusion, wherefrom it appears that the sapient colonel finds himself about where he, and millions of other people, were ten months ago.

He points out that millions of lives have been sacrificed and billions of money have been squandered, but no invading foe has placed foot on the German soil and no reversal of arms has served to temper the German spirit. Few would seriously undertake to contest the second any more than the first assertion. "The anticipated disaffection of Socialists and peace-seekers," says Colonel Harvey, "has failed to materialize. The mighty machine guns seems only to have hardened into a yet greater efficiency. Prussia still dominates the empire, and the certainty of a quick triumph which at first pos-

sessed the minds of her people has been supplanted by a determination never to be beaten which is even more formidable." Germany has both plenty of money and plenty of munitions. She is building more submarines, building them faster than her enemies. Food is plentiful, the harvest promises well. "Briefly, the possibility of conquering Germany is more remote to-day than it was at the beginning of the war. To feign the contrary is to ignore the facts."

Over against this, as a matter of interest and information, let us put the ideas of Theodore H. Price, as set forth in his *Commerce and Finance,* and which are intended to be more cheerful. "The Impermanence of the Abnormal" is his theme. "At the height of a storm, men despair of fine weather, and at the end of a drought they cease to look for rain." Millions of men have been killed and billions of treasure have been spent in the war already; it is therefore argued that it will be prolonged. The German casualty lists show that 2,108,000 out of a possible total of 6,000,000 trained soldiers have been killed or disabled thus far, and an equal or greater number have been lost by the Allies. "The world is now leagued in moral if not military opposition to Germany. Despite Lord Kitchener, these are facts which make for the ending and not the prolongation of the war." We know not how or why the summer's crop will ripen or be gathered, but everything we do and every plan we make assumes that any variation will be but temporary; by the same analogy, thinks Mr. Price, "we must believe that peace cannot much longer be delayed unless we admit that nature herself has become an anarchist."

We are more than willing to listen to anybody who argues to us that all this horror is soon to be abated; but we find Colonel Harvey the more convincing.

MR. GARRISON ON PREPAREDNESS

(*From the Buffalo Express*)

In an article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Secretary Garrison with two or three sharp questions shows the utter absurdity of the argument that war may be avoided by avoiding preparation for war. In the physical sphere, he asks, where and when have feebleness, flabbiness and weakness acted as a shield and buckler? Where in the history of nations do we find the strong staying its hand because of the feebleness of its rival? "The pages of history literally abound with instances to the contrary," he answers. "Civilizations which in their day reached the highest pinnacles of mental, spiritual and physical life have disappeared from the face of the earth and their names are almost forgotten by men because they became feeble and flabby and were toppled over by the strong. But if it is held that a strong nation is more likely to go to war than a weak, then the obvious question is this: How can you justify your trust that other nations that are strong will refrain from misusing their strength against us if you fear that we, if strong, would misuse our strength against other nations?"

The wonder is that with a man in the cabinet who could present the case so unanswerably the policy of the administration has hitherto clung tenaciously to the idea that any material increase in the army and navy is unnecessary. The lessons of history are as strongly against the theory that unpreparedness makes for peace as are the lessons of current events. The United States never has been prepared for war. Yet we have had wars in every

generation since our national existence began. Whether better preparation would have enabled us to avoid any of them or not, the lack of preparation certainly has had no other effect than to increase their cost both in blood and money.

It is hoped that the President and Congress will be better disposed to listen to Secretary Garrison hereafter. There is every indication that this European war must last for several years. The Allies so far have been offered no alternative between war and the concession of whatever conquests and indemnities Germany may choose to demand, and they have gained no successes of a character which could enable them even to think of imposing terms on Germany. If Germany succeeds in expelling the Russians from Galicia, as now appears likely, it is not improbable that peace propositions will be made from Berlin on the basis of the existing territorial status quo—that is, that Germany shall retain Belgium, Northern France and so much of Poland and the Russian Baltic provinces as her troops are occupying. It looks very much as if the German campaigns had been planned with the idea of offering some such peace terms. But peace on such a basis could at best be only a truce while the nations reorganized their strength for another struggle. If such a truce is not arranged, then the war must continue until one side or the other is completely exhausted and virtually subjugated. No one can estimate how many years that would take—not less than two or three, at the least, and they might run to twenty.

The United States, therefore, must contemplate the continuance of a state of either active or passive hostility in Europe for an indefinite time—perhaps for more years than many persons now living will see. The only security for our nation in such conditions is to be fully prepared to defend ourselves and our rights. We cannot begin too soon or act too energetically.

THE "REVIEW" IN 1915

The attainment by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of its centenary is an event which will unite all sections of the English-speaking world in congratulations to its spirited editor. Colonel George Harvey has splendidly mantained the fine traditions of a notable line of editors, and the May number represents a high-water mark of interest which speaks for the virility of this living link between thinkers of the Grand Republic of Letters. The reading of the articles reviewed below is recommended as a cure for insular myopy.—*Review of Reviews* (*London*).

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has scored its hundred this year and blossoms like the century plant with its admirable contributions, excellent poetry, and piquant editorials.—*Lady's Pictorial* (*London*).

In May, 1815, the first number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was published. The centennial number of the REVIEW, just published, is quite worthy of its long line of predecessors. George Harvey ranks high among the world's great editors.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will be all right if the improvement continues another hundred years.—*Publisher-Retailer.*

George Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is one of the most mercilessly sarcastic writers in America. His monthly articles on the follies and foibles of the mighty, the political, the self-advertisers, are masterly expressions of thought, arrayed in all the varied grandiloquence of a literary mind. Sometimes we grow uneasy, he goes so far. But George Harvey

himself is far from being an uneasy soul, and evidently has no place in his mercy for those who are timid. He is not a "hammer-and-tongs" man, but resembles Pope, who drove home his tiny rapier of sarcasm or irony and then twisted it about, with a lopsided smile of satisfaction on his face. Harvey's like Pope. Though he's sometimes too harsh, we confess to a monthly delight in conning his pages.—*Catholic Universe.*

The North American Review is filled with articles by men who write thoughtfully and convincingly.—*Savannah Press.*

The North American Review is more vigorous than ever in its hundred-and-first year.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

As a foreword to the centennial number of The North American Review a few months ago, Colonel Harvey wrote a special editorial address and dedicated it to his successor who shall occupy his influential place at the second centennial. It was a very pretty thought, gracefully executed—that salute across the decades from the editor regnant to the editor yet unborn. Men come and go, but principles remain. The individual lives out his little span, toils through his little day and disappears, but the life force that throbs through the universe provides ever a new generation for the new day that dawns—and for the new problems there arise new men to cope with them. That, at any rate, is the confident belief of that optimism which compels us to believe that the world is getting better, that "there is never one lost good," and that every triumph of democracy brings ultimate victory one stage nearer attainment.—*Charlotte Observer.*

The department of editorial comment of the Review continues to be most helpful in its selection and discussion of topics of the hour, even when, and sometimes because, one does not agree with the conclusions reached.

—*Washington Herald.*

The May North American Review is the centennial number, and it is wonderfully well written. Colonel Harvey himself is the king of editorial writers.—*Troy Times.*

POLITICAL NOTES

Editor George Harvey of The North American Review opens the July number with a consideration of Bryan's retirement that is well worth reading by every citizen of this country. It is in the author's most picturesque and effective style, and in that he has no superior. He felicitates all concerned—"Mr. Bryan himself, the President, the Democratic party, the country and the world at large" on the resignation. They parted with handshaking, but the manner of departure is its worst feature, and savors even, in Mr. Harvey's opinion, of something like treason. "Mr. Bryan's official career is ended." Having disposed of Bryan, Mr. Harvey turns to President Wilson, and we doubt if that gentleman will enjoy reading the article much more than Bryan will. He'll have the joy of reading the Bryan part first, but it will be a pleasure of notable brevity. If our guess is not wrong, Champ Clark will enjoy reading this tribute to the two men who beat him as much as anybody will. Moreover, recalling that Editor Harvey invented Professor Wilson as a Presidential candidate and then was asked to drop him since such support was more harm than good, we can easily imagine that the article itself was rather satisfactory to its author. He can read it over in type and feel a sweet consciousness that his powers are still with him. —*Hartford Courant.*

Col. George Harvey seems to think that Mr. Bryan will organize a new party to oppose Mr. Wilson for re-election and that the new party will base itself upon the "one term" plank of the Baltimore platform. Mr. Wilson has been discreet, to say the least, in commenting upon that particular bit of lumber in the bridge that carried him over.

A great many people said a great deal about a "third cup of coffee" in the campaign of 1912, but the election returns did not indicate that their talk kept many votes away from the Progressive candidate.

There is nothing in the history of the country to indicate that the people are afraid of giving a good man a second term, and there are those who still would not shy at even a third term for the right man.

If Mr. Bryan's efforts to scuttle the Wilson ship are to be confined to this one line it will not be Woodrow Wilson, to mix the metaphor and borrow a phrase, who will be knocked into a cocked hat.—*Washington Times.*

Colonel Harvey predicts that Colonel Bryan will torpedo the Democratic party just as Colonel Roosevelt torpedoed the Republican party at Chicago. Let us trust that if he does the Democratic party will produce no Barnes to revivify him after he has shot his last bolt.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Colonel Harvey is out with a bitter attack on ex-Secretary Bryan, whom he accuses of trying to "torpedo the Democratic party." Yet Mr. Bryan claims to be the greatest living exponent of peace.—*Troy Times.*

Colonel Harvey is convinced that Bryan is a submarine prepared to torpedo the Democratic party. Oh, no; no fellow can be an aeroplane for twenty years and change to a submersible boat in a few weeks. Bryan is a Taube without bombs and not dangerous.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Col. George Harvey presents for President, Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania. Colonel Harvey evidently aspires to Warwickian fame, and if he can put this deal over he is entitled to everything he seeks in this line.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

Colonel Harvey chose for the text of an inimitable article on Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan a few months ago a Spanish proverb: "When two men ride on an ass, one must ride behind." Mr. Bryan has concluded to walk.—*Glamenda Times.*

Colonel Harvey has selected Senator Borah as the next Presidential candidate on the Republican ticket. He says—what everybody knows—that the Republicans have the best chance of winning next year.—*Manchester Mirror.*

Colonel Harvey's fear that Bryan will torpedo the next Democratic convention is groundless. The effective force of a torpedo is in its head.—*New York American.*

Colonel Harvey has proposed Penrose for President and is now smilingly awaiting the returns.—*Sioux City Journal.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MRS. AUSTIN'S LIFE OF JESUS

SIR,—My attention has been called to an editorial in a recent issue of the *Baptist World* of Louisville, Ky., in which that publication comments adversely upon my Life of Jesus now running serially in the REVIEW. Under the title, "Traditional Modernism," the *Baptist World* holds forth as follows:

This phrase ["Traditional Modernism"] occurs to us in reading "The Man Jesus," by Mrs. Mary Austin, in the June NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. It is the first of a series of articles that have been extensively heralded as the great modern life of Jesus Christ. There is no reason *per se* why a woman should not be able to write a great life of Jesus. It is a task that calls for a combination of qualities not easily found. Mrs. Austin has distinction of style, force, imagination, insight. But the total effect of the two opening chapters is not happy. The writer has read widely in modern criticism and in the history of the first century, but her tread is not always secure and her vision is often faulty. She frankly takes the position that Jesus is the son of Joseph and considers the birth-stories in Matthew and Luke as legends, "God-tales," as she calls them, without historical value. She plays fast and loose with the gospels, uses what she likes, rejects the rest with no rhyme or reason of historical criticism. Take this sentence about John the Baptist as a specimen: "This John—called The Baptist—must have been a Galilean, an inhabitant of that portion of the Bridge which reached from the roots of Lebanon past Naphtali, past Tabor and Hermon, past the plain of Esdraelon, stretching to the narrow Phoenician coast, down the Rift of Jordan to the dead, desert sea." We pass by the curious topography whereby the Dead Sea is placed on the edge of Galilee. For the notion that John the Baptist is a Galilean, in the face of Luke's express statement that he was born in the Hill Country of Judea, Mrs. Austin gives this evidence: "For this assumption we have the natural temper of his mind, and the fact that he was amenable to the civil authority of Herod, Tetrarch of Galilee." But Machaerus was in Perea, not Galilee. We know that John crossed over into Perea from Judea to Bethany beyond Jordan. It was probably while in Perea that John fell into the hands of Herod, that Fox, who was used by the Pharisees as a "scarecrow" for Jesus when in this same region. But the most striking instance of whimsical traditionalism in the midst of rampant modernism is in this sentence: "Then there was this interesting new ritual of the sprinkling of water—it was a poor Jew, indeed, who could not make room in his life for one more ceremonial."

With charming naïveté Mrs. Austin has a blind-eye for modern scholarship and planks down the medieval development of sprinkling for baptism

as the undoubted rite of John the Baptist. There is never a doubt or a qualm of conscience for Mrs. Austin. She knows her mind about everything, cuts out what does not suit her theories like the most approved modern critic, falls back upon her traditional prejudices when she pleases, and has her own sweet will at every turn. The facts? Why bother about the facts? That is tiresome. Read this, for instance: "A Young Jew, something under thirty, of the better class of working-men, by name Joshua Ben Joseph, receiving the rite of baptism from a wild Anchorite on the mud-banks of a muddy river." It is all so picturesque, so realistic, so cock-sure, so full of detail that it seems a pity to challenge this charming novelist who essays to tell us all that is left by modern knowledge in the story of Jesus of Nazareth. The tone is confident, and the style is piquant, and the result a wholly whimsical Christ. The pity of it all is that such a series of chapters appears in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as the last word in scholarly research. It suits far better one of the popular monthlies of romance. Take this picture of Jesus: "One thinks of him going about, tall and personable —a figure, at least, of which none ever complained of any lack—free striding, and a Jew, mind you; a high-nosed Jew with an eye at once piercing and veiled, long-haired and bearded." If one demur at the word "long-haired," in view of Paul's condemnation of long hair as a custom for men, Mrs. Austin has this to say in reply: "The hair and the beard have become so fixed in tradition that, whether or no, we must accept them." Thus we have a frank medley of tradition and modernism. The Roman Catholic artists have so familiarized the world with the picture of a long-haired Christ that Mrs. Austin does not dare to put it otherwise. The atmosphere in which she moves is so used to sprinkling as baptism that she dares to say "sprinkling" of John's baptism in utter disregard of the meaning of the Greek word. In spite of the fact that Jesus was baptized in the River Jordan and came up out of the water, Mrs. Austin blandly informs us that he was sprinkled on the muddy banks of the muddy river. Perhaps her articles may secure an audience for the story of Jesus in quarters that pay little attention to the Man of Nazareth. If so, some good may be done. But it is a great pity that, having taken what trouble she did to learn, she did not take more pains and learn more.

I have read this attack with interest, also with some amusement and a little sadness. Naturally I was prepared to be assailed touching the doctrines of modern sectarianism, and find it highly characteristic that more should be made of a point concerning the rite of baptism than of my rejection of the Gospel story of the birth of Jesus.

In writing this Life the problem of authenticating my choice among the varying concepts of scholars on certain points, gave me much concern, and was finally resolved by my conviction that what the modern reader wants is an unprejudiced picture of Jesus re-vitalized from the history and humanity of his time, rather than by scholarly disquisition.

I was not unaware that to give the quality called "style" to a work of this character is always to impeach its scholarship in some quarters. But I reflected that with the spread of University education, the processes of erudition have become too familiar to need to be continually brought into court.

I therefore addressed my work to this demand rather than to those to whom, unfamiliar with modern methods, my conclusions will seem, as they do to the Editor of the *Baptist World*, "without rhyme or reason of historic criticism."

And if I offer no particular items of scholarship in support of my point of view, it is only fair to add, neither does the Editor of the *Baptist World*.

Moreover, he is even guilty of what seems a deliberate misreading of my text, since I do not say that Galilee extended to the Dead Sea, but only that John was an "inhabitant of the portion of the Bridge which reached .....down the Rift of Jordan to the dead, desert sea." Also one sees a certain bias come out in the offense taken at my description of the pilgrim camps and the preaching and baptizing as taking place on the "banks of a muddy river."

I should have been glad to accommodate this prejudice by a picture of John and his audience up to their necks in the Jordan, but candor obliges me to confess that at the season indicated by the accepted chronology, this would have been an exceedingly difficult proceeding. However, I have no wish to disturb any Christian sect on a point of doctrine. My reason for speaking as I do of John's baptizing was owing largely to my being unable to find a warrant for believing that Jesus himself attached any importance to the method of the rite. We know only by inference that any of his disciples were baptized, and he himself is said not to have baptized anyone.

As to the citizenship of John, having rejected Luke's story of his birth and relationship to Jesus, I saw no reason for assigning him to Judea, even though he might have been born there. The temper of his mind was Galilean, and he certainly came under the jurisdiction of Herod. Luke also says that Jesus was born in Judea, but he was always accounted a citizen of Galilee.

In nothing does my critic illustrate the shallowness of modern sectarianism so much as in his attitude toward my description of the personal appearance of Jesus. "Why bother about the facts?" he says. "Facts are tiresome"; and proceeds to prove it by anathematizing my picture, without any basis of fact at all, as "Roman Catholic." Unfortunately, his suggestion that St. Paul condemned long hair for men works the other way, for Saint Paul denied for the early church many Hebraic practices which were undoubtedly followed by Jesus. Indeed, it is not unlikely that his itemizing of long hair might have grown out of some sporadic attempt to follow a fashion known to have been used by Jesus, for among the Jews it was customary for those who felt themselves especially called of God to cut neither the hair nor the beard.

But long before there was any distinction of Catholic or non-Catholic, before even the church was particularly Romanized, the tradition of Jesus as a man with long hair and a beard had become fixed in Christian art. Naturally one of the first questions asked of the Apostolic Missionaries would have been as to the bodily appearance of the Beloved Master. Portraiture was common, and though the Jews made no images, there is no reason why Gentile converts may not have made them, even while there were living men by whose memory such representations could have been corrected.

I have examined every claim to authenticity in the graphic presentations of Jesus, from the inscriptions on the Catacombs to the Holy Coat of Trèves, and while it is impossible to lend one's self to all the legendary inferences, I could only come to the conclusion that long hair and a beard were actual items of his appearance.

Since the Editor of the *Baptist World* gives me a warrant for it in his amiable regret that, having learned so much of Jesus, I "did not take the

trouble to learn more," let me express the wish that all sectaries might take the trouble to learn a little more of Jesus' real attitude toward those who offered "a cup of cold water in my name," and his condemnation of just such strictures as have been pronounced against me and my work.

MARY AUSTIN.

NEW YORK CITY.

SIR,—At last I have to abandon the commonplace, "I never read serials," for I have begun one—the first in many years, my interest having been aroused by the announcement of Mrs. Austin's "The Man Jesus."

I read avidly not the Testament tale of a Saviour, not disputatious theology, but a human history, the story of a man, his time and his people. When the second instalment came I read it with no less interest, and I anticipate the pleasure of the remainder with equal eagerness.

It is a narrative that fits this day and is certain to evoke a warm response, irrespective of readers' religious beliefs.

NEW YORK CITY. B. W. HUEBSCH.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S "ENGLAND"

SIR,—Houston Stewart Chamberlain should make his permanent residence Berlin; his conceptions of "political liberty" are of the Wilhelmstrasse variety. Too sad for poor Houston that he is annoyed by the fable of "political liberty" as he finds it in Britain!

Speaking as an American citizen, born in Scotland, you may tell Houston that when I forswore my allegiance to the late Queen Victoria, at the same time swearing allegiance to the United States, I *gained nothing* in a purely political sense, my gain being *economic*.

Chamberlain's article is just so much pro-German fol-de-rol, prejudiced, biased, and altogether unfair, as well as untruthful. His attempt to compare "modern Athens" (Edinburgh) with ancient Athens is absurd; his analogy will not span; even an humble hotel-keeper knows better.

Edinburgh is my native city; we can therefore consider it as good an example as any. Gladstone was member of Parliament for the county of Edinburgh; he certainly cannot be accused of belonging to any branch of British nobility, nor did any of the members representing Edinburgh City get their seats in the House of Commons as a consequence of being "younger" or "eldest" sons of British noblemen.

The writer is surprised to find in such a splendid review as the NORTH AMERICAN such a mess of vicious untruths. By the way, didn't Houston marry a German brewer's daughter, or something of this sort, who gave lavishly of his wealth, "made in America," to the "All Highest"? The writer's wife is also a native of Germany, but in spite of the fact that she has her eldest brother, Herr Doktor Professor Reinhardt, and his two sons, splendid men the three of them, wearing the "Kaiser's Coat," she *couldn't* sympathize with the gang of murderers who have so ably, up to this writing, deluded the German people that they are fighting for the "Fatherland"—not for all the millions of the aforesaid brewer father-in-law of Houston.

Scotsmen, at least, do not require to go anywhere so far as "political liberty" is concerned, least of all to Germany or any of her mercenary propagandists. Chamberlain is wilfully lying, and if he has enjoyed the privilege of living at any time within the confines of the British Isles, he

knows better than to give to the intelligent readers of The North American Review blinding, hateful, warped falsehoods.

John McF. Howie.

Buffalo, N. Y.

[Houston Stewart Chamberlain married a daughter of Richard Wagner, who, though not a brewer, contributed handsomely to one of the two best of Germany's products—her music and her beer.

—Editor.]

Sir,—I dare say you like to hear from your readers. The present July number is an excellent one. I find five very interesting articles therein in addition to the introductory editorial, namely, (1) "The Impassable Chasm"; (2) "Selling Arms to the Allies"; (3) "The Dangers of Pacifism"; (4) "The New English Cabinet"; and (5) "Mr. Wilson's Cabinet."

May I ask why you admitted Mr. Chamberlain's article, "England"? It seems to me to be entirely superficial and rubbishy. In places it is childish. The question, "Who has not heard of Warren Hastings?" (p. 49) sounds like an expression from a school boy's declamation. It is certainly amusing to be told by the writer (pp. 42-43) that his ideas concerning English liberty are founded on his experience when a youth, in an election row in a country town. From this rumpus he learned more than "through all my subsequent studies of the works of Hallam and Gneist." He dignifies this shindy by the name "phenomenon," and traces it back to the Norman invasion of 1066, an event which he says destroyed the fine civilization of the period in England, and finally resulted—horrible thought—in the thumping of Mr. Chamberlain eight hundred years afterward. The article is a nasty, abusive, slanderous and ridiculous production from which nothing of value can be learned by any one.

In hopes that a reader's protest against the publication of such rubbish may have some value, I send you this.

Yours sincerely,

Alfred B. Cruikshank.

Sir,—I have always thought very highly of your magazine. It is one of the best we have. But the article on "England" by Mr. Chamberlain was more fit to be published in one of the Hearst papers than in such a high-class publication as yours. Your readers cannot gain anything by the perusal of such stuff, and your excellent periodical loses much in prestige by publishing it. Couldn't you put your hands upon some real scholar to write on the subject?

H. Michaelyan.

Far Rockaway, N. Y.

[The North American Review is a forum. Mr. Chamberlain's well-earned position as an historian entitled him to a hearing. If he was as unconvincing as our correspondents imply, is it not probable that the effect of his dissertation was the reverse of that striven for?

—Editor.]

AN ENGLISH CHAMPION OF GERMANY

Sir,—I picked up a copy of the Review the other day, after an abstinence of some months, and I see you have not yet perceived the error of your ways.

Perhaps my mental development is not up to the high standard of pro-British sympathizers, but I confess I cannot understand the line of reasoning which you permit to hold sway in your magazine, viz:

Before August, 1914, Germany was looked to as a leader in science, art, music, drama, philosophy, medicine, education, pedagogy, municipal government, national government, mining and metallurgy—Berlin was freely admitted to be the choice city of the world for residence, the ne plus ultra of civilization.

Since August, 1914, we are informed that Germany is ignorant, low, mean, cruel, insane, diseased, uncivilized, crazy, mad, deluded, maniacal, selfish, *and* (oh, the humor of it!) that "she never did lead the world in the arts of civilization, anyhow."

How comes it that these weaknesses of Germany have just come to light?

I hold it as a self-evident truth that the intelligence, the sanity, the philosophy, the brilliance and the kindness of the great German heart remains the same to-day in spite of the efforts of British pens. The nation is not a criminal, in my eyes, because it has pulled John Bull's whiskers.

One thing more: I dislike to see you intimate so frequently that this country is pro-British in sympathy. This country is *pro-German—pro-German* spite of "women and children" sobsters, spite of British pens—spite of the *British gold* invested in our industries. If you do not believe it, step on a street car to-night, and, without intimating your own strong bias, start up a talk on the war with the common man on your bench. You will find him *against* the British!

One more point: The sympathizers with Germany are not confined to "those of German descent," as you intimate. I'm English.

And another—this country was not a "unit in wrath" at the sinking of the *Lusitania.* About half of us (myself, too), while regretting the occurrence, thought *the Kaiser did right.* One man (English name) said, "If my own mother had gone down on that boat I still would have said, 'They had a right to do it.'"

ALBERT S. HORN.

SWISSVALE, PA.

[Although we have never used the words attributed to us by Mr. Horn, we readily concede that a mighty change in the opinion of the civilized world respecting Germany has been wrought by her barbarous conduct since July of last year. But we cannot argue with one who insists that "the Kaiser did right" when he deliberately assassinated hundreds of unoffending and helpless men, women and children whose right to be where they were was absolute. Nor do we care to comment upon the filial attitude of the person quoted.

—EDITOR.]

TYPHOID IN THE BRITISH ARMY

SIR,—I was very much interested in your paragraph on "Health." I think you will be interested in the following three statements as to typhoid fever in armies:

In the Boer War, in an army averaging 208,326 men, there were 57,884 cases of typhoid with 8022 deaths. The Boers only killed 7791.

During the Spanish-American War, typhoid fever caused 85% of all the deaths from disease, the majority of these deaths being in camps in this country.

In the ten years ending December 31, 1910, the average number of cases of typhoid in the United States Army was 314 a year. Anti-typhoid vaccination was recommended in 1910, and was made compulsory on June 9, 1911. In the whole year, 1911, there were 57 cases with 8 deaths; in 1912, 24 cases with 4 deaths; in 1913 only 4 cases and no deaths; meantime the Army had been increased by 25%.

Contrast the conditions in the Boer War and the Spanish-American War with conditions in the British Army during the present war. It is impossible, of course, to state the size of the present British Army, but it is certainly many hundreds of thousands. The British War Office on March 4th (*British Medical Journal*, March 13, 1915, p. 485) gave out the following official table of cases of typhoid fever and the resulting deaths in the British forces in the field as follows:

	Cases		Deaths		Mortality %
Uninoculated	359		48		13.4
Partially protected (1 dose)	136	247	1	2	0.8
Fully inoculated within two years (2 doses)	111		1		

My figures for the American Army were furnished me by the Surgeon General of the Army.

H. L. C.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"DOWN WITH KITCHENER!"

SIR,—Would it be out of place for you to turn your trenchant and constructive pen upon the English conduct of the present war? A fertile field, tilled and harrowed again and again and laid by awaiting the seed from the hand of the Master who cometh not! Again must it be harrowed, and again and yet again until he comes!

Kitchener has always been my *bête noir*—the most overrated man on earth, in my judgment: one-sided, dense, dumb, phlegmatic, impenetrable, without fear or sympathy, or understanding of others, how could he arouse enthusiasm or fervor in one single human being—much less in a whole nation, inclined always to be supercilious and self-satisfied?

He is a buffer, not a balloon! An excellent keeper of an insane asylum or penitentiary—not a leader of either a moral or intellectual crusade.

Down with him to where he belongs, along with any other efficient machinery and automatons, and put a little pure intellect into the conduct of affairs!

Without help it will probably take another year for our English cousins to appreciate the limitations of their war lord; but until they do they will accomplish little against the intellectual devils whom they must out-think as well as out-fight.

One must feel deeply disappointed at the lack of progress in the war; but even more so that, as yet, no commanding intellectual personage has appeared upon the side of the Allies. Surely time enough has elapsed for a really great leader to make himself known.

One must still have implicit faith that the outcome will be on the side of what we believe to be true intellectual and moral progress and human freedom; but the cost will be beyond all human comprehension, and the cause of all this chastening must be some serious moral cancer that the world has hitherto failed to understand and to eradicate.

FRANCIS G. TRACY.

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO.

WE ARE BRAZEN, THOUGH BRILLIANT

SIR,—The editorial, "The Revolt of Bryan," is unworthy of a place in a magazine as great as is THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. You describe one who has been before the public for more than twenty years, and in whose integrity more than six million people have confidence, as a liar, a hypocrite, and a malignant person. Here is the sentence to which I refer, taken from your editorial: "When he assigned a false reason for his performance, he declared his hypocrisy and evidenced his malevolence." And once more, Mr. Editor: "He can never again be tolerated by American citizens who are not wholly devoid either of intelligence or of patriotism." So Mr. Editor, you make yourself bold, brazen, or impudent, which is it?—and find no patriotism and intelligence except in yourself and in those who think as you do. Well, I must say that you have outdone "Our Colonel" completely. Your egotism and your knowledge of the hidden motives of others is truly wonderful! It is a pity that you put so much brilliant humor in the midst of so many unfair statements. I enjoyed the humor, but the maligning of a really great man is unlike you. It was a relief to read the good things you had to say about the President. Nobody will ever be able to say too many good things about our President. Sorry that you had to intimate that Wilson was not sincere in his praise of Bryan. Mr. Bryan may have "muddled" some of his statements, as you say, but if your editorial is not a muddled affair, I would hate to try to read one that *was* muddled.

JESSE F. BENTON.

MCDOWELL, W. Va.

THE PRESIDENT'S LITTLE JOKE

SIR,—I have just read what you have had to say about the Honorable Josephus Daniels. I was not a little surprised that one of your acumen should so utterly fail to grasp the true situation. Mr. Daniels may be "temperamentally and mentally unfitted" to perform the part you would assign to him, and yet be admirably fitted for the part for which the President has cast him. If you are right as to the part he is expected to play in the national drama, then the President and not Mr. Daniels should come in for your criticism, for I do not think the President or anyone else would have the temerity to claim that he is fitted to perform the duties of the office as you seem to see them. I, however, take it that Mr. Daniels is conducting the affairs of the office just as the President intended he should.

It seems to me it would have been more commendable in you if you had tried to find out the President's viewpoint before starting in to lambast his Secretary. I was at first considerably puzzled at Mr. Daniels' appointment, but as time went on and Mr. Daniels went on and I had time to analyze the

matter, the puzzle seemed quite easy of solution. Mr. Wilson is an economist. He also has a keen sense of humor (although his humor seems at times so subtle that even a Harvey could not discover its circulation). As an economist, he knew the people were fond of getting the most for their money. As a humorist, he knew how fond the people were of fun and amusement. The salary of the Secretary of the Navy is not large, and it seems plain to me that the President must have figured it out that he could furnish the people more fun and amusement for their money by appointing Mr. Daniels Secretary of the Navy, than in any other way.

E. A. Benson.

Omaha, Nebraska.

A LADY UNANSWERED

Sir,—I regret to inform you that your periodical is no longer a representative American magazine.

The sympathies of this country, at first pro-British, have become pro-German. A party of friends returning from the San Francisco Exposition and a tour through the West advise me that everywhere they found nothing but German sympathy. A gentleman from Boston advises me that, while New England was strongly for the English at the beginning of the war, its sympathy has veered strongly to Germany. A newspaper man from Chicago, who gets around a good deal, told an acquaintance that several months ago the *Literary Digest* had polled the country on this subject and gotten a majority of the straw votes for the English, but that if this poll were to be repeated to-day it would show the opposite results.

I myself no longer find any one, practically speaking, in favor of the Allies except those born in England or its colonies.

Is it possible you have been misled by some New York papers that are English owned? Is it possible that you have, in this case, failed to analyze the public pulse correctly? Would the Review itself care to take a poll on this matter? It is of importance to such a periodical. Only last night a lady picked up a recent copy of your magazine, read a few words, and threw it down saying, "Why, I won't read that. He's for the English!" She was not German either, but American born, half English, half German. Please answer in your valued review.

H. P. Meese.

Swissvale, Pa.

[Why should we make answer to a lady who refuses to read what we say?
—Editor.]

MAC VEAGH'S "WONDERFUL ANALYSIS"

Sir,—Last week I took the July Review with me on the trip from Chicago to Mackinac Island via Green Bay.

The first article I read—after the masterly editorial on Bryan, of course—was the remarkable contribution by Wayne Mac Veagh. Some passengers overheard me reading it and stopped to listen to the very end. They passed the word around and before we reached our destination every passenger on the ship had either read or heard read the wonderful analysis of the situation.

Since returning home it occurs to me that I ought to give my readers the same pleasure and satisfaction I received from the repeated perusal of the article, and I therefore write to enquire if you would kindly give me permission to reproduce the contribution in the *Michigan Tradesman,* with full credit and, in addition, editorial commendation and acknowledgment?

E. A. Stowe,
Editor, *Michigan Tradesman.*

Grand Rapids, Mich.

A CONSTANT FRIEND

Sir,—I am in receipt of yours of the 7th inst., notifying me of the expiration of my subscription to your most excellent magazine. I have renewed the subscription through a local agency.

I have read your magazine more or less for many years, and greatly to my satisfaction; and, in fact, have on file in my library many special numbers reaching back for thirty years or more. In justice to Mr. Harvey's keen insight in touching the right chords of harmony and logic on any question which he discusses, I am moved to say that for the last two years the Review filled a want in my literary reading which no other magazine, foreign or domestic, can supply.

J. M. Comstock.

Spokane, Wash.

GERMANY AND THE BLACK HAND

Sir,—Having read with deep interest your article, in the May issue of The North American Review, in reply to Colonel Roosevelt's statements in the *Metropolitan,* I desire to take the opportunity of inquiring whether or not, in your opinion, Germany—having duly warned the country through the German embassy at Washington of their intentions to torpedo the *Lusitania* and other transatlantic liners,—acted within the rules of naval warfare prescribed by the Hague Conventions?

W. Ward Smith.

New York City.

[Assuredly not. If the German warning can be held to have justified assassination, so can a Black Hand notification.

—Editor.]

COMMENDATION FROM MICHIGAN

Sir,—I published some comment on your article on Bryan, and have so many requests from subscribers that I ask your permission to publish it complete in the *Gazette,* giving proper credit to you and to The North American Review.

Personally, I enjoyed it, every word of it, and I am sure that my enjoyment was not founded entirely upon an opinion of Bryan relatively similar to yours, but rather upon the complete and thorough manner in which you handled him.

I believe your article should be made a part of high-school work—first, for the class in English composition, and second, for the oratorical opportunity it offers.

Homer A. Guck,
Vice-president and Editor, The *Mining Gazette* Co.

Houghton, Mich.

A PROPHECY RECALLED

SIR,—Is it not fitting at this time in our national history to recall your words in THE REVIEW of August, 1910?:

"Meanwhile, please God, as ever hitherto in a crisis of the Republic, a man will emerge from comparative political obscurity capable of holding high the torch of personal liberty, that all the people may see the clear light and revert gladly to the pristine standard of individual and industrial progress which despite temporary retrogression continues to be the glory of the nation."

JAY N. SWIFT.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH.

CORRECTION BY COLONEL CHURCH

SIR,—I read five or six of the articles in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for June, and noticed two of them in the *Army & Navy Journal,* but on returning to this number I find that I overlooked "Mark Twain's War Map," on page 827. You are mistaken in saying that this map was published in the Buffalo *Express.* It appeared in one of a series of twelve (monthly) humorous articles which Clemens furnished to the *Galaxy Magazine,* published by my brother, F. P. Church, and myself, and for which we paid him the price he asked, whatever it was. We held the copyright of his articles at that time.

WM. CONANT CHURCH.

NEW YORK CITY.

PRAISE FROM CONNECTICUT

SIR,—Permit me to send my personal compliments on the perfectly delightful article in the NORTH AMERICAN just received in discussion of the exodus of Mr. Bryan.

CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK.

Office of *The Courant,* Hartford, Conn.

A WORD FROM TACOMA

SIR,—Please accept my thanks for the delightful morsel—"Our Colonel at His Best."

CHARLES RICHARDSON.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

THE MAN JESUS

BY MARY AUSTIN

CHAPTER V

Of what happened to the twelve on their tour, who heard and who reviled them, there is not so much as a tradition. They went forth to do as they saw Jesus doing, to teach, to heal and to cast out devils; at no point was the business of the disciple distinguished from that of the Master. It was evident from the instruction they received that they were not to go far nor to remain long; they came again and told all that they had done.

Of what happened to Jesus in the interim, even less is known—unless we place in this period some incidents not otherwise located except by the logic of circumstance. Of these, the most significant was the supper at the house of a Pharisee. It seems more probable that after his return from the mountain, rid of his immediate following—men of no very great refinement of manner, if the truth must be told—certain of the Pharisees, who had been attracted by his doctrine but repelled by his want of conformity, would again attempt to put themselves in sympathy with the prophet.

One did so attempt by inviting him to his house for a meal; and while it was in progress, possibly in the open court, for it was now full summer, the guests reclining in the Roman manner, there came a woman into the room and stood behind the Master. She stood there weeping in the dusk; her tears fell upon his feet and she wiped them with her hair. They could see her in the flare of the tall lamps, wiping his feet and kissing them, and presently the air of the place began to be filled with perfume, delicate and costly. Then the Pharisee said in his heart, for he knew her, "This man, if he were a prophet"—for he was by no means sure—"would have known . . . what manner of woman this is . . . for she is a sinner." But though it was his own house, he dared not be the first to speak of it.

He watched for some movement of withdrawal on the part of his guest from the defiling presence, but instead he found himself addressed:

"Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee."

"Master, say on."

Said Jesus: "There was a certain creditor which had two debt-

ors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most?"

"I suppose that he to whom he forgave most." Simon was ready enough with the answer, but he saw not where the question tended.

In the beginning he had omitted those attentions which were due an honored guest, fearing, perhaps, to commit himself too much. The man *might* be a prophet, in which case it were well to have entertained him, but still—— And now his guest was pointing out to him that it was the woman who had supplied the missing hospitality, the ceremonial washing, the kiss of welcome, the anointing.

"Wherefore," said the Master, "her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." And to the woman he said, "Thy sins are forgiven. Go in peace." This was the way he took to turn the very despisings of his adversaries to advantage in the spread of his doctrine. It was also one of the things that was remembered against him.

How else he spent the time of his disciples' absence cannot be so much as guessed, unless he spent a part of it in his mother's house at Nazareth. The last we hear of his family was on the occasion of their visit to him at Capernaum, when, if he received them at all, it was not until after they had been made to feel that their claim upon him was less than that of more ardent believers. And the next we hear is that Mary, his mother, and possibly a brother, are in the group that followed him up to Jerusalem. James was martyred for his sake, and the grandsons of Jude confessed him as Christ before the Emperor Domitian.

There must have intervened between these some occasion on which his family had leisure to hear and be converted by him, and this is the only unaccounted-for interval of his ministry.

It would probably have been during this period of retirement that the news reached him of how the daughter of Herodias had danced the head of John the Baptist off his shoulders and on to a silver charger, otherwise there would have been some public question raised by it. And if he were not where I suppose him, then he was more than likely where we read that he was often to be found, apart in the hills and desert places at prayer.

It is not because the soul of man is less importunate, but only because it is immensely more fluent than the physical habit, that his religious practices take their cast from his daily living. Ordinarily, the spirit accommodates itself to trifles of custom and expedient as a stream to the pebbles in its bed, flowing over and around them; it is only in freshets that they are carried utterly away. The essential teachings of the man Joshua ben Joseph cut a wide, free channel for the spiritual aspirations of the time; but his private religious observances were largely shaped by contemporaneous Hebrew practice.

The pagan carried his gods with him. Every place in which he

elected to set up his altars became sacred, fit for worship or expiation; but to the Jew there was but one holy place, even the mount of Jerusalem. Only between the horns of the great altar could sacrifice be acceptably made. But ever since the Captivity of Babylon there had been, in whatever place Jews of the dispersion were congregated, meeting houses where the books of the Law were kept and where matters pertaining to their religion could be discussed. These synagogues in the time of Jesus, when the temple worship was still the dominant feature of Hebraism, had even less of sanctity than attaches to them since the destruction of Jerusalem; they were used only on Sabbaths and commemorative occasions. All the treasures of religious association were still with the grass and the rain, the wild hills and the swelling of Jordan. Wealthy Jews had closets for personal devotions, rooms dedicated to reading and meditation, little kiosks on the housetops, looking toward Jerusalem; but in the crowded warrens of the poor there were no such privacies. Any man among them subject to visitation of the spirit must have turned instinctively toward those places where of old God had visited Abraham, Elijah and Isaiah. It is impossible not to conclude that to the circumstances of great light and space in which he received it, as well as to the compulsory cooperations and interdependence of poverty from which he came, we owe the spacious social character of the teaching of Jesus.

Above the plain of Gennesaret lie the orchards; first the olives with the vines between; above the olives the figs; above the figs the apricots, almonds, walnuts. Beyond the orchards the wild jungle begins: oak and thorn and terebinth; at last the "trees of God," spired fir and fan-spread cedar. Here a charcoal burner's hut would have sheltered him, or one of these low stone sheds used by the shepherds at lambing time. At this latitude the sky retains its blueness until midnight; the stars are not pricked in on one plane, but draw the eye to the barred door of space. A man praying here all night on one of these open hill fronts might think he heard them swinging to their stations; might hear without any fancying the heavy surge of the Mediterranean roll up along the western buttress of the Bridge. At dawn the fishing fleet would break out of the lake towns like doves out of a dove-cote, and caravans, starting early to avoid the heat of the day, begin to crawl along. At hours such as this God flowed into him, filled and over-filled him.

And with all his being so filled and foaming with the new wine of his gospel, he retained the shape he had from the potter.

He was a small-town man, and no world-builder. He preached the Kingdom of God, knowing God for a spirit and having an increasing realization of the Kingdom as a state of being. But he had no program. He followed the inward voice, and followed it instinctively, with the freedom of a river in its natural channel, with no fretting of the flesh. But where the voice left him uninformed he was simply a man from Nazareth; his social outlook was the outlook of a villager.

All the great prophets of Israel had come out of the wilderness; their words were full of the terrible things—thunders, earthquakes, fire on the mountains. But the words of Jesus are all of the small town—the candle and the bushel, the housewife's measure of yeast, the children playing in the street. The rich he knew only as the poor and the oppressed know them; the kings of his parables were the kings of fairy tale and legend; such rulers and potentates as make the stock of the village story-teller. His very way of speaking was a folk-way: the pithy sentence, the pregnant figure. He saw God reflected in every surface of the common life, and taught in parables which are, after all, but a perfected form of the quizzes and riddles dear to the unlettered wit. That is why so many of them are remembered, while his profounder sayings escaped his audience. It is evident from the form of these, blunted as they are by re-translation, that they were many of them cast in the matched and balanced sentences of Hebrew verse, which accounts in part for their easy retention.

He was a man wise in life, but unlearned. He read no books but the scriptures; wrote nothing; took the folk-way of transmitting his teaching from mouth to mouth, and trusted God for the increase; and he had the folk-way in his profoundest speech, of identifying himself with the Power that used him. He dramatized all his relations to the Invisible. And with it all he was a Jew of the circumcision. He grew up beyond Judaism as a stalk of grain grows from its sheath, but never out of it. Always, to his death, it was there about the roots of his life. At Capernaum, when the centurion had come to him, touching the illness of his servant, it had been thought necessary to explain that the soldier had been good to the Jews and had built them a synagogue. In the sending of his disciples he had explicitly directed them not to go into Samaria. His final illumination on this point he took with that extraordinary spiritual efficiency which distinguished him; equally with John the Baptist, he understood that many should come in from strange lands and sit down with the children of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. But the stalk had not yet overtopped its sheath when the returning twelve met him at the appointed rendezvous, which was probably Capernaum.

From what follows, one judges that the teaching of the disciples must have been attended with a measure of success. From this time on, until he deliberately disappointed it, public expectation ran high. What with the coming and the going, Jesus and the twelve were so beset that they found it necessary to withdraw some little distance out of the city along the lake shore; but the people marked where they went, and, outrunning the boat, gathered about them again as sheep about a shepherd. Here, after he had preached to them, occurred one of those ebullitions of religious excitement which gave rise to the incident known as the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Popular enthusiasm is an excellent medium for miracle tales to ripen in. What probably happened was that the multitude were so fired by hope of

the Kingdom that they forgot their hunger, and hung about until Jesus, having first dismissed his disciples toward Bethsaida upon the ship, sent them away. It was the plan, no doubt, to rejoin the twelve after he had refreshed himself on the mountain, as his custom was after any notable effort, by deep draughts of prayer. And along in the fourth watch of the night, his disciples, being on the sea, and the moon shining, saw him come walking on the water as though he would have passed them. But they, thinking him a spirit, cried out in alarm until he spoke to them and came into the ship and comforted them. So Mark sets down what he recalled of what Peter told him. There was an earlier incident still of the crossing of this same lake, on the night before the healing of the demoniac, which led to their being avoided by the cities of Gadara. On that occasion, a storm arose —one of those sudden flaws of wind whirling down from Hermon to be sucked into the Rift of Jordan. They would spring up all in an instant, beating the lake from jade to blue and silver, and then white with spume, and as suddenly die away again. But while the clumsy fishing craft labored in the teeth of it, Jesus slept until the boatmen, at the last gasp of their strength and skill, cried to him, "Lord, save us: we perish." Immediately, when he was awakened, he said, "Peace, be still," which to their troubled sense seemed to be addressed to the wind and the sea, for immediately the wind fell off and the ship righted. All of which can be explained away by anybody who finds himself endowed with the kind of mind which demands it. Did Peter really tell Mark that Jesus walked *on* the water or that he walked *along* it; along the shallow tideless beach so lost in meditation that it was not until they called him from the boat anchored a few feet off shore that he was aware of them? Had he been there all the night walking by the still waters, instead of on the mountain, where they supposed him? Peter should have known; but certainly *if* he knew, it took more than a miracle of walking on the water to keep Peter faithful at the expense of his own comfort. After all, what a miracle needs for its acceptance is demonstration rather than argument. We believe the miracles of healing, because we have known of cures being accomplished in our own day, and we do not believe in walking on the water because it is not done among our acquaintances. Such incidents are told of all prophets, as a symbol of the extension of man's powers over fields felt to be within his province, but as yet beyond his capacity.

What actually did happen was that the ship, instead of making port at Bethsaida, as had been planned, was blown out of its course back to the coast of Gennesaret. Here the very thing that Jesus had sought to avoid at Capernaum awaited him. He was immediately recognized and beset by the sick borne in litters, and by throngs struggling only for the touch of his garments. Many that touched him were made whole by the faith that was in them; but it is notable here that he is not said to have healed anybody purposefully. From this

time forth he showed a tendency deliberately to avoid the work of healing as an impediment to his preaching career.

There is a hint in the gospel narrative that at this juncture, when his popularity in the thickly populated plain of Gennesaret had reached its height, there was a tentative attempt to put him at the head of some sort of organized revolution, an attempt which he evaded. This would account for several things that followed in the interim between the return of the twelve and the journey up to Jerusalem. It accounts for the falling away of the disappointed populace; for the secrecy which was maintained as to his movements afterward. He might have wished to avoid another popular demonstration, so uncomprehending; and his frequent trips across the border of Galilee might easily have been to escape the attention of Herod, who at this time certainly had heard of him and must have begun to wonder if this might not be John the Baptist come to life again to vex him.

About this time we read of Pharisees coming all the way from Jerusalem to see and question. They found for their first item that he and his disciples ate with unwashed hands—that is to say, that they omitted the ceremonial symbol of cleansing before meat. Attempting a rebuke, they found themselves rebuked in turn, and that roundly, convicted of lip service, of hypocrisy, of neglecting the commandments of God in favor of their traditions; making clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but remaining inwardly full of ravening and wickedness. He cried woe unto them for the titheing of mint and cummin and passing over the judgment and the love of God; woe for that they loved the chief seats in the synagogue and greetings in the market. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them." So are they who are under the influences of Pharisees defiled by unsuspected corruption.

And one of the lawyers—those whose business it was to draw out of the scriptures interpretations to suit the exigencies of his clients—said: "Master, thus saying, thou reproachest us also." And Jesus, answering, said:

"Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! . . . for ye build the sepulchers of the prophets, and your fathers killed them." With much more in the same strain, to the effect that the blood of all the prophets should be required of their generation. "For," said he—referring to their method of distorting the scriptures to their advantage—"ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves"—into the understanding of God, he meant—"and them that were entering in ye hindered."

Then he called the people to him, and deliberately tore across the whole fabric of levitical cleansing which held the theory and practice of Pharisaism together. Once for all he rid his name-people of the accumulated tradition which reduced the process of daily living to a formula in the effort to avoid defiling or being defiled. "There is

nothing from without a man," taught Jesus, "that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him . . . for out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts . . . thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness . . . all these evil things come from within, and defile the man."

It was a pronouncement which had effects far-reaching in the organization of his followers after his death, and carried them beyond what Jesus himself found necessary; it became, in fact, the door through which the gospel passed to the Gentiles.

But he had struck at a very tender part in the armor of Pharisaical respectability; and from this time on he became the special mark of their animosity, seeking always to provoke him to the point at which the law might take hold of him.

Leaving Bethsaida, he is heard of in parts of Dalmanutha and in the borders of Magadan. He journeyed to Tyre and Sidon. Here he was in a region predominately Gentile, and until his return from Cæsarea-Philippi out of the jurisdiction of Herod. He went unrecognized, for the most part, and undeclared; but a man so marked as Jesus, attended by twelve, who pay him the deepest attention and reverence, cannot always be hid. Near Dalmanutha, Pharisees came forth again, this time demanding a sign. His disciples, being of the masses and distrusting all aristocracies, either of manners or morals, thought they came to tempt him; but Jesus understood them better. His scorn licked them like a flame: "Hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—which showed that he had been reading them himself to some purpose; but to their wicked and adulterous generation no sign should be given, save the sign of the prophet, Jonas; the sign of their own degeneracy, which called for a signal handling from God. On two or three occasions during this journey compassion broke down his reluctance to heal, though more than ordinary precautions were taken to prevent the cure from being known. It is notable that on these occasions, lacking the flux of a popular belief in him, he sometimes reinforced his method by symbolic touchings and an application to the eyeballs of the blind.

On his journey into Tyre and Sidon, one incident preserved to us shows the gradual widening of his mind to the world outside of Jewry. In one of the cities where he concealed himself he was recognized by a Syrophenician woman, who would have had him cast forth a devil out of her daughter. "But," said Jesus, "let the children first be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs." There spoke the Nazarene and the Hebrew, thinking of the chosen people. "Yea, Lord," the woman answered him in his own figure: "yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." And the answer pleased him; for though, as in the case of the centurion, he had not found such faith in Israel, he honored it when he found it.

They would have been a month or two at this business, holding on until late in November, if, as I think, it was the coming of the early rains which turned them east and south from Cæsarea-Philippi. They passed over Ephraim; on the plains of Phoenecia they smelled the sea. Toward Sidon they heard it pounding; saw between the low coast hills its white hands cast up. Hereabout they struck into the great coast road passing between Surrepta and Sidon, followed it as far as the gorge of Litany, perhaps—for it is not stated that they entered into either of the cities—and, climbing the sharp comb of hills between that and the upper Jordan, dropped down to Cæsarea-Philippi. For the most part it was pleasant going, past high, well-watered valleys and woods of maple, oak and bay. In the neighborhood of cities more Roman than Galilee they saw instruments of ignominious execution set up, and those melancholy processions, the criminal bearing his cross whipped forth by the soldiery, and following afar off the rabble, curious and scoffing.

They would put in a while at sequestered villages, preaching, perhaps, to such select few as were able to hear the Word, and then to the road again, where they slept at ancient khans, at shepherds' huts, and many a night all open to the stars. They ate such food as they bought at the wayside: rough, wild figs of the sycamore, and parched grain gleaned in the fields. They would sit, Eastern fashion, on the ground; and each making his little fire of the stalks, and threshing out the scorched ear in the hand, they would wash down the half-cooked grain with wine from a goat-skin bottle, while they talked of things pertaining to the Kingdom. At the end of the long twilight there would come a moment when, with heads bowed and covered, there ran a reverent murmur about the camp—*Hear, O Israel, the Lord the God is one Lord* . . . the immemorial declaration of the Shema.

CHAPTER VI

Art has done too much for Jesus, in painting him forever tried, scourged; forever a-dying. He was not only a man of the small towns, but of the hills, the open road. He is seen at his best here, striding a little ahead of his companions, bronzed, hardy, the turban off to catch the mountain coolness, the long hair blown backward from the rapt countenance; and over him a higher heaven than had yet lifted above man. Of the twelve or fourteen months which scholars allow to his ministry, how much of it was spent out of cover! At the preaching of John in the Rift of Jordan, on the mount of the Wilderness, in the hills back of Gennesaret, on the road to Cæsarea-Philippi; sleeping under the oaks at Gethsemane. Nothing else accounts so readily for his preoccupation with the natural rather than the institutional relations of men.

It was in this fashion that he came to Philip's handsome capital.

Philip the Tetrarch was as much of a Jew as a brother of Herod Antipas could be, and Perea was a district counted to Israel, though its influences were largely Greek. The citadel, from its rocky promontory, overlooked the wheat fields and mulberry orchards of the upper Jordan. Sacred to Pan was the very source and spring of Israel's sacred river, rushing from its basalt cave amid thickets of wild rose and honeysuckle and oleander. Hereabouts he had an altar. It is not recorded that Jesus entered Cæsarea-Philippi, but he remained in the vicinity long enough to be recognized and sought for healing, and long enough for the great change which had been foreshadowed in the character of his ministry to come to full development. It was here that Jesus put to the twelve a question which must have been shaping in his own mind ever since the early summer when John had first put it to him by the mouth of two of his own disciples:

"Whom do men say that I am?"

And they answered him, "Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others . . . one of the prophets." For it was always in the minds of Israel that the True-Speaking could pass in and out of Life and come again. Jesus held them steadily to the question:

"But whom say ye that I am?" And Peter, the impetuous, burst out with the faith that burned in him:

"Thou art the Christ."

Then said Jesus, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father, which is in heaven."

It must have been here, and by the help of what he accepted as a revelation on the part of his disciples, that Jesus settled for himself much that must have seemed difficult and perplexing in his own experience. He had begun the preaching of the Kingdom of God at hand as a joyous certainty, a common heritage of the time, his only by a short priority of announcement. Feeling his knowledge of these things but a small part of what might be gathered up by any sincere soul who addressed himself to such discovery, he had come, as do all prophets and poets, to see it looked upon with suspicion by the multitude, a strange and singular thing, misunderstood and misrated.

As his revelation increased in him, together with his knowledge of the want of it in others, he saw, even between himself and his chosen intimates, a gulf immeasurable. It is at this point that genius falters. Sometimes, in sheer terror of being alone with its message, it fails altogether, or weakly turns back to seek, in human relations, a surcease of strangeness. But Jesus, finding himself so much in advance of his time that twenty centuries have scarcely caught up with him, found himself unaffrighted because not wholly without direction. Woven out of the faith of his race by a long line of prophets, the mantle of Messiahship waited for him who could fulfill it. It cannot be

said that at any time, until the very last day of his life, Jesus openly assumed it; but from this time forth he went clothed in the certainty of harmony between himself and the expectation of the ages. Though his time rejected him, he became a part of all times, inasmuch as he was a figure of prophecy. The feeling of being prepared for and expected, satisfied, for the Man of Nazareth, that sense of *belonging,* the hunger for which frets great souls to their undoing.

That the incident stood, both in his mind and that of his disciples, for a definitely changed relationship appears at once. When he had charged them that they should make none of these things known, he began to teach them how it was that he should go up to Jerusalem and what things he should suffer there. Certainly he must have carried these things in his mind for some time before he spoke of them, finding no way to reconcile them with his first joyous prevision of the Kingdom until he had accepted himself in the light of a fulfillment of prophecy. That his disciples found them utterly irreconcilable with any conception they had of him appears from Peter's hasty, " Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." But even Peter, reminded in his turn that he savored the things of men rather than of God, could hardly have understood what followed. For Jesus, calling the people to him, and his disciples also, said: " Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul . . ."

Other things he said which, as they afterward recalled, referred more explicitly to the fate which was even then preparing for him. But it seems hardly possible it could have been clearly indicated or at all understood, for when the blow fell it found them wholly unprepared. In the light of what occurred later they harked back to interpret what he had said. At the time, other things better remembered drove it from their minds.

Some days after Peter's ready declaration, Jesus took him, together with James and John, high and apart on the mountain, for one of those sessions of silent prayer to which he owed his spiritual sustenance. Mount Hermon draws up out of the plain of the upper Jordan as the roots of a great oak lift out of the ground. The land is filled with the sound of running waters; full-born rivers leap from limestone caves and go roaring toward the Rift. The shrub is close-leaved here; at intervals great trees stand up; they reach the borders of perpetual snows.

On this occasion the little company must have climbed up beyond the tree line into the region of the stony waste before Jesus drew aside for his hour of communion. Wearied sooner at their own devotions, humbly his disciples watched him. While he prayed they saw the fashion of his countenance change, grow white and shining, and a

bright cloud overshadowed them. These were very simple souls to whom undreamed of things may happen. While Jesus was wrapt from himself did a white flash of his burning spirit strike across to them? Such things are possible. Or was it the alpine glow, that most transcendent of all the visible manifestations of God, flooding down from Hermon, touching all things with its divine transfiguration? They were fishermen of the low lake region, to whom the stained air, laving the peaks of the mountains, was as strange as splendid. It spoke to them, as all beauty of nature speaks to the devout, of God. Bathed in it, they saw their Messiah, as it became all true Jews to see him, radiant between the Law and the Prophets, in the figures of Moses and Elias.

Coming down from the heights, touched with awe of the celestial wonder, they ventured a timid question. "Why," said they, "do the scribes say that Elias should come first?" For if this was truly the Christ of prophecy there wanted somewhat to the fulfillment.

Said Jesus, "Elias is already come, but they knew him not and did unto him whatsoever they listed." By which they understood him to refer to John the Baptist. More is reported of the same character, but all too much colored by what happened in the interval between the writing and the recording to be veridical. It is enough, however, to define the path by which their thoughts traveled to the idea of Jesus and his teaching which finally possessed them.

There was a longer way still, in which they were to reconcile the person of the crucified carpenter with the glorious figure of the Messiah limned upon the Hebrew consciousness; but from this time forth we see Jesus held to the perfect poise by the knowledge of what God expected of him. He was not the first man nor the last to perish for the Word; but this was unique in him: that he never doubted nor repented. And if he saw in himself the fulfillment of prophecy, the Anointed One of Israel, who shall gainsay him? If he was not the Messiah the Jews expected, he was at least the only one they ever had.

And if not the Messiah of expectation, how then did he succeed in fulfilling the prophecy without satisfying the dream? His message he knew to be Messianic, but that he himself fell short, in some particulars, of the long-cherished ideal seems to be indicated in the last clause of the message he sent to John: "Blessed is he that finds no occasion of stumbling in me." Here we see the man from Nazareth imposing his levitical training on the prophet. Thus and so, the Messiah was to come; and yet here was the saving Word delivered in quite other ways.

The one feature irreconcilable between the inheritance and the revelation of Jesus was the establishment of the Kingdom. This was to be the work of the Messiah; and it is probable that when Jesus began to preach his early coming—before they had gone through the cities of Israel—he was thinking of a person quite apart from himself. The growth of the idea that he himself was the fulfillment of

prophecy was slow in him; it did not reach him much in advance of the certainty that if he were to restore the Kingdom to Israel, it was not to be in his own time and his own flesh. He was to prepare for it by revealing the true nature of the Father and establishing kinship between God and man. He was to reorganize the thoughts and affections of men in the Spirit and in Love. But more and more as he felt on all sides the pressure of Roman empiry, of established governmental and economic systems, he realized the necessity of breaking up the mould of society, of pouring its fluid stuff into lines more in conformity with his revelation of Brotherhood in man. To speak in our own tongue, Jesus accepted the idea of social revolution without any clear notion of how it was to be accomplished. The entrance of the individual into the Kingdom was a matter of personal spiritual regeneration to which Jesus held the key. The setting up of the great commandment as a human institution lay in a region beyond the reach of his most poignant revelation.

But again, this was to be the work of the Messiah, and if Jesus were the Christ, then his work, somehow, in some fashion. And Jesus was to die. Of this he seems to have been certain from Cæsarea-Philippi forward; intimations of his end thickened as the time drew on. Casting about for the solution of these apparently irreconcilable conditions, he fixed upon the common belief in the return of the prophets. How readily Israel could accept such passage in and out of death is seen in their question about John the Baptist. John was Elias and Jesus was John come again. And if Jesus were Christ, why should not a second coming, not in the flesh, but with Power, show forth the wonders that the first had missed? In some such fashion the man from Nazareth worked out his uncompleted revelation.

Something had been accomplished by the temporary withdrawal of Jesus from the cities of Gennesaret. Once for all he had cleared himself from any movement which had for its objective the taking of the Kingdom of Heaven by violence. His work of healing was definitely relegated to a secondary place. Disappointed of this transitory hope, the rabble fell away, but many sincere souls still resorted to him.

One phrase from an incident at Cæsarea-Philippi lights up for us, as by a spark struck from a common experience, the state of mind of the devout of Israel: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." It was the cry that had burst, with tears, from the father of the dumb demoniac whom the disciple could not heal. Coming down from the mount of transfiguration, he had found a crowd gathered about the remnant of his disciples, and in their midst the man begging relief for his son. It was not until the Master accosted him with the customary formula, "Believest thou that I can do this thing?" that the deep-seated doubt came to the surface in that cry. So Israel, unhealed by all its prophets, voiced its doubt and its desire. Upon this cry the common faith tossed to and fro, rallied, broke and scattered, came to fulfillment at last in martyrdom long after he had passed. There

were moments when it shook its shadow over the surface of his mood. He was impatient with the incompetence of his disciples: "Faithless generation, how long shall I suffer you!" He pronounced woe on Chorazin and Bethsaida. At times a wistful humanness broke through: "Can it be that a prophet shall perish from Jerusalem!"

Not that there wanted occasions to try the patience of the teacher. No sooner had the disciples been given leave to think of Jesus as the Messiah, than they were found, on the way back from Cæsarea-Philippi, in fact, disputing who should be greatest. A man discovered casting out devils in the name of Jesus was forbid by them because he was not of their following. To both of these, especially to the later instance of the independent spread of his teachings during his life, Jesus made answer and illustration so unequivocal that it is a mystery how his name-people have so long avoided both. "For whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water in my name hath done it unto me," he said, touching the question of unauthorized healing, and left them in no doubt as to the quality of their offense against "one of these lesser ones who believe in me." But the millstone hangs still about the neck of the church because of what it has done to those who take the name of Jesus in some fashion other than their own.

Incidents such as these, showing how far even his chosen twelve were from comprehending him, contributed to the sense of disappointment voiced in his invective against the cities of Galilee . . . . "for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Tyre and Sidon they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes." It had its part in the urge which drove him, knowing what awaited him there, to set his face steadily toward Jerusalem.

This would have been two or three months before Passover—nearer, if we accept the incident of the temple tax which was collected in Capernaum. The rains would have been well on, the winter wheat was up, and of his townspeople, as many as were able were making ready for the yearly pilgrimage. Altogether, an excellent time to waken men to the imminence of the Kingdom.

Concerning the manner of this journey, there is little said but much indicated. It was traveled with a considerable company, augmenting as they went; Jesus and the twelve, with some members of their families, and certain women, who ministered to them; Mary of Magdala, out of whom were cast seven devils; and some others. They went afoot, with perhaps a donkey or two for the slender luggage; and every mile they trod was historic holy ground. It was the custom, on approaching a village where Jesus would teach, for two or three of the disciples to go ahead and make such provision as they could for the entertainment of the Master, announcing him, and no doubt appointing a place where he could be heard. But there must have been many occasions between villages, or in those which proved inhospitable, when they camped happily in the fields or in the courtyard of the wayside khans. It appears that a first attempt was made to reach

Jerusalem by the ancient Egyptian road which ran through Samaria, past Sychar and the vale of Shechem; but the Samaritans would not receive them. At the first village, where the inhabitants proved unfriendly, the sons of Zebedee would have called down fire upon them after the manner of Elijah, so hardly had they learned the lesson that the Son of Man was come to save and not to destroy. The Samaritans, always an easy, idol-loving people, closer to Rome under the hand of the Procurator Pontius Pilate, and furthest from the national dream, pushed their indifference to the prophet to the prohibitive point, for we hear no more of Jesus having set foot in the country of Shechem. They returned instead, and approached Jerusalem from the southeast by way of the other side of Jordan.

It was in the bitterness of this rejection, no doubt, that he said to one who would have followed him, "the foxes have holes . . . but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." And to another who made excuse that he must first bury his father: "Let the dead bury their dead," since dead he found them in the spirit. So they passed to the parts of Syria beyond the Bridge, from whence, when the Bridge was broken under the heel of the Roman legionaries, the tide of Islam rolled in upon them.

This is a high, level country, with a wind always in the wheat and great oaks rustling along the ridges. In Gilead there is balm, fields of fragrant herbs, orchards of pomegranate and apricot. Moab is a land of pastures; the roadways are beaten to dust by the flocks; toward Amman herds of camels feeding. A band of pilgrims passing from city to city of the Greek league of the Decapolis would seldom be far from the sound of the shepherds' pipes and the heavy bells of the cattle as they break down the *wadis* to the drinking places. This was the land of Gad and Reuben, and, though strong in Greek influence, was still predominately Hebrew. Scarcely had the apostolic band set foot in it when they were met by Pharisees with the customary levitical quibble.

This time it was an inquiry as to whether it was lawful for a man to put away his wife for every reason. In Jewry, the power of divorce lay in the hands of the husband, requiring scarcely more than the mere form of saying so to make it lawful. It is possible that the party of the Pharisees were honestly opposed to the abuses which had sprung up under Roman laxness; but it is also probable that they were not unwilling to set Jesus at odds with Herod, who, in the thick of his troubles between Herodias and the father of his wife, was sensitive on the subject of divorce. If he had beheaded John for his strictures, what might he not be provoked to undertake against the Man from Nazareth? Jesus, however, with his customary tact, avoided the personal issue and maintained the stand he had earlier taken of inviolable marriage, basing it not upon revelation, but inevitably on the natural mating habit of humankind, "as it was in the beginning." Here, too, is the first recognition of human expedient;

"because of the hardness of your hearts," divorce was allowed by Moses, which did not, however, render less obligatory the single, life-long relation; for, though polygamy was still to be found, it appears nowhere to have crossed his horizon nor to have entered into the problem of early Christianity. In this connection one may speak of the sole other incident which illuminates for us, in the light of the teachings of Jesus, the vexed relations of sex. This is an incident which finds its way into no canonical writing until the early part of the second century, when it was inserted in the document attributed to John, where, in spite of some exegitical difficulties, it makes good its claim to consideration. It is placed in the vicinity of Jerusalem, and, by tradition wholly unsupported but of great antiquity, connected with the person of Mary of Magdala. By those of the priestly party, who hoped to catch him tripping, there was brought to him a woman taken in adultery. But Jesus, making as though he heard them not, stooping, wrote with his finger upon the ground; and when they continued asking what should be done to her, lifted himself at last, inquiring of them the penalty. Whereupon her accusers insisted that it was lawful she should be stoned. Said Jesus, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." In this fashion he went the first mile, which they compelled him. But when at the end of the second he found himself alone with the woman, he left off writing to say: "Hath no man condemned thee?"

Said she: "No man, Lord."

Then said Jesus: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

Words and act, they are both of a piece with all that we know of Jesus; for was he not among the prophets and given to symbolic acts charged with more than mere words conveyed? Writing in the dust was it not to say—for we do not know if he had really learned to write at all—even so is this sin of which you accuse her written in the body, which, being dust, perishes? Whether or not the incident occurred as stated, it goes with the answer to the Pharisees to show that, though Jesus constituted chastity a matter of mind as well as body, he made no more of lapses from it than of other sins, and forgave them as readily. He put the desire of the flesh on exactly the same moral footing as the greed of money or the lust of pride, neither condemning more severely, as the church has done, nor more easily excusing, as is the way of the world.

It is doubtful, however, if the twelve grasped anything of the breadth of his comment on the existing law, allowed by Moses because of "the hardness of their hearts," for we find them moving in an orbit as narrow almost as that of his detractors, forbidding the children which were brought to him to be blessed, and still unlessened when he, taking a little child in his arms and setting him in the midst of them, declared that of such was the kingdom of heaven. In a very little while we are confronted by the spectacle of the sons of Zebedee,

at the first opportunity asking for the chief seats in heaven.

This takes us back a little to one of the earlier incidents of the Perean pilgrimage, of the young man who had kept all the law and the commandments from his youth up, and was still concerned as to how he might inherit eternal life. Said the teacher: "One thing thou lackest . . . sell whatsoever thou hast . . . take up thy cross, and follow me." But to the disciples, after the young man had gone away grieving, for he had great possessions, Jesus said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom!"

And, says Mark, the disciples were astonished at his words.

This is more important even than the saying. They were astonished. For eight or nine months they had been with him, preaching preparation for the Kingdom; and this was the first they had heard of personal wealth as constituting a bar to entry; a serious oversight on the part of the Master, if we are to read this comment on the particular case as constituting an essential doctrine. All through the Galilean ministry not a word has been heard of it, though Luke expressly tells us that there were women of substance in his train. Later, in Jerusalem, we find him accepting the use of a room for the Passover, and a garden without the walls from those of his followers whose fortunes permitted of such lendings. It appears, however, not only from circumstances such as these, but from what immediately follows, that it was not the possession of riches which Jesus discredited, but the *attachment* to them; for he goes on to put in the same category brethren and sisters, parent or wife or children. Just as curt had been his rejection of one who would have been his disciple, but wished first to bury his father. The stress upon wealth, as against other distractions to the spirit, is ours, not Jesus'.

Too much has been made of the incident of the rich young man, and of a later parable of Lazarus and Dives, which illustrated a popular notion—pagan as well as Hebrew—that somehow, in its turning, the wheel of life must bring to every soul the full round of experience: to the poor riches, and to the rich poverty, and to those that mourned, rejoicing. Something of this kind must have been in the mind of the disciples, for, though this seems to have been the first time that Jesus' doctrine of self-abnegation came clear to them, it set them off immediately in the direction of the logical compensation. Something of tenderness for the Master's disappointment in the rich young man—for Jesus, beholding him, had loved him—must have been in Peter's "Lo, *we* have left all, and have followed thee". But nothing could have illustrated so completely the gap which, in spite of all this intimate fellowship, lay between Jesus and his disciples, as the way in which James and John turned the promise of spiritual compensation, with which Jesus met the proferred consolation, into a hope of material advancement. It was not long before they found a naïve expression for it.

(To be continued)

ANDREW P. PEABODY

TENTH EDITOR OF THE "REVIEW"

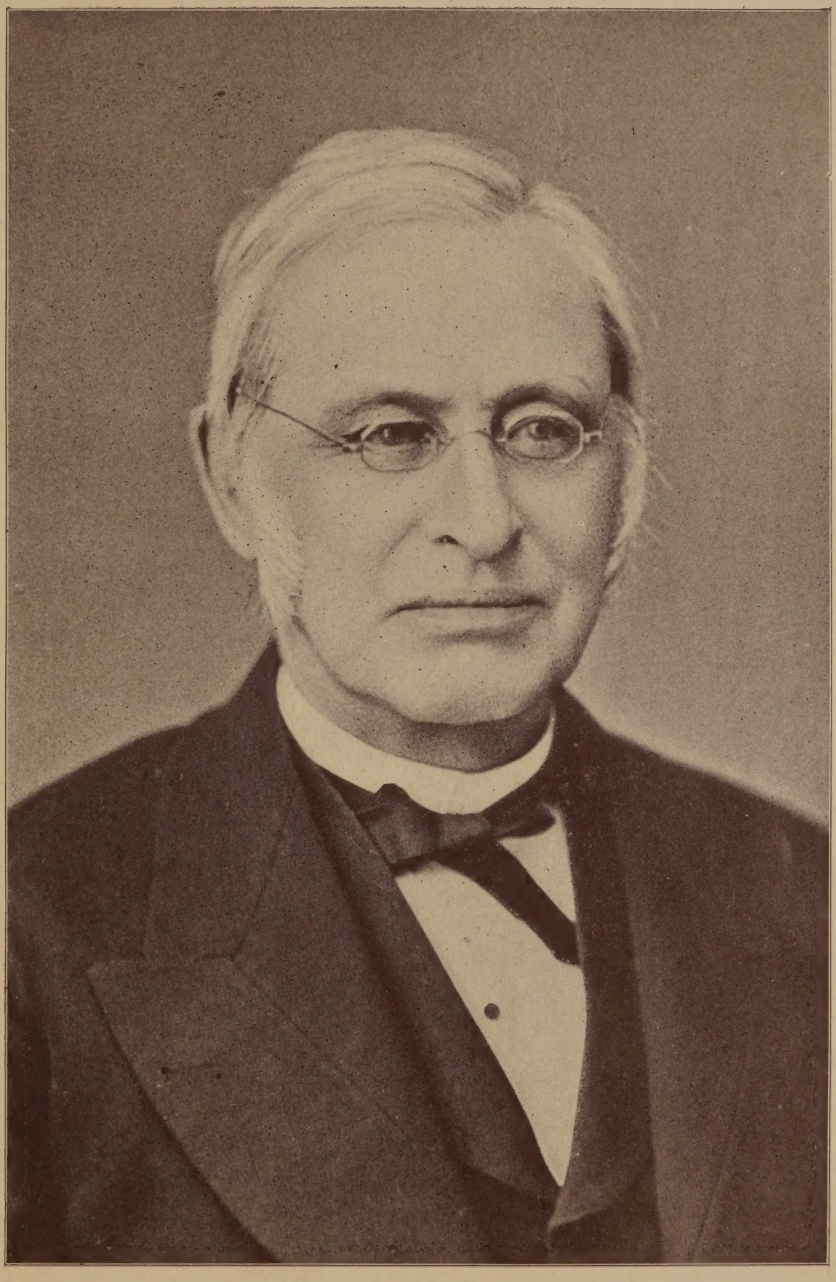
Among the distinguished group of editors of the REVIEW none was more widely known for scholarly attainment, spiritual breadth and the gift of friendship than Andrew P. Peabody, who succeeded his close friend, Francis Bowen, as tenth editor of the REVIEW in 1853. He was born in Beverley, Massachusetts, March 19, 1811.

Many anecdotes are told of his amazing memory, which showed itself in his early youth. He was taught to read at the age of three, and because the book from which he learned was, through an inadvertence, handed to him upside down, he mastered his letters in this way, and throughout his life kept the ability. It was an accomplishment, however, about which he was rather sensitive.

Like all his fellow-editors, Dr. Peabody was a graduate of Harvard, in fact, the youngest student, with but one exception, upon whom the University ever conferred a degree. He had a lifelong association with his alma mater, for he was connected with the college for over thirty-nine years in various capacities—as undergraduate, then in the Divinity School; as tutor in mathematics, then as professor for twenty-one years, and twice he was acting-President. Dr. Peabody was ordained in 1833, and succeeded Dr. Parker at Portsmouth, where he remained for many years.

It was partly with the idea to gain a mental stimulus that he undertook editorial work, and this decided him to become proprietor and editor of the REVIEW. This was in 1853, and he continued in this enterprise for ten years, at the same time keeping on with his other duties. During his editorship he contributed a great deal of matter on many topics—there being some sixteen hundred pages to his credit, and nearly all the book notices of that time were his. In the REVIEW for October, 1850, Dr. Peabody wrote one of his most interesting papers on "The Navigation of the Ancients," which in these days of discussion of the freedom of the seas will well repay perusal. In addition to his editorial work, he wrote many volumes on varied subjects.

In 1852 Harvard University conferred the degree of D.D. upon Dr. Peabody, and in 1863 the University of Rochester the degree of LL.D. His advocacy of peace was indicated by the fact that for fifty years he was Vice-President of the American Peace Society and supported the efforts of this organization without stint. He died in Boston March 19, 1893.

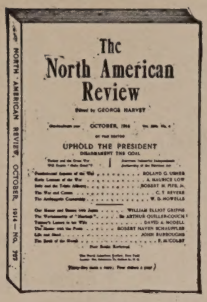


ANDREW P. PEABODY
THE TENTH EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1853–1861.

1915

September

ONE-HUNDRED-FIRST YEAR



Contents

VOL. 202: NO. 3

		Page
THE TRAGEDY OF MEXICO	THE EDITOR	321
IF AMERICA ENTERS THE WAR	LORD NORTHCLIFFE	345
HOW SHOULD WE PREPARE?	CHARLES W. ELIOT	349
IF I WERE CAESAR	A. P. GARDNER	354
THE RÔLE OF THE NATIONAL GUARD	Major-General JOHN F. O'RYAN, N. G., N. Y.	364
THE FUTURE OF THE BATTLESHIP	Rear-Admiral CASPAR F. GOODRICH, U.S.N.	373
OUR RAILROADS AND NATIONAL DEFENSE	CHARLES O. HAINES	385
"THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS"	A. MAURICE LOW	395
THE BALKAN STATES AND THE ALLIES	CHARLES JOHNSTON	404
PRACTICAL PAN-AMERICANISM	JOHN BARRETT	413
THE SHACKLED SENATE	CHARLES S. THOMAS	424
THE POETRY OF RUPERT BROOKE	ST. JOHN G. ERVINE	432
THE BOOK OF THE MONTH	LAWRENCE GILMAN	441
NEW BOOKS REVIEWED—LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		446
THE MAN JESUS: A Serial. (Continued)	MARY AUSTIN	466

The price of The North American Review is thirty-five cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price 36c. for postage, and those in foreign countries 96c. Remittances should be made by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. Renewal orders should be sent in promptly in order to avoid a break in the receipt of copies.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 171 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

REDUCED ONE HALF

In Thickness and Weight—The India-Paper Edition

Webster's New International

with **New Gazeteer,** the supreme authority on the pronunciation of all geographical names, and with meaning of war terms, is of timely value while the whole world is following, with breathless interest, the making of European history.

This New Creation

The Merriam Webster

has nearly 3,000 pages, with type matter equivalent to a **15-Volume Encyclopedia,** within the limits of **a single volume!** Only 2¾ inches thick, in Rich, Full Red Leather Binding, with Gilt Top.

1915 ATLAS (With War Maps) FREE

to the readers of **The North American Review** who take advantage of the offer here made to

Deliver for $1.00

and easy payments thereafter of only a few cents a week, **either the India-Paper** or **Regular Edition** in full **Red Leather Binding.**
(In United States and Canada.)

India-Paper Edition

Printed on *thin, opaque, strong,* superior India paper. It has an excellent printing surface, resulting in remarkably clear impressions of type and illustrations. What a satisfaction to own the *New Merriam Webster* in a form so light and so convenient to use! This edition is *one half* the thickness and less than half the weight of the regular edition. Size 12⅜ in. x 9¾ in. x 2¾ in. *Weight* 7½ lbs.

Regular-Paper Edition

Printed on strong book paper of the highest quality. Size 12⅜ in. x 9¾ in. x 5½ in. Weight 16 lbs. Both Editions are printed from the same plates and indexed.

Over 400,000 Vocabulary Terms, and, in addition, ***12,000 Biographical Names,*** nearly ***30,000 Geographical Subjects,*** besides thousands of other References. Nearly ***3,000 Pages. Over 6,000 Illustrations.***

"To have this work in the home is like sending the whole family to college"

The only dictionary with the *New Divided Page,* characterized as "A Stroke of Genius."

Home Office (Coupon)

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

Please send me, free of all obligation or expense, a copy of "Test in Pronunciation," also "Red Facsimile Booklet," with specimen pages of India and regular paper and special terms on your North American Review free Atlas offer on the "Webster's **NEW** International Dictionary."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

To those who respond at once we will send

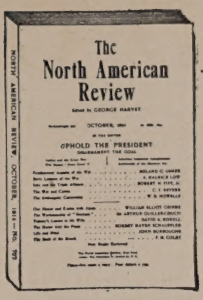
a copy of "Dictionary Wrinkles," containing an amusing "Test in Pronunciation" (with key) entitled "The Americanization of Carver," and also a "Red Facsimile Booklet" of interesting questions with references to their answers.

Mail this coupon at once to

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Springfield, Mass.
Publishers of Genuine-Webster Dictionaries for over 70 years.

THE ATLAS

Is the **1915** "New Reference Atlas of the World," containing nearly **200** pages, with **128** pages of maps, beautifully printed in colors, with marginal reference indexes, besides illustrated description of **PANAMA CANAL,** all handsomely bound in red cloth, size 10¼ x 13⅝.



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

Alfred Charles William Harmsworth was born in 1865 at Chapelizod, Dublin. His remarkable exploits as a newspaper proprietor in England were fully described in Mr. Sydney Brooks' article, "Lord Northcliffe and the War," in the August number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. His achievements as the directing genius of the London *Times* and *Daily Mail* are known to all.

CHARLES W. ELIOT,

one of the most eminent of American educators, was President of Harvard for almost half a century—from 1869 to 1909. His illuminating discussions of the various issues growing out of the Great War have done much to guide public opinion in this country.

A. P. GARDNER

From 1899 to 1901 Mr. Gardner was a member of the Massachusetts State Senate, and, having been elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress to fill a vacancy, he was re-elected, and represents the Sixth District of Massachusetts in the House of Representatives.

JOHN F. O'RYAN

was born at New York City in 1874. He has been active in military affairs since he became a private in the 7th Regiment, New York, in 1897. In 1914 he was appointed Major-General Commanding Division, National Guard, New York.

CASPAR F. GOODRICH,

Rear-Admiral in the United States Navy since 1904, has held a number of commands and has done a great

variety of duty in the Department. He commanded the Pacific Squadron in 1905-6, and was Commandant of the New York Navy Yard from 1907 to 1909. He retired in January, 1909.

Charles O. Haines
has been engaged in different kinds of railroad work: constructive, operative and financial. He has been Chief Engineer of the Florida East Coast Line; General Manager of the Atlantic & Danville, and Vice-President of the Norfolk & Southern.

A. Maurice Low,
an Englishman by birth, has for the past twenty years been a resident of Washington. He is a journalist of distinction, and a student of American and foreign politics and social questions.

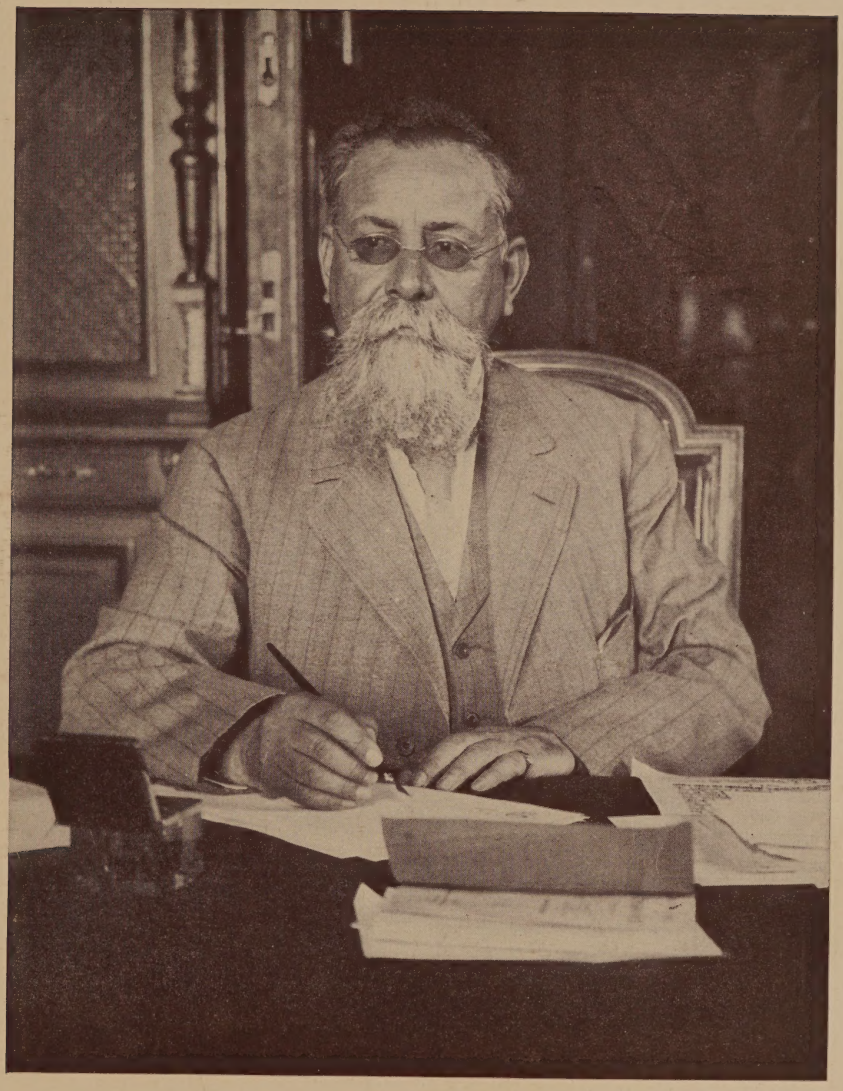
Charles Johnston
was born at Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, in 1867. He is distinguished as an expert student of world-politics, and has published numerous books, philosophical and historical.

John Barrett,
Director General of the Pan-American Union, was born at Grafton, Vermont, in 1866, and is a graduate of Dartmouth College (1889). He has been associated with Pan-American affairs for fourteen years.

Charles S. Thomas
was a member of the Democratic National Committee from 1884 to 1896; Governor of Colorado from 1899 to 1901, and Temporary Chairman of the Democratic National Committee at Kansas City in 1900. He was elected United States Senator from Colorado January 14, 1913.

St. John G. Ervine
is a young English novelist and critic whose recent books, *Mrs. Martin's Man* and *Alice and a Family,* have brought him into prominence as one of the noteworthy group of contemporary British writers.

HUERTA



CARRANZA

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1915

THE TRAGEDY OF MEXICO

BY THE EDITOR

Let our object be our country, our whole country and nothing but our country, and, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!—Daniel Webster at Bunker Hill.

1. OUR WAR UPON HUERTA

It is a coincidence of unhappy augury that our present interposition in the affairs of the Mexican republic marks the second anniversary of our first intervention. In August, 1913, the Honorable John Lind waited upon President Victoriano Huerta and as the "personal spokesman and representative" of the President of the United States, requested that "security be given for an early and free election" and that General Huerta "bind himself not to be a candidate." On August 27th President Wilson, addressing the Houses of Congress in person, announced that, although Mr. Lind "executed his delicate and difficult mission with singular tact, firmness and good judgment," the proposals which he submitted had been rejected. He attributed the rebuff to a probable misunderstanding of "the spirit of the American people" and of their "sober determination that some just

Copyright, 1915, by North American Review Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

solution be found for the Mexican difficulties." He was confident, however, that "the steady pressure of moral force" would "before many days break down the barriers of pride and prejudice." Meanwhile, he should "follow the best practises of nations in the matter of neutrality by forbidding the exportation of munitions of war to any part of the Republic of Mexico," since we could not be "the partisans of either party or constitute ourselves the virtual umpire between them."

Again—in November—Mr. Lind visited President Huerta and presented an explicit demand for his retirement, which was in turn rejected. Whereupon—on December 2nd, 1913—the President appeared before the Houses of Congress and denounced "the usurpation of Victoriano Huerta" as having constituted "a mere military despotism," which was doomed to failure. "Little by little," the President continued, "he has been completely isolated. By a little every day his power and prestige are crumbling and the collapse is not far away. We shall not, I believe, be obliged to alter our policy of watchful waiting. And then when the end comes, we shall hope to see constitutional order restored in distressed Mexico by the concert and energy of such of her leaders as prefer the liberty of their people to their own ambitions."

The President's confidence was based upon the success of his endeavors to dissuade bankers from advancing money to the Huerta Government; but again he was disappointed. Consequently, on February 3rd, 1914, he abandoned "the *best* practises of nations in the matter of neutrality" and lifted the embargo upon arms, saying in an explanatory statement that "the executive order under which the exportation of arms and ammunition into Mexico is forbidden was a departure from the *accepted* practises of neutrality—a deliberate departure from those practises under a well-considered joint resolution of Congress—determined upon in circumstances which have now ceased to exist." The purpose of this action, frankly avowed by the State Department, was to enable our Government to "sit back and wait for the Constitutionalists to do the work of ridding Mexico of Huerta," reversing necessarily the President's determination formally declared to the Congress not to become the partisan of either side.

But the Constitutionalists were unable to perform their part. Four months elapsed, and Huerta was still in authority.

Consequently, on April 20th, 1914, the President again appeared before the Congress and sought approval of his intention to " use the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such extent as might be necessary," ostensibly to obtain from General Huerta a salute for the flag and " fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States," but really to drive him from power. The obedient House of Representatives promptly complied with the President's request and passed a resolution approving his announced intention to employ the army and navy in an attack upon Victoriano Huerta. Senators Lodge and Root opposed as unprecedented and unwise the virtual making of war by the United States upon an individual, and Huerta's name was finally eliminated from the resolution; but the change was in form, not in substance, and the President's enforcement of his demand was pronounced " justified." Simultaneously—*i.e.*, while the Senate was debating the resolution—the entire Atlantic squadron attacked and captured Vera Cruz, with a loss on our side of nineteen killed and one hundred wounded, and of several hundred killed and wounded of Mexicans—including men, women and children, who felt that they were as fully warranted in resisting invasion as were the farmers of Lexington.

So began the sixth foreign war of the United States. Our troops were landed without difficulty, shipment of arms to Mexican ports was prohibited by executive order, our allies under the command of Generals Carranza, Villa and Zapata, supplied with unlimited munitions from the United States, were spurred on to renewed activities, and, one by one, the defenses of the enemy were broken down, until further resistance became useless, and, on July 15th, Huerta resigned and left his country. It had taken the President eleven months to enforce his decree, but the feat was finally accomplished and, according to the Associated Press, " great joy " was manifested " by President Wilson and Secretary Bryan."

Unfortunately, however, the war was not concluded. Huerta withdrew to Spain for a time, but subsequently appeared in this country and established himself with his family on Long Island. There he remained under the surveillance of the Secret Service until June 24th of the present year, when he started ostensibly for California by the Southern Pacific Railway, in order, so he declared, that he might pay a visit to his daughter in Texas.

Active hostilities were then resumed. On June 27th Federal officers, supported by a troop of cavalry, took the enemy from the train at Newman, Texas, conveyed him under strong guard to El Paso and deposited him in cell No. 32 of the county jail. The arrest was made by order of United States Commissioner Oliver upon the following complaint and affidavit of Clifford G. Beckham, Special Agent of the Department of Justice:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
WESTERN DISTRICT OF TEXAS. } ss.: EL PASO DIVISION.

Before me, Geo. B. Oliver, a United States Commissioner for the Western District of Texas, El Paso Division, personally appeared this day C. G. Beckham, who, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that on or about the 20th day of June, A. D. 1915, at El Paso, Texas, and divers other points in the United States in said District, one Victoriano Huerta and one Pascual Orozco, Jr., one Jose Zozaya, and divers other persons to affiant unknown, in violation of Sections 37 and 13 of the Penal Code of the United States, did unlawfully conspire, combine, confederate and agree together to begin and set on foot, and provide and prepare the means for a military expedition to be carried on from the territory and jurisdiction of the United States, against the territory and dominions of the United States of Mexico, with whom the said United States of America are at peace, and that on, to wit: the 20th day of June, 1915, the said Jose Zozaya did purchase and cause to be shipped to and stored at a warehouse at Fifth and Santa Fe Streets, large quantities of military supplies, consisting of machine guns, rifles and ammunition therefor, to wit: 5 machine guns, 520 rifles and one hundred thousand rounds of ammunition therefor, with the intent and purpose on his part and the part of his said co-conspirators, that the same should be thereafter used in effecting the object of the said conspiracy and equipping the men then and there intended to be and become a part of said military expedition and enterprise, contrary to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the United States of America.

Deponent further says that he has reason to believe and does believe that Lieut. M. C. Shallenberger, Capt. L. L. Hall, Dr. Arguelles are material witnesses to the subject matter of the complaint.

(Deponent's signature) CLIFFORD G. BECKHAM,
Special Agent, Department of Justice.

Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 27th day of June, A. D. 1915.

(Seal) GEO. B. OLIVER,
United States Commissioner as aforesaid.

(Endorsed on Back.)
No. 1445
United States Comr's Court.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
vs.
VICTORIANO HUERTA, *et al.*
AFFIDAVIT.

I hereby certify that the within is a true and correct copy of the original affidavit on file.

GEO. B. OLIVER.

On July 3rd a second affidavit was made by another special agent of the Department of Justice to the effect that—

One Victoriano Huerta, in violation of Sections 37 and 13 of the Penal Code of the United States, did unlawfully conspire, confederate and agree with one R. Gomez Robelo, and with divers other persons to affiant unknown, and thereafter, in furtherance and pursuance of said unlawful conspiracy and to effect the object of the same, the said R. Gomez Robelo, secretary of the said Pascual Orozco, did write a letter to said Enrique Gorostiete, advising him that the said Pascual Orozco had formed a movement to operate from the United States against Mexico, and was counting upon said Gorostiete as one of the strong men in said movement.

Deponent further says that he has reason to believe and does believe that various witnesses whose names are to be furnished later, and documentary evidence known to and in the hands of the agents of the United States of America, are material witnesses to the subject matter of the complaint.

(Deponent's signature) STEPHEN L. PINCKNEY,
Special Agent, Dept. of Justice.

The two sections of the Federal Penal Code referred to read as follows:

Section 37. If two or more persons conspire either to commit any offense against the United States or to defraud the United States in any manner or for any purpose, and one or more of such parties do any act to effect the object of the conspiracy, each of the parties to such conspiracy shall be fined not more than ten thousand dollars, or imprisoned not more than two years, or both.

Section 13. Whoever, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, begins, or sets on foot, or provides or prepares the means for, any military expedition or enterprise, to be carried on from thence against the territory of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district, or people, with whom the United States are at peace, shall be fined not more than three thousand dollars and imprisoned not more than three years.

General Huerta was held fast in cell No. 32 twelve days. His secretary, Mr. J. B. Ratner, who was imprisoned with him in the same cell, complained bitterly of the vermin, but, according to the New York *World's* correspondent, Huerta bade him be silent. "Cheer up," he said. "Pretend that we are in a wonderful castle with marble floors and walls, and that these bars are made of gold." To the Boston *Herald* correspondent, however, on July 4th he did confess that it was "a little close in here" and that he was beginning to miss his customary exercise. "But," he added philosophically, "I have been in close places before and I am enjoying my novel experience of being in jail in liberty-loving America on the very day you celebrate liberty and justice and independence." On July 8th the *World* correspondent conveyed to him an intimation from Washington that the case against him might be dismissed if he would return to the northern part of the United States and remain there. To this he replied simply, "If the United States should grant me my liberty upon condition that it control my future actions I should refuse to accept it." He also declared that he would not attempt to obtain a bond. "Why should I take that trouble," he inquired, "only to be harassed as I was by the deputies and bring additional fright to my daughter and her family, and then perhaps be rearrested and subjected to more indignities?"

On July 9th Huerta was arraigned before United States Commissioner Oliver, asserted his innocence, waived a preliminary hearing and was committed for trial on December 20th of the present year—six months after his apprehension. Simultaneously he was removed to Fort Bliss, no less to his own satisfaction than to the presumed chagrin of the rats and lice in the county jail. "Anything to get out of that jail," he remarked to the *Times* correspondent, "will suit me, and I am pleased that I am to be the guest of the army once more, for that is where I love to be, and I do not deserve to be jailed as a common felon when I have done nothing. The army knows how to care for a military man and I am entirely satisfied. At first I was worried because I was leaving my friends behind, but now that I know they are released I am as happy as an old man under such a charge could be. I will sleep my first peaceful sleep in two weeks to-night, for I am with the army, and that is my element."

The combined civil and military operation which thus

eventuated in the capture and incarceration of the entire force opposed to the United States in its sixth foreign war won less public acclaim than might have been anticipated. There appeared no signs of general rejoicing and, to the best of our information, no church bells were rung. In point of fact, the press did not seem to appreciate the magnitude and significance of the achievement. "Huerta," said the *World* disgustedly, "is in this country by sufferance. If his purpose in visiting El Paso was innocent, it was a piece of stupidity to arrest him. If the Government has knowledge to the contrary, by this time he might well be on his way to the port where he entered, awaiting the first ship to sail. The case has been handled in a way so hesitating and indecisive as to assume the aspects of a painful farce." And the San Francisco *Argonaut* confessed in seeming bewilderment:

> It is not easy to see that there was any justification for General Huerta's arrest. His right to live and travel in the United States can not be questioned. His right to cross the border into Mexico, if he shall so desire, is likewise beyond question. He is a citizen of Mexico, and surely he may not be debarred from going into his own country. The privilege of passing the border has again and again been yielded without question to the President's friends, Carranza and Villa, and to other revolutionary leaders. Why in the name of common sense, why in the name of common decency, this persistent discrimination, this vigilant persecution of General Huerta? We can discover no motive unless it may be found in prejudice and malice on the part of President Wilson.
>
> The *Argonaut* wishes to register itself as among those who sympathize with the "deep hurt" that General Huerta has received at the hands of American authority. Let the point of justification of his arrest and detention be waived; there still remains the matter of his personal treatment. Huerta is a man of rank and dignity in the world. He has been the head of a neighboring nation. He is a soldier of distinction. He has a right to be treated as a gentleman and a man of honor. But our Government, which now for more than two years has pursued him with relentless bitterness on a purely gratuitous assumption, which has hindered and thwarted him in grievous ways, now declines to accept his word of honor and insists upon confining him like a common felon in a dirty prison. It's a shameless business—all the more shameless because there is in it an element of vulgar cheapness. General Huerta, sitting on his prison pallet, confesses his "deep hurt." Verily there are those of us who feel in connection with this incident a sense of deep shame.

Obviously our distinguished contemporaries misappre-

hend the situation. They should study the indictments set forth in the complaints of the Special Agents of the Department of Justice printed above. True, the usual rules of pleading in criminal cases, which call for specific designation of the prince or government threatened, are not followed, but how could this have been done when everybody knows that Mexico has no prince, and our own President has repeatedly declared that she has no government? Granting, too, that the Supreme Court may have been right when, in the case of the Lareda, 85 Federal Report, 760, it declared that "neutrality laws are designed to prevent distinctly hostile acts against a friendly Power which tend to involve this country in war," is not the impossibility of making the definition fit the case apparent since the Mexican people hardly constitute a Power and, in truth, appear not unduly friendly? Even though no indication appears in the affidavits of the Special Agents of the Department of Justice that Huerta has conspired either to "commit an offense against" or to "defraud" the United States, is it not a fact nevertheless that he has been recognized officially as an enemy from the day on which he refused to "go"?

It is not Huerta, to be sure, but "one Jose Zozaya," who is accused by Special Agent Beckham of purchasing and storing "large quantities of military supplies," but no evidence has been adduced to prove that he might not have done so, and if he had who can deny that his act would have been "contrary to the form of the statute" and "against the peace and dignity of the United States"? Admitting, too, as we must, that Mr. Zozaya's "to wit: 5 machine guns, 520 rifles and 100,000 rounds of ammunition" do not seem alarmingly impressive when contrasted with the thousands of guns and millions of rounds of ammunition openly purchased and taken into Mexico by Villa, shall mere "neutrality" be held to prevent the making of a distinction between an enemy and a kow-towing friend, even though the friend be a murderer, a cutthroat and a thief? The fact, moreover, that for the past two years juntas and rebel generals without number have been operating and "conspiring" openly in New York, in El Paso, in San Antonio and most persistently in Washington, "perfecting military expeditions contrary to the statute and against the peace and dignity of the United States," has no real bearing upon the case in hand. We were not at war with them, and are not now—at least not yet.

However unconvincing Special Agent Beckham's accusations may appear, it is quite impossible to ignore the force and conclusiveness of Special Agent Pinckney's supplementary charge against Huerta, that "said R. Gomez Robelo did write a letter to said Enrique Gorostiete, advising him that the said Pascual Orozco had formed a movement to operate from the United States against Mexico, and was counting upon said Gorostiete as one of the strong men in said movement." There is nothing equivocal here; the statement is as clear and explicit as Germany's explanation of her method of maintaining the neutrality of Belgium.

So we might continue indefinitely in technical justification of the prompt and effective action of the Department of Justice, ably supported by a troop of cavalry. But further exposition would be wasteful. Military necessity, as the Kaiser demonstrated when, with full knowledge that we might protest subsequently, he sank the *Lusitania*, is the overpowering law in war. Upon that axiom and precedent our present Government can and apparently does take its usual firm stand. No doubt we should have denounced so arbitrary an act by the Tsar of Russia as a striking and shameful example of the arrogance and injustice of an Autocracy, but done by a President of the United States it becomes sanctified as a wise and prudent exploit of a Democracy pledged to jealous maintenance of personal liberty.

As a matter of historical fact, specific authority to exercise such peremptory power was conferred upon the President by the Alien and Sedition Act of 1798, which, as recorded by the historian Woodrow Wilson, "authorized the arrest and deportation of dangerous aliens at the discretion of the President, even in time of peace . . . upon the mere suspicion of the President"—as, in this case, that Huerta connived at the killing of Madero. But, the historian continues, "there was no telling where such exercises of power would stop. Their only limitations and safeguards lay in the temper and good sense of the President and the Attorney-General. Protests came from every part of the country and grew ominously in volume from month to month,—and petitions for repeal couched in every form and bearing thousands of signatures. . . . Clearly the Federalists had gone too far. The indictment of their enemies seemed proved,—they were the party of power, of autocratic power, and not the party of popular privilege."

So the issue was joined, and the party of Jefferson and Jackson and Tilden and Wilson sprang into being as a consequence of the revolt of the people against practises unbefitting a true democracy, and the hateful Alien Act, which even Adams had hesitated to invoke, was consigned to oblivion. That it should now be revived in effect by the direct political descendant and heir of the Founder of Democracy savors, it must be confessed, of irony; but, as we have noted, circumstances had changed and no question of principle was involved, for the simple reason, succcinctly stated by Senator Lodge, that "an animosity is not a policy."

In any case we, the people of the United States, represented by the Commander-in-Chief, the Department of Justice and the regular army, have met the enemy and he is ours. Whatever may be the ultimate outcome in court in the case of the United States of America *vs.* Victoriano Huerta, there seems to be little doubt that, thanks to the vigilance and resolution of our civil and military officers, our sixth foreign war has finally been brought to a successful conclusion, and disobedience on the part of neighboring Presidents is definitely engrafted upon our fundamental law as a high crime and misdemeanor against the new freedom attained by our own.

II. COUNTING THE COST

Considering that war is the most expensive of national necessities, the direct cost of driving Huerta from the Presidency of Mexico cannot be regarded as excessive. The taking of Vera Cruz, as already noted, involved the loss of only nineteen killed and one hundred wounded, and the subsequent occupation of the city by our troops required an expenditure of less than ten million dollars. The fatalities among the defending Mexicans need not, of course, be considered. Indeed, the only serious immediate consequence of our successful *coup* is to be found in the statement of Secretary Daniels that the disquieting deficiency in the marksmanship of the navy is attributable to the lack of target practise, which was rendered unavoidable by the holding of the squadron for so long a time in Mexican waters.

The indirect cost of our sixth war, however, is not inconsiderable. Under Huerta, American lives were safe and American properties were secure, but from the moment when

we substituted anarchy for government both lives and properties became the prey of the bandits let loose. Thus far the State Department, departing from its decreed policy of pitiless publicity, has refrained from publishing the complaints filed by relatives and owners. It is known, however, that hundreds of Americans, and perhaps a score of English, Germans and Spaniards, have been murdered, and that properties aggregating in value more than one billion dollars have been confiscated or destroyed. For these depredations it is presumed that at some future day reparation will be sought. Indeed, the foreign Governments whose nationals are concerned have already notified our Government that they shall hold us to what has come to be known, and what apparently they really mean, as " strict accountability."

Whether our own citizens will receive like consideration, in view of our present Administration's firm denial of protection to those who forsake their native land, is a question. It has been suggested by those who would make the former Secretary of State the scapegoat for Mexico, that Mr. Bryan was the originator of this novel doctrine, and that his withdrawal from the Cabinet opens the way to resumption of our traditional practise of safeguarding the rights of Americans the world over. We find little hope, however, in this assumption. Not only would President Wilson never have permitted promulgation of a vital policy disapproved by himself, but in this instance his implied sanction was conveyed through another highly credited official representative. On May 7th, 1914, a party of American refugees from Tampico waited upon Secretary Daniels to inquire whether, if they should return, they could rely upon the protection of their own Government. Secretary Daniels gave out for publication the following account of the interview:

" When they came in," said the Secretary, " I thought they had come to thank us for what the navy did for them at Tampico, to express their appreciation of our action in saving their lives. I said to them: ' Why, you are lucky to get out with your lives. You look healthy and strong to me and you ought to be glad you are safe.'

" They told me they thought they might lose their property, and they said that if it had not been for the British and German naval commanders they would have been left without protection and at the mercy of the enraged Mexicans.

" I said to the men: ' If Admiral Mayo had gone in there you all would have been massacred. I think you ought to thank this

Government for saving your lives instead of complaining because Rear Admiral Mayo did not attack the town.'

"They asked me what was to be the policy of the United States with respect to Americans owning property in Mexico. I suppose if I owned property in Mexico I would feel the same way they do about their right to protection.

"But I said to them: 'Why did you leave the United States and go to Mexico? You went there because you preferred to invest your money there rather than in the United States. You thought that by investing your money in Mexico you could make more than if you stayed in the United States. Isn't that true?'

"They did not deny it. Then I said: 'If that is true, if you expect greater returns than you can get in the United States, then you must take the risk of losing your property. If you prefer to go there and purchase property, you must not expect the people of the United States to pay taxes for the support of an army to protect your property in Mexico.'"

While the policy thus clearly indicated cannot easily be held to conform to the President's encouragement of American manufacturers to extend their trading and thus demonstrate the utility of lower tariff rates, its authoritativeness can hardly be questioned, especially in the light of the President's public declaration in New York on May 17th, 1915, in the course of which he singled out Secretary Daniels as one member of his Cabinet who held his "confidence and admiration"; who had his "unqualified support," and with whom it was his custom to "counsel in intimate fashion." It would seem, therefore, that the American lives and properties sacrificed in Mexico must be accounted a total loss. If so, in computing the cost of the war to date, there must be added to the one hundred and nineteen marines killed and wounded, and the ten millions or thereabouts directly expended, approximately four hundred American lives and several hundred millions of American properties sacrificed, to obtain the elimination of Huerta.

But the chief loss necessarily has fallen upon the Mexicans themselves, of whom, as the President truly said in his memorable address to Congress as long ago as August 27th, 1913, "we are glad to call ourselves the friends," and as their friends "sooner than as their enemies" should like to "triumph" when "before many days" the "steady pressure of moral force shall break down the barriers of pride and prejudice." Conditions in Mexico at that time were not good; neither were they irretrievably bad. Small

rebellions under lawless leaders had sprung up in consequence of our refusal to recognize the existing Government, but the embargo still rested upon guns and ammunition, and the bandits of the north could not hope to achieve a national victory. The real slaughter upon a large scale did not begin until February 3rd, 1914, when the embargo was lifted and the rebels were enabled to translate the fruit of their pillaging into munitions of war, in the expressed hope of the Administration that they might accomplish by fighting what the " steady pressure of moral force " had unexpectedly failed to achieve. Even then and for months thereafter there remained a semblance of observance of the rules of civilized warfare, as patiently outlined by General Scott to the surprised and incredulous Villa. But when, having finally " triumphed " over Huerta and driven him from power, our work was finished, to the " great joy " of the Administration, and we naturally and logically withdrew our troops, the last vestige of restraint was removed.

From that day to this Mexico has been a shambles—a mere " sideshow," perhaps, in the words of Assistant President House; but, nevertheless, a shambles compared with which devastated Belgium is as a German garden. Evidence to this effect is so overwhelming, and has been so widely disseminated, that it need not be cited. As an inevitable consequence, in the words of the President in his appeal for succor addressed to the American people on May 28th, " the unfortunate people of Mexico have been reduced to the verge of starvation, and unless assistance is rendered them many may die for lack of food." That many—many thousands, in fact—have so died is a certainty. Even the Brazilian Minister, who has acted for the United States in Mexico City since the withdrawal of our own representative, reported to his Government that he and his family were suffering from hunger. It was but natural, therefore, that the President should " appeal most earnestly " for supplies of food, especially " corn, rice, beans and flour."

And yet there was and is no serious lack of foodstuffs in Mexico. The starvation of the Mexican people is directly attributable to the confiscation of cattle, rice, beans and flour by the bandit chieftains, and their sale or exchange for guns and ammunition with the connivance of our own Government. " In its determination to put an end to anarchy, starvation and chaos in Mexico," wrote the Washington cor-

respondent of the *World* on May 29th, "the United States Government has constantly before it the fact that American guns and cartridges have made the present situation possible. The Administration has evidence to prove that these guns and cartridges with which the heart of Mexico has been bled were paid for with money which was received in great part for cattle and other foodstuffs which were stolen and shipped across the American border while the owners were being reduced to a state of starvation. More than a year ago Secretary of War Garrison called to the attention of the Administration reports from army officers indicating that the country was being pillaged and looted by bands of marauders calling themselves patriots, and that it would be advisable to put an embargo on arms without delay. All the War Department reports indicated plainly that the country would be reduced to its present state and that the United States eventually would find itself responsible for a wrecked nation."

Villa alone collected "export taxes" on more than 10,000 carloads of foodstuffs sent through El Paso during the past eighteen months, and shipments to the United States over a single railroad on the West coast included the following:

Sugar and panocha	23,346,240 lbs.
Tomatoes	7,171,048 lbs.
Green vegetables	87,180 lbs.
Beans	43,052,000 lbs.
Cattle by rail	51,152 head
Cattle on hoof	112,967 head

In return for these necessaries of life the bandits received rifles and cartridges. The *Sun's* investigator, who obtained the above information at first hand, reported as follows on August 15th:

The Washington Administration's own record of the arms and ammunition shipments of American origin to Mexico after President Wilson had lifted the Taft embargo on February 3, 1914, follows:

Rifles, including Winchesters, Remingtons, Springfields, "30-30s," "30-40s," and others	72,912
Carbines, revolvers, pistols, shotguns and sabres	2,381
Rapid-fire guns, including machine, Colt, Hotchkiss and Gatling guns	69
Pieces of artillery, various classes	12
Cartridges for rifles of various sorts, rounds	34,808,186

Cartridges for revolvers, rounds.....	742,350
Field artillery ammunition of various sorts, rounds.....	14,900

This list does not include the munitions of war that went to the Mexicans by water from Gulf ports. Nor does it include aeroplanes, dynamite, powder, rockets, blasting machines and other instruments of death. The writer has information that more than 100,000 rifles and at least 50,000,000 rounds of cartridges are much nearer the mark than the official figures of the Administration's contribution to Mexico's reign of terror.

In the light of the possible intervention in force "to feed the starving Mexicans," publication of these facts is a patriotic service, no matter whose feet get pinched. For in such a contingency our soldiers would have to face the fire of the very rifles and machine guns the present Administration sanctioned sending into Mexico.

The Administration has refused to profit from the lesson of Vera Cruz, when for seven months last year our lads stood in battle array before a Mexican enemy armed with American guns.

"The idea of America," said the President to the graduates of the Naval Academy on June 5th, "is to serve humanity;" and so, no doubt, it is; but what of the *practise* of the American Government in this particular instance? Does the action suit the word? Needless, perhaps, to add, the traffic in foodstuffs for guns and bullets still continues unrebuked and unabated.

III. FROM "WATCHFUL WAITING" TO ACTION

Speaking in Indianapolis on January 8, 1915, the President reiterated with great positiveness his adherence to the policy of "watchful waiting," and defined his position with respect to the future with marked explicitness. These were his words:

I hold it as a fundamental principle, and so do you, that every people has the right to determine its own form of government, and until this recent revolution in Mexico, until the end of the Diaz reign, 80 per cent. of the people of Mexico never had a look-in in determining who should be their Governors or what their Government should be.

It is none of my business and it is none of your business how long they take in determining it. It is none of my business and it is none of yours how they go about the business. The country is theirs, the Government is theirs, and the liberty, if they can get it, and God speed them in getting it, is theirs, and so far as my influence goes, while I am President, nobody shall interfere with it.

Have not European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilt as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs, and shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak? No, I say. I am proud to belong to a strong nation that says, "This country, which we could crush, shall have just as much freedom in her own affairs as we have. If I am strong I am ashamed to bully the weak. In proportion to my strength is my pride in withholding that strength from the oppression of another people." And I know when I speak these things, not merely from the gracious response with which they have just met from you, but from my long-time knowledge of the American people, that that is the sentiment of the American people.

With all due respect to editors of great newspapers, I have to say to them I never take my opinion of the American people from their editorials. So that when some great dailies not very far from where I am temporarily residing thundered with rising scorn at watchful waiting, Woodrow sat back in his chair and chuckled, knowing that he laughs best who laughs last; knowing, in short, what were the temper and principles of the American people.

This definite pledge of non-interference on the part of the United States, coupled as it was with the forbidding of interposition by other nations, bore great cheer to the plundering bandits. They were free to rob and ravish for another two years at least. Carranza posted a translation of the declaration upon every tree and telegraph pole within reach of his minions, and, in common with the other chiefs, confidently assumed an attitude of increased arrogance toward Americans in Mexico, and of disdain of Americans at home whose President had assured the world, in his speech at Philadelphia, that they were "too proud to fight."

But the bandits reckoned without their host. Five months later—i. e., on June 2nd—the President, after recounting that "Mexico is apparently no nearer a solution of her tragical troubles than she was when the revolution was first kindled," addressed the brigand chiefs as follows:

It is time, therefore, that the Government of the United States should frankly state the policy which in these extraordinary circumstances it becomes its duty to adopt. It must presently do what it has not hitherto done or felt at liberty to do—lend its active moral support to some man or group of men. . . .

I therefore publicly and very solemnly call upon the leaders of factions in Mexico to act—to act together and to act promptly for the relief and redemption of their prostrate country. I feel it to be my duty to tell them that if they cannot accommodate their differ-

ences and unite for this great purpose within a very short time, this Government will be constrained to decide what means should be employed by the United States in order to help Mexico save herself and serve her people.

The " very short time " elapsed on August 11, 1915, the date of our second formal intervention—two years less fourteen days after the President first appeared before the Houses of Congress and announced his determination to " triumph before many days as Mexico's friends " through " the steady pressure of moral force " upon " the barriers of pride and prejudice."

Here ends the record as of the present.

IV. AMERICAN OR ANÆMIC?

The net result of two years of endeavor on the part of our Government to " serve mankind " in Mexico was stated with rare succinctness by the President on June 2nd in these words:

" Mexico is starving and without a government."

To that simple statement of fact nothing need be added; nothing, alas, can be taken away. It summarizes the entire situation so far as our neighboring Republic is concerned.

But there is another phase which, though less pitiful and heartrending, bears a much wider significance. It relates to the value of American citizenship and directly concerns the honor of the Nation. Must Americans hereafter regard themselves as men without a country? That is the vital question now raised for the first time in the history of the Republic. More than a century ago Chief Justice John Marshall wrote into an opinion of the Supreme Court the following explicit declaration:

> The American citizen who goes into a foreign country, although he owes local and temporary allegiance to that country, is yet, if he performs no other act changing his condition, entitled to the protection of our Government; and if, without the violation of any municipal law, he should be oppressed unjustly, he would have a right to claim that protection, and the interposition of the American Government in his favor would be considered a justifiable interposition.

Not only have three foreign wars been waged to sustain this fundamental principle, but it has been reiterated many

times with respect to Mexico. Secretary Evarts wrote to our Minister in 1877:

> The first duty of a government is to protect life and property. This is a paramount obligation. For this governments are instituted, and governments neglecting or failing to perform it become worse than useless. Protection in fact to American lives and property is the sole point upon which the United States are tenacious.

Secretary Bayard took and maintained the same position. The Democratic party in its platform adopted at Baltimore also declared:

> The Constitutional rights of American citizens should protect them on our borders and go with them throughout the world; and every American citizen residing or having property in any foreign country is entitled to and must be given the full protection of the United States Government, both for himself and for his property.

And President Wilson, in his address to Congress on August 27, 1913, said firmly:

> We should let every one who assumes to exercise authority in any part of Mexico know, in the most unequivocal way, that we shall vigilantly watch the fortunes of those Americans who cannot get away, and shall hold those responsible for their sufferings and losses to a definite reckoning. That can be and will be made plain beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

But when Americans residing in Mexico whose properties had been destroyed or were being threatened sought the aid of their Government in Washington they were denied an audience; the new doctrine that citizens of the United States possessed no rights beyond the borders of their country was enunciated repeatedly by Secretary Bryan and by Secretary Daniels as quoted above; the complainants were told sternly that they should have stayed at home; and those stranded in Mexico were warned by the President to forsake their homes and properties when it was physically impossible for them to do so. Even the privilege of communicating with their countrymen or of making their sorry plight known to the public was refused. On March 9, 1915, when the censorship left the State Department as the only channel of communication with relations and friends, the Americans in Mexico City forwarded a statement of conditions to Washington with a plea that it be made public. To this appeal the Secretary of State replied, through the Brazilian

Minister, that the Government was doing what it could to relieve the situation, and added:

"Your message has been laid before the President. He does not think it would contribute to the welfare of Americans there to give your statement to the press."

Before the shocking statement finally reached the newspapers, through private channels, on April 15th, John B. McManus, an American living under the American flag, was assassinated, and the flag itself was dragged through the streets and defiled. Pecuniary reparation was made subsequently by Zapata to the family of the murdered man, but no apology for desecration of the flag was exacted.

"It is understood," wrote the *World's* correspondent on March 25th, "that Villa will get a note written by the President similar in tone to the one he sent to Carranza several weeks ago announcing that the patience of this country has been sorely tried and that the United States Government will feel compelled to hold him personally responsible unless proper amends are made."

Whether such a note was sent is not known. In any case, no amends were made and, according to Secretary Bryan, "no salute was demanded as in the Tampico affair," which afforded a pretext to turn the army and navy upon Huerta and drive him from power. The *World* continued:

> Attention was called to-day to the fact that no indemnity has been paid for any of the Americans murdered by various revolutionaries, and that, except in rare instances, no murderer has been punished, although promise of reparation has always been made.

In a word, so far as is known, except against Huerta, no recognition of the American flag has been required, and no reparation for loss of American lives or properties, except in the case of McManus, has been demanded.

"What wonder," ejaculated the Philadelphia *Star* when the *Lusitania* was sunk, "that Germany, or any other nation, should come to the conclusion that it could do as it liked with Americans and the American flag! The wonder is that after Mexicans have committed every possible atrocity upon Americans, have killed them right and left, have exhausted their devilish ingenuity in devising means for offering greater insults to Americans, our country and our flag, have outraged our women and stopped only because satiated, Washington should have become aroused because a few hun-

dred more Americans, women and children included, should have been killed by a German submarine."

And what wonder that the Americans forsaken in Mexico should have quoted bitterly:

THE TWO FOOLS

Two fools there were and they laid their plan—
(Even as you and I)
And cast their lot in a foreign land—
And thought they were safe in their Country's hand,
Knowing their Country would understand—
(Even as you and I).

O, our years of waste and our years of haste
And the work of our head and hand,
That should have brought us comfort when old
(But now we feel we're badly sold)
And our country can't understand.

Two fools there were, and their son they taught—
(Even as you and I)
That for their honor their Country fought
(But it wasn't the least what their Country thought),
So the fools, in trouble, their Consul sought
(Even as you and I).

O, the toil we've lost and the spoil we've lost
And the excellent things we've planned
With eyes ever turned to our Country fair
(And now we feel that she never did care
And will not understand!).

The father is dead and the son is dead
(May their souls be happy on high)
And the wife shall lie in a rebel's bed
(For the tale doesn't tell that *she* is dead)
And we feel that her shame's on her Country's head—
(O, the tales to be told, by and by!).

And many shall come and many shall go
And each of them all shall say—
This was not so in years gone by,
Why is it so to-day?
And those who came and needs must stay
Shame-facedly turn away.

But it's not the thought of what time has brought
That stings like a white-hot brand—
It's coming to know our Country won't care
(And what have *we* done that she should not care?)
And will not understand.

Whether or not it be a fact that the Kaiser's indifference to American rights, as asserted by the London *Daily News,* is directly attributable to our course in Mexico, it is no less than the bitter truth that our Administration has come to be regarded as anæmic rather than as American; that not only Mexicans, but peoples the world over, are now under the misapprehension that we are, indeed, too "proud" or too pusillanimous to enforce our just demands; and that Americans themselves have lost faith in the full protection from their own Government, which never before has been withheld since John Marshall laid down the law. How long it will take to remove this false belief and how costly the ultimate demonstration will be, God alone knows.

V. THE CAUSE AND THE REMEDY

While it is impossible to withhold from the present Administration primary responsibility for the deplorable and far-reaching consequences of fatuous and futile vacillation, the genesis of the fault must, in all fairness, be accorded due consideration. Nobody has ventured, and none now would venture, to question the excellence of President Wilson's intentions. Throughout all of his backing and filling, his repeated intervening without making his interference effectual, his alternating laying and lifting of embargoes, his vague threatenings promptly rendered abortive by assurances that he would not employ force, his subsequent using of the army and navy upon an absurd pretext, only to withdraw them at the moment when a restraining influence was most needed, his petulant defying of public journals which were only performing their duty, his prospective chuckling as the one who laughs last, his cynical abandoning of both Mexicans and Americans to their fate because, forsooth, Europeans also were spilling blood, his strident pledging to leave the tortured country alone and to compel all others to do likewise, only to resume meddling as soon as a disfavored faction seemed likely to gain ascendancy—through-

out all of these turnings, twistings and incredibly inconsistent doings there has never arisen a doubt of the sincerity of his purpose to " serve Mexico " and to " serve mankind."

The crux of the President's blundering is to be found in his misconception of his own functions. Impressed by his unprecedentedly quick elevation from a college professorship to the most exalted political position on earth, convinced of the popularity of the hazy theories whose fascinating articulation had charmed the people, flushed by his success in subordinating a co-ordinate branch of the Government to his will, isolated and feared, he unconsciously but inevitably assumed the attitude of one divinely appointed to conserve humanity in new and striking ways—and forgot for the moment that he was a quite fallible and far from omnipotent being, who in reality had only been elected President of the United States, charged with the performance of certain official tasks specifically defined by fundamental law.

It was but natural, therefore, that when the time came he should attack the Mexican situation as a regenerator of the morals and ideals of a people, instead of as an executive whose obligation was limited to the safeguarding of the lives and properties of those whose Chief Magistrate he had become. To pronounce such an aspiration blameworthy would be most unjust; it was only mistaken. For the methods employed, moreover, there seemed to be ample warrant. If a Congress of the United States could be brought under subjection by merely pointing to the rod, surely no insecure Government of a comparatively insignificant country could withstand the process. Hence the President's confidence in the efficacy of an indeterminate policy which never did, and does not now, take under contemplation the second step. But humans are humans, Mexicans are Mexicans, and—

> What is the use of the lore of years—
> What of the written Word,
> Against the stubborn, uncultured Fact
> That actually occurred?

It would avail nothing now to recall our repeated adjurations to the President to heed the admonition of Plutarch, " 'Tis a wise saying, Drive on your own track "; or to repeat the questions propounded in this Review nearly two years ago, " What legal or moral right has a President of

the United States to say who shall or shall not be President of Mexico? " and " Did not President Wilson imbed himself in a practically inextricable position when he demanded the retirement of Huerta? " The former was answered by the President himself, with notable emphasis, at Indianapolis, and the latter finds its response in the existing condition. Nor would we cause irritation by noting the fulfillment of our anticipatory warning, sixteen months ago, of the danger that " persistence in a course which, in common with everybody else, you must know to be wrong, will be attributed to no kind of reasoning whatsoever, but to your own stubborn pride." It is no longer a question of what might have been, but of what is, from the standpoint of the continuing Republic, not of Presidents who come and go and whose policies are not infrequently reversed by their successors.

We are now entering upon the fourth stage of striving which, thus far, has proved futile and fateful, of hoping against hope. We have called to our assistance and to share our responsibility six sister Republics, whose representatives have demonstrated their superiority at the outset by indulging in no vague threats, and yet requesting definite responses before a specified day. Unfortunately, with the precision which has characterized the faulty conduct of our own Administration from the beginning, the time chosen for action is most inopportune. Just as when Huerta held virtually complete control, so now, when Carranza seems likely to succeed, we inject ourselves into the situation in the interest of the lesser bandits who are approaching the end of their resources. And the reasons, alas, are identical. Reporting the Cabinet meeting of March 9th, the inspired *World* said in its Washington dispatch:

> The Mexican situation held the attention of the Cabinet this morning, and the *World* is able to state that the following programme is to be followed:
>
> The policy of " watchful waiting," which resulted in the overthrow of General Huerta, will be applied to General Carranza, until he is eliminated. The Administration is satisfied that he can never re-establish law and order.
>
> The United States will not intervene in Mexico, but will assemble at Vera Cruz a naval force sufficiently strong to awe Carranza and to take charge of the situation if the plight of the foreign residents becomes desperate.

Recent events indicate the correctness of this report and

the accuracy of the forecast. If so—i. e., if Carranza must now, in turn, pay the penalty of *his* disobedience to the President—the outlook for a solution is more than dubious.

If our Government would now turn over the whole business of settlement to the more competent, more sympathetic, racially related and fully trusted envoys from South America, with assurance of our unqualified support of any plan which we must not of necessity disapprove, there is a fair probability that peace could be restored to our bleeding and starving neighbors whom we, however unwittingly, have so grievously wronged.

But if stubborn pride shall prevent the adoption of this simple, manly, generous and wholly practicable proposal, we can but look forward with dole and shame to continuance of the miseries already inflicted upon a people whom we would "serve as friends" by a President and Cabinet who—

> Promise, pause, prepare, postpone,
> And end by leaving things alone.

IF AMERICA ENTERS THE WAR

BY LORD NORTHCLIFFE

Writing at this date—in the month of July—it is quite impossible for a European to discern future American action in regard to the war. We know very little of the feelings of the whole of the United States toward this gigantic world upheaval. Our American friends who write to us are cordial and enthusiastic supporters of the Allies. Most of the newspapers on the Atlantic seaboard are obviously pro-Ally. But some of us who have more than a passing acquaintance with the great Republic understand that when an Englishman goes to the United States he naturally mingles with Americans of British descent, and it is these who have sent so many thousands of messages to us. Any one who has traveled through most of the United States, as I have, must realize the vast difficulty of arriving at anything approximate to a consensus of American opinion on the war, or any other topic. I assume, however, that seven American men and women out of ten are in sympathy with little Belgium. The superb generosity of the American people, who are preventing the Germans from starving the Belgians to death, is abundant proof of the sympathy of the majority of the people of the United States with the Belgian section of the Allies. It is possible that a great many are not in sympathy with England, or with Russia, or with France, or with Italy.

It always seems to me, therefore, that if the United States enters the war she will naturally devote her attention to the liberation of Belgium. It appears to me, too, that such a plan would have the additional merit of enthusiastically arousing the whole of the American people to their task. It would also give the American army, assuming such was raised, a definite work of its own, untrammelled by precedent

and free from the friction that would arise through its co-operation with armies speaking a different language or having entirely different traditions. It is certain that the American character and the American genius for invention would bring to bear on this war new ideas which the Americans would prefer to carry out in their own way. An American army would start with an enormous advantage over existing armies. It would have knowledge of the experiences and mistakes of the last year, and it would bring that invaluable essential, a new and clear eye, to bear on problems which have befogged those who have been over-concentrating for so long.

It is suggested in some American publications that the Allies, and particularly Great Britain, are anxious for American co-operation. I see cartoons in American newspapers suggesting that John Bull is holding out his hand appealingly to Uncle Sam in this conflict. If there be many people in England with that view I have not met them. We know that you are even less prepared than we were twelve months ago, and that in any case participation would not be possible for a long time ahead. We feel that the war is a European matter, and that the Canadians and Australians are involved only because the heart of their Empire has been struck at. Others of us think that if the United States entered the arena she would be so busy manufacturing munitions of war for herself that we should lose the valuable support she has been giving us in that direction. Again, there are others—I am quite frank, and the point of view has been urged upon me by prominent Frenchmen—who believe that German influence in the United States is so strong that when the settlement of the war comes to be made, American intervention, if it had taken place, might tend to the strengthening of Germany's hands at the peace conference.

But while I know of no active movement among the Allies to involve the United States in this world catastrophe, it is obvious that just as Germany blundered into a war with Great Britain, so it looks as if she were forcing the United States into the war. Americans who are now traveling in Germany are only too well aware of the hostility towards them that has been directly engendered by the Government. A careful perusal of the thousands of small German newspapers which answer to your "boiler-plate" country journals shows that the German Press Bureau has promoted a virulent anti-American propaganda. The leading newspa-

pers of the German Empire are sufficiently hostile to the United States, but I would draw American attention to the virulence of the Government-controlled minor organs, which are attacking the United States in exactly the same terms as those in which they attacked England, and in almost the same language as they used against Italy while she was deciding to take her part in the war.

The whole scheme is illustrative of the German miscalculation of the psychology of other nations. It is part and parcel of the modern German theory that people can be frightened into such attitude of mind as Germany may desire. These careful and laboriously engineered sneers at and attacks on the United States come from a people who believe that the Americans will not go to war, because to do so would injure American *business*. In this spirit, thousands of articles and pictures relating to "Herr Dollarman" are being circulated in Germany and Austria. I do not know who advises the German Government upon the American national character; but he bears a very heavy responsibility if he suggests that the United States will indefinitely submit to insult and humiliation. I have already expressed the opinion in American newspapers that Washington has displayed great dignity in the handling of its relations with the Germans. A lesser nation might have hurried into quick reprisal, but the Republic has always shown the leisured dignity and calm nerves which one expects from a hundred millions of people composed in the main of the best races in the world.

As to the maritime aspect of possible American intervention: I presume that the United States would immediately seize such German ships as are imprisoned in her harbors and use them as transports. For the rest, it is difficult to see in what way the United States with its present navy could very greatly help the Allies. The American submarine service would be able to demonstrate its efficiency only if the German warships came from their hiding, and at present there seems to be no indication of a willingness to emerge. The Germans would, I have no doubt, construct submarines capable of crossing the Atlantic, but they would probably be speedily dealt with by Americans through some of the means that we have already discovered for meeting the menace of the submarines. The American Fleet might co-operate with our Fleet in the

Mediterranean or join our Grand Fleet in the North Sea; but, as a matter of fact, we have absolute confidence in our navy, and feel that we shall be able to deal with the Germans at sea.

Of one thing I have very little doubt, and that is that if the United States should be goaded into this struggle she will see it through in the same way as on previous occasions. She will spare neither men nor money in that part of the struggle which she undertakes. She will show to the Germans that behind the fine American business brain is a soul that, as in the past, does not hesitate at the sacrifice of blood for the preservation of great ideals. If the Americans enter the war it will be with no sordid motive, with no idea of the acquisition of territory, but for the noble purpose of gaining freedom for those who are downtrodden and of showing to the world that citizenship of the United States is as inviolable as was that of Rome.

NORTHCLIFFE.

HOW SHOULD WE PREPARE?

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

The limits of preparedness, however broad or narrow, ought to be determined by both of two different needs: first, the need for a limited aggressive strength, and, secondly, the need for a defensive strength, limited, but capable of sudden effective expansion.

Just how much aggressive strength the United States will hereafter need depends on the issue of the present European struggle. If Germany comes out of the war holding Belgium, maintaining her complete military organization, and both free and able to enlarge her navy, the United States, in defense of her own rights and of the rights of all the free nations of the world, will need to join the Alliance which has been holding Germany in check, though thus far unable to defeat her. In joining that Alliance, the United States will wish to furnish such a quota of vessels, men, and munitions as will be suitable for a rich nation 100,000,000 strong, and united in adherence to fixed standards of public and private liberty, truthfulness, and justice. If, on the other hand, the Entente nations succeed in defeating the German undertakings in the present war, or in bringing the contest to a stalemate, there will probably result an international league for the prevention of war, in which the United States will wish to take part, if requested by the Entente belligerents to do so. In that case this country must be prepared to furnish whatever quota the International Council or Commission, created by treaty for the prevention of war, asks of us. The quota of the United States in the second case would, of course, be smaller than in the first, and might be chiefly naval; but, in either case, the quota should be of the best possible quality in all respects—vessels, artillery, munitions, submarines, aeroplanes, automobiles, hospital equipment, and all kinds of military and naval supplies.

Therefore, the United States should now put itself in condition to produce rapidly all these implements of war, should acquire a considerable stock of them all, and should train some moderate number of men—like 50,000 in the navy and 100,000 in the army—to use them with skill and thorough efficiency. The existing army and navy of the United States should be at once utilized to the full as schools for the training of soldiers and sailors; and careful records should be kept of the future careers of the men who have passed with credit through either service. They should be registered as reserves, and be kept account of by Reserve Bureaus of the army and navy. For giving this training to large numbers of men, the term of enlistment in the army and navy would better be short—probably not over two years, perhaps not over one year; so that each year many thousands of men should return to civil life, after receiving a thorough training in the work of a soldier or of a naval mechanic or sailor. These men would remain available during ten or fifteen years for immediate service in the army and navy, and they would be available for a much longer time to teach and train a quickly summoned army. The Academies at West Point and Annapolis should be enlarged, surplus graduates to be perhaps furloughed for appropriate civil employment without losing their army or navy status.

The international police, created to enforce the orders of the International Council or Commission which should result from even the partial success of the Entente Powers in the present war, would have two functions: The primary and supreme function would be the forcible prevention of international war; the secondary function would be the restoring of order in nations or communities—whether civilized or barbarous—which had fallen into anarchic conditions. The second of these functions might prove to be almost as important as the first; because, if well fulfilled, it would promote the effective use of capital in all parts of the earth, the spread of the mining and manufacturing industries through regions where they are now unknown, and the greater productiveness of agriculture. It might also be more frequently in exercise than the first. There would result, so far as differences of climate and of racial characteristics would permit, a gradual equalizing, as regards human comfort and productiveness, of the conditions of life and work in the different parts of the earth, and a more thorough development and

utilization of the natural resources of each and every country. Such policing would be for the common interest of all the nations; and the nation or community which had fallen into disorder and misery might accept such international intervention—on a large scale or a small—without objection; because it need not fear the loss of territory, or of any desirable independence. There is no loss of self-respect for an individual or a nation in yielding to an obviously overwhelming force, used not to crush, but to restore. Now and then, a Government which had failed to do its duty towards the people it governed, but still possessed some vitality, might be stimulated and really strengthened by an international pressure which would accomplish its object without reaching the stage of actual intervention.

However this war shall end, therefore, the United States will need in the future a military force somewhat larger than it now possesses, and available promptly for aggressive purposes, and also some additions to its naval equipment. If the war should now end suddenly on wrong terms—as is not at all likely—the United States will need a larger aggressive force than if the war should end after one or two years more, through the exhaustion of one side or the other; for, if the present drain on the capital of Europe goes on for one or two years more, it is impossible to imagine that any nation among the present combatants should desire to attack the United States, or indeed be able to do so without a long period for recuperation; and there is no other Power in the world that could have any possible interest in attacking this country.

In increasing the defensive strength of the United States, the necessary expenditure would be made as a species of insurance against a small chance of horrible calamity. The chance that any formidable attack would, or could, be made on either coast of the United States is very small. Indeed, it might properly be called infinitesimal; but, now that Germany has shown the world how terrible and crushing the results of conquest can be, the people of the United States feel like insuring themselves against any such disaster as has befallen Belgium and Northern France. What is the nature and extent of such an insurance? We should wish to defend against the most skilful possible attack the coast cities which contain not only innumerable valuable structures and precious contents of buildings in great variety, but also considerable docking facilities and railroad terminals. We

should be prepared to defend effectively every place which could afford an enemy a base of invasion, and opportunities for exacting heavy ransoms. The number of such places, however, on both coasts of the United States is not considerable, even if naval stations be included.[1]

What is the nature of the equipment to be provided, in order to secure these various cities and bays against an immense fleet of hostile warships and transports? In addition to the effective navy which the United States now possesses, the equipment should consist of shore batteries of the most powerful and longest range guns, monitors and submarines, torpedoes, mines, and aeroplanes all of the best possible construction and in ample quantity. This provision should be made without unnecessary delay, but not until the experience to date of the present war on sea and land has been thoroughly utilized by American designers and manufacturers. The need of the country for insurance against the horrors of invasion is not so urgent that we should hasten to accumulate a great stock of military and naval material which would probably prove to be somewhat antiquated, if we should be attacked by an experienced invader whose equipment was thoroughly up to date.

Another expedient preparation for defensive warfare is the strengthening of the state militia or national guard. This public force is of unequal merit in the different states of the Union, and needs to be brought up to a common standard, and to be strengthened in number and in discipline. It needs to have more money spent on it; so that the training provided should embrace instruction in the use of rifles, grenades, machine-guns, and light and heavy artillery; in the use of the bayonet; in marching, camping, and entrenching; and in military hygiene as regards cleanliness, food, water supplies, and the care of the sick and wounded. Evening schools in military subjects should be maintained for militia officers. Officers and men should be kept in athletic

[1] A reasonable list would include Portland, Maine; Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Boston and Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts; Newport, Rhode Island; New York, Delaware Bay, Chesapeake Bay, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile Bay, New Orleans and Galveston on the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico; Puget Sound, Columbia River, San Francisco and San Diego on the Pacific Coast. There are, of course, other places on the coasts where an enemy might land and find some railroad connections; but he would find elsewhere no opportunities for exacting heavy ransoms; and he would not be able to inflict serious losses on the country as a whole, or interfere with the prompt assembling of military forces to repel the invader.

condition all the year by drills and interesting competitions; and employers of young men should continue wages during absence on militia duty. Every state should make adequate provision of uniforms, equipment, rifle-ranges, transportation, camping areas, and munitions, and encourage proper periods of field practice at the seasons which would interfere least with the prevailing industries.

A moderate amount of new legislation on the part of Congress is also desirable, to authorize the Government, in case of war, to take over vehicles, animals, transportation lines on land and sea, telegraph and telephone lines, foods, manufacturing plants, coal, gasoline, and the materials of munitions. These powers are necessary for the mobilization and maintenance of the national forces in time of war.

The preparation made for defensive purposes would, for the most part, be available for aggressive purposes as well, in case the European war should suddenly come to an end on conditions of peace which threatened gravely the public liberties of the civilized world. It is not inconceivable that the present conflict should come to such an end; but it seems in the highest degree improbable, when one recalls the fundamental interests for which Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy are contending, the resolute purpose of all four peoples, and the fact that their combined resources in men and money greatly exceed the resources of the central monarchies and Turkey.

In the meantime, the United States is making the best possible preparation for military and naval defense and offense on its own part, by maintaining the rights of neutrals to manufacture and sell all sorts of military and naval material, making sure that its food supply is increased, cutting off superfluities in expenditure, increasing moderately its appropriations for the army and navy, and devising the laws needed to authorize the Government to mobilize promptly all the national forces, in case war becomes necessary for the safety of the country, or for an effective support of other Governments which stand for public liberty and public justice, and are in danger of succumbing temporarily to Governments that do not.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

IF I WERE CAESAR

BY A. P. GARDNER

Until now, I have never been forced to explain what I should do about the national defense if I had the entire say. Of course, I should prefer to appropriate a big sum of money and let the experts decide how to spend it. Incontestably, that would be the wise course for Congress to take, but we may be fairly sure that Congress will take no such course. Congress has no intention of sharing its power with the experts, and will undoubtedly legislate down to the minutest detail, instead of letting military men decide military questions.

There is some excuse for us, however. Bureau chiefs of the army and navy have a tendency to a sort of intellectual hardening of the arteries whenever any novelty is proposed, and yet these are the days of triumphant innovations. The older members of Congress have not forgotten how officialdom greeted the arrival of the submarine. As for the high explosive shell, I doubt whether, even yet, it has shattered all the icicles of conservatism in the ordnance bureaus of the army and the navy.

No one realizes more clearly than I my ignorance of much that I ought to know before I hazard an opinion as to what should be done to build up our defenses. Unfortunately, I find it quite impossible to get at many of the most important military and naval facts. Since the campaign for adequate preparation was inaugurated, a most alarming case of military lockjaw has developed both in the army and in the navy. In the navy, particularly, tetanus is especially severe. Officers have been brought up from their academy days to believe that the Secretary of the Navy is their friend, and that an appropriation committee of Congress is their natural enemy. I am not sure but that, as a

general rule, this belief is accurate; but just now the effect is unfortunate. For instance, last winter would have been a good time for naval officers to speak out frankly before the Committee on Naval Affairs. Some of them did so; others sterilized their evidence. Still others, who ought to have been called on to tell the facts, never were summoned before the Committee at all. The result is that the volume of hearings on the Naval Bill last winter is more remarkable for its bulk than for the information which it imparts.

One cannot altogether blame an admiral, however, if he dislikes to tell the public or a committee some unpalatable fact. We Americans have been misled by flamboyant magazine articles and Sunday-supplement pictures until we think that we have a thoroughly modern navy, second to Great Britain alone. Of course, we have nothing of the sort. Our navy is an exceedingly bad third to Germany's, and probably, as a matter of fact, would now be found inferior to that of France.

But in order that you may appreciate an admiral's point of view, let us suppose that you were an admiral and were present and heard the Secretary of the Navy testify before a committee of Congress that, "ship for ship and man for man," our navy is the equal of any upon earth. How would you like it if you found it to be your duty forthwith to step forward and explain that half the submarines on the Atlantic Coast are junk? I have in mind an analysis of the navy's gunnery which appeared in a certain magazine in August, 1914. Among other things, the analysis said: "During the last 'battle practise' the fleet scored about 95 per cent of hits." No word of denial was published by the Navy Department. If you were an admiral, how would you like to face a public stuffed with that sort of pabulum and be obliged to tell the blunt, sober truth, that in the individual target practise of our battleships last Spring our giant guns, according to the report of the chief umpire who witnessed the firing, actually did not hit the target oftener than about once out of every eight shots? Yes, there is some excuse for sterilized evidence.

Assuming, however, that the country is waking up, and is getting ready to fit itself to take its proper station among the nations, the problem comes back to the question of just exactly what I think we ought to do in the circumstances.

The question branches in two directions:—

1. What immediate steps for national defense ought we to take in view of the possibility that we may be involved in the present European war?

2. What permanent plan for national defense ought we to inaugurate with a view to having its execution well under way when the European war comes to an end?

In other words, what is the most effective makeshift which at this late date we can improvise for our temporary protection, and what permanent structure ought we to erect behind our improvised makeshift?

Before I try to solve these conundrums, I here and now reserve the right to change my opinion in any or all respects with or without notice. Moreover, I decline to be embarrassed if any views I now express are at complete variance with others which I may have heretofore enunciated.

The limits of this article will not permit me to discuss the coast defenses or the army; but, after all, the navy problem is so much more immediate and so much more important that I shall confine myself to prescribing for the navy.

To answer the foregoing questions, it is essential that the basis on which I am proceeding must first be made perfectly clear. I shall assume, then, that Mr. Daniels is to remain in control of his department,—at all events, for a year and a half to come. This opinion I have formed from reading President Wilson's endorsement of his Secretary of the Navy at the time of the naval review in New York last May. If I am correct in my conclusion, it is hopeless at present to expect to secure legislation which will provide a proper reorganization of our antediluvian methods of administering a navy. European navies have been forced to discard the old system under which an untrained civilian is clothed with unlimited power to interfere in purely military questions; but we still stick to our time-honored fallacies. Mr. Daniels has consistently fought and will continue to fight every effort to curb the powers of his position, and I shall do him the justice to say that I think he would fight equally hard if he himself were going out of office to-morrow. On the whole, I seriously doubt the wisdom of attempting legislation to reform the administrative absurdities of the Navy Department so long as Secretary Daniels is at its head. Granting that we could perhaps put through some sort of law, how much good would it do us if Secretary Daniels did not like it? I know well enough that if I were Secretary of

the Navy I should be sorry for the lot of the unfortunate gentleman whose duty it might be to make effective the provisions of a statute of which I did not approve.

So, with very real reluctance, I feel that we must abandon any serious attempt to reform the paleolithic laws by which the navy is governed. Yet many an officer and enlisted man believes that it is almost impossible to get first-class results out of our present fleet (to say nothing of increasing it), unless we first install a system which will work uniformly and thoroughly, no matter how many monkey wrenches some unseasoned political handicraftsman may clumsily drop into the machinery.

Now I am by no means one of those who think that Secretary Daniels does nothing except drop monkey wrenches. On the contrary, I think he has a very pretty instinct for conceptions which will tickle the public fancy. There can be no doubt whatever that he scored a bull's-eye when he pictured the navy as a great national floating university for the gallant youth of the nation. To be sure, a minority of us secretly felt that, for a naval man, gun-pointing was an even more important study than compound interest, but we were regarded as fretful croakers. As to the new Inventions Board, the idea has undoubtedly taken hold. I shall be disposed to vote it about all the money it can use, as I believe that it is well worth trying—assuming, of course, that the members of the Board will organize to pass on other inventions besides their own.

To return to my main thesis, what immediate emergency steps ought we to take from which we may reasonably expect results within two years? First of all, we ought to build submarines, principally sea-going submarines, as many as we can and as quickly as we can; and we ought at once to start training officers and crews to man those submarines when they are ready. Where the officers and crews are to come from I have no idea, for we are over 18,000 men and over 900 officers short of the full complement for our present fleet. However, the thing has got to be done, even if we must temporarily relegate some more second-line battleships to cold storage, or "reserve," as it is euphemistically called.

According to the Navy and Marine Corps List and Directory, published by the Navy Department July 1, 1915, we have thirty-eight submarines actually completed. This

number includes the submarine F-4, which the Navy Department somewhat grimly continues to reckon as "in full commission," although it is still at the bottom of the sea at Honolulu. The nine oldest submarines are in the Philippines or other Asiatic waters. Eleven submarines are in the Pacific, either on our Western Coast or in Hawaiian waters. Five are at the Panama Canal, and the remaining thirteen are on the Atlantic Coast. After months of effort, twelve of these thirteen submarines were got ready for the naval review in New York last May. Six of the twelve broke down in the manœuvres which followed the review. There you have our exact status at the present time. On the Atlantic and Gulf Coast we have thirteen submarines, half of them decrepit, to guard over 3,000 miles of seashore. One submarine for each 130 miles seems a meager allowance.

In the last four years Congress has appropriated money to build thirty-eight more submarines. About half of them are now under way, and four of them (authorized in August, 1912) are nearly completed. Only three of the entire thirty-eight are to be of the fast sea-going type.

The upshot of it all appears to be that, up to the present time, it has taken three years, and often longer, to complete a submarine after Congress has voted to build it. If we want vessels in a hurry, we have probably got to pay big premiums for speedy construction. Every one knows that small submarines have been completely built for the British Government since the European war broke out. No doubt we, too, could do as much.

It passes my comprehension why we should deliberately cripple the navy by lack of men. We ought to provide full crews for all our ships now in commission or building, and, in addition, full crews for such of our ships in "reserve" as ought to be put in full commission. There is not much sense in building ships and then putting them in "cold storage" for lack of crews to man them. Eighteen thousand men is our present shortage, according to Admiral Badger and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt. In my judgment, that number added to the navy at the present time would be worth more than 100,000 men added to the army. But how are we to get the extra men for the navy? I am sure I do not know. Pay them more, perhaps, or give them a wider opportunity for promotion, which would probably suit a lot of them better.

Before passing on I shall interject a word of comment on this " cold storage " habit of the navy. On October 21, 1914, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, gave a statement to the press in which he calmly announced that we had 12 battleships, 15 cruisers, 22 destroyers, 18 torpedo boats, 12 submarines, and perhaps a dozen miscellaneous fighting ships, either in " reserve " or in " ordinary " or " out of commission." In other words, we had about ninety fighting ships, more or less, relegated to the side lines as " watchful waiters." Incidentally, I ought to explain that a ship in " reserve " has perhaps half a crew, a ship in " ordinary " has enough men aboard to scare off the rats, and a ship entirely " out of commission " is manned by a caretaker. When a vessel has been a long time out of full commission the difference between " reserve " and " ordinary " is the difference between " scrap heap, preferred," and " scrap heap, common."

So my first emergency naval legislation would provide for men and submarines, and plenty of auxiliary vessels and air craft and mines and torpedoes and ammunition. If there were any possible way of building battle cruisers and scouts rapidly, I should include them as being of the very highest importance in my emergency programme.

I shall now proceed to usurp a part of the functions of a Council for National Defense and tell my readers what I think this country ought to lay out as a permanent naval programme for the future. Here again we must first make up our minds as to the basis on which we are to proceed. The General Board of the Navy in 1903 prepared a building programme which, if followed out, would in the Board's opinion make us safe against any nation on earth excepting Great Britain. In his last recommendation to Congress the Secretary of the Navy removed just one-half of the General Board's building recommendations.

Be that as it may, I take issue with the Board. I believe that we ought to be absolutely safe against any nation on earth—not *excepting* Great Britain, but *including* Great Britain. In the European war my sympathies are entirely with the Allies; nevertheless, I do not propose, if I can help it, that the United States shall be at the mercy of any nation on earth, and I shall never subscribe to the doctrine that it is unnecessary for us to take Great Britain into account in our navy estimates. On the other hand, no sensible man

would go so far as to advocate a defense strong enough to master a combination of hostile nations. As former Secretary Bonaparte says, "We must legislate to meet probabilities and possibilities, not conceivabilities."

The last available figures showing the warship tonnage of the world, both vessels built and vessels building, was published by our Navy Department on July 1, 1914. Here it is:

WARSHIP TONNAGE, BUILT AND BUILDING

	Tons
Great Britain	2,714,106
Germany	1,306,577
France	899,915
United States	894,889

So we have a considerable distance to go yet before we are safe. I believe that battle-cruisers equipped with adequate crews are of the utmost importance for us to have and that they should be provided at the earliest possible date. Of course, we must have the heavily armored superdreadnoughts as well; but remember that we have not at the present time a single battle-cruiser, built, building, or authorized, while Great Britain, Germany, Russia and Japan have many battle-cruisers, both built and building. Inasmuch as, under ordinary circumstances, it would take four years after authorization to build a battle-cruiser, we must lose no time in getting to work. By the way, a battle-cruiser such as we need will cost about $7,000,000 more than our greatest superdreadnoughts. The cost may reach $22,000,000 apiece. It is easy to see that we have a pretty bill to face.

The battle-cruiser is a "capital" ship, as the heavy fighting vessels are called. Many amateur strategists think that the days of the great "capital" ships, the dreadnoughts and the battle-cruisers, are numbered, and that the submarine is autocrat. Admitting, as I do, that the submarine is in its infancy, and fully realizing that it is already an admirable defensive weapon, I cannot concede that it has demonstrated its ability to command the seas.

When British ships instead of German are refugees in New York harbor, then I shall know that the British battle-cruiser and the British dreadnought have given way to the German submarine as mistress of the wave. When Sir Cecil Spring-Rice protests against the export of war supplies

while Count von Bernstorff stoutly maintains that strict neutrality requires us to let the trade go on, then I shall vote to send dreadnoughts to the junk heap. But as long as British commerce on the high seas is practically undiminished, so long as the letter which I mail in Boston is regularly delivered in London, so long as British transports continue to pour their hundreds of thousands of British troops into France, so long as the world admits that a German invasion of England is an iridescent dream, just so long I shall continue to believe in the battle-cruiser and the dreadnought. And so I say, "Build battle-cruisers, and lots of them."

In addition to the merchant crews of the auxiliary vessels gathered into the United States service in case of war, the General Board of the navy has reckoned that we shall need from 30,000 to 50,000 additional bluejackets. The larger the proportion of these men who are actually enlisted in the navy when war breaks out, and the smaller the proportion of those who are in reserve, the better off we shall be.

Right here it should be explained that it is proposed to bring former enlisted men of the navy into an organization entitled a "Reserve." But reservists quickly get behind the times. Last year's all-star college football eleven cannot touch this year's high school team, and every one who really knows what team play means understands why that is so.

Furthermore, it is well to remember that apparently there is nothing which goes out of date much quicker than fighting machinery. I should be willing to predict that an admiral would give the same answer as I should to the following conundrum: In case of the outbreak of war, which would you rather have, one bluejacket who used to be a chauffeur or two chauffeurs who used to be bluejackets? In spite of the fact that chauffeurs deal with machinery, I venture to guess that the admiral would pronounce in favor of the regular who was still slim-waisted and likewise familiar with the operation of the latest thing in man-killing apparatus.

Anyway, it does not look as if we were likely to be overburdened with naval reservists. On March 3d last we passed a law creating a Reserve of former bluejackets. In spite of the exceptionally liberal provisions of that law, up to the

middle of June (the last time that I was able to get any figures) only sixty-nine bluejackets had availed themselves of their opportunity. Although it is several years since the Army Reserve law was enacted, at the present time only sixteen men are enrolled. All of which goes to show that young Americans do not like to mortgage their future.

The crux of the question appears to be this: if you make service in the Reserve voluntary, young men will not serve when their enlistments in the regular organizations expire. On the other hand, if you make service in the Reserve compulsory, you are likely to have trouble in getting your original enlistments.

Very pressing indeed is the need of more officers. An admirable bluejacket can be made in two years out of the splendid material which we get nowadays, but it takes the better part of a decade to make a seasoned officer out of the raw young novice who enters the Academy at Annapolis. So I say, increase the size of the Academy, and do not be frightened into believing that it has gone to the dogs because recently a lot of youngsters have shown themselves unworthy of the traditions of the place.

Mr. Daniels tells us that future wars will be fought with electricity, chemistry and machinery. What the Secretary says is quite true, but it is not quite new. Past wars have also been fought with electricity, chemistry and machinery. There is one thing of which we can be equally sure: future wars will be fought, as heretofore, with men and ships and brains as well as with electricity, chemistry and machinery.

If there is one thing more than another which the present European war has demonstrated, it is that long lines of infantry in holes in the ground are stronger than any fortifications which man has ever built. It is easy to read the press headlines and draw wrong conclusions. Novelties appeal to the imagination. We are tempted to jump to the conclusion that numbers and force can be overbalanced by ingenuity. If any one is too much impressed by the best advertised novelties, let him ask himself how much territory Germany has actually gained by her use of poisonous gases.

After all, up to the present time what are the real controlling factors by land and by sea in the European war? Unquestionably the controlling factors are vast numbers of men, quantities of ammunition, heavy guns and big ships.

In other words, numbers and power, but not dexterity, not finesse, not ingenuity. Germany had her vast numbers and her measureless ammunition and her heavy guns ready. Great Britain had her big ships ready. That is the reason why, up to the present time, Germany is ahead on land and Great Britain is ahead at sea.

Here is the moral of it all: Put not your trust in ingenuities and clever contrivances; but put your trust by sea and by land in substantial equipment and solid numbers and mighty power, and good stout hearts to weld them all together.

A. P. Gardner.

THE RÔLE OF THE NATIONAL GUARD

BY MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN, N. G., N. Y.

WHAT part will the National Guard of the country play in any new policy of national defense which may be adopted by Congress? The question is a matter of concern not only to the one hundred and twenty-odd thousand officers and men composing the National Guard of the several states, but it is also of interest to the communities in which the companies, battalions, and regiments composing this force are stationed.

In the first place, of all the great Powers of the world there are but two that rely for the conduct of war upon mercenary armies supplemented by volunteer forces. These are Great Britain and the United States. The other great Powers conduct war through the agency of the nation in arms. In view of the vast difference between the degrees of readiness and efficiency offered by the two systems, the question immediately presents itself whether our Government should not commit itself without delay to the European system of universal military service in time of peace.

There are doubtless in this country some who are prepared to urge the adoption of this system at the present time. They would point out the many economic advantages flowing from universal military service—the improved physique, the greater respect for law and order, the higher degree of self-control, and the increase of disciplined industry among a people who are subject to such service. It is fortunately true that universal military service does offer some extenuating advantages which mitigate its evils, but in the last analysis such a system can only be justified on the ground of necessity, and such necessity does not exist in the case of the United States. The ideal Government is that which interferes least with the liberties and happiness

of its good citizens, and a military system which in time of peace abducts young men from their families and forces them into the army upon attaining a prescribed age constitutes a serious interference with the individual and the family order of things. In Europe, where the boundaries separating states are largely artificial, and where racial antipathies and commercial rivalries are a constant source of international differences, the contest for preparedness has forced the adoption of universal service. It does not, however, follow that a system best adapted to meet the conditions of Continental Europe is the best system for the United States. This may readily be illustrated by considering the populations of the several great Powers which enforce universal service, with that of the United States. Germany, with a population of 65,000,000, maintained at the outbreak of the present war a standing army of 900,000 men; France, with a population of 40,000,000, a standing army of 800,000 men; the Austro-Hungarian Empire, with a population of 50,000,000, a standing army of 440,000 men; Russia, with a population of 171,000,000, a standing army of 1,500,000 men. On the basis of the German figures, if the United States, with its population of 100,000,000, should adopt universal service, it would maintain a standing army of 1,538,000 men. It is obvious, therefore—unless our Government is to prepare for a war of conquest—that no need exists for the maintenance of such vast armed forces. They would be unnecessary for purely defensive purposes, because all the authorities are agreed that with a trained force of 500,000 men this country can successfully resist invasion by defeating in detail the greatest forces that can be transported to our shores in single expeditions. Universal service would therefore result in the creation of a force greatly in excess of possible needs.

If we should so regulate the system of conscription as to provide for a standing army of but 500,000 men, or in fact any number less than the maximum attainable by conscription, then we would cease to have *universal* service and the system would fall down. It would fall down because it would cease to be universal. It is to be remembered that in a system of universal military service the soldiers are not paid. The few cents a day allowed them constitutes a commutation of tobacco and other non-necessities. All the male population serve; so that in the end all strive in civil life under

the same handicap of required military service. If we were to adopt what some are pleased to call a modified form of universal military service, it would be in effect a *limited universal* service,—which, as the term indicates, would be anomalous. When enforced military service ceases to be universal in its application, favoritism results. Those relieved from service will have advantages in the start of the industrial struggle for existence, or, if they do not, those who serve will believe it to be so, and discontent will result. Pay would soon be demanded by those who serve, on the plea that those who are relieved should be assessed to compensate those who are rendering the service. The force, if paid, would become a mercenary professional army, and the cost of such an institution would stagger even a Government as rich as ours. Serious discussion of the adoption of universal military service in this country in time of peace is idle, for the reason that the sentiment of the people is so strong against it that the subject would not be considered. The foregoing facts, however, are interesting as supporting the correctness of that sentiment.

This brings us to a consideration of the expansion of our regular army as an agency to meet the demands of war, and this in turn calls for some understanding of what is meant by "the demands of war."

Having in mind the military power of possible enemies, their point of view, our conduct, and what we deem to be our destiny, and considering also the vastness of our continental territory and the extent and dispersion of our foreign possessions, prudence dictates that we should adopt such military measures as will provide 500,000 trained men, organized into divisions and field armies for prompt use in war, and enable the early organization, equipment and training of a second line of at least a million men.

Our present regular army, including the Philippine Scouts, consists of 5,000 commissioned officers and 92,900 enlisted men, a total of 97,900. Under an act of Congress passed in 1912 there were authorized for the Quartermaster Corps 6,000 enlisted men, not to be counted as a part of the strength of the army. In the same way the enlisted men of the Medical Department are not counted against the strength of the army. The authorized strength of these men is 4,400. The Philippine Constabulary is also not included in the above total strength of the regular army. In 1915 Congress

appropriated for the support of the army $101,000,000. This does not include the appropriation for pensions, which exceeds in amount the appropriation for the army. It is not believed that there are many military authorities in this country who advocate an increase of the regular army to a size sufficient to perform unaided the functions of first-line troops. To expand the regular army from its present strength of approximately 100,000 men to a force approximating 500,000 men would be impracticable: first, because under the voluntary system of enlistments the maximum force which could be obtained would be approximately 150,000 men, as shown by the records of applications for enlistments and rejections; and secondly, because the cost would be out of reason. The best military thought in this country is agreed that our first-line troops should be made up in part of the regular army and in part of some other force, regularly trained and substantially prepared for war. And so, pending legislation to provide in time of peace this force of first-line troops, which will imperatively be needed immediately upon the outbreak of our next war, the War Department has on paper provided for a first line of sixteen divisions, four of which are to be furnished by the regular army, and twelve by the organized militia of the country. As a division aggregates 22,000 men of all arms, these sixteen divisions would furnish a force of 352,000 men, which, with the auxiliary divisions and other auxiliary troops, would total approximately 400,000 men. This force, however, exists largely on paper. The four divisions to be supplied by the army do not exist. But two of the army divisions could be promptly organized. Of the militia divisions, but one exists complete in all its tactical subdivisions; namely, the VI (New York). The VII (Pennsylvania) division is approximately complete, but lacking some field artillery and enginer troops. The remaining divisions each include a group of states, and there is lack of single command, co-ordination and properly balanced composition. Underlying the superficial shortcomings of the militia divisions, there exist organic defects which should be rectified before the forces known as the " Organized Militia " can be reliably depended upon as part of the first line.

The existing strength of the twelve militia divisions aggregates approximately 120,000 officers and men. This force is maintained in part by federal appropriations and in part

by state appropriations, supplemented in some cases by county and municipal appropriations. Each regular soldier costs the Government about a thousand dollars a year to maintain. The average cost of maintenance of the National Guard soldier or member of the Organized Militia is less than one hundred dollars per year, including cost from all sources. The National Guard soldier has therefore much in his favor on the ground of economy. When it can be said that the maintenance of one regular soldier costs as much as the maintenance of ten National Guard soldiers, either the cost of maintaining the regular is too high or the moneys expended in support of the National Guard soldier are inadequate. The organic defects which handicap the efficiency of the force known as the National Guard are legal defects, and flow from the limitations imposed by the Constitution of the United States upon the use to which the militia may be put. The Constitution limits the use of the militia to repelling invasion, suppressing insurrection, and executing the laws.

Right here the reader should have in mind what constitutes the militia of the Constitution. The militia of the Constitution is made up of able-bodied male citizens of the United States between the ages of 18 and 45. For many years the names of such citizens were regularly carried on rolls, and were divided into companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, and divisions, and officers were designated for all of these tactical organizations. The law required that the companies should drill once a year on what was known as Training Day. This force, so organized and trained, was the militia which was laughed off the stage by public opinion and by the appearance and gradual recognition of the independent companies, troops, and batteries which later became known as the National Guard. It is interesting to note that in the public mind the National Guard is believed to be the militia of the country, and color is lent to this view by the designation of "Organized Militia" given to the National Guard by the War Department. The National Guard of the country gradually came to be officially recognized by state, county, and municipal governments because of service rendered from time to time in aid of the civil authorities. The early independent National Guard companies were organized by veteran officers of the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812—experienced soldiers

who realized the worthlessness of the militia by reason of their lack of training, and who sought to provide a dependable substitute. The National Guard gradually fell heir to appropriations made in support of the militia and the latter force, or rather that portion of it which was organized, gradually ceased to have existence.

The so-called " Organized Militia " of the present day is a vastly different force in its efficiency from the militia of the Constitution, with its single annual training day; for the troops composing the twelve militia divisions are clothed in the same manner as the regulars, armed with the same arms, and provided with the same equipment. They follow the same drill manuals, study the same text-books, and in annual field exercises engage in the same tactical problems to the professional benefit of both.

The ignorance of a large part of the intelligent civilian public concerning military affairs is frequently remarked. It was common during the recent field exercises at Fishkill Plains to hear people comment upon what they termed the wonderful discipline and efficiency obtained by the National Guard organizations " in so short a period." They seemed unaware of the fact that the field training period is but the culmination of a year's arduous work, involving not only weekly drills, with frequent week-end outdoor tactical exercises, but attendance at lectures, quizzes and schools for officers and non-commissioned officers.

What has been accomplished during the past few years in the development of efficiency is but an augury of what will result in the next half dozen years if Congress will provide legislation to cure the organic legal defects which handicap the development of the National Guard.

In considering the character of the forces to constitute, with the regular army, our first-line troops, Congress should recognize the military principle that a force, to be dependable for use in war, should be a federal force in time of peace as well as in time of war, so that there may be a direct supervision and control over preparation by the war-making power, namely the Federal Government. The present force known as the " Organized Militia " is not in time of peace a real federal force, but a force composed of forty-eight little armies each with its own ideals and standards of efficiency, and each periodically affected, favorably or adversely as the case may be, by the appointment and activities of a new

Adjutant-General. And so grave is this defect believed to be that military authorities are agreed that the growing efficiency of the National Guard should not lead law-making authorities to gloss over the evil by compromise legislation. Indeed, some officers believe that the force to supplement the regular army should be a new force, in addition to the National Guard, territorially distributed irrespective of state lines, and commanded by officers chosen by the President. Some suggest a distribution of the force by Congressional districts.

It is believed that all such plans are fantastic and wholly impracticable, because they disregard the matter of cost. A "Congressional Army," as it has been referred to by some, would lack armories or barracks, rifle ranges and drill grounds. If it were planned to avoid the cost of providing these by limiting the training to an annual period in the field, the answer is that the men for such a force would not be forthcoming. Service would necessarily be voluntary, and, other than a small percentage of men who would desire an annual outing, the remainder would expect a meeting-place in which to enjoy the companionship of their fellows, which is the greatest attraction the military service has to offer. In the mounted commands the lack of facilities to acquire elementary training in horsemanship, stable management and the grooming and care of horses, would render the force ridiculous upon taking the field.

In this connection it is also to be noted that the amount of monies directly and indirectly appropriated annually by the states for the support of the National Guard is not appreciated by the public. In New York, for example, the funds derived from federal sources bear to the fund derived from state and county sources, a ratio of but one to nine. The states maintain the National Guard not only for use in the suppression of civil disorders, but in furtherance of a policy to make available to the Government in time of need a substantial force of soldiers so equipped and trained that they will render efficient service and reflect credit on the state. This patriotic attitude of many of the larger states is not sufficiently recognized. New York, for example, does not need an entire division of troops to maintain order within its confines. This division, which includes a full brigade of field artillery, is maintained primarily in furtherance of what the people believe to be a moral obligation to support

the power of the Federal Government, because they appreciate the efficiency of the division, and because they realize that its cost of maintenance is but a fraction of what the cost to the Government would be of maintaining a regular force of similar size.

As it is conceded that the first-line troops should be federal troops in time of peace as well as in time of war, and as the claims of the National Guard based upon the conditions above mentioned should be recognized, it would seem to be a proper policy for Congress, in formulating new legislation, to provide for a new force not to exceed 300,000 men in time of peace, and to do this not under the militia provision of the Federal Constitution, but under the provision which gives to Congress the power to raise and support armies. If such legislation would make provision for the taking over by divisions and lesser units of all the officers and enlisted men of the National Guard of the several states, upon their application, a substantial nucleus of the proposed force would be promptly provided.

No prospect of success has ever in the past accompanied such a proposal. Public opinion is now ready for it. The regular army recognizes its necessity if the National Guard is to be made dependable for use in war. The growing sentiment of the National Guard strongly favors it. The fears of self-interest would be the mainstay of National Guard objections, and these would be dissipated by the plan proposed. After the forces became a federal force, the officers being commissioned by the President and the men duly enlisted in the federal service, those who failed to conform to prescribed standards of professional and physical fitness could readily be eliminated without friction. The same patriotic motive which prompts the larger states to maintain in time of peace, in readiness for use by the Federal Government, large tactical units, would prompt such states to continue their financial assistance and moral support, provided there could be established by the terms of the proposed federal law some legal basis for the use of the troops by the state authorities in the event of their need, so that the state would not be under the expense of organizing and maintaining other forces for such purpose. This could be done by a provision in the law that, whenever, in the opinion of the governor of a state, the power of a county or of the state was insufficient to preserve law and order therein, the governor

might call upon the commanding officer of any or all the federal National Guard troops stationed therein to suppress riot and disorder; the cost of such service to be borne by the state or county as the state law might indicate. This would meet the needs of the states, would conform in effect with the present system, and would not in any way be incompatible with the federal status of the troops, if the federal law made provision for such use.

Under this plan the present conditions affecting the legal status of the National Guard would be reversed. Under existing conditions, the National Guard, as already stated, consists of forty-eight state armies bearing an improperly defined relation in time of peace to the Federal Government, but subject to its paramount jurisdiction in time of war. Under the proposed plan, the force would constitute a National Guard in fact as well as in name. It would be a homogeneous force with common ideals, methods, discipline and training. It would be subject to the direct order of the President in time of peace as well as in time of war, and would be available by the states under federal authority and with increased efficiency to meet their military needs in time of local disorder.

Certainly a new era of efficiency would rapidly develop if the above plan were adopted, and this would constitute the strongest argument with state authorities in conforming to the plan, for it would not only make available for state use the troops stationed within the state, but would in most cases ultimately provide troops more highly disciplined and better trained.

From the standpoint of national efficiency and economy, the proposed plan would enable the Federal Government to complete the organization of its first-line troops in a substantial manner, without the many financial and economic objections that would apply to regular troops.

JOHN F. O'RYAN.

THE FUTURE OF THE BATTLESHIP

BY REAR-ADMIRAL CASPAR F. GOODRICH, U. S. N.

Prior to the dreadful war now raging in Europe, the whole of Christendom seemed to have gone mad on the subject of battleships; even countries which our schoolboy geographies used to characterize as "semi-civilized" joining in the race for naval supremacy. The present hostilities have, to a certain extent, postponed the realization of these dreams for some of the minor Powers. The chief shipbuilding nations are doubtless too much engaged in increasing their own naval strength to supply the wants of others. The desire, however, exists practically everywhere, and everywhere the question is asked: What effect will this war have upon our own naval standing? From this query the United States cannot escape.

Whether we approve or disapprove; whether we desire that our fleet shall be, for example, second only to that of Great Britain, and are ready to make the sacrifices necessary to secure that place in the competition, the fact remains that we, too, are in the running; and this fact is well worth study even on the part of those whose confidence in a righteous cause makes them condemn what seems to them a wholly inexcusable waste of public funds. The object of this paper is not to discuss the wisdom of a policy upon which the nation has definitely embarked, but to help the layman in his efforts to reach a conclusion as to what a battleship really is or should be, and to a better understanding of the projects for new types which are brought forward with bewildering frequency.

The term "battleship" is a modern abbreviation of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century "line of battleship," a definition which is self-explanatory. Such a vessel was designed to be associated with others and to take her

place in "the line of battle," in this respect differing from the frigate, for example, which usually acted alone or as scout and lookout for the fleet.

To narrate the phases through which the battleship has passed since its first appearance as a floating battery at the siege of Sebastopol would require a lengthy volume, and would be foreign to the purpose of this article, yet certain features in this evolution may with propriety—indeed, must—be briefly touched upon. These features embody the notion prevailing at any given period of how the ship should be handled in action. For example, after the battle of Lissa, the ram having achieved, and for a period retained, quite universal acceptance as a determining factor in naval engagements, ships were provided with spurs, and handiness in manœuvring dictated their lines. The development of gun efficiency eventually showed that the chances of two such opposing vessels coming into contact were exceedingly small, and that one or the other would, in all probability, be put out of action before closing in to ramming distance. The ram-shaped bow is still with us; but no one ever expects to use it on an enemy.

There are differing views and schools of thought as to the probable way a fleet action would be fought. One school, which believed that ships would engage in line abreast heading for the enemy, was for a time predominant, as shown by the mounting of guns with chief reference to firing directly ahead and directly astern. All of these trends of naval thought can be traced by the curious through an examination of the various types that have been adopted from time to time, particularly in the British Navy —which, by the way, possessed seagoing iron-clads thirty years before the first *Texas* (our earliest modern battleship)[1] came into being.

The balance between gun-power and armor protection has, in its turn, presented a wonderful diversity. We see excessively thick armor associated with inadequate battery, or so concentrated that but a small portion of the ship's vitals is really shot-proof; or a stupendous battery carried by ships which are vulnerable to comparatively light projectiles.

It is impossible to escape the conviction that, in such

[1] The monitors and other iron-clads of the Civil War are omitted from this comparison.

cases, the exact employment of vessels in battle has not been calmly and dispassionately thought out, and that too free a hand has been allowed the naval architect, who cares nothing about tactics, and whose only interest (small blame to him) is to design a vessel which shall be bigger, faster, heavier in gun-fire, of stouter sides, or all combined, than anything previously launched.

The uncertainty in the professional mind as to how the battle would be waged is further reflected in what is known as the "battery distribution," which has ranged over the whole gamut of possibilities. There are cases of the heaviest guns mounted aft and firing over the stern, as if escape from a pursuing enemy were the object—a grotesque thought; many more of the heaviest guns mounted forward, but capable also, of course, of discharge on either broadside. Gradually they became concentrated in two turrets, one towards the bow and one towards the stern—delivering half their weight of projectiles ahead or astern and all on either hand. In the desire to secure a maximum fire, both ahead and astern, these turrets were not infrequently placed *en échelon*, the forward one being, let us say, on the starboard bow and the after one on the port quarter, each firing over the deck and parallel to the keel.

In course of time it became evident that this eccentric straining after an ideal defeated its own ends, and that, taking all things together, the best position for a turret was on the median line. While others had reached the same conclusion so far as the heaviest guns are concerned, we were the first to adopt this principle as absolutely governing the design, so that when, as in the *Michigan* and *South Carolina* (completed in 1909), we eliminated the intermediate battery of eight-inch and seven-inch guns carried by their predecessors, the *Connecticut, Kansas, Rhode Island,* etc., concentrating the main battery into eight 12-inch guns in four turrets, we put the latter all on the median line, two forward and two aft, but the end ones a trifle lower than the others (whose guns fire over them), so as to have four guns available ahead, four guns astern, and eight guns on the broadside. It is gratifying to know that our example in this respect has been followed by other nations without exception.

In the desire to keep pace with foreign navies which were turning out dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts, we felt compelled to meet and settle the question of the best placing

of additional guns. Logically, if mounted on one ship, they should also have gone on the median line, but in a third horizontal plane higher than their neighbors. Doubtless for reasons of stability this latter condition was not fulfilled, and the extra turret in the *North Dakota* class was put on the lower plane, sacrificing that portion of its arc-of-fire which is blocked by the adjacent turret.

The next step is perceived in the Brazilian battleship *Minas Geraes* with her twelve guns in six turrets. The *Michigan's* disposition is adopted for the four at the extremities of the vessel; the remaining two being placed *en échelon,* one on each side. On paper, at least, these last can fire ahead or astern and each on its own broadside direct, as well as *across* the deck, through a limited arc on the other broadside.

As there are two of her class, the question naturally arises whether it would not have been wiser to build three *Michigans* to carry these twenty-four 12-inch guns rather than the two *Minas Geraes.* In this respect, opinions differ, but I have no hesitation in stating that, in my opinion, Brazil made a grave mistake in putting all her guns into two rather than three hulls.

The famous British *Dreadnought,*[1] completed in October, 1906, was a new departure in battleships. It was sought to embody in her design the maxima of battery power, protection and speed. She was given ten 12-inch guns in five turrets,—none, however, firing over another,—one forward and two aft on the median line, and two, abreast each other, at the sides. She can direct six of these guns ahead or astern and eight on either broadside. She has in an action "end on" (something exceedingly improbable of occurrence), two more guns than the *Michigan,* the same number in broadside, and she can steam two and a half knots faster,—a very deceptive advantage which will be discussed later. For this trifling superiority she has had to pay a heavy price. Than the *Michigan,* she is seventy feet longer, nearly two thousand tons heavier, with main or belt armor an inch thinner and no such central casemate or superstructure for the welfare and comfort of her crew. I am not alone in believing the *Michigan* a more formidable vessel than the *Dreadnought,* possessing as she does equal weight of broadside fire, better

[1] The figures quoted in this paper are mostly taken from Brassey's *Naval Annual,* Jane's *Fighting Ships,* and *The Naval Pocket Book.* None are confidential.

protection, and probably greater handiness in manœuvre.

The advent of the *Dreadnought* was attended by a veritable panic in naval circles everywhere; all previous ships were regarded as outclassed; and to-day navies are compared solely by the number of dreadnoughts and superdreadnoughts they can muster. The new point of view, which dismisses former battleships as "obsolete," may have been fostered by Great Britain for a political end, since she counts by the score excellent craft of the *Lord Nelson, King Edward VII, Queen, Albemarle, Implacable* classes, not to mention other types, of which the first two and last one have a much heavier total fire in any given number of minutes, and have in actual target practice made a vastly greater number of effective hits, than the *Dreadnought;* but it may be that the advocates of the *Dreadnought* were sincere in considering her predecessors as thoroughly discredited. Of course, one hit by the *Dreadnought's* 12-inch gun is more damaging than one from the *Implacable's* 6-inch gun (the *Implacable* carries four 12-inch guns as well); but at ranges that enable armor to keep out 12-inch projectiles, an enormous pouring in of 9.2, 8, 7 and 6-inch shells must work havoc on unprotected parts of the vessel assailed, a fact abundantly demonstrated in the fight at Tsushima. I am not decrying the *Dreadnought* or arguing that older ships are better; I am only pointing out that the latter constitute a reserve of immense value. Naval warfare, like nature, does not advance *per saltum,* and we must not be blinded by the glamor of any new proposition whose partisans find in it the all sufficient solution to a world-old problem.

Even we were led astray for a time. In the *Delaware, Utah, Arkansas* and their twins (for there are two vessels of each group), we sought to surpass the powers of the *Dreadnought* and her successors. Thus the *Delaware* and the *Utah* can bring ten 12-inch guns to bear on the broadside as against the *Michigan's* eight, and they have from 2.2 to 2.5 knots more speed; but again the price had to be paid. They are sixty feet longer, from 4,000 to 5,500 tons heavier, and their main armor belt one inch thinner. The *Arkansas* has available twelve 12-inch guns (fifty per cent. more than the *Michigan*) and two knots more speed, for which gain the inexorable laws of naval architecture demand their commensurate toll in 100 feet greater length, 10,000 tons more displacement, and the loss of an inch in the armor belt thick-

ness. The *New York* and *Texas* are practically like the *North Dakota* in design, but their guns are of 14-inch calibre instead of twelve. The change in battery entails a length greater by fifty-five feet and 7,000 tons more displacement.

While other Powers have toyed with eccentric placing of turrets, we have held fast to basic principles and kept ours where they should be—on the median line. The next pair of battleships, the *Nevada* and *Oklahoma,* are of the admirable *Michigan* type, while two of the turrets, the lower ones, contain three 14-inch guns each. The *Pennsylvania* and the *Arizona* carry twelve 14-inch guns in four triple gun turrets. Their displacement is 31,000 tons, 3,500 tons greater than the *Nevada,* which they closely resemble.

The British seem indisposed to go to excessive size. The ships provided for in the estimates for 1915 are to displace less than 26,000 tons, except one of 27,500 tons, and are to carry eight 15-inch guns. Where we build two of a class, she builds from four to eight. It is interesting to note that only in her recent ships has she adopted the American scheme of all turrets on the median line, and that the five ships of the *Queen Elizabeth* type are exactly similar in type to our *Michigan,* carrying each eight 15-inch guns. The *Iron Duke,* flagship of her battle fleet, is of the *New York* and *Texas* type, but armed with 13.5 instead of 12-inch guns. Germany showed the same reluctance, but finally adopted it on her *Markgraf* and *Ersatz Worth* classes, the last of which, by the way, are supposed to carry eight 15-inch guns mounted as in the *Michigan.* The Italians and Austrians were quick to adopt the three-gun turret, while France is actually putting four guns into one turret.

It seems proper at this point to call attention to facts which are but too generally overlooked by those who discuss this momentous problem: that the ship herself is nothing but a movable platform for the gun, and that her value depends primarily, I had almost said absolutely, upon the range, volume, and accuracy of her gun-fire. We talk about "obsolete ships" when in reality we mean obsolete guns. When Assistant Secretary Roosevelt asked a number of naval officers which they would prefer, one *Wyoming* or twenty *Oregons,* they replied, with practical unanimity, that they would fight the one *Wyoming* against twenty *Oregons.* So everybody jumped at the conclusion that the *Oregon* is worthless.

At present she can, with impunity, be engaged beyond range of her own battery by the new guns of the *Wyoming,* but replace her short 13-inch guns with modern weapons and a different story might be told. It should never be forgotten that it is the gun, and the gun alone, which has determined the issue in naval battles.

If we lay down the principal characteristics which a battleship should present, we shall be in a position to test the variations manifested in recent constructions, especially abroad, and decide in a general way upon their value.

The military traits of a battleship are offensive strength (the ability to deliver hard blows), and defensive strength (the ability to stand severe punishment). Second to these are speed, the capacity to cover long distances without recoaling (for a ship that is engaged in replenishing her bunkers is a ship non-existent for the time being), and habitability. Under the last term are included berthing space, deck room for exercise, and the countless arrangements on board for taking care of the personnel in sickness and in health. It is only robust and well men who count—every man laid up by illness is a man lost to the battle. The decisive engagement may not last thirty minutes, but the precedent campaign may be and has been of many months' duration. During this period of strain it is imperatively necessary to keep the bodies strong and healthy, the spirits bright and cheerful, that officers and men may go into action fresh, hearty and confident in themselves. For this reason I regard habitability as an exceedingly important military quality.

It was, in the old days, a maxim that "the ship is built to fight her fellow," but an analysis of vessels actually constructed would seem to prove that the maxim has more often been honored in the breach than in the observance. Taking the thickness of the armor likely to be encountered as the starting point, and knowing, as we do, the penetration which may reasonably be expected at a distance regarded by naval experts as probable in coming wars, we can determine the calibre of the gun capable of piercing it under the assumed conditions. It will be perceived that there are three factors entering into the question: the thickness of the belt, the calibre of the gun attacking it, and the range or distance between the ships engaged, affecting, as it does, the velocity and therefore the striking force of the shot.

Fix any two of these factors and the third can readily be determined. Until recently, 6,000 or 8,000 yards were considered the probable extreme limits of engagement, and the 12-inch gun large enough for all practical purposes, but actual battles have been fought at 18,000 yards. Profitably to engage at that range an *Iron Duke* carrying a 12-inch belt, we should mount guns whose projectiles can, not infrequently, perforate the belt at the incredible distance of nine nautical (ten statute) miles. Nothing now afloat can do this. Indeed, even a 15-inch shell would have no chance of penetrating unless the ships came within seven miles of each other. May we not thin this armor and put the weight saved into other armor or more battery power? It should not be forgotten that the bigger the shell, the larger its explosive charge, the variation being as the cube of the calibre, or, as between a 15-inch and a 12-inch shell, nearly two to one. No wonder guns on board ship are growing!

We have seen that the *Michigan* type can carry eight 12-inch guns on a moderate displacement and moderate length. It may be well to state that merchant vessels are rated by their "tonnage" or cargo capacity, a form of measurement inapplicable to men-of-war for which the gauge of size is "displacement," or the total weight of the ship and all her contents, animate and inanimate. Formerly, if we wanted more guns we had to have more turrets and a longer ship, resulting in a larger target for shells and torpedoes; now, we widen the turret and put more guns into it, instead of lengthening the ship.

The reversion to our *Michigan* type in our last designs is an encouraging symptom. The additional guns, being placed three in one turret, are economically mounted, and undue length of vessel is avoided. The massing of guns in the old three-deckers was due to a desire for concentration. Their guns had so short a range that concentration of projectiles on the target could be secured only by concentrating the guns themselves. To-day, with almost limitless range, the guns may be spread out to any desired extent without sacrifice of projectile concentration. It is by no means certain that fewer guns on board each ship, more ships, and a longer "line of battle," may not be desirable. Involving, as it does, the question of "fire control," this point cannot here be satisfactorily discussed.

To many laymen an armored vessel is like the knight of

old encased in steel from head to foot. Nothing could be further from the fact. The water-line, turrets, central casemates and conning tower are so protected, but a large part of the ship is not protected at all. Against this part smaller guns are entirely effective. Damage here is dangerous through demoralization of the crew, through wrecking ventilators, air shafts and funnels, through causing fire. History tells us that ships are beaten by these agencies, and that very few are actually sunk by projectiles. Herein lies the value of the secondary battery of, say, 5-inch or 6-inch guns of the pre-*Dreadnought* type of vessel. Some careful students of naval warfare deprecate the elimination of the secondary battery with its great use as a protection, and prefer more such guns to heavier armor. Whether they are right it will be interesting to learn from events.

It would seem as if, in attempting to rival other Powers in their development of the individual vessel, these essential facts have been almost universally ignored: that single-ship actions are a thing of the past; that naval battles in the future will be settled by fleets; that each ship should be so designed as to take her place in the line as one unit in harmony with the other units; that general similarity of these units in tactical qualities (turning power and speed) and battery disposition are essential to effective handling and employment of the fleet as a whole; that a couple of *Leviathans,* in spite of their great power, may hinder rather than help; that even a fleet of *Leviathans* might not prevail over a fleet of smaller vessels of a well balanced type mounting a like number of guns; that practically the same amount of money would buy more *Michigans,* for example, than *Leviathans,* both bringing an equal number of guns into the line of battle; that a *Michigan* could be better spared from the fleet for coaling or repairs than a *Leviathan;* that it is not always wise to put many eggs in one basket.

In rather desultory fashion I have pointed out the relation which subsists between armor thickness and gun calibre, these, with the number and disposition of the guns, being the military characteristics presented by the battleship. Closely allied is the matter of speed. In this respect the preponderance of naval opinion is, unquestionably, that speed is an important quality and that, roughly speaking, the more speed a ship has the better. I admit the advantage speed offers in the ability to get to the scene of action promptly;

but this advantage may not, in fact, be worth the price paid for it. Indeed, if your enemy gets away before you arrive he is already thrashed. To him, seeking to avoid action, superior speed is *sine qua non.* If he wants to fight he will wait for you, and then quick, hard hitting and the ability to withstand his return blows will determine the result—not speed. It is possible that, through lack of speed, you may not get to the place until the enemy has gone there, carried out his own plan and sailed away, but this case is exceedingly rare if we may believe history. The true objective is, habitually, the enemy's fleet. The combatant who loses sight of this fact invites and seldom fails to suffer defeat.

There are always two ends to a fleet's line of battle. If you cannot easily reach the head, then slow down and go for the tail. Your adversary must, as a rule, follow your motions and prove that it is the slower fleet and not the faster which sets the pace in a naval engagement. In battle, unless your superiority in speed is fifty per cent., you will have no particular tactical advantage. Of all the qualities in a ship none is so fickle as speed; at any moment a bearing may get hot or a pump break down or a boiler tube blow out, and stop or slow down she must and does.

In the fight off Santiago, our newest and fastest ship, far from approaching her trial speed of 17.1 knots, could only limp along at, as I understand, about nine knots an hour. Had she done only fifteen knots, the *Oregon* would not have carried off the honors of that day. At Tsushima, again, the same thing happened. The paper speed of the Russian fleet was not forthcoming. How gladly would the commander have welcomed, on that fatal day, the extra inches of armor or the heavier gun-fire which had been sacrificed for the twenty knots he wanted for escaping and never could obtain! Off the Falklands last January, the 27-knot *Invincible* made but 24 knots according to unofficial accounts.

It is the slowest vessel in the fleet which sets the pace. In the pre-*Dreadnought* days our later ships had a designed speed of about eighteen knots; but the appearance on the scene of this remarkable 21-knot vessel was the signal for naval architects everywhere to design ships equally fast. On our side of the Atlantic, the *Delaware* was the reply, and her excess knots over those of her forerunners were paid for by thinner armor along the water line. It must be remem-

bered that, having fixed upon the battery and the armor, you can have any speed you like, but the faster the ship the bigger she must be. A *Leviathan* of thirty knots is possible, but only in a vessel of many thousands of tons. There is, of course, a natural and normal increase of speed with increase of size and especially in length, for the bigger the ship the less horsepower is required to propel a ton of displacement at any given rate. I mention that qualification lest it be objected that I have ignored the fact that, other things being equal, the larger ship is of necessity the faster. What gain comes legitimately I am ready to accept, but I deprecate the gain which is not legitimate.

The actions off the Falkland Islands and in the North Sea during the present war throw no light upon the subject further than to show the value of speed in escape—something never in question. The successes achieved there, and off Coronel, were due to the gun and the gunner. Until opposing battleships come into collision, it is wise to hold our judgment in suspense.

We are in no position to laugh at others, however, for did we not, in blind imitation of foreign navies, and in spite of warnings and protests of conservative students of naval affairs, continue to add armored cruisers to our fleet year after year? Even when Cervera's defeat off Santiago proved conclusively (if proof were indeed needed) that armored cruisers are no match for battleships, we kept gaily on in our false path and constructed the former when, at the same price, we could have had the latter.

Had any attention been paid to the opposition, we should now have, instead of ten lightly-clad armored cruisers, as many battleships, nearly enough indeed to form a second battle fleet able to dominate the Pacific Ocean. We purged our system of this madness six or eight years ago, but the evil results of the seizure still linger.

Events thus far during the war in Europe have largely diverted attention from the battleship towards the battle-cruiser and the submarine. As to the first, it is legitimate to contend that if A has heavily armed and very swift vessels, B, his possible enemy, ought to have some of the same class with which to meet their attacks. Just as every machine shop has a variety of tools in order to be able to undertake any work that may be brought to it, so a navy needs several types of craft that it may perform its various tasks

promptly and efficiently. The battle-cruiser is not such a vessel as should ordinarily be called upon to "lie in the line of battle," however useful on occasion and as a scout at all times. A few we may well covet, but not one at the expense of the real monarch of the seas, the battleship.

In one sense, it may be said that, from the technical standpoint, this war is between the battleship and the submarine. However decided, the latter has certainly come to stay. Of that there can be no doubt. No close student of the present war can fail to observe that it has lately taken on the rôle of a gun vessel in addition to that of a torpedo vessel. I have long known confidentially that it has been extensively used as a scout, a fact I may now mention publicly, since it is announced in Brassey's last issue of the *Naval Annual.*

The submarine has brought new problems into naval tactics which must gravely influence the handling of the battleship. Its power of destruction is beyond estimate—as it has proved already in many instances. Linked with that power is the twin quality of almost total invisibility—a formidable combination, surely. It labors, however, under two disadvantages: its invisibility is not entirely complete—it must at least lift its periscope above the water in order to recognize its target; and it is extremely vulnerable. Any rupture of its skin spells ruin. I am not at liberty to state the number of German submarines already captured or destroyed. It is so large that one must unstintedly admire the courage of their officers and seamen.

Tactically, its influence on the battleship has been to make the latter, when at rest, intimately dependent on external means of defense, such as nets, torpedo boats, etc., and probably to hamper its free movement in a fleet action. Previous to its advent, the captain had but his visible enemy to consider; to-day, he must be on his guard against an unseen, under-water foe. That ships can ever be so built as to survive the successful planting by a submarine of even one modern torpedo seems unlikely, but a minuter subdivision of their hulls may well be expected in future constructions in the hope of minimizing the risk of complete destruction. To Americans, it must be an interesting reflection that the present battles for supremacy in the air and beneath the surface of the water are based upon the inventions of their countrymen—Bushnell, Holland, and Wright.

CASPAR F. GOODRICH.

OUR RAILROADS AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

BY CHARLES O. HAINES.

ALL plans for national defense which do not include the most far-reaching use and co-operation of our railroads must, of necessity, prove both superficial and futile. For a preparedness which omits from its calculations the greatest economic agency of our country, will limp haltingly enough in the event of war. An aroused public sentiment has demanded accretions to our army, our navy, our coast defenses and munitions of war. We are encouraging the education of civilians on military lines. Each of these plans comprises a separate and grave problem. And each requires, from the expert, the keenest intelligence and foresight. But in none of the discussions of the military policy of the United States is mention made of the part our railroads might and should take in the scheme of national defense. Nowhere is there evidence of any plan to utilize these great organisms, so highly developed, so eminently efficient, and so diverse in their activities; remarkable for their powers of mutual co-operation, and co-ordinated with all other economic and governmental agencies of our country.

It is assumed that the Quartermaster-General will arrange for the transportation of troops and munitions of war under conditions, and at charges, deemed suitable. It is expected that numbers of railroad employees will be enrolled in the armed forces, and employed in ways for which their civil training has peculiarly fitted them. Yet transportation, on which the prosperity of a country depends in times of peace, becomes the chief factor in the conduct of any war. It is a basic consideration of modern warfare that armies must move by railroads. Transportation problems in times of peace have their own intricacies. But the prob-

lems of transportation in times of war are wholly different. They are, in fact, so many and so varied as to overshadow all those separate problems which we are now considering, and which must continue to appear isolated until co-ordinated by this great agency.

Germany's foresight in recognizing the underlying differences between conducting railroad transportation during peace and during war has contributed enormously to her initial successes in the present conflict; while the British Government was,—within a few weeks after the commencement of hostilities,—obliged to recognize this great fact at a cost we cannot yet know, but which will certainly be very great.

With us, however, there is no reason to believe that we are, as yet, aware of this distinction. In this respect at least, we seem to have made no advance since our war with Spain. The attitude then, both of the railroads and of our military leaders, was that the transportation of armies and their needs involved a purely commercial transaction; and the Quartermaster-General was required to arrange for the movement of so many men and so much freight to Port Tampa, Chickamauga, or Montauk, as the case might be. He, or his representatives, called on the traffic officials of different railroads for proposals as to rates, routing, and facilities for handling the business. The most satisfactory proposals were accepted, and troops or munitions of war were sent forward by that route. Traffic officials sought this new business with the same ardor and persistence as they sought an excursion to a fair, or a Grand Army encampment. Shipments of munitions of war were desirable to the extent that the traffic was profitable. One particularly energetic official of the railroad that the writer was at the time managing succeeded in getting a shipment of ammunition for Tampa forwarded by us, though the route was some hundreds of miles longer than the direct one.

Our Government declared war on Spain April 25, 1898. But it was not until May 8 that the Quartermaster-General directed his subordinates to make proper arrangements with the railroad officials, so that troops might be moved with "comfort and celerity." The results of this haphazard policy, concurred in by both Government and railroad officials, were deplorable. They failed of being disastrous only by reason of the feeble resistance of the enemy. Yet, while our press directed public attention to delays in for-

warding troops, and, more frequently, to the manner in which needed war supplies were held up, the happenings at the front were more interesting, and these adverse criticisms made no lasting impression.

Our railroads to-day are admirably organized and highly efficient. But they are efficient as agents of commerce. They are organized for times of peace. Judging from the lessons of the war of 1898, this wonderful organization, specialized for peaceful commerce only, would again break down into chaos under the stress of a great war. Out of that chaos, sooner or later, would come a capable military organization, but, in the meantime, the nation would have suffered irreparable loss. Yet the time to perfect plans for military and railroad co-operation is while we are at peace with all the world. Our railroad organizations should now be developed and strengthened, so that we may rely with confidence upon their subserving the purposes of the nation at war, and, at the same time, maintain the uninterrupted flow of commercial traffic.

In order to facilitate our present brief survey of this subject, and for the sake of greater clarity, we may consider the national uses of our railroads in time of war under three headings: (1) Utilization of permanent way and structures; (2) Utilization of rolling stock and equipment; (3) Utilization of personnel.

But in any attempt, however tentative, to mould the relationship of the railroads to our military policy, it immediately becomes evident that we must cease to consider our roads as separate systems, and regard them as a whole. In this way only will transportation systems fuse into a comprehensive plan for national defense all those separate problems of army or navy accretions, of coast defense or munitions of war, on which our national attention is now being concentrated. For only by considering our railroads as a whole could all troops and supplies be forwarded by the most expeditious route, whether it be all included in one railway system, or be made up of two systems—or of ten. Obviously, stress should be laid upon our aim to maintain the separate organization and personnel of each company, merely subordinating all corporate considerations and interests, for the time being, to our military exigencies.

The selection of the military trunk lines would depend first upon regional or geographical considerations; and,

secondly, upon questions of direction, grades, solidity of construction, and security from enemy attack under given conditions. Certain roads would be chosen as feeders or auxiliary lines to the military trunk lines, and certain other roads would be designated chiefly for commercial usage. The interdependence of rail, water, and trolley lines, for strategic purposes, must necessarily be considered, and their physical connections with one another perfected.

Now, although problems of military transportation should be stated by the military strategist, it may be permissible to suggest one, in order to show the complexity and importance of their elements. Let us suppose that an enemy had invaded New England. Let us imagine an army being rushed forward from the Great Lakes to the aid of the defense. The approved plan for military purposes might select the New York Central lines with all of their tracks for the forward movement of troops, while the returning empty equipment might be routed over the Erie. Ammunition and war supplies would possibly be forwarded over the Pennsylvania, the West Shore, and the Delaware and Hudson. In the meantime, however, the great cities in New York and New Jersey would have to be fed, and the Lackawanna and Lehigh Valley would be designated to transport such supplies. But if the expeditious movement of empty equipment necessitated the use of part of the Lackawanna trackage, thus breaking up the continuous operation of that system, this would have to be arranged for by utilizing part of some connecting lines, so that the inflow of supplies for the civil population would be ensured. One such example serves to show the need for an unhurried study of these problems, by both transportation expert and military strategist.

To facilitate such study a first requisite would be the preparation of a railroad map of the United States drawn by competent cartographers, but *from the military standpoint.* On this should be designated the military trunk roads, their feeders or auxiliaries, and also those lines to be set apart for commercial purposes and for civilian benefit. We have already seen that, in the selection of such lines, little or no consideration should be paid to actual ownership, since parts of different railways may be advantageously combined to form one strategic road. Beside showing telegraph, telephone lines, and wireless stations—even though the same lines are mapped separately—these maps must show the

physical character of the railroads, their grades, number of tracks, character of construction, character of bridges and their location; the kind and character of all connecting tracks, or tracks to landing places on water lines. They must also give the location of regimental depots, army posts, instruction camps, and military headquarters; tracks into such military establishments, as well as tracks for entraining or detraining troops, supply depots, etc., would all be shown. These maps should indicate where additional tracks, bridges, stations, sidings, wharves, or docks would be needed in time of war and the property which would have to be acquired.

With the preparation of these military maps there should also go forward a study of the situation from the same point of view. In this way, recommendations as to additions and improvements to our transportation facilities, regimental and supply depots, camp sites and tracks thereon, would be compiled, for submission to the Government or the owner companies. In many cases, existing railroad structures, particularly freight houses, could be selected for territorial recruitment and regimental depots.

The preparation of equipment data for military purposes would be another work of prime importance. All railroads keep records of their rolling stock, motive power, and other equipment. These are complete as to all necessary details, corrected and revised frequently and regularly. There exists also a list of all rolling stock, which is up to date and accurate. And while this information is only for railroad purposes, it is of the highest military importance, though not, from the military standpoint, sufficiently complete. For such purposes, the capacity of every passenger and freight train car should be stated in terms of men and horses. And it should also be known what classes of equipment, by reason of their size or weight, are limited to use on certain lines; as well as what equipment is capable of speedy conversion into armored trains, siege gun carriages, and the like, and where it is located. Our railroad hospital cars should be listed, described, and assigned to service. Complete information should be available as to the manner and time required to convert postal, dining, and officers' cars into hospital cars; and whether postal cars should not now be so designed as to permit of their quick and satisfactory conversion into hospital cars, or cars for headquarters. Just here, it may be well to remind ourselves that not until the

16th of June, 1898, when the Spanish War had been in progress for many weeks, was a hospital car put into service, and that had accommodations for but 270 men. And when we consider that, to-day, Russia has three bath trains, each capable of furnishing 3,000 baths daily beside providing other comforts for the men at the front, the military possibilities in our railway equipment become patent. Our railroads also have many special types of mobile machines—steam-shovels, pile-drivers, derrick-cars, etc.—which may be found to have their particular military uses. These, as well as the equipment of our large contracting and construction companies, should all be listed. For if we are sufficiently far-sighted to plan for its military use, no other nation has ready at hand such valuable railroad equipment as our own.

In the personnel of our railroads will be found the third great asset for military purposes. The assignment of railway officials peculiarly fitted for the work of the military trunk lines might be readily accomplished without severing their connection with their own companies. This might be done in much the same way that our army and navy officers are detached from customary duties, and detailed to others, as the Government needs require. Our railroads employ a million and a half of men—and many women—with an average grade of intelligence higher than any other class in the country, professional or artisan. Their training is of the best, their discipline of the highest, their sense of responsibility the most completely developed. In this great body are men of all trades and most professions. To draft men haphazard from it for our armed forces would be folly. Even to permit every individual member of it the choice of enlistment, as the more patriotic duty, would be wrong. Many railroad employees would be of far greater service to the nation on the tracks than in the trenches. It will be necessary to make a roster which will include all classes, and many individuals, describing their duties and special aptitudes in times of peace, and with the nation at war. It should prescribe the proportion of different classes that should be released for army service, and while providing men for military transportation, also provide them for commercial transportation. From their number, certain men might be chosen or might volunteer for special instruction in connection with the national defense. It has long since been found advantageous to instruct train and station men in the safe

handling of explosives, by means of lectures illustrated with lantern slides, and by moving pictures. A similar method should be devised to explain the features of military transportation by rail, the construction—and destruction—of tracks and bridges under war exigencies, and, in various ways, to familiarize railway men with the different requirements of the two kinds of transportation. These lectures should be given wherever considerable bodies of railroad men can conveniently assemble. The illustrations should show the entraining and detraining of infantry, cavalry, field artillery, and siege guns. Instruction in a suitable manner should also be given to train despatchers, yard masters, and conductors, in regard to the assembling and despatching of troops, hospital and supply trains.

Those men who were assigned to, or volunteered for, special duty in time of war, should be instructed now. In the case of many of the managers or superintendents, this would not be of a formal character, for their experience will qualify them for such duties, and their attention once directed to the subject, they will perfect their capabilities by reading and by discussion in their various associations. For others, the additional study needed would be confined to one or two special instruction pamphlets. Railroad surgeons could become military surgeons merely by a change of title. But the telegraph operator would require considerable technical information before he could be transferred to the signal corps. Quartermasters and their assistants should be selected from the railroad purchasing and supply departments, for these men would need but a knowledge of laws regulating their duties, and the special forms and reports required.

It is needless to pursue this matter further. The main thing to be borne in mind is that, under a properly developed military policy, railroad men generally will have been made acquainted with their different responsibilities and relationships in advance. If war were imminent, these men would take up their new duties automatically, and if the troops and munitions of war had been provided, they would be sent forward with speed and certainty wherever the strategist might direct.

Another important, though subsidiary, element in the relationship between the Government and the railroads in time of war, is the question of remuneration. In 1862, the

railroad presidents in convention prepared and submitted a uniform tariff for Government transportation. It was accepted as just and equitable, and, regardless of the depreciation of currency, continued in force until the close of the war. A just and equitable arrangement should now be made for relieving the railroads of part of the burdens war would impose upon them. It is more than doubtful whether a tariff for the transportation of men and supplies would again prove practicable. It is probable that the railroads should be remunerated on the same basis which we have considered in their utilization: namely, payment for the use of tracks, of equipment and of men. The experience of Germany, France, and particularly England, would help us here; and the association of railway accountants would aid materially in working out a suitable method for us.

But if we concede that in a plan for national defense the railroads of the United States must be treated as a whole, it is manifest that they must be represented as a whole in the preparation of this plan. For this purpose there should be organized a Railroad Bureau of National Defense. The main function of this organization would be to effect the co-operation of the railroads and the military departments of the Government. But it should do much more. This Bureau should be charged with the collection of data, and the preparation of preliminary plans. Through its agency, the aid and advice of the various railroad technical associations should be obtained and utilized. It should establish the closest and most harmonious relations with the great railroad brotherhoods, and count upon their effective and patriotic co-operation. It should inaugurate and develop a system of instruction in military transportation, and prepare and keep up the roster of railroad men for military purposes.

The establishment of a Railroad Bureau of National Defense, as described, might well be left to the American Railway Association—the leading railway society of the United States, of which the railroad organizations themselves are the members, and wherein they are represented by their highest officials. If this great work should be undertaken by the American Railway Association, success would be assured—for it can point to a wonderful record of achievement. To it we owe standard time, and the standardization of railway practice throughout the United States. Its rec-

ommendations are everywhere received with respect, and many of them have been incorporated in the laws of the land. Following the usual procedure of the Association, a Committee on National Defense might be added to its list of standing committees. Members of this committee could, and should, be the directors of the Railroad Bureau of National Defense. The American Railway Association could easily arrange for the support of this Bureau.

In suggesting the American Railway Association as the proper body to inaugurate a Bureau of National Defense, the writer has not overlooked the fact that Mexican and Canadian roads are eligible to membership therein. It is felt, however, that this fact may be disregarded, because of the possibility of eliminating all alien representatives from any consideration of the subject of national defense.

Congress has been convincingly urged to establish a Council of National Defense, which, to use the language of the proposed act (H. R. 1309), is to "report to the President, for transmission to Congress, a general policy of national defense and such recommendation of measures relating thereto, as it shall deem necessary and expedient." It is greatly to be hoped that Congress will constitute such a body, and, if so, the railroads should be adequately represented thereon by appointment of one or more members of the American Railway Association Committee on National Defense. By this close co-operation of the railroads with the Council of National Defense, the opportunity will be afforded to discuss many problems more effectively.

The many activities and beneficial results of a railroad bureau acting in co-operation with the Council of National Defense would become manifest to the nation only in event of war. But the railroads, and indirectly the public, would benefit also even in times of peace. From the broader training of their personnel would come an increase in efficiency and a more perfect unity of action, which could not fail to increase public confidence in our railway systems. And to railroad employees would come a more serious attitude toward their civic obligations, and a higher patriotism. Thus a Railroad Bureau of National Defense would soon justify its existence through our greater sense of national solidarity and security. Through its operation, the distinction between commercial and military transportation would be clearly defined.

To-day, on the battlefields of Europe, methods of military transportation are being tried as by fire. There and now should our transportation experts be acquiring that knowledge which would be of such inestimable value to us as a nation, were our country involved in war. For though our military forces be great, well disciplined, and well armed, they must depend for their success upon transportation. Fail they must if our railroads fail them. And thus to court failure may conceivably bring disaster to the Republic.

CHARLES O. HAINES.

"THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS"

BY A. MAURICE LOW

During the last few months our ears have been much belabored with a high-sounding phrase. The world dearly loves a phrase, and the less of meaning it has the more it will be petted and coddled. "High air castles are cunningly built of words, the words well bedded also in good logic mortar," rails Carlyle in cynical mood, but philosophical withal, his cynicism gleaming with the flame of truth. "The Freedom of the Seas" is the latest shibboleth. Serious men and serious publications have fallen to its charm, and there are to-day many well meaning persons, doing their thinking at second-hand, who are victims to the mischief of this fallacious phrase.

Let us begin by clearly understanding what is meant. In time of peace, when nations respect international law and the code of morality, the seas are free to all the world. The sea is the one great Democracy, for there all nations are equal and the ocean bestows impartially its favors. England, the greatest naval Power in the world, possesses no rights that are not enjoyed by Holland, whose naval power is negligible; or shared by Switzerland, whose flag no ocean has seen. England's naval strength gives her no advantages over other nations; she is subject to the same laws and rules and regulations; her might does not absolve her from responsibilities or relieve her from obligations. "The freedom of the seas" is, therefore, an expression without meaning and without value when conscience governs, when sanity rules, when morality is dominant, and nation calls to nation in the voice of friendship. But what is the case in time of war?

This phrase would not have been much heard if German calculations had worked out successfully. We must state the facts plainly in order to ascertain the truth. When Germany

plunged Europe into war a year ago she relied with as much confidence on her navy as on her army; she was as certain that her navy was strong enough to enable her to keep the sea as she felt secure in the invincibility of her army. Events quickly made her realize that she had as greatly overrated her own naval strength as she had underestimated that of her opponent. A few months after the declaration of war the German mercantile flag vanished from the seven seas; the great German merchant marine, on which the life of the Empire depends, had either fallen prize to the enemy, or was bottled up in neutral ports, or tied up to the deserted docks of home ports: a mocking memory of what once had been Germany's pride. Her ships of war, after having given a gallant account of themselves, were battered and sent beneath the waves or driven to seek asylum by internment; her fighting fleet, refusing to fight, is powerless. In contrast to the collapse of German sea power, her enemy carried out the most marvellous troop movement the world records. Hundreds of thousands of men, with their horses, guns and supplies, were sent from the four quarters of the globe to France. Hundreds of thousands of tons of merchandise—raw material for manufacturing purposes, foodstuffs, military equipment of all kinds—had entered and cleared from the ports of Great Britain and France. And while this was going on, possible only because the German navy virtually was non-existent and the British navy held command of the seas, the coast of Germany was laid under blockade, the High Sea Fleet of Germany was "contained" by the British navy, and was a menace only as a "fleet in being" must always be a military danger to be reckoned with and guarded against. To sum up: Germany, a year after the declaration of hostilities, despite the millions she has spent upon her navy, has seen her commerce destroyed, her ports closed, her supplies dwindling, her military strength weakened, her financial position daily growing more precarious, because she cannot sell, and what she buys she must pay for in gold at a ruinous price.

Under these circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising that Germany, in her extremity, should appeal to the sympathy of the United States, and clamor for "the freedom of the seas."

War is brutal business, and one of the brutalities of war is that the innocent often suffer almost as much as the guilty;

the neutral nation, neither responsible for the war nor having anything to gain by it, has its commerce dislocated, its people forced to take great risks and meet heavy losses. To prevent Germany from obtaining cotton, for instance, works a very serious loss to the American cotton grower, but it is one of the consequences of the war provoked by Germany. Cotton is absolutely essential to Germany for the prosecution of the war, for without cotton Germany is unable to manufacture guncotton, and without guncotton, torpedoes are useless and high explosives cannot be made. Great Britain and her Allies, therefore, must prevent Germany from securing cotton.

Under a system that has slowly expanded, the world has agreed that when nations are at war certain articles used exclusively for military purposes shall be declared contraband; they may be traded in at the risk of the trader, but are properly subject to capture. In the old days the contraband list was very simple—powder, cannon, firearms, and a few other similar articles. Modern warfare has called every resource of science to its aid, with the result that there is scarcely an article of commerce that cannot be used for military purposes; hence the contraband list has been greatly extended, and now covers the principal articles of commerce as well as many entering into the arts and sciences. Take cotton as a typical illustration. Before the discovery of high explosives, its value was commercial and not military, but since the invention of the modern gun, with its great range and penetrative power, cotton, to nations at war, has become one of the most important elements in the manufacture of munitions, and its commercial use is subordinate. It is the same with scores of other articles that lose their innocent character the moment war is declared.

Out of the intercourse of nations has grown up international law, which is not law in the sense of municipal law, but is a rather loose arrangement by which nations agree to do or not to do certain things that are partly for their own interest, partly for the general convenience and benefit of mankind. International law is founded largely on precedent, on arrangements that have been found to work with fair satisfaction, partly on treaties and agreements that have become incorporated into the unwritten law of nations.

It is this vague and ill-defined *corpus juris* that allows belligerents certain rights and protects the rights of neu-

trals. Thus, it is lawful for a belligerent to blockade an enemy's port, but the blockade must be effective physically, not merely a paper decree. Having effectually sealed the ports, or being in command of the approaches to the coast, a neutral vessel attempting to enter a blockaded port may be lawfully captured, and, with its cargo, condemned as prize.

But while the right of seizure is granted to the belligerent so as to enable him to inflict as much damage as possible upon his opponent, and a neutral Government must not, as a Government, supply either belligerent or give any help to the one not given to the other, the observance of strict neutrality places no restrictions upon the trading of the *citizens* of a neutral nation with belligerents. A neutral may trade with a belligerent, but he does so at his peril. If there is sufficient profit to risk sending cotton or anything else to a country under blockade, there will always be adventurous spirits to make the attempt. Neither equity nor morals requires the neutral Government to prevent this commerce. To do so would be to make the so-called neutral not a neutral, but an ally of one belligerent and an opponent of the other. The obligation to prevent the cargo reaching its destination is imposed not upon the neutral, but upon the belligerent, who must be strong enough to make his blockade effective or suffer the consequences.

International law makes a foolish and illogical distinction between absolute and conditional contraband. Under the former is comprised all articles that are solely for military use—arms, projectiles, explosives, ingredients for their manufacture, and other things of a similar character, the Government at war having notified the world by proclamation of what it holds to be absolute contraband.

Conditional contraband may be used for military purposes, but need not necessarily be so used, and its legality of seizure hinges on use and ownership. Take foodstuffs as an illustration; it is because Great Britain is strong enough to prevent the importation of foodstuffs into Germany that the German Government would like to have international law changed.

Foodstuffs imported by a Government or purchased by the military authorities are absolute contraband, on the theory that they are to be applied to military use. Foodstuffs purchased by private individuals are conditional contraband, on the theory, an entirely false one as I shall presently show,

that they are for the use not of the military but of the civilian population; and while humanity does not revolt at the thought of an enemy's army being starved, it refuses to allow the " innocent "—that is, the non-combatants—to be starved.

This is the extreme of absurdity. The complexities of modern warfare make it impossible to differentiate between combatants and " non-combatants." The man, woman, or child working in the Krupp factory in Essen is as much a combatant as the Prussian private in the trenches in France. The private fires a rifle, and if his aim is good, he kills a British or French or Belgian soldier; yes, but with what?—with the cartridge that is the handiwork of *the men, women, and children working in the Krupp factory in Essen.* The theory of " non-combatant " seems to collapse here.

The conductor who is to-day in charge of a freight train of cotton *en route* to a mill to be converted into explosives, is a " non-combatant," whose starvation is a crime. But to-morrow he is called to the colors as a reservist, and thus he may be starved, because he is a combatant. A schoolboy's debating club would laugh at a proposition so illogical.

Germany would like to enjoy " the freedom of the seas " while denying that freedom to other nations. In torpedoing neutral merchant vessels and giving their crews and passengers no chance to escape, Germany has violated the fundamental law of nations that the sea is free to all neutrals, and a vessel may be destroyed only *after* adequate provision has been made for the protection of life.

The purpose of a blockade is threefold. It is (1) to prevent the enemy from receiving those articles of military necessity without which it cannot prosecute the war; (2) to prevent the importation of food if the country is not able to furnish food for the support of its army and civil population from its own resources; (3) to prevent the enemy from engaging in commerce. All three purposes are designed to accomplish the same end. If the enemy cannot obtain military supplies, its offensive is weakened and its resistance breaks down. If the enemy is placed on short rations, its moral and physical strength is impaired. If it cannot trade, its financial power is crippled, and beggary forces the surrender of its armies.

To the emotional, this may sound very dreadful; and it *is* very dreadful. Slowly to strangle a nation to death, to weaken its power of resistance, to enfeeble it by hunger, to

impoverish it—these things move pity. But war, as it has been observed, is brutal business, and while the neutral may be moved by contemplating its horrors and may with propriety try to mitigate them, no neutral may or should interfere in what is clearly not its concern. To do so, I repeat—and it cannot be too often repeated because of the erroneous views entertained—is to strip the neutral of neutrality and make him an ally.

The cry raised by Germany that it is inhuman, and against all precedent in civilized warfare, to starve the non-combatant population, I deny on three grounds.

First, I deny its inhumanity. It is, on the contrary, the most humane way of conducting war. When people feel the pangs of hunger they will no longer fight, and the war can sooner be brought to an end by hunger than it can in any other way. It is more humane to make people experience the discomforts of short rations (it is dishonest to talk about their being "starved," as if they were actually in danger of dying from want of nourishment) than to kill them with bullets, or cause them to suffer the awful agony of suffocation from gas, or to wound them and compel them to drag out the rest of their lives crippled, blind, tortured by their wounds, a misery to themselves and a charge upon relatives or charity.

Second, I deny the existence of "non-combatants." For the reasons I have already given, practically the entire population of the German Empire may be said to be fighting, either in the field or in the factory. A neutral who joins the armed forces of a belligerent, according to international law, forfeits his neutrality. A German, man or woman, who contributes to the fighting efficiency of Germany, loses his or her status as a non-combatant. Neither law nor morality will recognize a dual relation: a combatant for the profit of Germany, and a non-combatant so that the individual may escape the rigors of war.

Third, I deny that a blockade to prevent a civilian population obtaining food is without precedent in modern warfare; and for that precedent I refer the reader to the American Civil War. President Lincoln's blockade of the Confederacy had a double purpose: to prevent the exportation of cotton, which was the only means by which the South could raise money; and to prevent the importation of foodstuffs, medical supplies, and articles of military necessity. In

all history there is no greater lover of humanity than Lincoln, no man with a heart more tender, no man with a deeper love for his fellow man; and yet Lincoln put in force a blockade that slowly but very surely strangled the South; that paralyzed it financially and brought its people to know the meaning of hunger. He did this because of his humanity; because, terrible as were the sufferings of the South, they were less dreadful than slaughter and the human wreckage of war. And in that day, there were, in fact as well as in name, non-combatants. There were no great factories in which women and children worked turning out shells and cartridges and high explosives; the places of the men withdrawn from industrial pursuits were not filled by women; trade came to an absolute standstill, for when the men left field or forge or factory the women could not supplant them.

Humane as Lincoln was, his blockade of the South brought untold misery to England. The English factories, unable to obtain cotton, were forced to close down; hundreds of thousands of operatives starved,—and I use the word in no rhetorical sense. They *starved.* Women and little children went hungry and died because there was no work for them and they could not procure food. The North was not spending millions of dollars a day in England in the purchase of munitions, as England is doing to-day in America; trade with the South was cut off; the war, instead of making England rich, left her poorer; the wretched creatures who died because the looms of Lancashire were silent, paid the penalty that neutrals must always pay in time of war. All these things Lincoln knew, and he was sorely grieved, but it did not swerve him.

The Civil War lasted four years. How long would it have lasted had the pernicious doctrine of "the freedom of the seas" been a principle of international law in 1861? Out of the ports of the Southern Confederacy would have sailed the merchant marine of the world loaded with cotton, which would have been exchanged for the food the South craved and the guns and the powder the South so sorely needed, and under the theory of "private property rights" the navy of the North would have been as effective as toy ships on a lake of glass. It would have been the salvation of the South, just as to-day it would be the salvation of Germany.

Does anyone believe that if Germany had been able to destroy the British fleet, and the coasts of England were

under blockade and her people were being reduced to surrender by starvation, Germany would be the champion of "the freedom of the seas"? Germany has openly announced that that is what she is attempting to do—to starve England into surrender. That, she has said, is the purpose of her submarine warfare—to cut off the food supplies of England, Great Britain not being self-sustaining and having to rely on other countries to feed her people.

Germany having met defeat on the sea, now invokes the aid of the neutral nations to bring about "the freedom of the seas." Having been unable to destroy the British navy by gunfire she would destroy its usefulness by diplomacy. It is the British navy that stands between Germany and the food she does or does not need, but which she seems so anxious to secure, the cotton which America alone can supply, and the numerous other articles neutral nations would willingly sell if German ports were not barred by British cruisers. What Germany cannot do by her own strength the world is to do for her; the world, calling itself neutral, is to give the lie to its professions of neutrality by nullifying the advantage England possesses through superior naval strength.

An idea that is fantastic, dishonest, or dangerous will always commend itself to a certain type of mind if it is clothed in the garments of rhetoric or can be made to serve morality and appeal to self-interest. "The freedom of the seas" can be made to serve two masters, Mammon and Righteousness. The neutral trader, instead of being incommoded by war, would greatly profit by it, as there would be no interference with trade, and the inevitable effect of war is to enhance commodity prices, so that self-interest would be served. Blockades being outlawed and so-called non-contraband goods immune from seizure, sea power would lose its former importance, and the world would no longer be shocked by witnessing the seizure of a ship attempting to carry goods of prime military necessity to a blockaded belligerent. Why some persons should regard it as peculiarly immoral for a cruiser to seize a merchant vessel trying to trade with the enemy, but find no violation of morality if the same goods are seized on land, it is not easy to say, but they do.

This is the explanation of Germany's anxiety to secure "the freedom of the seas," and is the meaning of the propaganda now being carried on in the United States. If block-

ades are no longer sanctioned and so-called " private property " rights in cargoes are recognized, Germany, after the conclusion of peace, need spend less money on her navy and have very much more to spend on her army, on building even larger guns than those she now has, and creating greater reserves of arms and ammunition than she had when war was declared last year. But it is a principle that the serious and matured thought of neither the United States nor Great Britain will accept, as it would immeasurably weaken the defensive power of both countries, and would mean the reckless abandonment of a weapon on which both nations must rely for defense.

That the United States may be involved in war is a contingency not to be dismissed lightly or regarded as impossible, for in history nothing is impossible. If the United States were at war the result might be determined by two things —its power effectively to blockade the coast of its enemy, and its power to prevent the enemy from being supplied by neutrals. The United States is the one country that is self-contained. It can rely on its own resources to furnish all the food it needs; out of the earth it can dig coal, copper, iron, and the other minerals on which war feeds; cotton is the yield of its fields; all the guns and munitions and everything else necessary to warfare, its own skilled workmen could create. The United States might be blockaded, if such a thing were possible, and its people would know none of the horrors of famine or have to deny themselves either necessity or luxury.

Enjoying by the grace of fortune such superb advantages, is it conceivable that American statesmen would consider, or the American people permit, their sacrifice in obedience to the demand of the false prophets, the sentimentalists, the theorists, who, meaning well, do the most harm because their vision is clouded and they live in a maze?

No, " the freedom of the seas " in time of war is impossible, because it is a perversion of both the human and natural law, the law that enables the man or the animal endowed with superior advantages to use them for protection when life is at stake.

A. Maurice Low.

THE BALKAN STATES AND THE ALLIES

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

"THE world power of England," says a German publicist, "will be decided on the Dardanelles." Mr. Asquith told the House of Commons recently that England has already lost more men in the Gallipoli struggle than she lost in the whole of the Boer War. When the question is asked, what has become of Kitchener's army, since the English are holding less than fifty miles of the western front?—the answer given is, that a large part of the new troops are fighting on the Turkish Straits, and that more are on the way; and Field-Marshal von der Goltz has lately declared that England has lost more warships there than in any naval contest since Trafalgar. From the other side, the pressure towards Constantinople is not less intense. Munitions are within reach of the Dardanelles, ready to be rushed through to Russia the moment the door is opened, and Russian commanders declare that, with these munitions, they could turn their defensive into an attack, and drive the invader back across the frontier. And the door may suddenly be flung open, through the failure of munitions for the Turks; so much so, that Germany is vigorously beginning a drive through Serbia, with the express purpose of carrying to Turkey the supplies she has so far failed to pass through Rumania.

How will this affect the Balkan States? What part are they likely to play in the Dardanelles adventure? And with what result? What lies behind the fever of negotiation that has for weeks been throbbing through the Balkan peninsula, from Bucharest to Athens?

The answer is extremely simple. It all turns on a bit of territory that we used to call Macedonia, but which one might more graphically call the "Naboth's vineyard" of

the Near East. The passage is worth quoting: "Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near unto my house: and I will give thee for it a better vineyard; or, if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money. And Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee." It is exactly in the spirit of the Balkans, down to the concluding doom, "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." In the bad old days of Turkish tyranny, men of three nations were scattered about this Naboth's vineyard of Macedonia: Bulgarians, Serbians, Greeks, with a sprinkling of Rumanian shepherds on the moors among the hills. The Bulgarians, or at least those who spoke Bulgarian, seem to have preponderated; but every one spoke two or three tongues, or at least two or three jargons, and in the chief city, Saloniki, there was a large and well-to-do colony of Spanish-speaking Jews. It was largely the sufferings of the Slavs of Macedonia that led Russia to invade Turkey in the early summer of 1887. It was largely the horrors inflicted on the hapless Christians there that made those "Bulgarian atrocities" with which Gladstone aroused England in the greatest campaign of his life. And, after the war, when the Sultan stood hands-up at San Stefano, Russia planned to give the whole Macedonian area to Bulgaria, which would, in all probability, have saved Europe forty years of bloodshed in the Balkans, as well as two, if not three, wars. But Bismarck and Beaconsfield, acting with the Austrian Andrassy, tore up the San Stefano treaty, and, in the Berlin settlement, thrust Macedonia back under the heel of the Turk. Thereafter, the recovery of Macedonia became a cardinal aim of Bulgarian policy, and the entire ease with which Bulgaria joined to her territory the similar region of Eastern Rumelia, in 1885, only whetted her appetite for Macedonia. This is why, in by-gone years, Bulgarian bands were so ceaselessly active among the Macedonian valleys. It was not only that they were there to fight the Turkish oppressors; they were there, even more, to stake out claims against Serbia and Greece.

So passionate were the longings of all the parties concerned, of Bulgaria, Greece and Serbia, for the Macedonian Naboth's vineyard, that, at the beginning of 1912, when they

were joining in league to overthrow the Turk, they very wisely agreed among themselves beforehand exactly what disposition should be made of the disputed ground. They went over the map, village by village, valley by valley, rivulet by rivulet; and, when they had completed the drawing of their lines, there was not the smallest possibility of confusion or misunderstanding. And they even went so far as to say, "Supposing that, in spite of all our precautions, we do fall out over the division of the spoils, we shall appoint an umpire to decide between us." And they agreed upon Tsar Nicholas of Russia.

Here is the whole trouble. After solemnly signing that treaty of partition, Greece and Serbia tore it up. It even seems that they had a secret agreement to tear it up, before they signed it. They would divide Naboth's vineyard between themselves, and kick their ally, Bulgaria, out. This was what Greece and Serbia did. What Bulgaria did was to violate the agreement to call in an umpire, and, instead, rashly to rush into the second Balkan war.

But we can make the matter clearer, and at the same time state the issues more fairly to the Balkan States themselves, by following the succession of events. In the first Balkan war, the eastward swing of the Bulgarian army, that carried them right up to the Chatalja lines, exposed Bulgaria to an unexpected danger. Greece and Serbia, converging on Saloniki, had already occupied Macedonia, the Naboth's vineyard of the Balkans—the territory assigned, in the preliminary agreement, to Bulgaria; and now they obstinately refused to give it up. It is to the land thus seized that M. Gounaris referred when he said, the other day, that "Greece would not cede a square mile of territory to Bulgaria." It was with reference to the same blood-soaked soil that the Ministers of the four Entente Powers made such urgent representations to M. Pashitch, the Prime Minister of Serbia, seemingly with better success.

In fairness to Serbia and Greece, it should be made clear that they thought they had genuine and ample justification for their attitude towards Bulgaria. And in truth they had a pretty good case. It was this: Austria, supported by Italy, who is also very jealous of Serbian—and, in general, Slavonic—influence on the Adriatic, which she claims as an Italian lake, had come forward with a plan to make Albania a nation, or at least an independent principality, under

Prince William of Wied. At this suggestion, both Serbia and Greece were aghast, for they had counted on dividing the Albanian hills between them, Serbia taking the northern half in conjunction with Montenegro, while Greece took the southern half. But the withdrawal of Albania from the heap of spoils, at Austria's instance, with the consent of the Great Powers, in what was then "the Concert of Europe," robbed Greece and Serbia of the best part of their prizes. Therefore they decided to indemnify themselves out of Bulgaria's purse, which happened, for the moment, to be in their keeping; their armies, that is, were in occupation of the Naboth's vineyard of Macedonia, assigned by the preliminary agreement, as has been explained, to Bulgaria. But they pointed out, with a good deal of reason, that not only were they getting a great deal less than they had expected through the abstraction of Albania, but that Bulgaria was getting a great deal more than she had expected: namely, the whole of eastern Thrace, including the great city of Adrianople.

Bulgaria should have kept her temper, and called in the arbitrator, whom all parties had agreed on in advance, with an admirable insight into their own psychology. But Bulgaria, having promised to arbitrate, decided, in a fit of passion, to tear up the agreement, and to fight, a significant incident in the history of peace-agreements. As to what actually took place, we are fortunate in having the record of Jacob Gould Schurman, who was in Sofia at the end of June, 1913.

Dr. Danyeff, the Bulgarian Premier, received Dr. Schurman on June 27, and talked freely of the dispute with Serbia and Greece. He expressed himself as determined that Bulgaria should not go to war for Naboth's vineyard, and gave his official decision to that effect on the following day, June 28. Yet on the evening of that day, at eight o'clock, unknown to Dr. Danyeff, an order was issued, in cipher, by General Savoff, Commander-in-Chief of the Bulgarian army, to the commander of the fourth Bulgarian army, directing him to attack the Serbians vigorously along the whole front on the evening of June 29. On the afternoon of that day, General Savoff issued another order to the army commanders giving further instructions for attacks on the Serbians and Greeks, including an attack on Saloniki, and stating that these attacks were taking place "without any official decla-

ration of war." Dr. Schurman, with point, asks whether it is likely that General Savoff thus plunged Bulgaria into a second war on his own responsibility, or whether, in thus defying the Prime Minister, he was not acting under secret instructions from the wily King Ferdinand himself—who had just had a long conference with the Minister of Austria-Hungary.

Be this as it may, Greece and Serbia were on their guard. Rumania, which had so far stood neutral in the Balkan war, now intruded herself, declaring that her neutrality was a valuable commodity, and should be paid for; and on July 10 she seized Silistria, a considerable town in Bulgarian territory, on the southern bank of the Danube. Two days later, tottering Turkey got on her feet again, came forth from the Chatalja lines, and retook Adrianople. On July 15, Dr. Danyeff, the Prime Minister who had been put to open shame by his monarch, handed in his resignation. By the end of July, Bulgaria was checkmated, rather than defeated, and on July 28 a new Peace Conference met at Bucharest, after exactly thirty days' war. But that month had cost Bulgaria dear. She lost territory, with Adrianople, to Turkey. She lost territory to Rumania. She lost more territory to Serbia and Greece, in addition to what they had already "abstracted" in violation of the agreement of 1912.

And now she wants it back again. That is the whole heart of the present situation—the Balkan deadlock, which the Entente Powers are moving heaven and earth to break.

And very naturally. For consider what they have at stake: It is openly declared that Russia's unbroken armies need only ammunition, in order to be able to drive the Teutons back, and, if necessary, put five million new men, or even ten million, into the field on the instant, which would mean such a forward drive as might really end the war by October, as Kaiser Wilhelm is said to have prophesied, but not quite in the sense that he is supposed to have had in mind. And we are told, just as openly, that the munitions for Russia's five millions, or ten millions, are all ready, at the very door of the Dardanelles, within two or three days' sail from Odessa and the Russian railroads. Is it to be wondered, then, that the Entente Powers are eager to break the Balkan deadlock, to get the Balkan armies, at this moment totalling more than a million men ready to go into battle, to try to help force the Turkish door?

And is it to be wondered that the Balkan Powers are putting up the price? M. Gounaris may, it is true, in all sincerity share his Queen Sophia's dream that the Hohenzollerns are invincible, and that it is a kind of sacrilege to go against them. Let us be charitable, and suppose that he does. But no one who has bargained with Orientals—and the Hellenes are thoroughly Oriental in this—will be easily persuaded that it is a question of anything but the price. Raise your offer, Messieurs les Alliés! You have a big purse. And, if this venture carries, your purse will be bigger still. What other good things are there in the world that Greece covets?—covets more, perhaps, even than she covets the favor of the Hohenzollerns? How about the cession of all the territory about Yanina, stretching up—how far is not yet decided—towards Avlona Bay? Italy is not eager about this, but there is all the coast of Central Albania left for Italy. And how about the old Ionian territory on the other side of the Ægean? If Stamboul falls, that will all be in the gift of her conquerors,—and Stamboul is said to be on the verge of ruin, the last shell already counted. How, then, about the splendid Ionian Empire, with its glorious memories of Hellenic civilization, stretching, if need be, past the realm of Saint Nicholas, right on to the city of Saint Paul? That would be well worth a few miles of Macedonia, in spite of the memories of Alexander. So the bargaining goes on.

What wonder if Ferdinand of Bulgaria also puts up the price? And he has already, it would seem, obtained a slice of territory along the Maritza river from Turkey, to make the railroad to Dedeagach and the Ægean more snug and comfortable—or to keep it out of the hands of the Allies. The consideration paid to Turkey for this valuable "gift" has not been published, but no one who has watched Tsar Ferdinand bargain will believe that he gave much. And he declares explicitly that he is still quite free to join the Allies. Is this a pacifist way of hinting to the Sultan that Adrianople might also be acceptable?

We have seen what splendid prizes the Allies, if victorious, may be able to offer to Greece, to compensate her for "ceding" to Bulgaria a part, at least, of the territory she "abstracted" in 1913, this part to include the port of Kavala on the Ægean. To Serbia they can offer Bosnia-Herzegowina, perhaps Croatia. What other consideration,

apart from Naboth's vineyard, can they offer to Tsar Ferdinand? That is just the difficulty. Bulgaria is so hemmed in, on all sides except one, that there is nothing available to offer her. The one open side, from the standpoint of the Allies, is Turkey; and here the possibility is that the Sultan may get ahead of them by offering to cede Adrianople, for the mere continuance of Bulgaria's neutrality. That is why, with only Naboth's vineyard available, M. Gounaris thinks he is justified in telling the Entente Powers that the price of vineyards has gone up.

So far, we have said nothing of Rumania. Among the Balkan States, Rumania stands a little apart. Her great tradition, as a colony of Trajan's Roman armies, as the seat, for two centuries, of a Roman culture, closely akin to that which, beginning with Caesar, has made France permanently a "Latin" nation, in spite of Gaulish and Frankish affinities; her language, still two-thirds Roman, and embodying a traditional literature of poetic richness and beauty; her long struggles against the hordes of barbarians who submerged, and finally drowned, the old Roman Empire, put her in a class apart from Bulgaria and Serbia and Montenegro, and link her more closely with the older classic lands.

Rumania has an intense feeling of nationality—the passion that burns so fiercely in the Balkans—but the Rumanian nation is divided, and great sections of it are in the hands of strangers. The Rumanian principalities—long independent of each other under Turkish overlordship—Wallachia and Moldavia, now united, by the simple process of electing the same prince, form the present Kingdom of Rumania. But three parts are still in exile. The first of these, and the largest, is Transylvania, which is at present a part of the kingdom of Hungary; and it is saddening to learn that the Hungarians, who so lately made their own gallant fight for freedom, have used that freedom, since they have gained it, to tyrannize over, and browbeat, the Rumanians and Slavs within their gates. The second part of exiled Rumania is the southern division, perhaps the whole, of Bukowina, the "beechland," which is at present a crownland, not under Hungary, but under Austria. Here, the Rumanians seem to have been much better off than their brethren under Hungary; not, perhaps, because the Hapsburgs love the Rumanians more, but because they love

the Ruthenians less, and have made the Rumanians of Bukowina a counterweight against them,—as they have done with the Poles, in Northern Gallicia, setting the latter against the Ruthenians and the Czechs and Moravians. The third part of exiled Rumania is Bessarabia, the wedge between two rivers flowing into the northwest corner of the Black Sea. In the war of 1812 between Russia and Turkey, vivid pictures of which Byron has painted in his greatest poem, a tract between the Dniester and the Pruth was ceded by Turkey to Russia. Rumania as a separate nation or kingdom had not then come into existence, but a majority of the people of the ceded territory were, by race and language, Rumanians. When peace was made in 1856, after the Crimean War, the western half of Russian Bessarabia was re-ceded to Turkey, as one of the victorious Allies, and was thus practically incorporated in Rumania, which had been growing to national consciousness and life since 1812. Rumania counted it a part of her territory; but so did Russia. And the difference is as sharp to-day as it was in 1856. Then, in 1878, when peace was made once more between Russia and Turkey, Russia, this time the victor, received, as part of the spoils, the western half of Bessarabia, which for twenty-two years had been a part of Rumania. A deep feeling of resentment against Russia has remained in the hearts of the Rumanians ever since; and it is on this that the Teutons have relied in their negotiations with Bucharest. They have openly promised Bessarabia to Rumania, as the reward of mere neutrality; and Germany has promised her, in addition, large pieces of Austrian and Hungarian land, in Bukowina and Transylvania, if she will actively aid the Teuton Empires.

But Rumania has turned a very deaf ear to the Kaisers, and, in spite of all the persuasions of Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, has flatly refused to allow munitions of war to go through Rumanian territory to Turkey, even when large bribes have been added. Therefore, we are told, Germany is now beginning a drive through Serbia, to open an alternative road to Stamboul. The reason is, that Rumania and Serbia meet, along a frontier of some fifty to sixty miles, along the Danube—south and east of the Iron Gate—thus completely isolating Bulgaria from the Teutonic Powers. So that even if Bulgaria were willing to let munitions through to Turkey—and this may have been the " con-

sideration" for the strip of land along the Maritza—she could not accomplish what she desired, because Serbia and Rumania block the way. And the Teutonic Powers, which hold high moral ground on the subject of neutrals providing munitions to belligerents, can hardly go to war with Rumania to compel her to do exactly that.

But Serbia is already at war, so it is entirely lawful to open a road through Serbia—or to try. While but fifty miles separate the Austro-Hungarian frontier from the Bulgarian, merely to occupy these fifty miles would do no good at all. For the territory is mountainous, roadless, railroadless; and to get to the railroad would mean to occupy another hundred miles. And it may well be supposed that Serbia would find herself stiffly reinforced by troops of the Allies, poured in from the Adriatic, should Greece, pertinaciously neutral, refuse them passage by way of Saloniki.

So that the strife of wills and interests, the making of destinies, continues with intense activity and stress among the Balkan States. Every day, new factors are injected into the contest. Any of these factors, or others still incalculable, may at any moment change the equation of the Dardanelles. But day by day, and hour by hour, momentous issues are there being hammered out, and new pages of world-history may be headed by the word Gallipoli.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

PRACTICAL PAN-AMERICANISM

BY JOHN BARRETT

"PAN-AMERICA" and "Pan-Americanism" are to-day terms of such vast and potential significance in world affairs that every one should be interested in their practical application and interpretation. Affecting vitally the progress and prosperity of every American republic and, therefore, the welfare of every citizen thereof, they are not to be dismissed as mere concepts of the moment. Although long known in the phrase-book of international relations, they have an extraordinary present-day meaning which, based upon both fact and fancy, appeals alike to the reason and the imagination. Not only do they concern directly all the nations and peoples of North and South America, but indirectly many of the nations and peoples of Europe and even Asia.

The present and future position, influence, and very existence of each of the twenty-one American republics are and will be so related to the wise use of the power of Pan-America, and the just application of the principle of Pan-Americanism, that all patriotic and thinking Americans from Canada to Chile should study thoughtfully what Pan-America and Pan-Americanism mean. The remarkable fact, moreover, that the European war is possibly doing more than any other influence in history, since the declaration of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823, to develop and emphasize Pan-American solidarity and community of interest and purpose, makes it inevitable that European statesmen must recognize as never before this mighty force in the present and future of world progress.

When the Secretary of State of the United States, acting under the advice of the President, recently invited the six ranking diplomatic representatives of Latin-America: the

Ambassadors of Brazil, Chile and Argentina, and the Ministers of Bolivia, Uruguay and Guatemala, to confer with him regarding the Mexican situation, the United States Government engaged in practical Pan-Americanism. It took a step forward, which not only attracted the attention of all the world and won the approval of all America—judging from the almost unanimously favorable comment of the Latin-American and United States press—but showed conclusively to the world that purely Pan-American problems ought to be settled by the concert of American nations. Such action, however, was in no way antagonistic to European nations or those outside of the Pan-American Union. It was taken just as much for the benefit of their legitimate interests and their peoples who reside or do business in American countries, as for the corresponding interests and peoples of the Americas. In truth, Pan-Americanism, in its correct interpretation, is in no sense anti-European or anti-Asiatic in its policies, purposes and propaganda, but an honest expression of the fundamental right of nations having similar geographical, historical, political and commercial interests and inspirations to act together for their common good and protection. Pan-Americanism can be defined in its simplest form as the common or concerted action or attitude of the twenty-one American republics for the welfare of one or more or all of them without infringement of their sovereignty or integrity.

It may be said that by this invitation the United States demonstrated that, while in its sincere efforts to advance practical Pan-Americanism it desires all the nations of Pan-America to share in the blessings of their individual and collective peace and prosperity, it holds the belief that they should also share in bearing the burden of troubled conditions in any one of them which may react unfavorably upon all. By it the United States tangibly recognized the growing influence and importance of the other American republics and their part and responsibility in the Pan-American family, which, if neglected or unrecognized by the United States, might suggest an attempt at domination or self-established superiority on its part that would perhaps promote distrust where confidence is necessary, and might seem to deny the equality of interest and responsibility of the other republics which their individual sovereignty inherently gives them. This action should prove to Mexico and to all

Latin-America that the United States Government and people have no sinister designs and plans against the sovereignty and territorial integrity of Mexico or the other American republics, but are actuated by the highest humanitarian and fraternal reasons in their efforts to assist in evolving tranquility of conditions and stability of government in a neighboring republic and among a nearby suffering people.

Even if this present effort at Pan-American co-operation shall fail to accomplish all that may be expected of it—for at this writing the final results have not been determined—such failure would not be more of an argument against the wisdom and sincerity of the attempt than would the failure of any logical co-operation of neighbors, associates and friends to help one of their number who is in dire distress. Whether it succeeds or fails, it shows the good intentions of the governments concerned. It develops their mutual responsibility. It brings them closer together as friends and neighbors. There is excellent evidence of this fact in the "ABC Mediation" which took place a little over a year ago. That concerted effort of three Latin-American Powers was supported by the other sixteen in a resolution of the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union approved May 6, 1914, to the following effect: "The Pan-American Union applauds and supports the mediation offered by the Governments of Argentina, Brazil and Chile through the medium of their distinguished representatives for the preservation of the peace of the American continent." The effort did not result in establishing peace in Mexico, but it accomplished more than any other influence in many years to bring the American nations closer together and to prove their unselfish desire to aid each other in preserving peace in the Pan-American family. The Ambassadors of Brazil, Chile and Argentina are entitled to much credit for their long, persistent, and patient endeavor to bring about directly a settlement of the differences between the United States and Mexico, and indirectly permanent peace in a suffering sister nation. History will accord them more honor than has contemporary sentiment.

In discussing practical Pan-Americanism as shown in the co-operation or mediation of the American republics in the matter of Pan-American questions, it is interesting to recall some notable precedents for such international action. A

survey of the one hundred years which have passed since most of the Latin-American republics gained their independence discloses many instances of greater or less Pan-American co-operation, but mention is made here only of comparatively recent cases. In 1895, when President Cleveland sent his famous message to Congress regarding the British-Venezuelan boundary dispute, the governments of several of the Latin-American republics sent congratulatory resolutions passed by their Congresses or expressed some official satisfaction at his action. In 1906, when President Gomez was inaugurated President of Cuba, following the intervention of the United States, practically all the Latin-American Governments, acting in harmony with the United States, sent special diplomatic representatives to be present, and this signified their sympathy with the United States in its unselfish efforts to preserve order and establish permanent peace in Cuba.

In 1907, the notable Central American Peace Conference was held in Washington, under the auspices of the Pan-American Union. This was attended by official delegates from the five Central American Governments, which, in turn, invited the United States and Mexican Governments to appoint plenipotentiaries to co-operate with them in reaching conclusions and drafting treaties that would prevent wars between Central American nations. This co-operation was effective, for since then there has been no actual warfare between any two or more of the Central American republics, although one or two have been disturbed by slight revolutions. In 1910, when Argentina and Bolivia were somewhat at odds over an arbitral award, and Argentina did not see fit to extend, or Bolivia to accept, a direct invitation to participate in the Fourth Pan-American Conference, the good offices of several Governments brought about a resumption of friendly relations. In 1911, when Colombia, Ecuador and Peru seemed on the verge of going to war over boundary questions, the United States and several Latin-American Governments united in making representations which helped to prevent an actual conflict. It may also be remembered that when, several years ago, negotiations between the United States and Chile over the so-called Alsop claim were somewhat strained, the informal and friendly suggestions of one or two of the Pan-American Governments relieved the situation and prevented a possible serious crisis.

To point out and summarize some of the principal present-day developments of practical Pan-Americanism, three main propositions and facts can be noted as follows:

I. The most potential and interesting opportunity and responsibility before the United States in the realm of foreign relations to-day lies in the twenty Latin-American republics which extend from Mexico and Cuba south to Argentina and Chile.

II. These republics, in turn, according to the statements of their statesmen and newspapers, are more desirous than at any previous period in their history to get into closer political, commercial, economic, financial and sympathetic touch with the United States.

III. With the Old World, including Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and our own nearby Canada, engaged in the most titanic war of all history, the New World, or Pan-America—comprising twenty-one nations at peace with each other and inspired by the Pan-Americanism born of common purpose and interest—is destined to become the mightiest combination and influence for universal peace and good-will among nations and men which the world has ever known.

It is now necessary and fitting, in order to understand this remarkable Pan-American situation, to consider and enumerate some of the principal influences and agencies of recent years which have helped to bring it about. Among these the following may be cited:

1. The unremitting work of education, information and propaganda in behalf of peace, friendship, commerce and general intercourse among the American republics, carried on through many years and in the face at times of serious difficulties by the Pan-American Union (formerly known as the Bureau of American Republics), the international official organization and office of the twenty-one American republics, maintained by them in Washington and controlled by a Governing Board made up, by international agreement, of the Secretary of State of the United States and of the diplomatic representatives of the twenty other republics accredited to the United States.

2. The new and special attention given in late years by the State Department of the United States to diplomatic and commercial relations with all of the republics of Latin-America; and the recent activity of the Government in promoting Pan-American trade.

3. The visits to Latin-America of high officials of the United States Government, especially of Secretaries of State, and of other representative statesmen, scholars, editors, writers, travelers and business men; and the activities and efforts of an able corps of United States diplomatic and consular representatives, military and naval attachés, in the Latin-American capitals and principal centers of commerce and social life.

4. The presence in Washington of exceptionally high-grade Ambassadors and Ministers, secretaries and attachés from all the Latin-American Governments, who, by their character, ability, tact, and public utterances have created a profoundly favorable impression, and also, as members of the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union, have wisely advised and inspired its executive officers in the administration of its work for peace, friendship and commerce.

5. The meeting, at varying intervals, of the great official international or Pan-American Conferences, beginning with the first, which met in Washington in 1889-90, and including the second at Mexico in 1901-2, the third at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, and the fourth at Buenos Aires in 1910, which were attended by plenipotentiaries from all the republics, and at which many Pan-American questions and problems were frankly and amicably discussed.

6. The holding of numerous other official or semi-official Conferences, such as the Pan-American Scientific Conferences, the Pan-American Sanitary Conferences, the Pan-American Medical Conferences, the Pan-American Commercial Conferences, including, in particular, the one which met in the Pan-American building in 1911 under the auspices of the Pan-American Union in response to invitations of the Director General, and also its more ambitious successor, the Pan-American Financial Conference, which assembled in the latter part of May of this year in response to the invitations extended by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States; these, in turn, to be followed by the International Joint Commission—growing out of the late Financial Conference—which will meet in Buenos Aires, Argentina, next November, and the second Pan-American Scientific Congress which will meet at Washington December 27, 1915-January 8, 1916.

7. The extraordinary recent progress of many of the Latin-American countries in population, commerce, political

influence, peaceful conditions, stability of government, transportation facilities, education, science, arts and literature —a degree of progress which has demanded world-wide attention and recognition; the growth of great cities and commercial entrepôts among them; their increasing attraction for travelers and explorers; the exploitation of their marvelous and limitless agricultural, mining, timber, industrial and water-power possibilities; and the rapid evolution in some of them of progressive and ambitious peoples seeking active participation in world affairs.

8. The construction and completion of the Panama Canal, which, while physically dividing North and South America, has commercially and politically brought the two continents closer together and quickened the interest of the world in the countries which can now be reached through it; the improvement of steamship and transportation facilities logically resulting from it; the betterment of sanitary and healthful conditions in tropical and subtropical sections of Latin-America which were inspired and undertaken as a result of the example set and the good accomplished at Panama.

9. The recent widespread attention, which the Pan-American Union labored during many years to awaken, now being given to Latin-America by Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade, other commercial, industrial and financial organizations, civic societies and literary clubs, universities and colleges, newspapers and magazines, books and pamphlets; the almost overwhelming and constantly increasing demand on the Pan-American Union, from all parts of the world, for every variety of information relating to each American republic; the call upon the Latin-American diplomats and executive officers of the Pan-American Union for numerous addresses on Pan-American subjects; and the progressive action of some of the representative banking, manufacturing, exporting, importing, and shipping firms and companies of the United States and Latin-America in forwarding Pan-American material development.

10. The practical results actually accomplished for Pan-Americanism through the initiative of the Pan-American Union during the last eight and one-half years, as follows: (a) the establishment of courses in Spanish (and in some instances in Portuguese also) and in Latin-American history, geography and natural development, at over 2,000 uni-

versities, colleges, normal and high schools, academies and private educational institutions throughout the United States, with corresponding help in the establishment of English courses among Latin-American colleges and schools; (b) the regular acceptance by 1,500 newspapers in the United States and 300 in Latin-America of descriptive matter and news bulletins relating to the progress of the American republics; (c) the causing of over 3,000 libraries in the United States and many in Latin-America to equip their shelves with books relating to the Pan-American countries, based on lists carefully prepared by the Columbus Memorial Library of the Pan-American Union; (d) the supplying of data and information which has caused over 5,000 manufacturers, exporters, importers, bankers and other business men to investigate or develop Pan-American business relations, and has resulted in an actual increase of $400,000,000 in Pan-American trade; (e) the providing of information which has aided over 6,000 North and South Americans to visit other American countries than their own; and (f) the purchase of property and the construction of a building for a fitting headquarters of the Pan-American Union as an international organization and home of practical Pan-Americanism, at a cost of approximately $1,100,000, towards which Mr. Andrew Carnegie generously contributed $850,000 and the American republics $250,000.

11. Finally, and perhaps, at the moment, most important of all, the three following influences: first, the European war, which has demonstrated practically and convincingly the interdependence and common interests of the nations and peoples of the western hemisphere; second, the Mexican revolution, which has brought the United States and its sister republics face to face with one of the greatest problems of Pan-American peace and fraternity, and has inspired the spirit and action of Pan-American mediation and co-operation; and, third, the statesmanlike, unselfish and sympathetic interest and attitude of the President of the United States in all questions and matters pertaining to the Pan-American relations of the United States, which has been appreciated throughout Latin-America and reciprocated by the Presidents of the other American republics.

Fully to grasp the significance of Pan-America and its resulting product, Pan-Americanism, it is necessary to remember what Pan-America represents in area, commerce and

population. The combined area of Pan-America, exclusive of Canada, is 12,000,000 square miles, of which the Latin-American countries occupy approximately 9,000,000 and the United States 3,000,000. This physical extent of Pan-America is better realized when it is compared with that of Europe, which has 3,750,000 square miles, with Africa, which has 11,500,000, and with Asia, which has 17,000,000.

Remembering that commerce is often described as the "life blood of nations," the Pan-American family certainly can be classed as lusty and full-blooded, for, in the last normal year before the war, 1913, Pan-America's foreign trade, including both imports and exports, was valued at the enormous total of, approximately, $7,000,000,000, of which the share of the United States was about $4,200,000,000 and of the Latin-American countries $2,800,000,000.

In this connection there should be emphasized strongly a fact not generally appreciated, and not in harmony with the snap judgment and comment of many superficial students of Pan-American trade, or of those who are deluded by the impression that only during the last year have American business men awakened to the Pan-American opportunity: namely, *that in the actual exchange of products between foreign countries and Latin-America the United States leads all other countries, including Great Britain and Germany.* In other words, the actual value of the exports and imports which the United States exchanged with the twenty Latin-American countries in 1913 exceeded $800,000,000. The total for Great Britain was $640,000,000; for Germany $410,000,000. These figures covering both exports and imports—for that is the only true way to measure foreign commerce—should effectively destroy the bogey so frequently stalking about, that the United States is far behind the European countries in its trade with Latin-America. While it is true that Great Britain and Germany did lead the United States in the value of products exchanged with some of the countries of South America proper, they were far behind the United States in their commerce with all Latin-America, which includes all countries from Mexico and Cuba south to the Straits of Magellan.

It is gratifying, moreover, to state that the commercial and financial interests of the United States and Latin-America have, during the past eight years, been responding more and more each year to the efforts of the Pan-American Union

to build up greater trade exchange and closer financial relations among the American republics. This is proved beyond doubt by the fact that in the period during which the writer has served as the executive officer of the Pan-American Union, or since 1906, the value of the exports and imports exchanged between the United States and the twenty Latin-American countries has grown from less than $500,000,000 to more than $800,000,000.

Pan-America's real greatness, significance, and power in world relationship are also emphasized by appreciation of its present population and the future possibilities for a vast increase. Its twenty-one nations can now boast of a population of 180,000,000, of which 100,000,000 are living in United States territory and 80,000,000 in Latin-America.

There are several unfortunate impressions concerning Pan-American relations, among those uninformed as to the real Latin-America, which should be corrected in order that true Pan-Americanism shall not be unfairly hampered in its logical development. One is the too prevalent opinion about revolutions and armed political disturbances. Despite the troubled conditions in Mexico and Haiti which to-day tend to distort the vision, two-thirds of the population and area of all Latin-America have known no serious revolution in thirty years, while it has had so few international wars in a hundred years that it can shame Europe's record for the past century. There is also the suggestion that all Latin-America is opposed to the Monroe Doctrine. But what is interpreted as opposition to the Monroe Doctrine is not a feeling against the original Doctrine and the conditions under which it was declared, but against a kind of casual interpretation of it in the United States which carries the obnoxious intimation that the United States has a "holier than thou," a supreme, position among the nations of the western hemisphere. Latin-America, as a matter of fact, believes in a just and unselfish interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine—an interpretation which would make it a Pan-American principle or policy, by which all the countries of North and South America would stand for the sovereignty and integrity of each.

In this discussion of Pan-America and Pan-Americanism, Canada has not been included because she is a part of the British Empire, and yet in many respects she is as closely associated with the purposes of Pan-Americanism

and as dependent upon Pan-American commerce and relationship as some of the countries forming the Pan-American Union. Some day, and possibly one not too far distant, it is probable that Canada will desire to become an active member of the Pan-American Union, or, at least, an honorary or corresponding member, so to speak, if that can be arranged by international agreement. When that time comes, Pan-America, in its broadest possibilities, will include twenty-two Governments instead of twenty-one as now, and there can be little doubt that Canada herself will become as staunch an advocate and friend of practical Pan-Americanism as any of the ABC or other Latin-American Powers which have participated in Pan-American mediation, or have joined in Pan-American co-operation and the growing work and responsibilities of the Pan-American Union.

JOHN BARRETT.

THE SHACKLED SENATE

BY CHARLES S. THOMAS, UNITED STATES SENATOR

The Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States transformed the American Senate from a chosen to an elective body. This fundamental change was wrought after many years of agitation. It encountered and finally overcame the bitter hostility of the conservative elements of society, which, of course, included the Senate itself. The movement rested upon the assumption that the Upper Chamber had ceased to be an aid and had become an obstacle to the healthy progress of popular government. Its independence of the electorate made it peculiarly susceptible to the influence of privilege, so that its natural conservatism hardened in the direction of class prerogative. The cure for this dangerous tendency was believed to consist in depriving the State Legislatures of their power to choose its members, and provide for their election by popular vote. The Senate would then function as the ally rather than the antagonist of the House, and become, in fact as well as in form, a representative body.

The triumph of this great reform would indicate that the causes assigned for its demand were finally recognized as actually existing, and that the evils complained of would disappear with the adoption of the suggested remedy. Hence the operation and tendencies of the Senate as now constructed have been watched with unusual interest, and the results during the short interval of time elapsing since the change was made have, on the whole, justified the claims of its advocates.

But new motive power, to be effective, must work through adequate mechanical processes. It must be supplied with new machinery or the old appliances must be made adaptable to its needs by suitable alterations. This principle applies as well to legislation. As the electric current displaces steam

power, through the agency of the dynamo which generates and the motor which directs it, so the modern legislative spirit can supersede the old conditions and become fully articulate only through agencies especially designed for that purpose. But the new Senate has not yet supplied itself with new tools. It must do this, or the promise of the Seventeenth Amendment may fall far short of realization.

The Senate rules of procedure were adopted in 1806. They have undergone but little alterations since then, although precedents established under them by succeeding Senates are numerous and bewildering. The rules of the House expire with the Congress enacting them; those of the Senate have been constant and threaten to become immortal. One hundred and nine years ago, and for years thereafter, the business of the National Congress was small in scope and easily transacted. The occasions for obstruction were infrequent. The sessions were short. Distances were great, and federal activities were usually restricted to the rigid limitations of the letter of the Constitution. Any rules whereby the business of legislation could proceed in orderly course consistent with short sessions and early adjournments would amply suffice for such conditions.

But as the needs and activities of the nation increased with the increase of its population, partisanship became more manifest, and political and personal interest increasingly identified themselves with national legislation. Under these influences, the privileges and limitations of the rules were naturally invoked, sometimes as a sword, but more frequently as a shield. Through these processes they crystallized into weapons of obstruction and delay in both Houses, paralyzing their powers and delaying or defeating their operations. By refusing to respond to roll call, or by resorting to endless and interminable discussion, the minority, when so disposed, could prevent a vote on any measure or permit a vote upon terms of its own dictation.

This intolerable situation reached its climax in the House in 1890, when it was given its quietus by the late Speaker Reed. Since then the Senate has been its house of refuge. More recently, however, Senators present but not responding to the roll call are counted when necessary for a quorum, and that evil has been mitigated in some degree. But the "right of unlimited debate," as it is called, has long been an established Senatorial institution, zealously defended by con-

servatism as a shield of the minority, and as zealously utilized whenever the spleen, the interest, or the partisanship of any small group of Senators is moved to assail measures obnoxious to them. Indeed, one man alone can interrupt the entire machinery of legislation. However formidable the majority may be numerically, unanimous consent is the *sine qua non* of final action. "When filibustering began," said Mr. Reed, "it took a whole political party to block business. It has ripened to such a degree of impossible perfection that one man can now hold the country at bay."

The Senate rules do not in terms make provision for closing debate and reaching a vote. Hence a single objection to the final submission of a bill is held sufficient to prevent a disposal of it. And since the system applies to every subject of consideration, a resolution amending the rules can be filibustered to death just as easily as a great party measure. This explains the failure of all efforts to effect any substantial change in the rules for over a century. Thus, during the filibuster against the Shipping Bill last January, Senator Reed sought to break the deadlock by a motion providing for a vote at a specific time upon the demand of a specific number of Senators. This changed the subject, but not the situation. The minority merely shifted its point of attack and exhausted hours in preventing a vote upon the motion.

Revolts of the majority against these methods have occurred on several occasions since Van Buren's time. Those of Henry Clay in 1841, of Douglas in 1850, of Hamlin and Wilson in 1870, were conspicuous though ineffectual. "Let our contests," pleaded Mr. Clay, "be contests of intellectuality and not of physical force, in seeing who could sit out the other, or consume the most time in useless debate." Even in his day the filibuster was a mere contest of physical endurance, unenlivened by monotonous harangues having little, if any, relation to the question before the House.

In 1893, during the filibuster against the repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act, a number of amendments were proposed by different Senators, all designed to place some limit upon debate. Among those advocating these amendments were Senators Lodge and Gallinger, both of whom are now prominent and eloquent defenders of the old system. Senator Platt of Connecticut then declared that the Senate was fast losing the respect of the people, which regarded it as a body existing to retard legislation, because under its

rules it was virtually impossible to take action upon any bill encountering opposition. He also denounced the filibuster as an inhuman affair, since it was a contest of endurance and not of intellect.

Senator Vest, one of the obstructionists on that occasion, said that if any oracle could be found to solve the difficulty and tell him how the pending measure or any measure could pass the Senate with the opposition existing against it, he would conclude that Omniscience had imparted itself to that individual and given him a solution which had not yet been found. And Senator Lodge, both in the Senate and through the columns of The North American Review, boldly declared that since the rules contained no method of compelling a vote, they were based upon courtesy, which must be reciprocal or cease to exist. The courtesy which concedes unlimited debate must, in turn, concede the right to vote, or it becomes impossible as a rule of conduct in a legislative body. He emphasized the fact that the right of debate, though important, is not the only nor the most important privilege to be considered; that the right to vote is more sacred than the right of debate; and that, when unlimited debate can be used for purposes of obstruction, and to defeat the right to vote, the system of courtesy has become not only impossible, but an abuse and a danger. Truer words were never spoken, albeit this same Senator was not only conspicuous in the obstructive tactics of last winter, but defended the system with all the enthusiasm of a recent convert.

Under the existing rules, a Senator may talk to the point of physical exhaustion, and, after a period of rest, while others are conducting the filibuster, he may again take the floor and repeat the process. A graphic instance of the manner in which this privilege can be abused was furnished by Senator Weeks on March 3rd last, when the Shipping Bill was last reported out of Committee. After announcing his own purpose "to address himself to it at considerable length," he gave a list of Senators who would follow him, which included the names of Burton, Root, Gallinger, Lodge, Oliver, Jones, Penrose, Townsend, Smoot, Lippitt, Poindexter, McCumber, Bristow, Cummins, Sherman, Clapp, Sutherland, Nelson, Sterling, Clark, Warren, Smith, and du Pont. Nearly all of these Senators, including himself, had spoken on the bill theretofore, some of them for a stretch of more than thirteen hours. Needless to add that, as the Congress

had but one more day of life, the Senator in charge of the bill was compelled to withdraw it from further consideration. Senator Weeks, as the mouthpiece of the minority, easily dictated the course of the Senate to a numerically strong majority, made legislatively helpless by its own rules of procedure. Clearly, this is the antithesis of democracy.

The proponents of unlimited debate declare that it has at times served a good purpose. Without regard to party, they point to the defeat of the Force Bill of 1890 through its agency as a conspicuous instance. But the same argument may be invoked in behalf of every evil through which some good cometh. It serves merely to emphasize the evil, and the necessity of removing it, since the good may be attained in other and far more desirable ways. For it may be asserted that not only are many good measures defeated by obstruction, although demanded by decided majorities, but many schemes are engrafted upon the laws by the threat of filibuster against needed pending legislation, which would not otherwise be seriously considered. The evil is potent, both actively and negatively. Riders upon appropriation bills, and amendments wholly foreign to the subject matter of other bills, are proposed and accepted as the dire alternative to successful obstruction. The latter has therefore become a species of legislative blackmail. Carefully prepared measures of great importance are mutilated, and the fruits of good legislation are minimized. Many instances of this character could be given if space permitted; and the practice naturally grows by what it feeds upon.

The waste of time by the Senate, for which it has been subjected to severe censure, is wholly due to its archaic code of procedure. Hours are consumed in wrangling over trivial matters, and discussion travels over the universe in the effort to talk as much and say as little as possible. The standards of Senatorial debate are thus necessarily lowered, and its influence wanes as the bulk of the *Congressional Record* increases. But if this were the sole or the most important consequence, it might be endured. The very serious and deplorable result of needless and cruel consumption of time is that many measures of real importance are crowded into the end of the calendar and must be rushed to completion during the closing hours of the session, or be abandoned altogether. The great supply bills, for example, saddled with riders covering remote projects or sinister interests, and

carrying hundreds of millions in appropriations, can in the very nature of things receive but scant consideration, and must become laws, if they are to be enacted at all, with these shameful burdens upon them. Extravagance is the inevitable consequence. Economic administration is impossible, and ill-digested legislation the rule in national affairs.

Intimately related to this phase of the subject is the vastly expanded orbit of federal authority, as reflected in Congressional activities and the consequent increasing demands upon its time. The people are looking more and more to Washington and less and less to their state and municipal governments, as the agency for the conduct of their affairs and as the fountain of relief from all their difficulties. And the National Government is responding with alacrity. Hence the Congressional calendar has become a thing of appalling dimensions, while the bills "passing through the hopper" constitute an endless procession. In the Senate, 7,996, and in the House, 22,057 bills and joint resolutions, or a total of 30,053, were introduced during the Sixty-third Congress, of which 417 public and 283 private laws and resolutions were enacted; a total of 700 in all. The enumeration does not include 1,426 concurrent and simple resolutions. It is safe to assume that ten per cent. of this vast output, or 3,000 bills and resolutions, are meritorious, and that all of them are entitled to the decent consideration of the committees to which they are referred. But since the life of a Congress is but 730 days, it is obvious that, with every moment of its time devoted to the public business, the intelligent and careful disposition of even 3,000 bills is well nigh impossible. And that task is made to seem ridiculous—if it were not tragic—when subjected to a system of procedure under which the entire time of the Senate can be exhausted by the consideration of a single bill, or even of a motion to amend its rules, and when the session expires before a final vote can be taken upon it. A system falling under such an indictment is too vicious to endure.

The work of the Sixty-third Congress was unusually comprehensive, yet all that it did might have been accomplished in six months. Many matters of the greatest importance, which might easily have been disposed of, were necessarily postponed to a later time, and thus compelled to take their chances with others of perhaps greater moment arising from future developments. And the cost to the people of these

diffusive and wearisome discussions, intended for everything except information, is very great. Eight thousand dollars per day of eight hours is a moderate estimate of the sum which the people pay for the luxury of a Senate, any of whose members can, if so disposed, talk for days without thinking at all.

The right of unlimited debate is an anachronism in modern parliamentary procedure. It survives only in the Canadian House of Commons and in the Senate of the United States. All other legislative bodies have eliminated it from their rules and practice. It has always been subject to abuse. "The dignity, the credit, and the authority of this House are seriously threatened, and they should be vindicated," said Speaker Brand in the English Commons in 1880, when the obstruction of the Parnellites forced the reluctant hand of that body, which then restricted liberty of discussion so far as to make government by the majority possible. The hour has come when the Senate must adapt its rules to the needs of the time and in harmony with justice, or the people will express themselves upon the subject in tones loud enough for the deafest reactionary to hear and understand.

Nor can the majority justly plead its own helplessness under the incubus of rules which are immune to change. In The North American Review for November, 1893, Senator Lodge justly charged the majority with responsibility for the filibuster then going on. "No minority," said he, "is ever to blame for obstruction. If the rules permit them to obstruct, they are lawfully entitled to use those rules in order to stop a measure which they deem injurious. The blame for obstruction rests with the majority, and, if there is obstruction, it is because the majority permit it. . . . They, and they alone, can secure action and initiate proceedings to bring the body whose machinery they control to a vote." And the Senator also said that "no extreme or violent change is needed in order to remedy the existing condition of affairs. A simple rule giving the majority power to fix a time for taking a vote upon any measure which has been before the Senate and under discussion, say for thirty days, would be all-sufficient. Such a change should be made and such a rule passed, for the majority ought to have and must have full power and responsibility."

At the written request of forty-two Democratic Senators, the majority leader on the first of March last named a com-

mittee to prepare and report a plan to the next Senate placing reasonable limits upon Senatorial debate. That committee will discharge its duty, and the next Senate, if I mistake not, will take decisive action on the subject. It may be able to accomplish nothing else, but it will certainly endeavor to do that. The American Senate cannot, in justice to the people or to itself, continue to give shelter and asylum to an archaic and vicious system of procedure which enthrones the minority, is a menace to every scheme of progress, and the buttress of every entrenched abuse.

Opportunity for legitimate debate will not be impaired by any contemplated change—that would be going to an equally dangerous extreme. Senate cloture will be entirely consistent with the right of full discussion. But the majority must be clothed with the power to control parliamentary procedure and enforce the right to vote upon its bills and resolutions, or fail in its duty to itself and to the people. This is, as we have been told so often, an age of efficiency. Parliamentary opposition should mean voting against a bill. In the Senate, as in the House, "mere inertia must cease to be a match for ballots and brains."

CHARLES S. THOMAS.

THE POETRY OF RUPERT BROOKE

BY ST. JOHN G. ERVINE

When I remember Rupert Brooke as I first saw him, and as I last saw him, and look at his portrait, I cannot believe that he is dead. It seems to me to be incredible that so much beauty, his physical appearance and his power to create spiritual loveliness, should have been destroyed in the very hour of blooming, at the moment when he was passing swiftly from youthful wit and cleverness to a man's maturity of feeling. "The heart of another is a dark forest," says Anton Tchekhov in one of his stories of Russian life; so perhaps there is completion where men with small or broken vision see only a beginning or an attempt, and it may be that Rupert Brooke had made a full circle when he died of sunstroke in the Dardanelles; but no one can read the five sonnets which he wrote just before his death and not feel that had he lived he would have made wider circles still.

Some of the poems which are printed in Brooke's last volume, notably that one which is called "Heaven," are the expression of a fine, but not completely formed mind; they are witty and very clever, and are clearly the outcome of considerable culture, but they do not convince the reader that their author had felt very deeply, or endured more than the small irritations that afflict the life of a comfortable and imaginative youth. There is a note of petulant bravado in the love poems which shows that, although there were wounds, there was also quick healing,—that the hurt to his vanity was greater than the hurt to his heart; and the reader feels that instead of exhibiting his wound, he is showing how little he cares:

> Your hands, my dear, adorable,
> Your lips of tenderness—
> Oh, I've loved you faithfully and well,
> Three years, or a bit less.
> It wasn't a success.

Thank God, that's done! and I'll take the road,
Quit of my youth and you,
The Roman road to Wendover
By Tring and Lilley Hoo,
As a free man may do.

* * * * * *

I shall desire and I shall find
The best of my desires;
The Autumn road, the mellow wind
That soothes the darkening shires,
And laughter, and inn-fires.

White mist about the black hedgerows,
The slumbering Midland plain,
The silence where the clover grows,
And the dead leaves in the lane,
Certainly, these remain.

And I shall find some girl, perhaps,
And a better one than you,
With eyes as wise, but kindlier,
And lips as soft, but true.
And I daresay she will do.

There is beauty in those verses, and extraordinary deftness, but there is also a calculated harshness and a deliberately wrought roughness which make the reader doubt the poet's claim to be "quit of my youth," even if he were quit of "you." Some contemporary poets, influenced by Masefield, have intentionally interpolated uncouth lines into their verses, hoping that by the sudden jolt of a jarring rhythm they may create, not merely a contrast, but a renewal of a mood. The smooth flow of melodious verse that came from Tennyson, that comes to-day from Mr. Alfred Noyes, makes the mind sleepy after a while. The reader tires, too, of the seemliness of these placid poets whose doubts, when they have any, are the doubts of dons and nicely-mannered men. Tennyson's peasants are always ready to touch their caps or pull their forelocks, and Mr. Noyes's roystering adventurers are not nearly so raw as they say they are—one feels that they have never steered a ship through a storm, that they have never had to tighten their belts to lessen their hunger, and that their oaths were learned from books. There was design in Rupert Brooke's uncouth verses. He wrote:

Oh, I've loved you faithfully and well,
Three years, or a bit less.
It wasn't a success—

with the strict intention of scarifying and irritating the professors and the academicians. One almost imagines him, as he writes these lines, forgetting that his love was unkind to him, and chuckling as he thinks of the shock that Professor Saintsbury will have when he reads:

. . . or a bit less.
It wasn't a success.

or:

Certainly, these remain.

or:

And I daresay she will do.

These verses are clever, but they are only clever. They contain some of the bright boy's disregard of tradition. They are in harmony with the general discontent with established forms and institutions which became so perceptible in all artistic endeavor during the five years immediately preceding the European Disaster. Youth, restive under the clumsy compulsion of Age, suddenly refused to yield any further obedience to its elders. Youth had learned that the old man's advice, "Wait until you are old enough to know better," invariably resulted in a race of grey-beards who were too cowardly to know better; and so, in those five years, troops of young painters, poets, sculptors, novelists, and composers tramped through Europe, cursing conventions and belittling the accumulated beauty of centuries. Signor Marinetti blew squeaky trumpets in the Catacombs and incited his followers to explode Chinese crackers in the Colosseum. The older artists, disconcerted by this sudden irruption of violent youths, fell to mockery and then to alarmed rage. In all the domains of Art, there were continual processions of strange artists, all violent, all incoherent, all ruthless, and all angry, so that the spectators became dizzy with amazement and dubious of the world's sanity.

How far Rupert Brooke's deliberately wrought harshness was part of that world-movement toward brutality and primitive impressions, and how far it was part of a peculiar personal feeling, it is difficult to say. He was influenced to some extent by Strindberg, and I once heard him speak of women in the Strindbergian manner; but it never occurred to me that that was any more than a passing mood. He had,

I think, a great regard for Masefield's poetry, and the only play he ever wrote, a prose piece in one act, was moulded in the Masefield shape. But neither of these writers had any permanent control over him. The bulk of his verse, odd as it may seem in view of his reaction from the Tennysonian melody, resembles Tennyson's poetry. It has the same shapeliness, the same flow of musical words, and I do not doubt that, had he lived, Brooke would have abandoned the revolutionaries and made his peace with the ages.

He was a man of exceptional appearance. The word "beautiful" has, through the efforts of romantic writers, become almost exclusively a word that is reserved for the description of women, and it gives a disagreeable impression of effeminacy when it is applied to men. There was nothing of an effeminate character about Rupert Brooke, but he was undoubtedly beautiful. I remember one night, when I was returning to my home in a London suburb, Brooke came into the carriage of the "Underground" in which I was sitting. It was full of tired, pale men and women, lying in the loose attitudes that are adopted by people who are too fatigued to be particular of their appearance in public. The unshaded electric lamps made a harsh glare on every face and gave it a drawn, grey look. . . . Rupert Brooke suddenly came into that carriage like a wind from heaven.

Those who did not know him might have imagined, after reading the poems in which he mocked the body and jeered at physical beauty, that he was a hideous dwarf, profaning fine things out of envy and bitter spite. In one of his earlier poems he describes Helen of Troy in a possible old age, a toothless, nagging, bleary hag, and in the same book there is a poem on seasickness that might turn a queasy stomach. Brooke seemed to hate his fine looks, not because he was indifferent to beauty, but because it might so easily become a snare for his soul. And so, in his poetry, he denounced the flesh with greater violence than John the Baptist, and, in his life, he took care not to stay too long in places where flatterers are. Once he told me with what pleasure he quitted London and went to Grantchester, the little village outside Cambridge where he spent much of his time. I sometimes think that he was happy in Grantchester because he could be free there from passionate distractions.

But all these poems, those that are clever and witty and those that are full of revulsion from physical beauty, were

part of a mood that had no permanence. I remember talking of him one evening to Mr. Yeats, who said that if Brooke could rid his poetry of a certain "languid sensualness," he would probably become a very great poet. I repeated this statement to Brooke in a letter, and I remember that, when he met me soon afterwards, he told me that he had made up his mind to leave England for a year or two. He intended, he said, to travel for a few weeks in the Eastern States of America, and then he would cross the continent to California and stay there for a long while, because California is such a beautiful country. "And then I shall go to the South Sea Islands!"

In the first months of 1914 he was at Samoa, and here he wrote some of his finest poems. In one of them, written at Mataiea, called *The Great Lover*, he reveals himself very clearly. Most of his poems were intimate revelations of his own personality, but in *The Great Lover* the sensuousness of his nature was made perfectly plain:

> I have been a great lover: filled my days
> So proudly with the splendor of Love's Praise,

and then he describes the things he has loved:

> These I have loved:
> White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
> Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
> Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
> Of friendly bread; and many tasting food;
> Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
> And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
> And flowers themselves, that sway through many hours,
> Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
> Then, the cool kindliness of sheets. . . .
>
> * * * * * *
>
> The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
> The good smell of old clothes; and other such—
> The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
> Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
> About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .
> Dear names,
> And thousand others, throng to me! Royal flames;
> Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
> Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
> Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
> Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;

Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;
And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass;—
All these have been my loves. . . .

It is very notable that there is no reference to love of women in this confession of affections, but that omission might have been due to the fact that he had either become too proud to speak of this love again, or he had ceased to be affected by it. What is more interesting to his friends than the omission of women from his list of loves, is the omission of any purely intellectual love. His list does not contain anything that an uninstructed man could not love as ardently as he loved it. A ploughman, incapable of reading or writing, could "make his mark" at the foot of Rupert Brooke's confession in complete sincerity. He may have loved books and pictures and poems and music and sculpture and scholarship, but his love for these things was clearly less than his love for "the strong crust of friendly bread; and many tasting food." I never knew what his intellectual pleasures were. He never spoke of books or pictures, and he may have disliked music as heartily as Mr. Yeats dislikes it. It may be that he was as indifferent to these things as Synge was, and that he was purely a poet of the senses, of things felt and experienced rather than of things thought and perceived. It has sometimes seemed to me that the difference between Doestoievsky and Turgenieff is that the former understood because he had endured, and the latter understood because he had felt. Rupert Brooke belonged to the order of Turgenieff. He loved natural things rather than mental things, and pleasure rather than pain. Pain, it is true, is one of his loves, but only pain "soon turned to peace."

While he was in Samoa, there was a great accretion of power perceptible in what he wrote; and in a "Sonnet (suggested by some of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research)" the transition from boyish wit and cleverness to a man's depth of purpose and understanding is clearly seen. There is wit in this sonnet, but with it there is also growing experience and kindling knowledge:

Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
Those dusty highroads of the aimless dead,
Plaintive for earth; but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,
Some low sweet valley between wind and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

I was with him on the evening before he went to America, and I never saw him again. At intervals, he sent short notes, and sometimes I saw a poem of his or a descriptive article in a magazine; and I heard of the project that he and his friends, Lascelles Abercrombie, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, and John Drinkwater, had made to publish their poems in quarterly volumes under the general title of *New Numbers*. I was not in London when he returned to England, but we made plans to meet. Then the war began, and his friend, Winston Churchill, obtained a commission for him in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and we heard that he had taken part in the hurried and abortive defense of Antwerp. Thereafter, he was in training for a time, and then we were told that he had gone to the Dardanelles.

In the meantime, a volume of *New Numbers* was published, containing the five sonnets written in war time. The extraordinary beauty of these five poems compelled the respect of the most transient mind. Many war poems had been printed in England at and after the beginning of the Disaster: some of them were good, some of them were even notable, but the bulk of them were of incredible badness. Good or bad, none of them had the perfect spirit of Brooke's sonnets. Here were fulfillment and renunciation and immovable resolve. We, here in England, read Lissauer's *Hymn of Hate,* with mingled feelings of astonishment and pity. The *Hymn of Hate* is a powerful poem, but it is powerful in the way that a foul smell is powerful. One turned from that strange expression of an empire's mood to the five sonnets that were written by Rupert Brooke with the

same feeling of thanksgiving with which a man emerges from a gloomy cavern into warm sunlight. There is no hate in these sonnets, no damning of the enemy to everlasting hell, no arrogant demand that God shall do this or that . . . but a fine acceptance of destined things, and simple thankfulness that the hour had not found him unready.

The fifth sonnet has been widely read because its publication was so speedily followed by the death of its author, but its beauty is not dependent on that tragic fortuity. It is a thing of exquisite feeling, made out of the life of a young man to whom the gods had been very generous; and so long as men love their lands, this poem will move them:

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's a corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England. There shall be
> In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
> A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
> Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
> A body of England's, breathing English air,
> Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
>
> And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
> A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
> Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
> Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day;
> And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness,
> In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke loved England as ardently as Thomas Davis loved Ireland and Garibaldi loved Italy and Dostoievsky loved Russia. Even while he was feeling his way toward firm faiths, this love was strong in him, and the wayward irreverence of rebel youths could not seduce him from it.

I have already quoted *The Soldier,* with its memorable, rich beginning; but the other sonnets are no less noble; indeed, the fourth, called *The Dead,* is even finer than the fifth:

> These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
> Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
> The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
> And sunset, and the colors of the earth.
> These had seen movement, and heard music; known
> Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
> Felt the quick pulse of wonder; sat alone;
> Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies all day. And after
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

In that poem, and in *Peace* and *The Dead,* there is high majesty and completion, and a self-revelation that is also a self-realization.

He was twenty-seven years of age when he died of sunstroke in the Ægean. He was taken from the hospital ship at midnight and buried by the light of torches.

I do not suppose he had thought much about the causes of the war. Politics made very little appeal to him, although, like most generous-minded young men, he was a Socialist. These matters were no affair of his. England was at war, and so he must arm himself. It is said that he had a premonition of his death, and that he went to the Ægean in the knowledge that he would not return. That may be so, for poets have eyes that see and ears that hear; but his knowledge did not diminish the pride of his bearing. He made his end in serenity and proud submission.

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, had made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honor has come back as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

St. John G. Ervine.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"SARTOR RESARTUS" UP TO DATE[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

If the Great War had not got on the nerves of Mr. H. G. Wells, he would not have written *Boon;* and we should have been deprived of the most brilliant and engrossing and savage piece of satirical writing since *Sartor Resartus.*

It is apparently Mr. Wells' little jest that he is not the author of *Boon,* and his publishers have abetted him in this amiable but rather foolish game of literary mystification. The book is solemnly "copyright by Reginald Bliss," and the publishers' Guide to Reviewers—set forth, with the subtle cunning peculiar to publishers, on the cover—tells us that "the authorship of the book is a mystery whose solution is likely to be a sensation." Whether this profession of anonymity is a jest is not quite clear. Certainly there is no real "mystery" about the matter at all. Nor, seemingly, does Mr. Wells attempt to make one of it in his semi-jocose introduction, wherein he speaks of "the pressure of a certain inseparable intimacy between Mr. Reginald Bliss and myself," and of his having "a kind of first-hand knowledge of [the book's] contents." He goes on to hope that the reader—by which he means, he says, the reviewer—"will be able to see the reasonableness and the necessity of distinguishing between me and Mr. Reginald Bliss." Bliss is Bliss, he insists, "and Wells is Wells. And Bliss can write all sorts of things that Wells could not do."

Undoubtedly! and an excellent jest *that* is! For, under his semi-serious guise of anonymity, Mr. Wells has run amuck through the crowded and already sufficiently turbulent highways of the contemporary world, and has bowled over very nearly everybody in sight, abroad and at home, from

---

[1] *Boon, The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, and The Last Trump.* By Reginald Bliss. George H. Doran Company, New York, 1915.

the Kaiser and Lord Morley and Lord Haldane and Mr. Henry James and Mr. Bernard Shaw and the militarists and the American public to Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Scarcely a head escapes, if it is at all in view; and even being dead does not save you from the joyous ferocity of Mr. Wells, for he takes a whack at Homer and Goethe, Schopenhauer and Mr. Gladstone. The great and the almost-great are impartially tumbled over in the *mêlée;* and even the supremely respectable fall a prey to the general frightfulness: as witness, in the section called "The Natural History of Greatness," his notes on the career of the blameless and admirable Mrs. Humphrey Ward—"the last of the British Victorian Great"—in which we are assured that "the rumor that she is represented as a sea goddess at the base of the Queen Victoria Memorial is unfounded"; and the description of Mr. Gladstone's arrival in Hell, greeted by cries of "Speech! Speech!" . . . eliciting "the first delicious promise of a Home Rule movement which should break the last feeble links of Celestial Control." Nor is any one too slightly conspicuous to hope for clemency at the hands of the bloodthirsty Mr. Wells—as you can see by observing the dreadful immortalization that has befallen an unfortunate gentleman named Osborn, who apparently writes pieces for the London *Morning Post.*

No—it is quite clear that Mr. Wells could not decently have issued a formal confession of authorship to this book, and one supposes that the gesture of deprecation was necessary. But it is not, after all, a particularly able joke that he and his publishers have sprung; for that Mr. Wells could escape, in any reasonably intelligent quarter, the indisputable responsibility for *Boon* is hardly credible. However, to set at rest the mind of any reader—or reviewer—who may be tempted to accommodate the desire of Mr. Wells that he "see the reasonableness of distinguishing between me and Mr. Reginald Bliss," and to play upon our author a jest that is doubtless as poor a one as his own, we hereby unqualifiedly affirm that we *know* Mr. Wells to be the author of *Boon.*

Whereupon, having duly succumbed to whatever joke may be implicit in this amiable author-publisher hoax, we can proceed to regard a little more directly the remarkable production which inspired it.

Once upon a time a well-beloved romancer—it may have

been Mr. Robert W. Chambers—wrote a tale about a beautiful artist's model (she was, incidentally, a perfect lady) who, about to enter, after a period of prolonged deliberation, into a state of concubinage with a gentleman friend, was wont to refer to the coming experience as "the Great Change." (We are almost, but not quite, sure of the capital initials.) Now, *Boon* is the story of Mr. Wells' mind, wrought upon by a Great Change of a different sort—of a mind made sick and a little mad (but mad only north-northwest) by the Great Catastrophe. It could never have been written but by Mr. Wells. It could never have been written save for the War. It is a bitter and a terrible and a merciless book, and yet there is at its heart a noble exaltation. It is jeering, mocking, impious, trivial, peevish; and it is a masterpiece of philosophical satire. The *Boon* of the title —George Boon—was the deceased friend of Mr. Bliss-Wells, and this is a sheaf of quotations, comments, allusions—unconscionably discursive, fragmentary and fantastic—relating to the hypothetical gentleman's literary remains. And Boon, of course, is Mr. Wells' mouthpiece, through whom are uttered his ideas concerning all things that occupy the thoughts of contemporary man. The book is a medley, an intellectual *revue,* a literary Luna Park, in which you bump-the-bumps or dizzily shoot-the-chutes over and down and up and across Mr. Wells' convictions about authors and politics and economics and biology and history and philosophy. You are invited to study three unfinished productions of the late Boon—*The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil,* and *The Last Trump,* all diligently assembled and annotated and "prepared for publication" by Mr. Bliss. The book is, as the accomplished Bliss observes, "an obituary of more than George Boon." For Boon died with his age. And what Mr. Wells has given us is, in some sort, a memorial to a dead age: to the dead past of the world—a critical phantasmagoria in which we see, as in sleep-chasings, the men and things and ideas of that incredible *ante-bellum* time that now seems almost as if it had never been.

The book is a welter of contemporaneity, appallingly specific in its allusions—allusions that are often contemptuous, or, at best, furtively satirical; as, for example, a marvelous scene between Mr. Henry James and Mr. George Moore (a triumph of delicate and dreadful wit which it would be hard to match in English letters), who appear at a

world-conference upon the momentous subject of "The Mind of the Race," attended, among many others, by Mr. Gosse, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Yeats, Mr. James and Mr. Moore, and emissaries of Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Hearst. The two distinguished novelists talk with complete verisimilitude, and together, neither paying the slightest heed to the other; so that while Mr. James is observing: "Owing it as we do, very, very largely to our friend Gosse, to that peculiar, that honest but restless and, as it were, at times almost malignantly ambitious organizing energy of our friend, I cannot altogether—altogether, even if in any case I should have taken so extreme, so devastatingly isolating a step as, to put it violently, *stand out;* yet I must confess to a considerable anxiety, a kind of distress, an apprehension, the terror, so to speak——" at the same moment Mr. Moore is saying meditatively to himself: "Little, exquisite shoulders without a touch of color and with just that suggestion of rare old ivory in an old shop-window in some out-of-the-way corner of Paris that only the most patient abstinence from baths and the brutality of soaping——." Surely mockery could be no more exquisite than this! And the book is full of such delectable things—as the no less perfect scene in the special train which is taking the conferees to a subsequent congress at Bâle upon the absorbing topic of "The Mind of the Race": a journey during which Mr. Bernard Shaw insists upon thrusting himself into the center of activities garbed in hand-painted pajamas, while Mr. Upton Sinclair, "having carried out his ideal of an innocent frankness to a logical completeness in his traveling equipment," is forcibly wrapped in blankets by the train officials—a journey made memorable also by the presence of a horse-van at the end containing Mr. Maurice Hewlett's charger, and "a large, quiet sheep, the inseparable pet of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson." Wherefrom it will be seen that Mr. Wells is not without the gift of malice.

The book is Carlyle in a gayer key. It is *Sartor Resartus* crossed by *Alice in Wonderland,* with Mr. Max Beerbohm hovering nearby and interjecting outrageous intellectual blasphemies. It is ferocious and unsparing, but it is far from being inexpensively cynical. It is, justly considered, a corrective. It has aspiration, and it has vision. The black stream of consequences that must come from the War will flow, as Mr. Wells sees, for centuries; but "all this multitudinous

individual unhappiness is still compatible with a great progressive movement in the general mind. . . . Horrible possibilities have to be realized, and they can be realized only by experience; complacencies, fatuities have to be destroyed; we have to learn and relearn what Boon once called 'the bitter need of honesty.' We must see these things from the standpoint of the Race Life, whose days are hundreds of years." And there is the great task of literature: "the great task of becoming the thought and the expressed intention of the race, the task of taming violence, organizing the aimless, destroying error, the task of waylaying the Wild Asses of the Devil and sending them back to Hell. . . . And we have to do it, because we know, in spite of the darkness, the wickedness, the haste and hate,—we know in our hearts . . . that judgment is all about us and God stands close at hand."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

WHAT IS BACK OF THE WAR. By Albert J. Beveridge. Indianapolis; The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

If any book about the Great War may be said to make thoroughly enjoyable reading, this description is applicable to Senator Beveridge's account of his experiences and observations on two of the fighting fronts and in three of the warring countries during the Winter and Spring just past. The author talked with the common soldiers and officers in the trenches; he interviewed prisoners in the German camps, interned Belgian soldiers in Holland, French peasants living in the territory subject to German military rule. In addition, he had frank conversations with many notable men representing various vocations and viewpoints, in Germany, in France, and in England.

It is not the tragic and horrifying reaction—or afterthought—of battle that Senator Beveridge makes us feel. He brings us probably much closer to the reality by revealing the matter-of-fact, cheerful side of the deadly struggle—the good physical condition of the men rather than "the misery of the trenches," the everyday gallantry of the combatants, rather than the soul-shaking inferno of shot and shell as it presents itself to the imaginations of the more tender-minded. Told in a style of easy conversational eloquence, his narrative draws one into the spirit of the game, makes one feel the fascination and impressiveness of smoothly working efficiency, the "tang of the unusual and perilous," the quasi-spiritual exaltation of perfect solidarity and determination—an exaltation that calms and steadies, and that is not incompatible with unheroic comfort and with occasional humor. Even the wounded returning from the front seem less pitiable than imagination paints them. These same wounded, in the hospitals, are usually anxious to return to the firing line; so are the prisoners; so are the soldiers who have been for a day or two off duty. In short, human nature is great enough to support even the horrors of Armageddon without losing its poise or its admirable commonplaceness.

If the book is psychologically true to human nature, it is also obviously truthful and just in the views it gives of the conduct and character of the combatants. We read of the interned Belgian soldiers as being, from the point of view of the hard-headed though not unsympathetic Hollanders, rather an ungrateful and trouble-

some lot—men more concerned about their daily fare and the privileges accorded them than about the fate of their country. We have indisputable testimony to the good relations prevailing between the inhabitants of conquered French territory and the German conquerors, and to the personally friendly sentiments that exist in German prison camps between German captors and captured Frenchmen or Russians. Even the English in these camps say that they have little to complain of.

Objectively, the story is extraordinarily vivid; it is compact and fluent in its marshalling of sharp visual impressions and of glimpses of men in action which convey the stir and tension of the battlefield. Bits of casual but significant conversation alternate with the detonations of shells. The author saw and heard a great deal. He was in the German lines opposed to the French near Lille, and in the lines opposed to the English at Comines on the road to Ypres. In the East he witnessed a part of the " battle of Bohmoff "—a battle as large as many of the biggest conflicts in our Civil War, which was fought some forty miles from Lodz.

Those parts of Senator Beveridge's book in which he sounds the public opinion of Germany, England, and France, are not less interesting than his battle pictures. The author found in Germany an even greater degree of cheerful confidence and determination than Americans have believed to obtain there; in France, an equal determination combined with greater nervous tension; in England, practically unanimous support of the Government, but a rather discouraging diversity of opinion, comparative unconcern, and a somewhat general dubiety as to what the war is all about. More specific views are given in conversational detail. Among the German notables with whom Senator Beveridge talked are the Kaiser, Admiral von Tirpitz, General von Hindenburg, the theologian, von Harnack, and many others. In France he interviewed such men as Gabriel Hanotaux, Hervé, Bergson; besides these, a prominent peace advocate and a leading statesman, whose names are suppressed. In England he conferred with " one of the foremost statesmen," with Lord Bryce, with Lord Newton, described as " a typical conservative British peer," with Charles Trevelyan, " the foe of secret diplomacy," with Sir Gilbert Parker, and with Bernard Shaw. Most interesting is his account of that phase of British opinion which deplores the manner in which the nation was " led blindfold up to the guns," and of that which regards the violation of Belgium's neutrality as a mere side-issue. It may be added that the views of economists and business men in each country are of even more significance than those of statesmen and philosophers.

Senator Beveridge's interviews with all these men of weight and authority are remarkable for dramatic and human interest. The Kaiser, for instance, is described with the view of bringing him familiarly to the understanding of the American mind, and the

sketch of him is "put in terms of Americanism just as if describing an American public man." All the conversations reported have the tone of frankness and the interest of the impromptu spoken word.

To those who love eye-witness and ear-witness reports, *What is Back of the War* will furnish a feast; it is emphatically a book to read if one wishes to get a lively and intelligent impression of the European scene in war time. Perhaps the most interesting chapter, however, is that which is devoted to probabilities. In brief, Senator Beveridge is convinced that the war is everywhere strengthening the forces of democratic collectivism—that its final outcome will be a more or less thorough reorganization of European life upon this basis.

ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION AND MEDICAL PROGRESS. By William Williams Keen, M.D., LL.D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

The reader who is not an antivivisectionist can scarcely peruse Dr. Keen's succinct and informing account of medical progress during the last five decades without wondering that the author should have been forced into a controversial attitude by the attacks of furious sentimentalists. That there is need of protest, however, against that perversion of humane feeling which would sacrifice the whole to minor parts, is amply attested. Dr. Keen's references to antivivisection documents and his careful analyses of some of them seem to show on the part of certain opponents of animal experimentation a determined, unreasoning hostility which uses logic, rather blindly, as a weapon of offense, but falls back ultimately upon the appeal to feeling. Nothing can justify vivisection—that is the final attitude of one group of extremists. The others are logically constrained either to deny in large part the value of serum-therapy and other results of medical research—most of which have been achieved through animal experimentation—or to propose the shockingly cruel alternative of experiment upon human beings.

Those who deny or minimize the value of modern surgical progress are prone to overlook certain important facts, and, indeed, the ordinary reader, it may be suspected, has but an inadequate notion of the rôle which animal experimentation has played in saving human life. Serum-therapy tells less than half of the story. It is true that the progressive introduction of the antiseptic system was practically "one vast experiment in the human living body." This experiment, as all the world knows, was justified by its results. To us, nowadays, it may seem that Lister in experimenting with antiseptics upon a living human being ran no risk. Every departure, however, from accepted practise is a risk, and had the results been unfavorable the world might well have regretted that Lister was not permitted to try his first experiments in antiseptic surgery upon animals. Later,

when he was seeking for a form of ligature that would not produce suppuration—as the silk thread then in use nearly always did—he actually made use of animals in his initial experiments. Thus, so elementary a matter of surgical knowledge as the proper way of tying an artery was acquired through animal experimentation—and the wholly successful issue of the attempt should blind no one to the fact that to make the first trial upon a human being would have been to take an unjustifiable risk.

An especially helpful class of experiments upon living animals are those which have enabled surgeons to localize approximately the functions of the brain. The case of Midshipman Aiken, as related by Dr. Keen, is instructive. This young man, as the result of an injury received in a football game, developed violent convulsions, first in the right leg, afterwards in the right arm also—the arm being finally the seat of the convulsions. The only physical indication of any injury was a very slight bruise at the outer end of the left eyebrow. "Had I seen this case before 1885," writes Dr. Keen, "I should have been unable to explain why the spasms were chiefly manifested in the right arm, and from the evidence of the slow pulse, the headache, the stupor, the bruise in the left temple, I should have been justified in inferring that probably the front part of the brain was injured at the site of the bruise. Had I opened the skull at that point, I should have found a perfectly normal brain and should have missed the clot. The young man, therefore, would have died, whether his skull had been opened or not." But in 1902, the year in which Midshipman Aiken was injured, the location of the "arm-center" in the brain—the center affected in this case, as the convulsions of the patient's arm plainly showed—had been precisely determined as a result of humanely conducted experiments upon living animals. Precisely under the spot in the skull thus indicated was found the expected clot of blood. This removed, the patient promptly recovered. He resumed his work in the Naval Academy, studied hard, graduated with his class, and entered the navy. This and a number of similar cases should effectively dispose of the contention that nothing of value concerning the human body can be learned from experiments upon animals.

But in point of fact, nearly every important innovation in surgery throughout the last fifty years has been proved safe and practicable through preliminary experiments upon animals. The list includes operations upon the stomach, the kidneys, the liver, the lungs, and many other feats of surgical skill by which human life has been repeatedly saved, though all were at one time thought impossible. The triumphs of modern surgery as narrated by Dr. Keen make an inspiring story, and the truth as to the manner in which the notable advances of recent years have been achieved should be better known than it is.

RUSSIA AND THE GREAT WAR. By Gregor Alexinsky. Translated by Bernard Uiall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Although Senator Beveridge, in *What Is Back of the War,* expressly excludes Russia from his consideration, upon the ground of insufficient knowledge, M. Gregor Alexinsky in his book, *Russia and the Great War,* sets forth anticipations that are altogether similar. In M. Alexinsky's book, one will find no sweeping justification of Russian aims and policies—no series of contentions regarding economic interests and political necessities such as might be placed in a parallel column with the German claims and compared with them. The author, indeed, is patriotic, but his hatred of "Tsarism" is quite as strong as his hostility to Germany. Written from the point of view of a liberal politician, rather than that of a member of the Government or a diplomat, the treatise is interesting as revealing the views of what is presumably a considerable part of the Russian people—views unchanged by the war.

Germany, to be sure, M. Alexinsky regards as the aggressor. In an economic sense Russia was in danger of becoming merely a German colony. Taking advantage of Russia's unfortunate situation during the war with Japan, Germany secured from her Eastern neighbor a customs treaty very favorable to her own interests. The extremely high duties imposed by the treaty of 1904 upon Russian agricultural products imported into Germany protected the German Junkers from the competition of Russian wheat-growers and forced the latter to lower the prices of their products in order to sell them in Germany. The compensatory increase of Russian duties upon German imports did harm rather than good, bearing heavily, as they did, upon the agriculturists, who needed machinery, and upon the industries, which required technical equipment. At the same time the unprecedented development of Germany's military power, her frequent and sometimes successful attempts to intimidate other nations, her growing influence in Turkey, constituted a menace—a menace which inevitably threw France into the arms of Tsarism and drew England into the Triple Entente. Naturally enough, too, Russia was concerned over Austrian and German interference in the Balkans. "Her economic and political situation on the shores of the Black Sea might become absolutely unsupportable and untenable in the event of the Balkans and Constantinople being conquered by Germany and Austria."

Despite these weighty considerations Russia—even official Russia—did not want the war. The people, as a matter of course, did not wish for a war of aggression; they never do. Even the Government showed in a number of ways its eagerness to avoid hostilities. It displayed a conciliatory spirit by making many political concessions, and by a "military recoil" so marked that it was interpreted in France as a kind of infidelity to the Entente. An uneasy fear of

Germany in high quarters manifestly led to a pacific policy. Finally, "Germany has always been represented by the Russian reaction as the surest friend of the autocratic régime in Russia." Indeed, even during the war, the propaganda in favor of Germany as an absolutist nation has been carried on in almost incredible fashion.

In 1914, then, there was in Russia no considerable group which wanted war; and, whatever the selfishness and mistakes of official Russia may have been—and these are not minimized—the German contention that Russia was planning and preparing to go to war in 1918 or 1920 must be dismissed as untenable. To advance such a claim without convincing proof is to substitute suspicion for formal justice in international affairs. And when the crisis came, there was only one course which official Russia could in honor pursue. "I am not a friend of the Russian Government," frankly declares M. Alexinsky. "I do not believe in the 'sincerity' of the intentions of the autocratic Government. I know that it oppresses many peoples. But this is no reason why it should commit a final act of cowardice and abandon Serbia to the Austro-German sword. Autocratic Tsarism is not a good thing, but would it have been any better had it been guilty of an act of treason to the little Serbian nation which looked to Russia for its salvation?" So far as soundness of world-policy and sincerity of intentions are concerned, it would seem that official Russia and official Germany are tarred with the same stick—the chief difference between them being that a victory for Germany would be far more dangerous to Europe than a Russian triumph because of Germany's superior technical and capitalistic development.

In many ways, M. Alexinsky's book gives an illuminating and often encouraging view of Russian thought and feeling. The sole qualification of its value lies in the fact that, since it is evidently written somewhat from a party point of view, it is not easy to know how large a part of the Russian people share in the author's opinions.

SCANDINAVIA OF THE SCANDINAVIANS. By Henry Goddard Leach. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Scandinavia is at peace; Denmark, Norway and Sweden, since the beginning of the world-war, have drawn together more closely than ever before in a league of mutual unity and protection, forgetting old rivalries and prejudices. It is partly for this reason, no doubt, that Mr. Leach's book, *Scandinavia of the Scandinavians*, makes rather especially pleasant reading at this time. The volume, though brief and of diversified contents, is neither superficial nor perfunctory; it balances the claims of an agreeably humane and imaginative curiosity with those of the craving for definite information. Briefly Mr. Leach sketches the history of each of the three

Scandinavian countries; he has something to say of their governments and institutions; he tells considerably more about their industries and the home life of their peoples; he introduces sections devoted to literature, architecture, and painting; and he adverts here and there to the scenery with an effect rather pleasing than wearisome.

Nothing like well-rounded completeness is to be expected, of course, in a small volume of three hundred and twenty pages; and it is true that in certain parts Mr. Leach's treatise betrays an unavoidable inadequacy. The discussions of artists and men of letters, for example, show a tendency to become mere lists of names interspersed with characterizations too brief to be really illuminating. The author has been quite successful, however, in supplying clear impressions regarding those topics on which he chooses to dilate. His remarks concerning Brandes, Björnson and Ibsen, Strindberg and Lägerlof, are instructive to those not already acquainted with these authors, and in each case they convey something of the national background and point of view. He has been judicious in the choice of subjects for detailed consideration. His account of the political and literary enthusiasm stirred in Norway over the effort to supersede the half-Norsified Danish, which had become the cultivated language of Norway, by a revival of the old Norse speech based upon local dialects, gives a glimpse into a frame of mind interesting and quite alien to us. In general, the varied facts contained in the volume are set forth with a definiteness, a selective emphasis, or an appeal to the imagination that give them somewhat more point and persistence in the memory than is usual for bookish statements. The reader will be strongly impressed by the gradual transformation of Norway from an agricultural to a manufacturing country; by her harnessing of the waterfalls; by the electrification of the Swedish railroads. How many Americans know that the first practical application of the Bessemer steel process was made by a Swede (G. F. Göransson); that another (Alfred Nobel) invented dynamite; that a third (Gustaf de Laval) invented the cream-separator? How many of us know anything of Lapland or have ever heard of the Lapland Express—that "bejewelled phantom of luxurious content, hurrying across the bleak steppes in the mysterious Northern night"?

THE HISTORY OF TWELVE DAYS (JULY 24TH TO AUGUST 4TH, 1914). By J. W. Headlam, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

To those who are interested in the quasi-legal question as to what nation was immediately responsible for the outbreak of the European war, Mr. Headlam's book may be recommended, with the proviso that the author, an Englishman, is avowedly pro-Ally in his sym-

pathies. "Writing in the middle of the great war," says Mr. Headlam in his preface, "it would be foolish to claim the merit of impartiality. Impartiality means that one is indifferent to the results of an investigation, and to us the results are of vital moment. I will, however, say this, that even if not impartial, I have written no word which I do not believe to be true."

In the diplomatic correspondence published by the various Governments, Mr. Headlam finds the prime and almost the sole authorities for his study. These he has thoroughly digested, arranging his material in the form of a connected narrative, and quoting original documents, or the significant parts of them, not in notes or appendices, but as integral parts of his discourse. Obviously he has intended to build up his story as far as possible out of precise citations, and he has reduced his comment to the minimum necessary for clearness and for the drawing out of the inferences which the narrative as he frames it plainly requires.

It is obvious that from a discussion of the pros and cons of diplomatic correspondence only a more or less superficial case can be deduced: the underlying motives, the ultimate justifications, if they exist, will not in this way come to light. Mr. Headlam, indeed, disclaims any attempt to penetrate further than the formal statements of the Governments concerned in the disputes out of which the war grew: he does not try to write a philosophy of the causes of the war, nor a refutation of militaristic ethics. To an otherwise uninformed reader of the story told by Mr. Headlam with what seems an obvious concern for accuracy, it cannot but appear that it was Germany and her ally, Austria, that made the European war inevitable. This the diplomatic correspondence, seen in perspective, makes tolerably plain. The whole attitude of the German Government seems hardly explicable except upon the ground that this Government did not desire peace except on terms that it knew other Governments would not accept. "It is indeed true," writes the author, "that they [the Germans] would doubtless have preferred a peaceful solution, provided that a peaceful solution could be obtained by the submission of Russia; this is in reality what is meant by the phrase 'localization of the conflict.' This meant, not that the matter was one in which Russia was not concerned, but that such diplomatic pressure should be used as to prevent Russia from establishing, as she would doubtless wish to do, her right to be consulted."

Indications of this general attitude on the part of Germany come up again and again in the course of Mr. Headlam's narrative, and constitute its chief controversial points.

Untrue, by many indications, the author believes the protestations of the German diplomatists that their Government was ignorant of the scope of the note sent by Austria to Serbia. Though it is quite possible that Herr von Jagow had not seen the note in its final form, it is hardly to be believed that the heads of the Govern-

ment had not been warned of its probable nature. "This had been the subject of constant discussion in the press for a week or more before the 23d. Austrian newspapers had referred to the details of it with obviously good knowledge." If the German Government had wished to ensure that impossible demands should not be included in the Austrian Note, they had ample opportunity to intervene. On the other hand, it is, in the author's opinion, unthinkable that the German Government should have given to Austria a completely free hand as they profess to have done, and have pledged their full support to a document of which they had no knowledge, realizing, as they must have done, the incalculable consequences in which such a course might involve their country.

The first effort to ameliorate the situation created by the Austrian Note was the suggestion made by Russia and supported by Italy, France, and England, that the very short time-limit fixed in that note be lengthened. This suggestion was rejected by Austria and was very coolly received by Germany. Herr von Jagow in a conversation reported by M. Bronewsky expressed "doubts as to the wisdom of Austria yielding at the last moment," and advanced the opinion that "such a step on her part might increase the assurance of Serbia." A discussion of the very conciliatory Serbian reply and of the Austrian attitude toward it seems to establish the fact that "Austria went to war with Serbia—thereby deliberately running the risk of involving the whole of Europe in war—because she demanded integral acceptance of her Note, and because she would neither give the time nor agree to the establishment of the machinery to convey in an official manner to the Serbian Government the explanation which might easily have resulted in complete agreement."

With reference to the English proposals for mediation, Mr. Headlam strongly suggests that the German Government acted in bad faith. Both Herr von Jagow and the Chancellor claim to have exerted the greatest pressure upon Austria, and to have done their best to influence her toward peace. On the other hand, neither in the German White Book nor in the Austrian Red Book is there a single document showing that real pressure was used. "We have several documents bearing on this matter, but in every case they consist simply of a bare communication to Vienna of proposals for mediation." Exhibit No. 43 of the Austrian Red Book, for example, simply conveys one of the English proposals with the addendum: "Herr von Tschirschky was commissioned to bring the English proposal before the Vienna Cabinet for their consideration." The discrepancy appears to be best explained by the supposition that the Chancellor was aware that the war party in Vienna and especially in Buda Pesth was receiving support from Berlin, and that his efforts for peace were in this way rendered nugatory.

German pressure in the interests of peace was brought to bear, in fact, not upon Austria-Hungary, but upon Russia. The three

methods available—persuasion, isolation, intimidation—were successively tried. Persuasion failed when Russia declined to accept as sufficient the Austrian assurance that nothing dangerous to her interests was contemplated. Diplomatic isolation failed when France refused to be separated from her ally, and Great Britain turned a deaf ear to proposals that seemed to her manifestly unjust. Intimidation followed. "As soon as the determination of Russia to make herself heard as against the Austrian attack upon Serbia was known, the German Government began to use language at St. Petersburg which in no equivocal way showed that if Russia continued her protest she would have to meet in war the combined Austrian and German armies." The German attitude is made clear in a document containing instructions to the envoys of the Prussian Government accredited to the different Governments of Germany—a formal explanation, in fact, of the Imperial policy to the Federated Governments. From this document no one would guess that any exception might be taken to the demands of Austria upon Serbia, or that Serbia was prepared to satisfy a large part of Austria's requirements. The references to Russia are equally misleading. "There is not a word as to the weighty and responsible protest made by the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, not a word of the proposals to discuss the situation with Austria, not a word of the Russian offer to help the Austrians in getting the guarantees to which they were entitled."

The most serious impeachment of German good faith, however, is the charge which Mr. Headlam feels justified in making after examination of the documents in the case, that Berlin deliberately frustrated the renewed English attempts at mediation by suppressing the message, sent from Vienna to Berlin, in which Austria for the first time accepted the principle of mediation between herself and Serbia. Sir Edward Grey never received this answer to his proposals—an answer which would have given him the long-desired basis for effective negotiation with both Austria and Russia—and nothing was known of it till the telegram was published six months later by the Austrian Government. The motive for this suppression, Mr. Headlam thinks, is evident: Germany desired to have it appear that the reason why nothing had come from Vienna was the mobilization of the Russian army.

The points instanced show the general trend of Mr. Headlam's argument without, of course, supplying even an outline of his discourse, which follows out with extreme care and thoroughness all the negotiations from the sending of the Austrian Note to the invasion of Belgium. The effect is to cast the responsibility of the war almost wholly upon Germany.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHERE AMERICA SHOULD STAND

SIR,—I have read your great article in the August number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, "America First," and I have been so impressed with the logic and force of it that I must write you these few lines of appreciation.

I believe that this is the hour when good men everywhere, in every land, should rally with stout and determined hearts to the defense of the Christian ideals and the civilization that the last twenty centuries have achieved, and it is a magnificent and most inspiring thought that, in the midst of all the clamor and conflicting interests, the world's great heart is beating true to the promptings of humanity and righteousness. True it is that in our land we hear the strident notes and raucous cries of a small portion of our population who have come amongst us, but have been unable as yet to get fully into the spirit of our institutions or to understand the meaning of our flag. But the great heart of America is still beating true, and we should not and will not be deterred by these forces and alien voices from pursuing the even tenor of our way, that shall lead us to maintain in all their strength and dignity the great principles underlying the very fabric of our government, and for which our heroic forbears fought and died.

The world, I believe, has now at last come to understand fully that in this contest now being waged the fundamental issue to be determined is whether "might makes right" and whether or not small states have a right to exist. In such an issue, of course, there never can be any question as to where America will stand.

The regrettable thing about it all, however, is that those representing the American people failed at the very outset to understand the meaning and significance of this contest, and so in the early stages failed of a great opportunity to place their country authoritatively and unequivocally on record in condemnation of Germany in her beginning and conduct of this war, more monstrous and hideous than anything that has shocked humanity since the days when the Huns and Vandals, ages ago, desolated and desecrated the face of civilization by their barbarous invasions.

However, at last it seems that the President has felt the great beating heart of the American people, and now that Bryan, the Jonah of our Ship of State, has been thrown overboard, we may expect to see this great country dealing strongly, but righteously always, with the great world-problems that are now inevitably and irrevocably pressing upon us.

The barbarous savagery to which Germany has resorted in her conduct

of the war shows only her desperation, and shows also, in a most revealing light, the fundamental reasons why, in this contest, civilization and humanity must see that she shall not win.

L. G. ROBERTS.

BOSTON, MASS.

FROM AN UNDAUNTED CHAMPION OF GERMANY

SIR,—To repeat a quotation of your own, you have, I think, most decidedly "come on," in your "America First." It is nearly startling! The editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, usually so urbane, so amusedly superior to all the excitements that generally prevail, almost loses his self-control.

May I, however, referring to a few statements in this article, voice another point of view?

First of all, I am quite convinced that all German-Americans, including Americans of German descent, *do* put "America First." You cannot blame them, however, for resenting what seems to them the unjust discrimination against Germany expressed so forcefully and regardlessly in the American press.

You say, "We are not of those who would evade responsibility or avert criticism by shouting vaguely, 'Stand by the President'; that is a course befitting subjects, not citizens" (page 162). But (page 168) you speak of "the traitorous utterances of hyphenated editors who write as Germans." Does not that seem a bit inconsistent?

You intimate that Germany it was who "tore up 'the scrap of paper.'" The German minister said explicitly that he was referring to England's general attitude toward treaties when he used that expression. Did he not? I am sure that I read that somewhere. Some one separated the words from the context and stated that this was the self-confessed attitude of Germany.

You say that declaring a "war zone" was a "brazen violation of international law." Are we not very technical, suddenly, about our observance of international law? Did not the President advise Americans to leave Mexico when it became dangerous to remain there? Would it have been improper, then, to advise Americans to observe caution about venturing into the danger zone? I know a lady who sailed for England a day after the *Lusitania*. Her husband, an American, living in London, advised her to be certain to book her passage on an American ship. She arrived in England safely. Was that not slight enough caution to observe?

Considering the matter legally, however, was it United States law to ship ammunition with passengers? Or to allow a belligerent thus to sail from our own ports? Are not our contentions based on rather dubious premises?

And again, considering the matter legally and based on your own premises: "It is this explicitly guaranteed right to engage in free intercourse and commerce with other nations that we contend for." Does not the case, resting on these premises, involve our interrupted commerce with Germany, as admitted by yourself upon previous occasions? But what a fine distinction our pro-British editors are making! We do not seem to be filled with the slightest acrimony toward England. We must be very careful not to allow a little thing like that to affect our relations with Eng-

land. It would not be a very opportune time, to be sure, to become involved in war with both England and Germany.

Again, regarding the "war zone." Is it not also against international law to declare an ineffective blockade? At the beginning, the English blockade was not even a declared blockade, and is certainly ineffective. But that is passed over quite lightly by our pro-British editors.

We will admit that the case against Germany involves the loss of human lives, American human lives.

It seems to me that a good way for us to put ourselves in the right would be to safeguard *German* and other lives in Mexico. Do we not hold ourselves responsible for as much when we base our attitude in all matters concerning this continent on the Monroe Doctrine?

I was amazed to learn that so many *American* lives were lost in Mexico. The American press seems to have passed over this fact very lightly. Our self-righteousness in the case against Germany, all things considered, takes on a rather amusing aspect, despite the "cause of humanity."

"*Deutschland über Alles*," is, of course, merely the German equivalent to our "America First." Hence the controversy.

Shall we declare war on Mexico, England and Germany? Why should we alone—Mexico apparently being past consideration—be "pig-headed"? Can *we* not arbitrate? The German Emperor stated that French aviators had dropped bombs on German cities before he declared war. We criticized him for plunging into war for such a reason, and a few others. Then why should we? Will it bring back the dead?

We may say, or at least hope, that "*never* so long as patriotic spirit animates American beings shall this free Republic be found guilty before God and history of violation of those principles of highest humanity which are the foundations of every national existence and of all civilization," but can we say, *never* has it been guilty? Then why set ourselves upon a pedestal, breaking our own laws, failing to fulfill our own obligations, and condemning a nation with the fiercest denunciations, which is, after all, one against many?

Does anybody think that Belgium would have resisted Germany if it had not depended on England and France, if it had not, in fact, very likely had an understanding with these two nations? Why ignore all the data from various sources which seem to prove this? Oh, because we are pro-British.

I believe the editor has, at least, given us the most ironically masterful misinterpretation of the German note extant.

(Miss) J. Mandery.

Rochester, N. Y.

WAR WITH DIGNITY

Sir,—I can't refrain from a word of commendation for "America First," your last editorial broadside. I read it twice, every word and slowly, and it is the most forceful and unanswerable presentation of the present situation. How any self-respecting citizen of this "land of the free" can look at it differently I cannot imagine. I have heard the German arguments from German sympathizers:

1. Germany had declared a war zone. Yes, but by what right, except by an effectual blockade?

2. Germany had warned passengers of the *Lusitania.* Yes, warned them not to do what they had a clear right to do.

3. England is to blame, so two wrongs make a right.

4. International law is obsolete. Yes, so Germany can write it as suits her pleasure, convenience, or needs for logical explanation. It is the logic of might makes right, that military necessity knows no law.

We have been deliberately slapped in the face by Germany and she is laughing in her sleeve. War with dignity is better than peace with disgrace. That is the way the country feels.

MAX L. POWELL.

BURLINGTON, VT.

"BLUNTLY INSINUATING"

SIR,—After reading your article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August, "America First," it seems an imperative duty that I should say, in plain English, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

You have not quite the courage to say, "if President Wilson doesn't do as I wish, he is no good"—you have not the courage to say quite frankly that the United States must declare war on Germany at any cost—never once do you *dare* say we must go to war; yet, if I understand you, every line breathes this vicious sentiment.

Presupposing that Germany has done everything which you contend she has done—taking the situation just as YOU think it stands, still your article is contemptible because it *insinuates*—bluntly, it is true—but still *insinuates,* whereas if our country is in the dire straits which you see, it is quite time to be frank. Don't give us any more literary efforts or effusions, but come out for your country in plain English words. Round off your sentences with that frightful word *War,* when you mean War, and don't nicely dodge.

Then we will forgive you whatever side you are on.

Yours none too respectfully,

MRS. FRANZ MILCKE.

WALLINGFORD, CONN.

BEYOND THE AID OF MAPS

SIR,—What is this new kingdom, "America," about which you make such a fuss with exclamation marks in the August number of the REVIEW? I was born of citizen parents in Maine some time ago; we emigrated first to Massachusetts, then to New Hampshire. I have not traveled very widely in the States, but I have read much concerning them. Never, except in sordid advertisements, have I seen mention of this state (or kingdom) "America." Your flamboyant editorial, "America First!" is not explicative. May I expect from you (or through the REVIEW) an answer to my question: What and where is "America?"

Maps with the text would help, no doubt. If no explicit answer can be given, I should be pleased to entertain the broadest hint you can convey in verse or prose.

I do hope this state or kingdom, "America," is not now like the Prussia of near-mythology which lately emerged in history, most disastrously for the race.

GORDON PINGREE.

INCOMPARABLE

SIR,—I don't go in for writing long letters, but a word of appreciation is due even from me. The August number of the REVIEW, just received by me, is incomparable for its excellence, and your article, "America First," is very timely, and gives one a clear insight into the situation. We have come to the parting of the ways. Talk is idle. We must act, and show Germany that America is not to be trifled with. The other articles in the August number are grand, notably John Burroughs' "Life and Chance." Take it all in all, the number is—as I have said—incomparable, and deserves to hold a place in literature.

A. H.

CASENOVIA, MINN.

THE FIRST VOLUNTEER

SIR,—I have read your "America First," and have offered the Government my services for military purposes in case it comes to war. It seems to me *that* action best suits your words. If one hundred per cent of the readers of your article take the same step as I, you will perforce be promoted from Colonel to Major General. All of which is "respectfully submitted."

S. H. C.

BAR HARBOR, ME.

"DAMNABLE PREMEDITATED MURDER"

SIR,—In your leader, "America First," "Suit the Action," &c., you "STRUCK it"—nearly, but not quite. You should have said somewhere: "Damnable Premeditated Murder," in describing Germany's conduct.

HENRY T. MEIGS.

ROMNEY, IND.

EXPERT TESTIMONY?

SIR,—After carefully reading your article, "America First," in the August number, I come to the conclusion that you must be suffering from a severe brain-storm.

J. J. KENNELLY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MORE GUERDONS FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN

SIR,—I have always regarded THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as embodying all that is best in periodical literature on this side of the Atlantic. The REVIEW has, as a rule, if not always, been characterized by broad-mindedness, scholarship and sobriety; hence my severe disappointment on reading the article on England, published in the July issue, by Houston Stewart Chamberlain. I could not understand how such trashy, venomous, unscholarly stuff should appear in the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN RE-

VIEW. Your explanation that the REVIEW is a forum, and that Mr. Chamberlain's reputation as a historian entitled him to a hearing, does not carry conviction. It lies with you as the responsible guardian of a great tradition to determine the level of that "forum"; and it must have been perfectly apparent that the article in question had absolutely no literary or historical merit. The only interest attaching to the article is that such a degenerate freak as Mr. Chamberlain should (apparently) hail from Oxford, which Arnold has felicitously termed "the home of lost causes and impossible loyalties"; the article also sheds considerable light on the mental pathology of an apostate.

Let me state that I am not an Englishman, and that I am not here concerned with the formidable indictment brought against the English nation. That nation, apparently reared on trade and piracy and schooled in lies and hypocrisy, has been able to take care of itself (and of others) in the past, and will continue to do so in the future.

What interested and amused me as a student of history was not his conclusions (for in the last resort these were also his premises), but rather the method in which he handles historical evidence and treats historical facts. Did he not take himself so seriously, we could regard Mr. Chamberlain as an ignorant old man who is pathetically simple. Look, for instance, at the way in which he manages to introduce Warren Hastings, as well as the American case against England in the War of 1812! Everything in the article is on a par. His method is simply vicious; his treatment of cause and event is superficial, amusing and grotesque; his statement of fact is inaccurate, and his interpretation tortuous and disingenuous.

After the method of Herr Professors, Mr. Chamberlain begins by crediting himself with profound vision; he then picks out two facts (the last not so much a fact as a process) in a nation's life; and, from the action and interaction of these two, all the subsequent history of that nation can be explained, and nothing explained without reference to them; but, then, the exponent must be capable of getting profound glimpses; this evidently was the peculiar experience of Mr. Chamberlain on the eve of the election of 1868. The "Blues" administered to him a thrashing (I have no doubt for reasons not all connected with his mounting the "Red"); with "profound" insight he traces the thrashing to the discoveries of Columbus (for this is what it amounts to) and the landing of Duke William. This would truly be a superb illustration of the permanence of ancient causes! Four or five years ago I mounted the "Red" during an election campaign at a Great British University, where I was then an undergraduate; let me say that I got badly knocked about, but unfortunately, though a student of history at the time, I was not gifted with profound vision!

Take Mr. Chamberlain's interpretation of the Norman Conquest. He tells us that the Conquest made a cleavage in English society and set up in England the barriers of caste, an impassable gulf which separates the noble and the plebeian down to our own day. Now, as a matter of fact and history, this cleavage—meaning, of course, the destruction between the landowners and the landless, the privileged and unprivileged—existed prior to the Norman Conquest. What is more important, however, is that Mr. Chamberlain confuses "caste" and "classes." Caste has a semi-religious inflection, and the nearest approach to it in modern Europe was not in England, but in France of the Old Regime.

It would be waste of time to go on further examining this curious amalgam of untruths, inaccuracies and spleen, masquerading as history. Mr. Chamberlain's prating of German freedom and happiness is but the wail of a lost soul mourning for his self-respect.

ALASTAIR J. MONTGOMERY, M. A.

MOUND, LA.

SIR,—I have read the article, "England," by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, in your July issue, and, in looking over the personal notes of contributors, I note that the mention of Mr. Chamberlain's famous work, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century,* is followed by the flippant remark: "of which the Kaiser is reported to have purchased 80,000 copies."

Let me assure you that the work of Mr. Chamberlain that you have mentioned is one of universally recognized merit, in England, here in America, in Germany, and the world over, and even the national partisanships created through this world war cannot obscure the fact that Chamberlain's work is not that of a mere scrivener, but it characterizes a man of profound historical learning and unusually clear judgment. However, the statement that the Kaiser should have bought 80,000 copies of this work sounds ridiculous, to say the least, and there can hardly be left a doubt that it was made in this form for the purpose of casting a gentle slur on Mr. Chamberlain by thus insinuating that, perhaps, he was paid by the Kaiser for the writing of the article in your July issue. I think there is no doubt of your catering for British interests, as Mr. Gehring has expressed himself in the letter printed in the July issue.

As a good American, I am rather sorry to see the status of your magazine so lowered as to make it a mere servant of the interests of a foreign nation. No doubt, the British will be highly pleased with your general editorial policy under the present circumstances, but among themselves, without a doubt, they despise your action with a cool air of superiority, as they have always felt towards American ways and institutions. On the other hand, how much more dignified and respect-demanding would it be if it were possible to maintain a more evenly balanced neutrality?

S. W. BROWNING.

PITTSBURGH, PENN.

SIR,—I have just finished reading the article in the July NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on "England," by Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain. After giving such a fine example of an expatriated Englishman so prominent a place in your magazine, do you not think it would be fair to your readers to tell them more about this Englishman's (?) motives? Such an article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, by Mr. Herman Ridder or some other *German* (Is Mr. Ridder an American citizen?), would be understandable, but in such times as these for a man to desert or berate his country and boastingly sign himself a native or citizen of that country—well, before assigning him to the scorn he deserves, I would know more of his motives. Was it those 80,000 copies of his book the Kaiser purchased that made his sentiments and loyalty so purchasable and traitorous? I really feel quite as badly at seeing this person's name or utterances alongside Mr. Wayne MacVeagh's and your honored own, "Dear Editor," as I do to think

of William Jennings Bryan's being even associated with those of James G. Blaine, John Hay, or Elihu Root.

Please do not consign this to the editorial waste basket.

H C. DAVIDSON.

NEW YORK CITY.

SIR,—For quite ten years I have been one of your most constant and admiring readers. No issue of the REVIEW in all that time has failed to give me a full measure of pleasure, pressed down and running over, but never, Sir, have I derived so much satisfaction from anything you have printed as from the statement in Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain's article on England that upon one occasion he was assailed by a British mob, flung to the ground, and beaten until the teachers and servants hastened to his assistance. It is a pleasure to know that Mr. Chamberlain got what he so richly deserved, even if he did anticipate the payment by several decades. It is very handsome of him at this late date to justify his assailants by writing the venomous philippic against his native land which, in pursuance of your own subtle purposes, you have so properly printed in your July issue.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

OGUNQUIT, MAINE.

SIR,—I had been a reader of the REVIEW for a good many years before I became a regular subscriber. I have in my library issues as far back as 1890. During all these years I have never had occasion to find fault with anything appearing in the REVIEW, though not always in accord with your contributors. The paper by Mr. Chamberlain in your July number, however, left a very bad taste in my mouth. Honorable men can have no liking for one who besmirches his own nest. I sincerely trust that your admirable publication will never be so hard up for material as to make it necessary again to subject your readers to Mr. Chamberlain's diatribes against his mother-country.

J. J. JACOBI.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TWO VIEWS OF "THE MAN JESUS"

SIR,—May I presume on your valuable time? I am one of your humble admirers, and have always entertained the highest respect for your judgment and scholarship. Lately I have been confronted with a difficulty which I am going to propose to you for solution. How did you ever come to allow that serial of Mary Austin's to appear in the one great, big magazine of the country, a magazine which has always maintained the highest scholarship and deepest thought?—for such unquestionably is the history of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. This serial can boast neither of scholarship nor profundity of thought. It is merely a combination of mawkish sentimentality and outworn theories of the rationalists which have long ago been thrown into the discard. I know right well that you would not stand for a life of Washington or Lincoln written along the same lines, with the same disregard for the only authentic sources of information. You would justly resent the action of any man who, under the guise of writing the life of your father, produced a caricature of him. Now, for a great many of

your readers, Jesus Christ is more than father or mother, for He is God himself. You can readily understand, therefore, how we regard as nothing less than blasphemous such a misrepresentation of Christ as is now appearing in the pages of our greatest magazine. I don't register this protest in any narrow, sectarian sense, but I do resent the fact that the prestige of the magazine is being used to caricature the most sublime figure in all history.

T. G. SMITH.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR,—Permit me to express to you my appreciation of the remarkable work accomplished by Mary Austin in her impressive and absorbingly interesting Life of Christ, now appearing in the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. No one who has felt the influence of the sublime figure of Jesus as he is limned for us in the Gospels can help rendering a tribute of profound admiration to Mrs. Austin for the manner in which she has accomplished her interpretation of this great subject. To present a portrait of the Man from Nazareth which is so refreshingly independent of convention, yet so deeply reverent; which succeeds in the staggering task of bringing to bear a free play of intelligence and imagination, without a suggestion of blasphemy or offense, is indeed a triumph of skill, of art, of insight and of inspiration. No one who has truly felt the spell of the personality of Christ can read this noble Life without profound emotion. That it will be disliked and repudiated by the narrow-minded, the spiritually myopic, and those who give ear only to "the bleat of evangelical orthodoxy," goes without saying.

I congratulate Mrs. Austin upon the splendid medium which she has been so fortunate as to secure for the publication of her views, and I congratulate your great magazine upon having secured so notable and important a feature.

H. W. RUTGERS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A CANDID FRIEND

SIR,—I have been a reader of your very much esteemed magazine for a few months, and in most of your editorials I am right alongside with you, especially what you have to say about the brutality of the Germans, and the Kaiser. They claim to be carrying on a holy war when there is no holiness in such a world-war as that in Europe. To think that the whole world is in danger of being overrun!

I think, though, you are too hard on Mr. Bryan. I have always been an admirer of Mr. Bryan. If any man is honest in his convictions, and thinks he is right, it is not proper to condemn him and his principles in such harsh terms. You cannot deny that most things Mr. Bryan has contended for, even though strongly opposed at first by the people, were finally demonstrated to be right after people became educated in thinking, and were able to see through the veil of darkness that obscured their mental vision. But excepting your tirade on Mr. Bryan, I am with you. But I condemn all such as Mr. Chamberlain. I don't think there is much English

blood coursing through his veins. I must say, clodhopper as I am, that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a great magazine.

D. BARTLETT.

NIANGUA, MO.

FROM A NON-SMOKING ADMIRER

SIR,—I take the time to write with my own hand a personal letter to you. As an educator I want to thank you for the high type of journalism maintained by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. In my judgment it is second to none. It has had a long line of illustrious editors, and the present editor is worthy of his predecessors. I have just read your editorial in a recent issue on "The Duty of America." It is characteristically keen in its analysis and sound in its conclusions. The scope of subjects treated in your magazine and the class of its contributors give it permanent literary worth. In fact, I am so enthusiastic over THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW that I publicly recommended it in an address to our students. I am, however, rather shocked to find in a recent number of the REVIEW an advertisement of a certain cigarette. In these days when legislatures are passing laws prohibiting the use of the deadly cigarette, I am surprised to find such an advertisement in our much-esteemed REVIEW.

RICHARD R. BLEWS.

EVANSVILLE, WIS.

HE WAS REFRESHED

SIR,—Congratulations upon your article in the August issue of the REVIEW! It is refreshing. The so-called leaders of thought in America don't lead, only slobber around and apply the grand policy of "watchful waiting" to international affairs because it has worked out so beautifully in Mexico.

RODERICK H. SMITH.

DETROIT, MICH.

THE MAN JESUS

BY MARY AUSTIN

CHAPTER VII

It seems that while they were in the way to Jerusalem, the reserve and caution which had characterized the movement of the Master for the past few months were suddenly laid aside. Jesus resumed the leadership, walked openly at the head of his disciples, filled with power. In answer to their fear and amazement he must have tried again to prepare them for what was to happen shortly at Jerusalem, and again the revelation was either too symbolic to be clear, or too clear to be believable. All that they seemed to gather from it was that the expected apocalypse was at hand; and, full of unshakable confidence in the result, James and John preferred their request. It was very simple: that they might sit the one on the right hand, the other on the left of him in glory.

Said the master, "Ye know not what ye ask: can ye drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptised with the baptism that I am baptised with?" They thought they could, knowing nothing of what the words signified, thinking of them, no doubt, as purely material, and that death and humiliation could in no wise be endured by one who healed lepers and raised the dying by the hand. But it was not their obtuseness which touched Jesus so nearly, nor the jealousy of the other ten at their asking, as the evidence of self-seeking the utter failure of his disciples to grasp the teaching which the last phases of his life were so completely to exemplify—the need and the power of service. "For whoso seeketh his life shall lose it and he that loseth shall find.... and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be the servant of all.... for the son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

Of the recorded part of this Perean pilgrimage there is very little more except what is common to all his ministry. Of healings there was but one, a blind man by the roadside as they came into Jericho; of parables the same sort, and perhaps the same that belonged to the preaching in Galilee. They were all of the kingdon and how it should be constituted and of the Fatherliness of God. The kingdom of heaven was a net which was let down into the sea, it was a field of sown wheat among which the enemy scattered tares, it was the leaven

hid in three measures of meal. It was anything that might imply separation of what is good from what is evil, the deliberate choice of the soul. The kingdom was something which, when you had found it, was worth all that you had to pay, into possession of which you might not enter without the full price. It was a little child whom he had set in their midst and said, " of such is the kingdom of heaven." It was in being all that the child was,—trusting, doing no evil, thinking none, all-loving, glad. The kingdom of heaven proceeded from the heart outward, and was not affected by material observances. It was the faith of the mustard seed which, by merely accepting the condition of being a seed and growing, became as a tree in the branches of which lodged the birds of the air. " And behold, the kingdom of God is within you."

Of God there was less to say because simpler. He was a father pitying his children, rejoicing more over one sinner which repented than over ninety and nine which went not astray. He was the just judge and the wise master; the friend of the soul of man. He heard prayer and answered it, and men ought always to pray and faint not.

As to what Jesus said of himself there is less than this generation realizes. Nursed in an interpretation of Christianity which made Jesus the chief part of his own teaching, we have much to forget before we can see how apart he held himself from his doctrine. That day in Nazareth, when among his own kin he stood up in the synagogue and read from the book of Isaiah, was his first and only public attempt to represent himself as the fulfillment of prophecy. He read:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. . . . to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. But there is no evidence that when he began to say, " This day is the scripture fulfilled in your ears," he thought of himself as anything more than the scripture described,—an appointed preacher, another voice in the wilderness. To John who sent asking, he offered not himself but his works. Once in the press at Capernaum a woman cried out, " Blessed be the woman that bore thee and the breasts that gave thee suck." And he answered her rebukingly, " Rather blessed be they that hear the word of God and keep it," and on the mountain, impatiently, " Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say? "

Though he came finally to accept himself as the fulfillment of prophecy, it must never be forgotten that the Messiah of expectation was not thought of as a man of divine nature, but as divinely appointed. The claims which Jesus made to divinity were not different in kind from those he set up on behalf of every man, through a knowledge of sonship with the Father, through the personal revelation. Strive therefore.... " to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the Father." Sayings such as these leave us in no doubt that Jesus meant to teach the kinship of God and man as a reality, the objective of the soul's immemorial quest.

Prophets had glimpsed it; the East had made the certainty its own, but with the difference which marks out the man of Nazareth for us as the foremost of Occidentals. The Orient had accepted its recognition of the deific principle in man as an invitation to Nirvana, the final reabsorption of selfhood in Godhead. And at the point where the East found itself, it turned its back on humanity. To Jesus it came as the call of the open road; the threshold of infinite possibility—" be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." The more he knew himself the son of God the more of a personality he became, the more social and livable his teaching.

That he did, by conscious realization of the divine principle in himself, arrive at a dignity and scope of character which, as we contemplate it, strikes a tremor out of us still at this distance, there can be no reasonable doubt; but equally no doubt that he thought of himself as distinct and apart from Godhead."Why callest thou me good? " he protested, " there is none good but one, that is God."

That he was not wholly understood in this, even by those nearest to him, is evident from the way they phrased it..... " to as many as believed on him gave he power to become the sons of God.... " So they thought of it as something bestowed rather than revealed; and of his offer of himself and his experiences as a demonstration of his claim to sonship, his enemies made a blasphemy. " He maketh himself equal to God "—though there must have been even less of this in his spoken word than we find in the gospels, colored as they were by what came to be thought of him afterward.

A prolific source of confusion as to what Jesus really claimed for himself, is a class of sayings which find a counterpart in the oracles of Greece and Rome, in which the speaker takes on the character of the god without assuming godhead on his own account. Among these are the sayings so freely attributed to him by the apostles.... " Come unto me, all ye that labor .... " and again, " I am the door; by me if any man enter in.... " where he left off his own character to speak with the voice of the Spirit.

Once to every man, when he loves greatly, when he finishes a great work, or when a son is born, comes the moment when he feels himself the center of incalculable harmonies, moving with the Tide of Things, entitled to speak with authority. This is that state called mystical to which men like Jesus are natural inheritors, needing no adventitious human experience to keep them at its most fructifying levels. It is the state of active communion with God which may be attained by self abnegations, which it is the object of religious fasting to capture and hold,—that electrical indwelling, impossible to define but needing only to be recalled to those who have experienced it. This was that bridegroom referred to by Jesus in answer to the Pharisees: " Can the children of the bridechamber fast while the bridegroom is with them? "—the spirit of true enlightenment. In the village

prayer meeting you will hear it referred to as "the joy of the Lord," but the great Christian mystics like Saint Theresa and Saint John of the Cross have used always to speak of it as Jesus often did, in terms of espousal.

To one who understands these things it is perfectly intelligible that Jesus would deny the need of fasting to those of his disciples who already had "the bridegroom with them," without making any claim to personal preciousness.

To the fact that the immediate followers of Jesus were simple folk, close to the earth, and so understanding his speeches when they were uttered, we may attribute the circumstance that no such claim was set up for him while he lived. For this also is a folk-way, to dramatize the soul's intimate experience.

Perhaps the most striking of those utterances in which the personality of the speaker was lost in the character, without assuming the attributes, of God is the apostrophe to Jerusalem:

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together.. ..and ye would not!" The passage lacks the "Thus saith the Lord," of the earlier prophets, but it has all their high impassioned quality.

It was not until years after his death, separated from the circumstance and the man's vivifying personality, that these sayings began to take on the character of announcements of divine identity. There is no evidence that Jesus thought at all of his own nature and attributes, of why he was chosen nor how, to be the bearer of the Word. He was concerned not at all about himself, but greatly for the will of God. If there was assumption of any kind on his part, at the most it was the unclouded conviction that he knew God as no one had yet known Him, and that he was called to impart that knowledge to others.

It was in some such frame as this that he passed through Perea for the last time and came again to the borders of Judea.

Of the unwritten part of this journey it is possible to think that there is much to be traced in the life of the Christian community during the next half score of years. How many were with him on the whole journey and how many joined him in the Rift of Jordan, can only be conjectured, but he arrived in Jerusalem with a sufficient company of his Galilean friends to give to their intercourse a certain definite stamp. Here was the beginning of that strong sense of community interest, the shared bread, the daily worship, grace before meat,—habits of living which characterized the first proselyting period of the new faith; the public testimony, the benediction, the hymn singing. Above all the gracious kindliness, the cheer, the contained and quiet joy which was shed as a savor from early Christian behavior. Such as they were he must have been,—little vessels

all of them overfilled at his fountain. (*By the water courses of Reuben, great were the resolves of heart!*)

Here too must have been established that acceptance of all women in the Father, so unequivocal that all Paul's prejudice could not afterward controvert it; he admitted them to argument, he permitted them to sit in privileged places. It does not appear that he anywhere expressed himself as opposed to any of the current notions of sex inferiority; rather he conducted himself as if he had not known such distinctions to be in use. He had not one manner for the virtuous housewife and another for the woman of the town. He yielded to the argument of the Syrophenician woman, and in a story told by John, which seems to be compounded of a half remembered parable and some items of actual incident, he is shown as revealing himself quite simply to a woman at a wayside well,—a woman of the despised Samaritan sect, thought to be so far outside the grace of God as to be disbarred from the temple, but not beyond the reach of his gospel.

Not wholly authenticated, but true enough to the situation to have been true in fact, is an incident related in the book of Apostolic Ordinances. There had arisen, it appears, in the primitive church, the question of a separate ministry for women, for among the Jews women had never been admitted to the highest intimacies of religion. John was strongly in favor of it, urging that there had been no women present at the last supper, whereat Mary was seen to smile. But when Martha called their attention to it she denied that she had laughed, "For," said she, "he told us beforehand when he taught, that the weak should be saved through the strong." Whether or not the incident occurred as related, the freedom of Jesus from every form of social prejudice was evident enough to pull the early church about from its Oriental bias toward the subjugation of women, and face it definitely toward the larger liberty of the west. Themselves in bondage to the habit of their upbringing, the women of his following probably took less than he would have allowed them; it is not recorded that he ever refused any one of them what she asked. He included women in that democracy of the spirit which established a minimum value for every soul of both sexes and all classes.

At the time the little company came down out of the high veiled land of Moab, all Jewry was afoot and astir in this business of the Passover. In the month Adar the temple tax was collected, roads were mended, sepulchers whitened lest any pilgrim suffer defilement. From every village a devoted band set forth; the poor on their own feet, the rich in litters; Jews of the disperson, Alexandrine bankers riding on camels. All the stony lanes were choked with bleating lambs for the Paschal rite, heifers for sacrifice; vendors of doves moving under great pyramids of cages. Caravans went up, goods of Damascus, Egyptian dates, silks of Arabia. Every morning found hordes of market gardeners with their donkeys waiting for the

opening of the gates. Great loads of palm branches, of green boughs cut from the jungle along Jordan went in for the building of booths. In their gardens outside the city the rich set up pavilions—for there were no gardens within the holy city lest the blown dust of manure defile the temple—and re-lived from Sabbath to Sabbath the years their fathers spent in the Wilderness.

Herod went up, needing greatly the public consent to his war with Aretas and the countenance of the Roman authorities; Pontius Pilate, from his official seat at Cesarea-by-the-sea; new Roman officials keen for this strange new festival; legionaries for the policing of the city. A million—in favored years two million—pilgrims gathered in Jerusalem. It was the time of the year's resurrection: the orchards budded, the tufted grass was greening, cyclamen came up in the clefts of the rock with round, shining leaves like shields of silver. Along the hard white ways between the cactus hedges there was sound of Psalm singing.

Into all this pageantry of historical and religious observance Jesus came with his company, knowing the way he was to walk and able to walk in it. At the ford of Jordan, probably the same at which he was baptized, he was met by warning advisers. "Depart hence: for Herod will kill thee." To which he made answer: "Go ye, and tell that fox. . . . I cast out devils, and I do cures today and tomorrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." A cryptic saying to his disciples; but if we read "finished" for "perfected," it indicates clearly that he knew his work so near an end that it was immaterial what Herod should do to him. So with full courage he crossed over Jordan and stopped at Jericho, the fragrant. It sits in the midst of orchards close under the bluffs of Judea having the glittering surface of the Dead Sea always on the south and the brown river flowing past. When the wind is right, blown gusts of the temple music come faintly down from Jerusalem fifteen miles away. Here he spent the night and perhaps a Sabbath.

Two incidents, slight in themselves, illuminate the public mind. He was addressed by a blind man as Son of David, and Zacheus, the publican, climbed a tree that he might have a good look at the new prophet in the midst of the crowd that came out to meet him. For the movements of Jesus were noted, and to others than his immediate circle had spread the hope in him as the Messiah.

The road from Jericho to Jerusalem leads up a red gorge and its winding ridges, a hot, heavy way, blind, waterless. It figures chiefly as the scene of a parable which Jesus laid there, in which the falling among thieves was the likeliest and the rescue by the good Samaritan the loveliest that might have happened there. By this time there must have been a considerable company in the train of the man from Nazareth, traveling in a state of hardly suppressed excitement, for, says Luke, "they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear." They came singing as befitted pilgrims, a song

of going up, " songs of degrees," dating from the return from captivity.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,

they sang, seeing the hill of Zion in the mind's eye long before they came in sight of it, and also:

I was glad when they said unto me
Let us go into the house of the Lord!
Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!

for it was a great commemorative occasion, and there were many in that company who had not yet seen that sight most moving to any Jew, the holy city.

They would have been all the morning climbing up out of the sweltering Rift to the cool ridges. At Bethphage, where the road to Bethany turns off from the main highway, they took their mooning. Just around the shoulder of Olivet they would have had the first glimpse of Jerusalem. It burst upon them transfigured in the slant afternoon light, a city walled up to heaven from the gulfs of Hinnom and Kidron. First they saw the citadel, then the white towers of Atonia, the gilded temple roofs and the long arcade of Solomon's porch wreathed for the festival.... *whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord....* And looking on it, Jesus wept.

We can only conclude that what followed was born of the inspiration of the moment; it was part of that impassioned cry, " O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together! " which burst from him with all the warm and patriotic sentiment the sight of it stirred up, and with the knowledge deep in his own mind of what it was still to do to a prophet of Nazareth.

Perhaps the passage from Zechariah had just flashed upon his mind, *Thy king cometh unto thee.... lowly, and riding upon an ass....* Jerusalem that dreamed of a Messiah sitting in the heavens, clothed in authority, Jerusalem that stoned the prophets, should have a parable in the true prophetic manner, after the fashion of Isaiah who walked three years barefoot without his upper garment, and of Zedekiah who bound horns upon his forehead with which to push against the Syrians. Sending back to the village which they had just passed to borrow an ass which he had seen tied there—for there were beasts everywhere to be hired for the sight-seeing—Jesus came riding on it into the chief city of the Jews, a man of the masses, travel stained, with long hair like a woman's.

So he fulfilled, for those who strained after these things, the strained letter of the prophecy. Viewed in any other light than that of the subtle spiritual irony of which he was master, the incident takes on a poor touch of human futility, and neither vanity nor futility had any place in him. To the simple Galileans, his followers, it appealed as an assumption of new dignities. They spread their garments before him, raising a loud Hosanna. From the temple

porch across Kedron came an answering shout. It was caught up by the crowd in the street, and many curious and devout who had listened to him in Galilee and Perea came pouring out of the Eastern Gate, waving palms and welcoming: *Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good!* chanted the pilgrim band, and from the crowd streaming from the city gates came the antiphonal response,

For his mercy endureth forever!

for so it was customary to receive pilgrims at the feast of the Passover. Throughout the capital it became known that the new prophet from Nazareth had arrived with his following.

Popular excitement must have died down very soon after the procession entered by the Eastern Gate. It tailed out in the narrow streets and lost itself in the vast throngs of the indifferent and the merely curious. Nothing whatever happened. The diminishing band of enthusiasts made their way toward the temple packed with the Jews of all nations. It would have been about the hour of the evening sacrifice, the money changers would have folded their tables, the vendors of doves had left for the day, the crowd was hushed and worshipful. Jesus and his handful of Galileans looked about on all the solemn wonders, and at evening retired to the Village of Bethany.

CHAPTER VIII

Consider the lair of the lion of Judah, how it is established on the prongs of the great central plateau, walled up to heaven. On Zion is the citadel; Moriah is pieced out by solid piers of masonry to make room for the temple. Between them the Tyropœon, the place of the merchants, leads down to Hinnom; round the eastern base sweeps the valley of Jehoshaphat, through which flows Kidron. Gardens lie thick in the trough of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, but the ravine at the back of the city is called Gehenna, for rubbish is thrown there and a fire forever consumes the city's slough and waste. Across Kidron rises the Mount of Olives, from which the land falls eastward, by terraces, to the valley of the shadow, which is Jordan. Always Jerusalem looks into the gulf, but never quite to the bottom of it, and east away the blue hills of Moab float upon the horizon and affect the imagination like the sea. Northward stretches the hill country of Judea, full of contour and color. Reasons like these, as much as history, have to do with the pride of Jerusalem and its fierce resentment of overlordship. Herod the Great, being in part a Jew, held it with a strong, cruel hand; Archelus could not hold it at all, and Pontius Pilate, at this time Procurator, lost it.

But before Rome took her, the worst had already happened to Jerusalem. She had fallen into the hands of the hierarchy. Political imposition is a yoke upon men's necks, but the rule of priests is a fetter to the understanding. When Pilate ordered the Roman stand-

ards into the city—standards bearing the image of the Emperor, and hence an abomination—the Sanhedrin opposed him, and won; when he set up votive shields in Herod's palace, the four sons of Herod headed the protest to Rome; when he spent the temple treasure on an aqueduct, he had the whole priestly party against him; but when a man came freely speaking his opinion of priests and the conduct of the temple, they made of the Procurator the instrument of his destruction. Whether they fought Pilate or used him, the mainspring of action was always the preservation of their levitical authority.

Probably they thought they were right—it is one of the prime necessities of men in large numbers that they should think so of themselves—but one thing they knew, and that was that it was profitable. Here we touch on one other factor of the Hebrew religion which determined the development of Christianity, as the soil on which it is reared determines the harvest. We have seen how Jesus rooted himself in the reality of moral principle; all that follows goes to show how the survival of his teaching was shaped by the profound Hebrew conviction of the efficacy of sacrifice. The pagan gave to his gods when there was need or when he felt happy; but Israel gave also because there was virtue in giving. He gave whether God saved or destroyed him; he gave more or less as God prospered him; the one essential was that he should keep on giving. Israel took up the principle of sacrifice, which is an indeterminate element of all religion, and made it over with the aid of the business instinct.

What had been revealed to him as the soul's supremest need had become a system. It was no longer sacrifice but tribute. Greek or Roman set up his gods where he happened to be, but the heart of Jewry beat always at Jerusalem; it was the one place where offering was acceptable to the Lord. Wherever a faithful Jew was found, from him to the temple trickled a thin stream of gold. It came from Rome and Egypt and Babylonia; it came even from a prophet in Galilee and his twelve disciples. That Jesus very clearly distinguished between tribute and sacrifice is evident from the comment credited to him on the payment of the temple tax. Tribute was a thing which might be exacted of strangers, but never of the Children; between them and the Father no such necessity existed. Nevertheless, he released one of his disciples to go a-fishing to raise the money, that no offense might be given. He conformed to the custom rather than delay a greater matter by raising an issue; but his attitude toward the abuses growing out of the system brooked no compromise.

The abuses were precisely those which a few centuries later sprang up among his name-people; for Israel had hit upon the one plan by which a hierarchy may be consistently maintained; and Christianity, blindly led by the blind, fell into the same ditch. Whether it is called tribute, or modernly disguised as "systematic giving," it is only where sacrifice ceases to be the soul's highest voluntary function and becomes a habit that the Priesthood attains to temporal power. The

constant flow of tribute into Jerusalem had begotten a ring of grafters as invincible and corrupt as ever controlled a modern municipality. There were officials for collecting tribute and for transmitting it; merchants of exchange, who sat in the temple porch to exchange coin of all countries for the temple half-shekel, paying heavily for the privilege. There were inspectors of beasts bought for sacrifice who had to be compounded, vendors of temple wares—incense, phylacteries, reliquaries; such things as are sold immemorially about temples. Altogether the temple "rake-off" amounted to about forty thousand dollars yearly. All this was organized and, in a measure, controlled by one Annas, ex-high-priest, with his five sons, priests all, and Caiphas, his son-in-law, high-priest for the current occasion.

How much of this was known to Jesus and his disciples in Galilee is a matter of conjecture. Between affairs at the capital and the mass of the people stood the sect of the Sadducees, adroit, worldly, deriving authority solely from the books of Moses, discrediting the prophets; they intrigued alike with Rome and the priesthood, feathering their own nests. Not unknown to Jesus, they drew less of his condemnation than the Pharisees by making fewer pretensions. It is probable, however, that the Galileans had heard a rumor of these things as villagers hear them—things which they felt themselves knowing to believe or virtuous in denying. That nothing was further from their thoughts on the second morning, when they walked in from Bethany, can be easily gathered from what followed.

Jesus had spent the night at the house around which lingers the tradition of Martha, careful about many things, and Mary, who chose the better part in choosing to hear of the Kingdom. Bethany lies on the Jordan side of Olivet, hid from the city; Bethphage is at the junction of the Bethany road with the great public highway; from here is one continuous suburb of hamlet and garden to the foot of the rock from which the city soars above the abyss. It is from this point that the temple first engaged the eye, shining with the morning. From pillared court within court it rose dazzling, roofed with gold. The smoke of the morning sacrifice went up; they heard the choir chanting. But within, beyond the Court of the Gentiles, within the Court of the Men of Israel, which rose tier by tier from the Court of the Women, beyond the holy place where stood the great altar, the Holy of Holies was empty.

This would have been Monday by the most reliable chronology. If they arrived at the temple in the hour after the morning sacrifice, before the sightseeing crowd had well gathered, they would have seen the temple traffic at its worst and most sacrilegious. In the Court of the Gentiles, a wide, tesselated space enclosed with a noble Corinthian colonnade, the noise of the rabble, the bleating of sheep brought for sacrifice, must have struck offensively across the solemn associations awakened in the mind of every devout Jew on first entering the sacred precinct. Across the open court rose the sanctuary from its terrace,

doors and lintels overlaid with gold and silver. By the Gate Beautiful they went up into the Court of the Women, a handsome colonnaded space into which fifteen thousand worshipers could be crowded. Here, between the columns, they found the tables of the moneychangers; little shops set up along the wall spaces. One can understand how they would have hung together, the Galileans in their brown and white burnooses, around the tall figure of their prophet, ignored by hurrying priests, elbowed by insolent temple attendants, while the sense of what they saw sank into them. From the language used by Jesus when at last he could no longer keep silent, it must have been some extortion; some provincial mulcted of his due exchange; some widow overcharged for a pair of doves, that fanned his wrath into action.

The disturbance, whatever it was, could hardly have extended beyond the sanctuary—the money changers would not have risked a general riot. At the overturning of the first table they would have gathered up their monies, while the vendors of small wares fled, squealing. After all, the man might be a prophet, and the sympathy of the bystanders would certainly have been on his side.

It is reported that Jesus drove out the money changers with a whip, and from that time would permit none of his following to carry through the temple the implement and sign of his trade, as was the common practice, upon his person.

There is a ribald song still extant about the sons of Annas, who had a bazaar within the sanctuary, which shows how Jerusalem went with its tongue in its cheek in respect to the temple management. A more interesting commentary is the fact that not a word of all this leaked through to the Roman authorities. Here was the most influential group of Jerusalemites man-handled and affronted in their own temple, and nothing whatever is heard of the police, no complaint for assault is lodged. It is a commentary on the utter indefensibility of the temple traffic, and the only tribute paid by organized Jewry to the prophetic character of Jesus. In that brief period of hesitation was let slip the occasion to deal with him as an ordinary disturber of public worship. In spite of themselves they were forced to deal with him as a public character.

Deal with him they must, and that speedily. For not only had he driven out the traffic, but he continued to hang about the temple, both that day and the next, supported by his twelve stalwart Galileans, preaching to the people and enforcing, by the moral right of his presence, the embargo on everything not consistent with the traditions of the Sanctuary. And this while there were, perhaps, a million or two pilgrims in the city waiting to be fleeced. Plainly, the man was a nuisance and must be disposed of. They went about it in a manner truly Hebraic.

The first movement was to send a delegation to inquire by what authority he did these things, knowing that he had no Rabbinical

certificates, and thinking to discredit him with the public, for Hebraism is before all else a religion of authority. Jesus countered with another question.

"The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men?"

He had them there; for if they answered, "From heaven," why, then, had they not believed it? And they dared not say "of men," lest the multitude, who counted John a prophet, be moved against them. So, neatly caught between the clefts of their own question, they withdrew from the first encounter, and, in the meantime, Jesus had the ear of the people. He preached there in the temple so full of his message that he snatched it from the very stones which, in wonder, they showed him—for the temple had been forty years in building, and was judged one of the wonders of the world. He drew from the widow, casting her mite into the box of the treasury; he lifted up his eyes from Solomon's porch, and saw the tombs of the prophets whitened newly for the season of the pilgrimage, and found in them the figure of hypocrisy, going smug without and inwardly full of corruption and dead men's bones.

On the very day of the cleaning of the temple, while the rumor of it still ran about the pillars of Solomon's porch, he spoke a parable, in which he quite explicitly stated that publicans and harlots should go into the Kingdom before the chief priests and their following. He scored the Pharisees afresh, devourers of widows' houses, making long prayers for a pretense, seeing in their pious humbug the greatest menace to his teaching. Moving in imminent peril of his life, he moved as freely as among his Galilean hills, preaching in the temple daily and on the Mount of Olives, walking between the orchards, discoursing of the Kingdom. It was as if he understood that he was now at the end of his ministry, and was concerned merely to draw out and define again its salient teaching. In and out of a dozen brilliant parables flashed the doctrine of the Kingdom as a thing to be done, a task set and achieved, a charge to keep. Men believed, and, believing, acted, and in doing were saved . . . for "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me."

That he missed no point of the situation is evident from his appeal to the preaching of John, knowing the Baptist to have had a firmer hold than himself on the popular imagination, and also from the spirit with which he evaded the next trap which they set for him.

Unable, on the one hand, to discredit him with the populace, they sought, on the other, to set him at odds with Pilate. The approach was well calculated on the basis of his being a Galilean, one of that tribe among whom had developed the most invincible opposition to the Roman authority. Now, as one regarding not the person of man, would he or would he not advise them to give tribute to Caesar? But the answer, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's," left them exactly where they were

before—if, in fact, it did not leave them a trifle more discomfited, for he had glanced here at the custom of paying divine honors to emperors, to which they had been a shade too complacent. Then came the Sadducees mocking, with a question trumped up about a resurrection from the dead—a possibility in which they did not in the least believe—and were answered out of their own Pentateuch in the words of their only prophet, Moses. In this fashion Jesus fenced for time, that he might drive home his message.

But the Pharisees, when they heard how he had reduced the Sadducees to silence, plumed themselves and came asking, "which is the great commandment?" None but they themselves knew what advantage they hoped for in the answer to such a question; what came, neither they nor the world has ever been able wholly to handle. Said Jesus:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . and . . . thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Then, suddenly wearied of questioning which had no honest query of the heart behind it, he turned on them with an exegetical problem so exactly in their own manner and so impossible to answer that it put an end once for all to that form of inquisition. Balked in wit, the priestly party turned to the one instrument which they understood perfectly, money. With money they might find somewhere in his defenses a weakness; seeking for it by means not unpracticed, they found Judas, the only one of the disciples not a Galilean.

The compounding of Judas with the agents of Caiphas is connected by tradition with an incident that occurred on Wednesday evening at the house of one Simon at Bethany, where the Master was being entertained at supper. No doubt Judas felt gulled and disappointed. Perhaps he had friends in the city to wag a sly finger at him. Here they were at Jerusalem, and no Kingdom: here, after nearly a year of following, still unaccepted, dependant on the chance hospitality of villagers, they who should have feasted in kings' houses! Thirty pieces of silver, about four months' wages, was not much to one who had expected to sit on one of the twelve thrones of Israel; but all that they wanted of him was that he should guide the temple police to his Master when few or none were by. He could have had no idea what was really to be done to Jesus, for the Sanhedrin itself had no notion, and was hard put to it, once they had taken the prophet, to find an accusation against him which would be acceptable to the Roman authorities. And surely, if the man was the Messiah, when the police laid hands on him, he would have to declare himself. So Judas must have mused inwardly while the supper went forward, and the uninvited, in the friendly Eastern fashion, edged up to catch some crumbs of wisdom as they fell from the prophet.

And, as he mused, came a woman having an alabaster box of oint-

ment, very costly, which she poured upon the head of Jesus. Thus it was done by the rich to guests of great distinction, but the thrifty folk of Bethany were shocked at it as an extravagance. How much more virtuous to have sold the ointment and given the money to the poor! This is what is called an eminently practical suggestion; but the practicality of Prophets is in another sort. "Let her alone," said Jesus; "ye have the poor always with you . . . " subject to our poor mechanical pieties. Once for all, he ranged himself on the side of the generous risks of the faith which, having risked, finds itself set aside for distinguished service.

"Lord"—all they who sat with him might have afterward said —"had we known thou wert to die, we, too, would have anointed thee;" but it is of those who, knowing no more than the rest, act freely on the impulse of the spirit, of whom these things are told in memorial. Judas, who is imagined as protesting most—Judas, who carried the bag for the twelve, and was no doubt elected to that office because of his eminent practicality—found in the incident the touch of futility which inclined him in the high priest's favor. He may even have thought, as is the way with the practical, that Jesus was prone to be feasted and fussed over, and that he would spur him on to his obvious mission, which was to take possession of Jerusalem and declare the Kingdom.

The next day was spent by the little company in retirement among the budding orchards of Olivet, either as a preparation for the Passover, or because they understood that the tide of popular interest, which had set in their favor for a day or two, had rolled back in its accustomed channel. They were swept under by it with scarcely a ripple on the surface of the city's festivity. From the walled hilltop came a murmur like a hive; the valleys were tremulous with the bleating of two hundred thousand lambs led up for the paschal rite. High over it rang the silver trumpets, the chanting choirs, the beat of mystic dances, all the mingled sound of Israel remembering his God magnificently. Processions choked the streets: pilgrim parties, Pilate going ceremoniously to call on visiting sovereignties, and these calling on the Governor again. In the Roman circus, under the wall, there were plays and spectacles.

The backward cast of history has warped out of all proportion the part that was played here by the Man of Nazareth and his twelve. They were, in fact, completely submerged in the great national commemoration. But history has not shown us a more appealing humanness than that of their leader, yearning in the midst of jeopardy for the hour of exalted communion with the race that rejected him, even though to make sure of passing it with his disciples he put forward the supreme observance by a day.

"With desire," he said, "I have desired to eat that Passover with you." To miss nothing of its full flavor, he ventured back within the sacred precinct, where the arm of his enemies reached with power, to

a room that had been reserved for him—by tradition, in the house of Mark's father. Here, when the shadow of the temple reached to Olivet and the seven branched candlesticks were lit, he repaired with the twelve to an upper chamber to keep the immemorial festival of his people.

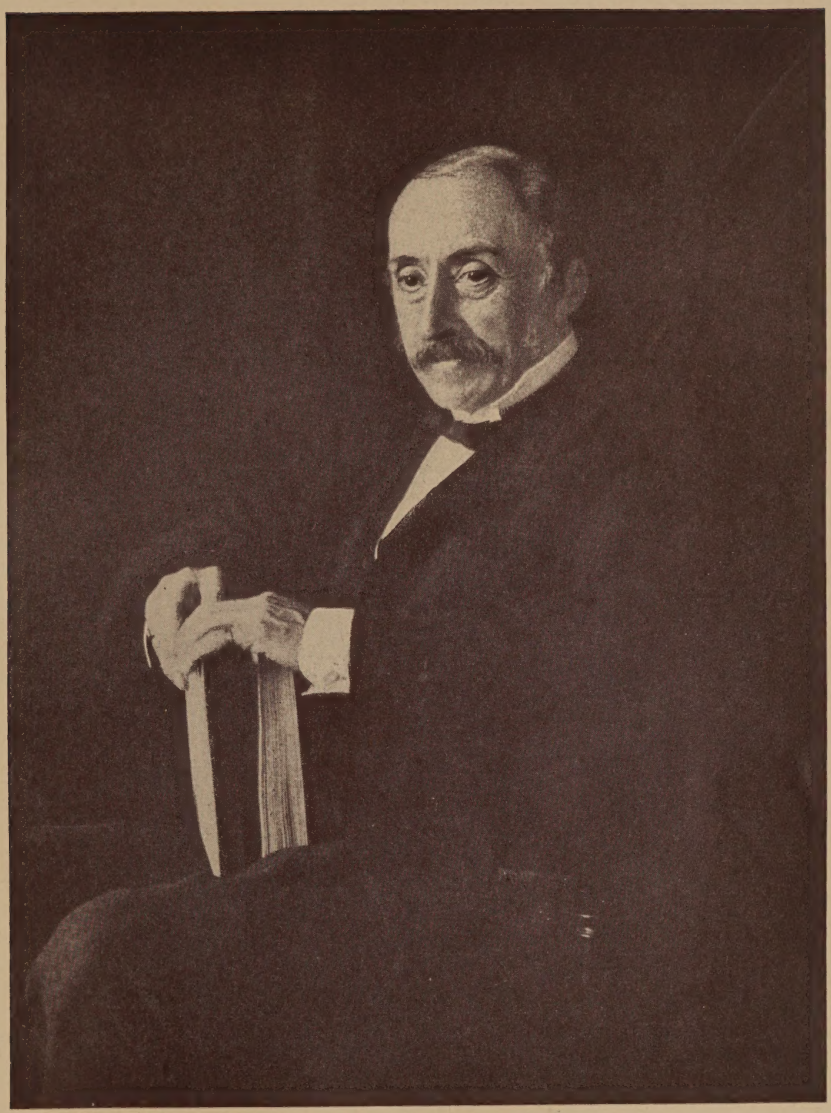
Of this, no single authentic detail is preserved to us except what is known of the paschal ritual. That the nearness of his death and the certainty of being betrayed to it by one of his disciples was foremost in his mind, we gather from what was recalled afterward, and also that it was not understood at the time by any of the disciples except, perhaps, Judas. The words reported are unequivocal; but, in the light of the subsequent behavior of the disciples, we conclude that none of the references to his death had yet the force of an announcement. Still less can we accept the personal turn which was read back into the occasion by Paul of Tarsus. All that is historically admissible is that at some point in the ritualistic meal, either when he lifted the broken bread (*this is the bread of misery which our fathers ate in the land of Egypt*), or when the Cup of Blessing was poured, he said: "As often as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me;" that is to say, as often as ye eat the Passover, remember me—a natural, human suggestion, for he knew that he should not drink of the fruit of the vine again in this fashion. This is as far as history dare go; but there is no reason why the believing heart may not go further and stoutly assert its right to the symbol of a communion of spirit of which Jesus himself felt the need.

Another incident of this last supper has come down to us only in that second century record to which reference has been made, but, like the story of the woman taken in adultery, making good its claim by its complete harmony with what we know of Jesus and his manner of teaching. Somewhere near the end of the ritual he took a towel and girt himself, and, pouring water in a basin, he washed the feet of his disciples. But, Peter protesting, he said: "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." And the impulsive Peter, linking the act with the symbol of cleansing, offered himself—not his feet alone, but his head and his hands also. But the words that followed are explicit enough: "Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet." In such fashion the man of Nazareth completed the round of his teaching, to forgive, to love and to serve. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

It was late when the meal was over; Judas had already gone on an errand more than suspected. The others had sung the last of the *Hallel*, that solemn and suggestive song of Israel's triumph.

The hour was upon them.

(*To be continued.*)

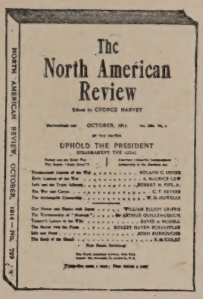


CHARLES ELIOT NORTON
EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
1864–1868

1915

October

ONE-HUNDRED-FIRST YEAR



Contents

VOL. 202: NO. 4

		Page
THE GERMAN ATTITUDE	THE EDITOR	481
THE FUTURE OF THE SUBMARINE	FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT	505
MILITARY PREPAREDNESS	Major GEORGE B. DUNCAN, U.S.A.	509
THE MASTERY OF THE WORLD	Rear-Admiral BRADLEY A. FISKE, U.S.N.	517
THE RUSSIAN RETREAT	CHARLES JOHNSTON	527
OIL ON THE CARIBBEAN	CHESTER LLOYD JONES	536
EFFICIENCY IN THE NATIONAL GUARD	Adjutant-General WILBUR F. SADLER, JR., N.G.,N.J.	544
CHAMPAGNE, 1914-15	ALAN SEEGER	551
CULTURE	A. LAWRENCE LOWELL	553
JOHN BRIGHT	THE RT. HON. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL	560
TO THE MOTHER OF A POET	SARA TEASDALE	574
WILLIAM BLAKE AND CATHARINE	MARGARET SHERWOOD	576
THE BOOK OF THE MONTH	LAWRENCE GILMAN	592
NEW BOOKS REVIEWED—CONTEMPORARY ECHOES LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		598
THE MAN JESUS: A Serial. (Continued)	MARY AUSTIN	626

The price of The North American Review is thirty-five cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price 36c. for postage, and those in foreign countries 96c. Remittances should be made by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. Renewal orders should be sent in promptly in order to avoid a break in the receipt of copies.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 171 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

REDUCED ONE HALF

In Thickness and Weight—The India-Paper Edition

Webster's New International

The Only Grand Prize (Highest Award) given to **dictionaries** at the **Panama-Pacific International Exposition** was granted to **Webster's New International** and the **Merriam Series** for **superiority** of **educational merit.**

This New Creation

The Merriam Webster

has nearly 3,000 pages, with type matter equivalent to a **15-Volume Encyclopedia**, all in **a single volume!** Only 2¾ inches thick, in Rich, Full Red Leather Binding, with Gilt Top.

1915 ATLAS (With War Maps) FREE

to the readers of **The North American Review** who take advantage of the offer here made to

Deliver for $1.00

and easy payments thereafter of only a few cents a week, **either** the **India-Paper** or **Regular Edition** in full **Red Leather Binding.**
(In United States and Canada.)

"To have this work in the home is like sending the whole family to college"

India-Paper Edition

Printed on ***thin, opaque, strong,*** superior India paper. It has an excellent printing surface, resulting in remarkably clear impressions of type and illustrations. What a satisfaction to own the ***New Merriam Webster*** in a form so light and convenient to use! This edition is ***one half*** the thickness and less than one half the weight of the regular edition. Size 12⅜ in. x 9¾ in. x 2¾ in. ***Weight*** 7½ lbs.

Regular-Paper Edition

Printed on strong book paper of the highest quality. Size 12⅜ in. x 9¾ in. x 5½ in. Weight 16 lbs. Both Editions are printed from the same plates and indexed.

Over 400,000 Vocabulary Terms, and, in addition, ***12,000 Biographical Names,*** nearly ***30,000 Geographical Subjects,*** besides thousands of other References. Nearly ***3,000 Pages. Over 6,000 Illustrations.***

The only dictionary with the ***New Divided Page,*** characterized as "A Stroke of Genius."

Home Office (Coupon)

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

Please send me, free of all obligation or expense, a copy of "Test in Pronunciation," also "Red Facsimile Booklet," with specimen pages of India and regular paper and terms on your North American Review Atlas offer on the "Webster's **NEW** International Dictionary."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

To those who respond at once we will send

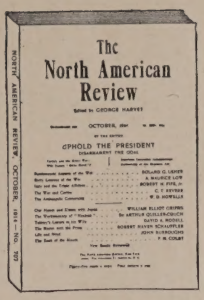
a copy of "Dictionary Wrinkles," containing an amusing "Test in Pronunciation" (with key) entitled "The Americanization of Carver," and also a "Red Facsimile Booklet" of interesting questions with reference to their answers.

Mail this coupon at once to

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Springfield, Mass.
Publishers of Genuine-Webster Dictionaries for over 70 years.

THE ATLAS

Is the **1915** "New Reference Atlas of the World," containing nearly **200** pages, with **128** pages of maps, beautifully printed in colors, with marginal reference indexes, besides illustrated description of **PANAMA CANAL,** all handsomely bound in red cloth, size 10¼ x 13⅝.



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,
Assistant Secretary of the Navy since March, 1913, is a graduate of Harvard University and the Columbia University Law School. He was a member of the Senate of the State of New York from 1910 until he assumed his present office.

MAJOR GEORGE B. DUNCAN, U. S. A.,
is an infantry officer attached to the General Staff Corps, Washington, and has been recently with the troops stationed at Eagle Pass, Texas. Major Duncan is remembered as a former contributor to this REVIEW.

REAR-ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.,
graduated from the Naval Academy in 1874 and was promoted to his present rank in 1911. His distinguished services to the Navy include many inventions, the most important being the naval telescope sight which has been adopted by all the navies and has promoted greater accuracy in naval gunnery. Admiral Fiske is the author of *Electricity in Theory and Practice* and *War Time in Manila.*

CHARLES JOHNSTON
was born at Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, in 1867. He is distinguished as an expert student of world-politics, and has published numerous books, philosophical and historical.

CHESTER LLOYD JONES,
Associate Professor of Political Science at the University of Wisconsin, is the author of numerous works relating to politics, which include *Readings on Parties and Elections in the United States, Statute Lawmaking*

in the United States. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines on international affairs and problems of government.

WILBUR F. SADLER, JR.,
Adjutant General of the National Guard of the State of New Jersey—a rank he has had for six years—has given much time and attention to all matters relating to the Organized Militia. He is President of the Bradstreet National Bank of New Jersey and connected with numerous corporations in the city of Trenton.

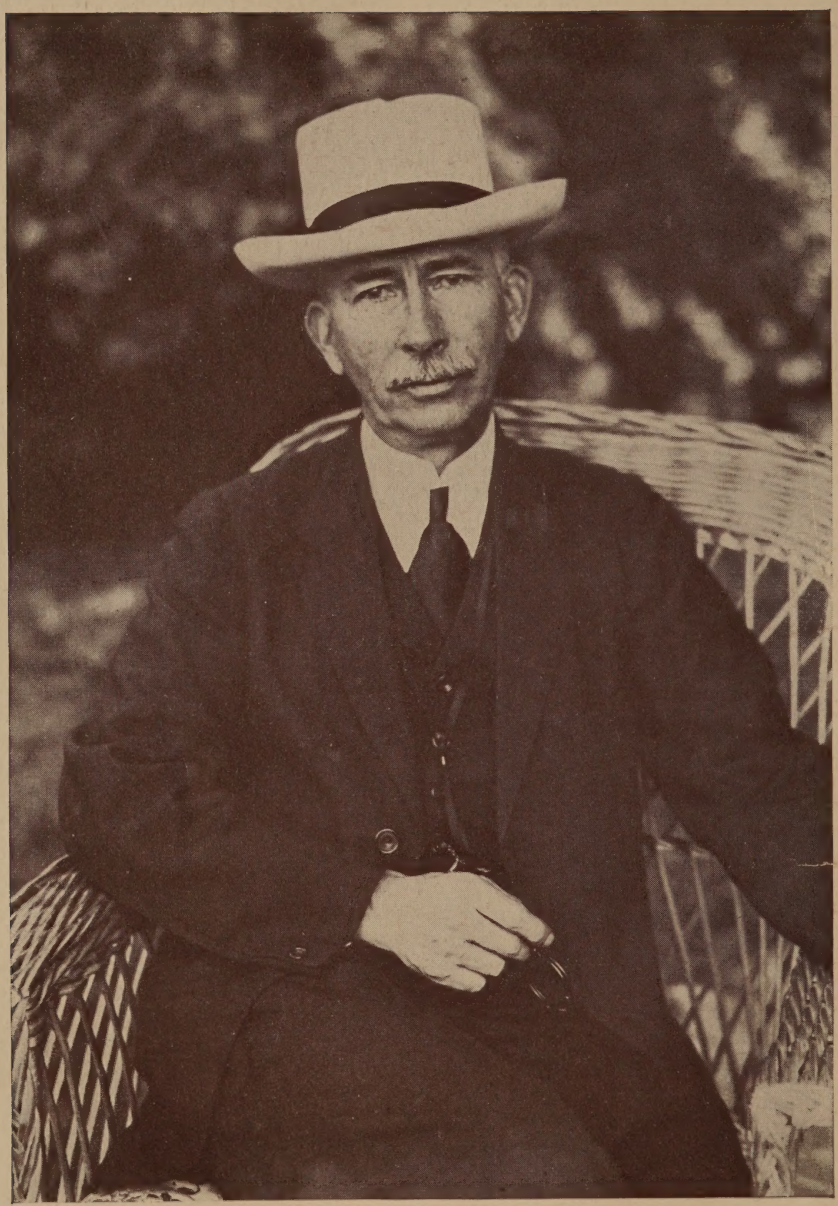
ALAN SEEGER
is a recent graduate of Harvard University. He had been studying in Paris for two years when the war broke out and at once joined the Foreign Legion of the French Army. He has been in the trenches the past winter, where the lines published in this number were written.

A. LAWRENCE LOWELL,
the president of Harvard University, has had a long connection with that institution as student, lecturer and professor. He is the author of numerous volumes, his notable work being that on *The Government of England.*

THE RIGHT HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL
is the youngest son of Lord Charles Russell, and like his father, has been a member of Parliament. He was Under-Secretary of State for India, and later for the Home Department. He has a long list of published volumes to his credit, which include *A Londoner's Log Book, Collections and Recollections* and *Some Chapters of Autobiography.*

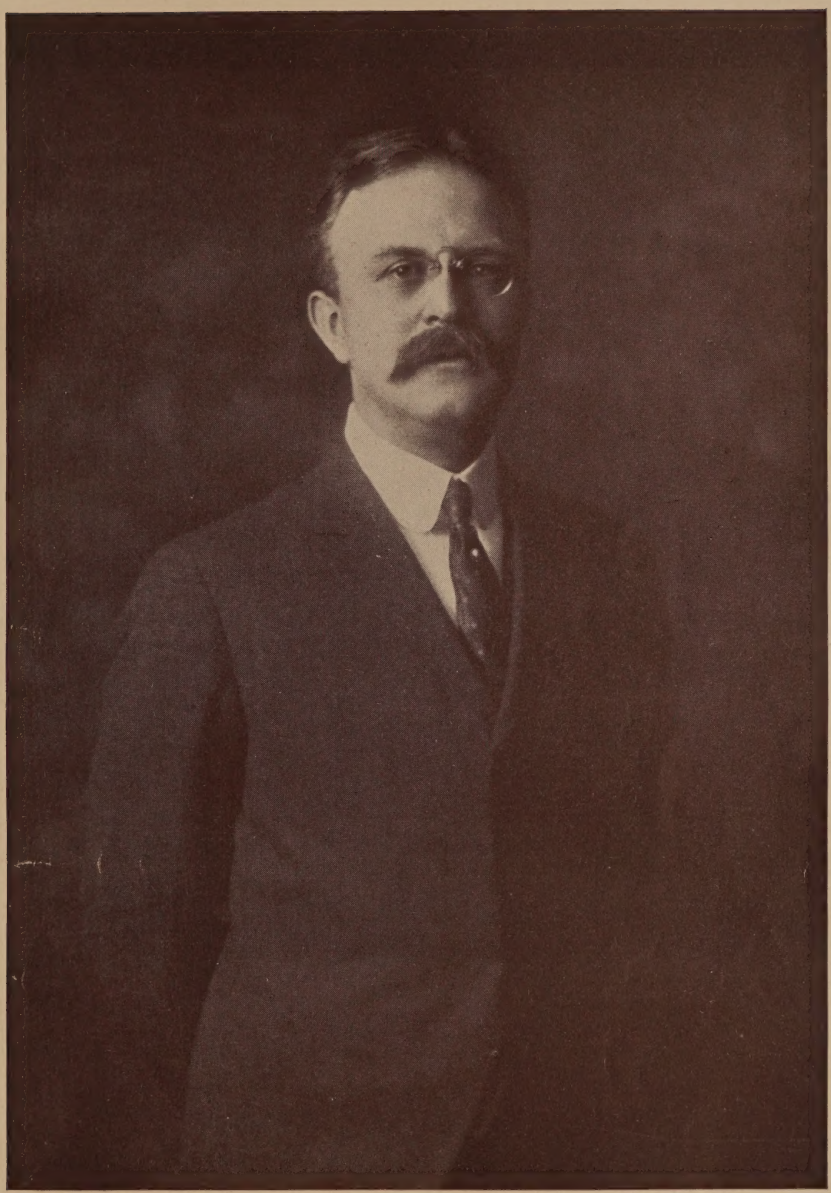
SARA TEASDALE
has published two volumes of poems—*Sonnets to Duse* and *Helen of Troy and Other Poems*—which have gained her an extensive following. Her verse has appeared in the leading periodicals as well.

MARGARET SHERWOOD,
Associate Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, is the author of several books which include: *An Experiment in Altruism; Henry Worthington, Idealist; Dryden's Dramatic Theory and Practice;* and *The Princess Pourquoi.*



Copyright by American Press Association

COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE



MR. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1915

THE GERMAN ATTITUDE

"ANYTHING" FOR AMERICA!

BY THE EDITOR

Orderly: "MAJESTÄT, HERE IS STILL ANOTHER NOTE FROM THAT AMERICAN PRESIDENT."

"ANSWER IT YOURSELF, FRITZ."

"WHAT SHALL I SAY, MAJESTÄT?"

"OH, ANYTHING."—*Life.*

AND "anything" it has been since the first American citizen was killed by a German submarine six months ago. "Anything" it seems likely to continue so long as our Government adheres to its conciliatory course and our people maintain their unexampled patience. Germany, in a word, is incorrigible.

What, then, is to be done? To argue that different conduct on the part of our Government would have wrought more satisfactory results avails nothing. Nor do we believe that such a contention could be sustained by evidence. Mr. Roosevelt's insistence that the Nation would have been spared its present humiliation if our action from the beginning had been more forceful may find warrant in the existing condition, but that is judging after the event. We could not at the time and cannot now see that President Wilson

Copyright, 1915, by NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION. All Rights Reserved.

erred in judgment or failed in performance at any stage of the proceedings, in the light of information then possessed.

Surely it is going too far to say, as Mr. Roosevelt says, that "for thirteen months the United States has played an ignoble part among the nations." Methods may prove to have been mistaken and futile, but there is nothing "ignoble" in the exercise of tolerance towards a distracted neighbor who hitherto has been our friend. Nor is there anything unworthy in striving through appeals to reason instead of by dire threatenings for a clear understanding which should make for peace between great peoples. It is not true, moreover, that "the President has been given ample time to act rightly, and he has either not acted at all or has acted wrongly." On the contrary, he has made unmistakably plain, to Germany and to the world, the grounds upon which America bases her irrefragable rights as a neutral nation, and the strength of his position in each instance has been enhanced, not impaired, by the dispassionateness and friendliness of his presentation. And when the proper time came he did "suit the action to the word," as we implored him to do, in a manner wholly befitting the honor and dignity of the Nation. The demand for the recall of the Austrian Ambassador was a model, not only in substance and in form, but also of combined promptitude and restraint. It marked, we hope and trust, the ending of a temporizing policy which, though in itself defensible, has proved ineffectual.

The one vital fact which should concern the Administration at this juncture is that, while deprecating as too severe Mr. Roosevelt's criticisms of the President, a great majority of the American people accord with his conclusion that the limit of patience has been reached. They are wearied of the ceaseless prattle from Washington of the gratification of "high officials" over the relaxing of "tension" and prospective "concessions" from the Imperial Government. There would be no "tension" if Germany would respect our rights, observe the laws of civilized warfare and cease interfering with our domestic affairs. And we seek no "concessions" in extenuation of criminal offenses. Germany is a self-confessed murderer of helpless American men, women and children. Because our Government, in its anxiety to avert the calamity of war, has gone to the extreme in suggesting excuses which might obtain diplomatic acceptance if accompanied by promises of better conduct, it does not

follow that our people have forgotten or forgiven or ever will forget or perhaps forgive the infamy of the *Lusitania.*

That our Government, for reasons which may or may not be deemed sufficient, after five long months, does still, in the absence of disavowal of any kind, " omit any act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty," must be accounted a marvelous example of public patience. And yet, so far from appreciating the extent of our forbearance, if not indeed in consequence of it, the Imperial Government continues its wanton massacre of innocents.

The crime of the *Arabic* is so fresh in mind that it need hardly be recalled; but the recollection must not be dimmed. Our Government had written that " repetition *by the commanders of German naval vessels* of acts in contravention of these rights must be regarded by the Government of the United States, when they affect American citizens," as *deliberately unfriendly*—i.e., a cause of war. The sinking of the *Arabic* fulfilled to the letter all of the conditions which President Wilson had postulated. The vessel was torpedoed by a German submarine off the Irish coast without warning. She was outward bound and carried neither munitions nor specie. She made no effort to ram the enemy vessel, or to escape from it. The submarine itself was not even seen from the bridge of the liner. The first indication that the officers on the *Arabic* had of its presence was when they saw a torpedo coming straight for them. Beyond putting the helm hard over they made and could make no defense. Their ship had no mounted guns on board, nor was she in any way disguised. Forty English persons and several Americans perished.

And what said Germany? First, that there was every reason to believe that the ship struck a mine; secondly, that the truth could not be ascertained because the submarine operating in that vicinity had not reported and might be lost; *but,* thirdly and finally, that the submarine had returned and that its commander had done the very deed which President Wilson had declared would be regarded by the United States as " deliberately unfriendly." The Imperial Government admitted the fact in these words:

> When the *Arabic* approached she altered her original course, but then again pointed directly toward the submarine. From this the commander became convinced that the steamer had the intention of attacking and ramming him. In order to anticipate this attack he

gave orders for the submarine to dive and fired a torpedo at the steamer. After firing, he convinced himself that the people on board were being rescued in fifteen boats.

The falsity of this statement is established by the proved fact that the ship was struck on her side about ninety feet forward of the stern and consequently could not have been headed towards the submarine. How the commander "convinced himself" that the passengers were being rescued can only be imagined; presumably the forty who were drowned are still unconvinced. The amazing declaration continues:

According to his instructions the commander was not allowed to attack the *Arabic* without warning and without saving the lives unless the ship attempted to escape or offered resistance. He was forced, however, to conclude from the attendant circumstances that the *Arabic* planned a violent attack on the submarine.

There is no pretense that warning was given or that an attempt was made to save lives or that the ship either tried to escape or offered resistance. The only excuse assigned is "the attendant circumstances that the *Arabic* planned a violent attack on the submarine"—which is a lie. Nevertheless, adds the Imperial Government:

This conclusion is all the more obvious as he had been fired upon at a great distance in the Irish Sea on Aug. 14—that is, a few days before—by a large passenger steamer apparently belonging to the British Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which he had neither attacked nor stopped.

How a false conclusion can be rendered "all the more obvious" by reference to the alleged conduct of another vessel in another place at another time or what bearing the incident, if it ever happened, had upon the movements of the *Arabic,* the reader's mind may be able to comprehend; ours is not. The puerile absurdity of the whole fabrication is not only apparent upon its face, but is tacitly conceded by the Imperial Government itself when it says:

The German Government is unable, however, to acknowledge any obligation to grant indemnity in the matter, even if the commander should have been mistaken as to the aggressive intentions of the Arabic.

In other words, regardless of his instructions, each commander is a law unto himself and may make all the "mistakes" he likes without incurring rebuke or imposing upon his Government any responsibility or "obligation to grant

indemnity." If this declaration, put forth in response to the President's designation of these very acts by "commanders of German naval vessels" as a virtual cause of war is not arrogant defiance gone mad, we know not how to define it. But we must not overlook the final magnanimous "concession," to wit:

> If it should prove to be the case that it is impossible for the German and American Governments to reach a harmonious opinion on this point, the German Government would be prepared to submit the difference of opinion, as being a question of international law, to The Hague Tribunal for arbitration.
>
> In so doing, it assumes that, as a matter of course, the arbitral decision shall not be admitted to have the importance of a general decision on the permissibility or the converse under international law of German submarine warfare.

Nobody as yet has been able to determine what it is that the Imperial Government is prepared to submit to arbitration; the only certainty seems to be a preliminary condition that no "arbitral decision" against itself shall be considered binding—an arrangement quite in keeping with its uniform attitude respecting international law since the invasion of Belgium.

"Oh, nothing!" apparently was the answer decreed by Majestät respecting the futile attempt to sink the *Orduna,* bearing American passengers, as no official statement has been forthcoming since the attack was made nearly three months ago. "Anything," however, will, we suspect, be resuscitated to meet the President's inquiries respecting the sinking without warning of the *Hesperian* just two days after the German Ambassador solemnly promised our trusting State Department "Never Again!"

And what a variety of explanations "Anything" comprises! The *Lusitania* was destroyed because she bore munitions of war to the enemy. But the *Hesperian* was bound west and, of course, bore no munitions. Well, then, it is declared unofficially, she probably struck a mine—quite *probably,* ninety miles out at sea—and, anyhow, she was armed; i.e., she carried the one small gun to which a merchantman is entitled by international law, unrevised by Germany. The *Arabic,* too, was outward bound, bore no munitions and carried no gun. But she had a bow and therefore might make "a violent attack" upon a sacred submarine. The *Orduna* could not have been suspected of

trying to ram because the torpedo passed her astern. True, but the weather was bad and the commander could not see very well; so he blazed away on general principles. As for the American ships *Nebraskan* and *Gulflight,* excuse *us,* "mistakes"; very sorry; shall regret if the like happens again. And so on. Subterfuge after subterfuge strung like Frankfurter sausages on a string and dangled before our eyes with the truculent intimation, "What are you going to do about it? Take it or leave it!"

But at last, we hear from Washington, the skies are again clearing. A new peacemaker has arisen, a greater than Bryan—none other than the Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, once Ambassador from Germany, but now we should judge recognized by both Governments as a quite disinterested and nobly conscientious intermediary. Although deprived temporarily at least of the valuable counsel of his colleague, Dr. K. Theodor Dumba, who has reluctantly suggested to his Government his need of a holiday, it is quite evident that the able Minister is making distinct progress in his new role of arbiter between Germany and the United States. His first task obviously was to win the favor and confidence of our Government. This was easy. All he had to do was to assure the State Department that no more "liners" would be destroyed wantonly by German submarines, thus evoking pæans of praise for the glorious diplomatic triumph of our Administration.

Germany promptly confirmed the arrangement in her own peculiar way by sinking the *Arabic,* but the versatile intermediary was in no wise disconcerted by this mere circumstance. Returning to the State Department, where again he was most cordially welcomed, he volunteered his most distinguished services in our behalf, even going so far as to promise his best endeavors to induce the Imperial Government to treat our Government more leniently than had theretofore seemed compatible with the dignity of a really first-class Power. His gracious offer of assistance having been accepted with due gratitude, the Count at this writing is negotiating with the Imperial Government, with which thus far he has had less success than with ours. His hopes of achievement rest upon a change of method. Hitherto, acting as their Ambassador, he has been considerate to the verge of humbleness, but now, as arbiter, he lets it be known that he shall address them quite sternly. Simultaneously, in

order to maintain a perfect balancing of the scales, he serves notice upon our Government through an unauthorized but authentic interview that a request for his recall for any reason would produce war forthwith. So here we are again, as usual, waiting hopefully, if not watchfully, at the gates of the German Embassy.

It is not a gratifying situation; it is, in fact, humiliating beyond measure of precedent and almost beyond bearance. And yet we cannot see that the President should be held at fault. He adopted at the outset and with full approval of the country a policy designed to keep us out of the conflict at almost any cost and he has pursued that policy, under the most trying conditions, with notable skill. He had no reason to suspect that Germany had suddenly been bereft of both conscience and intelligence. She was supposed to be as civilized, as law-abiding and as humane as other nations. That she should prove herself a barbarian and an outlaw no seer could have surmised. It is to our mind greatly to President Wilson's credit that, throughout the heart-breaking disillusionment, he has persisted in opposing to unexpected brutality and duplicity his own and his country's perfect good faith. So we beg him to continue, but with the greater resolution now become requisite and with realization that the patience of the people, which already has passed understanding, is exhausted.

If the Count von Bernstorff shall fail in his present professed endeavor to reconcile the acts of the German navy to his own solemn pledges as the representative of the Imperial Government, his usefulness as an envoy to this country will be at an end and his recall should be demanded. If the war threatened by the Count von Bernstorff shall be forced upon us by Germany, after this most notable instance of forbearance known to the history of this or any other self-respecting nation, let it come. We have been duped long enough.

When the Prophet had spoken—

"*Peace, peace, when there is no peace!*" he added:

"*Were they ashamed when they had committed abomination? Nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush: therefore shall they fall.*"

And so we say now. No war of Israel was so righteous as that which is being waged at this moment for Freedom of

the World. None, of course, was so terrible, none so ghastly, none so heavily laden with menace to mankind if sentiment or weakness should compel a peace in name which would be only a truce in fact. Be it for months or for years, the mighty struggle must continue until the curse of ages shall be lifted and the triumph of Democracy over Autocracy shall be complete. Then and not till then will Europe be immune to war's alarms and America be free from peril. If we would be true to our own republican faith, we cannot keep too constantly before the minds of our countrymen the fact that the overpowering issue is between Government subject to the will of the people and Imperialism founded upon force. And if we must fight, we shall have at least the satisfaction of standing shoulder to shoulder with democratic England and with the gallant sons of France in the most holy of wars for civilization and humanity, and of realizing that the cries of the dying did not rise from the sinking ships to Heaven and to America in vain.

We remembered the *Maine*. God forbid that we should forget the *Lusitania!*

SWASHBUCKLER OR SCHOLAR!

SHALL OR SHALL NOT O. G. V. SUCCEED COLONEL EDWARD MAKE-PEACE HOUSE AS ASSISTANT PRESIDENT?

August 29, 1915, will live long in the annals of American history as the day on which the public was startled by a report that Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, of the New York *Evening Post,* had been appointed Assistant President, succeeding Colonel Edward Makepeace House, deposed for inexcusable frowardness. Happily the disquieting announcement, although conveyed by the Chicago *Tribune* with impressive verisimilitude, was nullified to a degree by internal evidences of inexactness. Even we, for example, were aware that, while the *Tribune* may have been technically correct in saying that the President had "never tendered Colonel House a public office," he might have become Secretary of the Treasury and would in all probability have assumed the burden but for the fact that his stomach at the time was out of order. The further assertion that the President's favorable opinion of Colonel House's judgment suffered a sharp relapse when, contrary to his own observation if not experience, the Colonel proclaimed the fitness of a schoolmaster

to be President (of Mexico), seemed not incredible; and yet one could hardly believe that his influence had "vanished entirely" in consequence of a single unhappy suggestion.

In any case, we noted with satisfaction Secretary Tumulty's prompt and emphatic denial of the report as "rot." Language such as this, while perhaps not conforming strictly to established official usage, leaves little room for misinterpretation, especially when subsequently confirmed, as in this instance, by a further declaration by the Secretary to the effect that he was "authorized by the President to say that the story was false and malicious and the man who wrote it knew it was false and malicious when he wrote it." Thus every conceivable doubt was effectually dispelled, despite the obvious difficulty of determining with certainty the object of the malevolence so crudely and cruelly manifested.

Colonel House's own attitude, one need hardly add, was characteristically exemplary. "Interesting if true," he telegraphed to the *Evening Sun*. "Important if true," the *World* quoted him; probably inaccurately, since the phrase hardly comports with a character whose most noteworthy attribute is lack of assumption. Nevertheless, the record is clear and unmistakable. Diplomatically in any event and actually in all likelihood there is no estrangement. This is as it should be. The time is approaching rapidly when all true Democrats should and probably will hang together.

Some months have elapsed since we recorded the initial activities of Mr. Villard in shaping the international policies of the Administration. We registered at the time our approval of his untiring endeavors in the interest of peace on earth and good-will to all men except William Jennings Bryan. But we felt that he had finished his work when he achieved the withdrawal or removal, whichever it was, of the Chautauquan Secretary, desk and all. It was with no little apprehension, therefore, that we beheld him returning to the scene of his first triumph. Although nominally a pacifist, Mr. Villard is essentially a militant spirit, such as has no fitting place at the present time in Washington, and his advent presaged trouble. Whether he really aspired to the high position hitherto held by Colonel House by possessing himself of the key to the kitchen door or was only patriotically disposed to put his conscience at the disposal of the Administration we cannot say because we do not know. We assume, however, that the *Springfield Republican* was speak-

ing *ex cathedra* when, after recording the denial from the White House that Mr. Villard had really "supplanted" Colonel House as "President Wilson's chief unofficial adviser," it said:

> No attempt, however, was made to deny the statement that Villard has become a potent factor in the presidential councils. The general belief was that while the editor had gained a great measure of the chief executive's confidence, he had done so without superseding House or anyone else. Some attention was attracted by the fact that following publication of the story of a "break" between House and the president and of the establishment of close relations between the president and Villard, the latter failed to appear at the White House yesterday morning in accordance with his usual custom to report happenings there personally for his newspaper.

To Mr. Villard's slightly ostentatious absence from the regular morning conference we attached at first blush but little significance; it seemed to evidence not more nor less than pleasing, though sporadic, tact. But presently there appeared a cause of Mr. Villard's premeditated absenteeism in a rumor that he was prevented from attending the conference by the press of the new unofficial duties which he had already undertaken. On August 30 the *Globe's* Washington correspondent referred casually to "the *fact* that it was Mr. Villard who suggested the rebuking of General Wood;" whereupon the *Herald's* correspondent, under a hurry call from the home office, demanded an explanation from the Secretary of War. While naturally not admitting that he had been subjected to undue or hypnotic influence, Mr. Garrison frankly admitted that Mr. Villard, the pleasure of whose acquaintance had not been his theretofore, had indeed come to his office one morning and "made inquiries about General Wood's conduct." Whether it was the morning of the conference we have no means of ascertaining, but if so it is quite clear that Mr. Villard's noticeable absence reflected only credit upon his sense of duty. The *Herald* reported further that it was "admitted at the White House that the President looked upon Mr. Villard with favor, but that his influence was not what could be called overwhelming"—surely a prudent and restrained declaration, and yet sufficiently explicit to warrant grave consideration.

We turn logically then from mere rumors to Mr. Villard's own self-authorized utterances over the signature "O. G. V." in the *Evening Post*. And the very first headline we chance

upon is, of all things imaginable, "Rumors of Changes in Wilson's Cabinet." The member chiefly concerned is not, as some might hope, Josephus, but Mr. Garrison, who is coming to be known, somewhat to the rasping, we suspect, of Mr. Villard's tranquillizing sensibilities, as the "War Secretary." To the best of our information nobody, prior to the publication of this article, had suggested so much as a possibility of Mr. Garrison retiring from the Cabinet,—and Mr. Villard, of course, does not reveal the source of his inspiration. That some persons might be inquisitive along this line is readily imagined, but for ourselves we should regard undue insistence, in the delicate circumstances now existing and while the tension between Messrs. House and Villard continues unresolved, as the height of impropriety. Moreover, that which interests us most in O. G. V.'s speculation is the cleverness of its presentation and the subtlety of its suggestion. Mr. Villard's great and good friend, the Count von Bernstorff himself, could hardly have done better.

After noting that "so far the Secretary has shown no disposition to look with favor upon the proposal [whose proposal?] that he run either for Governor or Senator," Mr. Villard shrewdly observes:

> But a man who has made a popular success like Secretary Garrison cannot always control his future. Politicians, too, have a way of devising ingenious snares. Thus, what will the Secretary say next year if it is represented to him that the President must carry his own State, that the Secretary only can carry it, and that it is the Secretary's loyal duty to the party which made him and gave him his great opportunity here to enter the lists?

The inaptness of an intimation that the President may not be able to carry his own State, even with the efficient aid, recently pledged, of the Honorable James Smith, Jr., is so obvious that an inference of underlying purpose is unescapable. And listen further:

> What would he say if there is held out to him, in addition, the bait of an appointment to the United States Supreme Court in case he is defeated and the opportunity offers? Will he be beyond the flattery of the suggestion that in 1920 the party will be looking for a new national leader; and that the easiest way to the Presidency is to be a successful Governor of New Jersey, as President Wilson showed?

It was ever thus. "Again, the devil taketh him up into

an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;" again, moreover, to no avail, since the Secretary promptly bade the Tempter through the public prints to get behind him. Nevertheless, the seed is sown and we shall await the harvest of the coming session with more than casual interest.

Mr. Villard speaks more plainly of the pompous Secretary of Commerce. He does not hesitate to declare bluntly that "Mr. Redfield took a wrong attitude from the beginning" in the Eastland case, even going so far as to say meaningly to a witness, "I understand that you are guilty of having a son-in-law,"—a curiously maladroit accusation, as all must admit, in view of the domestic relationship to the Administration of the distinguished Secretary of the Treasury. "Naturally," remarks Mr. Villard, "these reports have not gratified the supporters of the Administration who fear that the case may yet get into Congress and prove a sort of minor Ballinger matter." It seems, too, that Mr. Redfield "has been unfortunate in the matter of vacations." He was away in August when questions of neutrality arose affecting his Department and—this is news—"it took a sharp word"—from somebody—"to bring him back." The article concludes:

> He has now gone back to his vacation which the Eastland disaster so unkindly interrupted. But people are none the less speculating as to what will happen when he returns to Washington and reports to his official superior as to what took place in Chicago.
>
> O. G. V.

Well, so be it. Mr. Redfield may not, as he declares quite vehemently, have "the slightest intention of resigning," but if by chance he should happen to find a blue envelope upon his breakfast table some morning we are bound to say that we could contemplate the irresistible consequence with equanimity.

When we note further that the *Evening Post* on September 2 began a fervid editorial defense of Josephus with the compassionate adjuration, "Pity the Poor Navy Department," we feel that we have said enough to convince any fair mind of the zeal with which Mr. Villard began to perform.

Another chapter is required for the recounting of Colonel House's placid, though nimble, activities from the day when,

after striving in vain to achieve, first, the nomination of Senator Culberson and, secondly, of Mayor Gaynor, he went to Europe and returned only in the nick of time to acquiesce in the result. It suffices for the present to observe that he has proved himself to be the most accomplished mind-reader of the present generation.

Mr. Villard is different. Indeed, the striking dissimilarity of the two human natures renders comparison exceedingly difficult. Mr. Villard began life as a student in Germany while Colonel House was raised a swashbuckler in Texas. We often think of him as busting bronchos and galloping madly after refractory steers. Whether or not it be a fact that he first won the admiration of Mr. Bryan by shooting off a whimsical tuft of hair without breaking a bone in the Commoner's head, there can be no question of the far accuracy of his vision. If our memory is not at fault, it was this very quality that evoked the President's rarely bestowed praise while he was constructing what is politely termed a Cabinet. Mr. Wilson was impressed greatly by the way in which Colonel House "held the candidates at arm's-length" and looked them over appreciatively but critically. What he did not happen to notice at the time perhaps was that he could not seem to see anything this side of Texas, where his eye lit unerringly and rested lovingly upon Burleson and Houston and Gregory and our Minister to Guatemala and Duval West and so many others now upholding the public service in Washington and elsewhere that counting would tire the mind. Mr. Villard, on the other hand, is so near-sighted that often when lunching at the Shoreham he seems not to perceive that his table companion is the Count von Bernstorff, with whom a prudent unofficial counsellor might hesitate to consort "in intimate fashion," after the President's own kindly manner with Secretary Daniels.

Exteriorly the disparity between the two is not great. Neither lacks pulchritude in moderation. Although we have never observed the resemblance so commonly remarked, of Colonel House to an undertaker, one may not deny that Mr. Villard is by far the more sprightly in both appearance and manner. But it does not follow that within he is a whit less earnest or conscientious. Indeed, he has often seemed to us as one recently bereaved bravely smiling while his heart is breaking. Per contra, Colonel House's serene countenance invariably radiates the contentment of one who is at peace

with all the world. Probably no existing joints are better oiled than his. Mr. Villard is anything but boisterous, and yet, compared with Colonel House, he is as a herd of enraged elephants in a boiler factory. We well recall how, before an estrangement was rumored, it became almost a habit on the President's part to turn his head in the perfect stillness of the night and smilingly remark, "Why, Colonel, are you there?" and hear the gentle rejoinder, "Oh, yes, I've been here some time." Mr. Villard couldn't do that; he has too many convictions constantly struggling for modest but firm expression.

Of the two we should say that Mr. Villard is the more demonstrative in appreciation of superlative mental and moral capacity. We liked especially the unbridled enthusiasm with which, immediately following Mr. Tumulty's official announcement that he was regarded "with favor," he broke both tradition and column rules and printed the President's portrait—the far-seeing, statesmanlike one, not, of course, the one holding the baby—upon the chaste front page of the *Evening Post* and labelled it in types worthy of the *Evening Journal:*

THIS IS THE MAN

who, without rattling a sword, without mobilizing a corporal's guard of soldiers or lifting the anchor of a warship, won for civilization

THE GREATEST DIPLOMATIC VICTORY OF GENERATIONS.

The occasion was the "complete surrender" of Germany to exclusively moral force exerted in support of an ideal policy. "The Great Triumph," Mr. Villard editorially pronounced the outcome of our persistently polite diplomatic correspondence, simultaneously and somewhat chidingly remarking that "Were the public and our city officials truly alive to the significance of the tremendous moral victory won by the President, flags would be flying from every building and bells would be pealing from every church tower in this city to-day." Whether or not the Mayor, if present, would have acted upon Mr. Villard's suggestion we shall never know because he was in camp at Plattsburg at the time play-

ing soldier and hearkening to Our Colonel. It does not matter. The point is that Colonel House would never have advocated such manifestations of jubilance so early in the morning. He would have scrutinized closely and even perhaps have viewed askance the Count von Bernstorff's fair-seeming but sleazy promises and would have waited to hear from headquarters before deciding whether the bells should be pealed or tolled. At this writing there appears to be some doubt along this line,—but that is neither there nor here. What we wish to emphasize is the temperamental prudence of the swashbuckler as contrasted with the precipitancy of the scholar.

Passing now from personal and political to public considerations, we would direct particular attention to the claims of journalism. The withdrawal of Mr. Villard from his profession or even his hamstringing, which seems to have begun, would involve a grave loss to this community, for the reason that the most distinctive and best selling feature of the *Evening Post* is wholly of his personal making. We refer, of course, to the fascinating department headed "Newspaper Waifs." Grover Cleveland, whose name may be recalled by high officials with or without emotion, once remarked to the writer of these lines that he was cheered daily by perusal of that corner of the paper. Our recollection is that he added that that was the only part he read,—but never mind; the salient fact is that Mr. Cleveland was one of many whose embittered lives have been gladdened by the paragraphic offspring of Mr. Villard's blithesome mentality. True, the casual reader would naturally assume that the gems labelled "Waifs," accredited as they are to other journals, have their origin elsewhere. It is, however, an open secret in the profession that Mr. Villard is their sole and undivided author and that he attaches the names of various newspapers for the purpose of concealing his identity. In this way he obtains a vent for his own mental agitation without disturbing the moral equilibrium of Editor Rollo Ogden.

How much time is required by Mr. Villard for these compositions we have no means of knowing, but whatever it may be should be accorded him, and on behalf of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut we implore the President to consider gravely the barrenness of existence hereabouts,

without the delectation afforded by inanimate estrays such as these:

A Short-Story—The mezzanine floor.—[*Death.*

Doctor—"How do you feel, Colonel, when you kill a man?" Colonel—"Oh, not so bad. How do you?"—[*Lunch.*

Simmons—"Isn't Barker always willing to hear both sides of a question?" Kimmons—"Not unless you let him do all the talking."—[*Fudge.*

Mother—"Always think twice before you speak." Tommy—"Gee, ma, if you do that yourself you must do some swift thinking when you get goin' for pa."—[James Williams, Jr., in *Boston Transcript.*

So we might continue indefinitely, but for illustrative purposes let enough suffice for a feast. One more phase and we shall have ended. When we spoke of the apparent hamstringing of the author of "Waifs," we voiced no idle suspicion. How else, we ask in all conscience, can we account for the flagrant *omission* of the following from Mr. Villard's collection:

What is the difference between Herod and Josephus? One crucified the Jews; the other juicified the crews.—[*Blatter.*

W. J. B. on "Fundamentals." Chautauquan introduction.—I now have the great pleasure of presenting to you the Prince-of-peace-at-any-price; the man who put the "fun" in fundamentals. —[*Elkhorn Wasp.*

The reason why neither of these choicest of morsels has appeared in the *Evening Post* is, we think, quite clear. Mr. Villard could not afford to imperil the favor won at so great a cost of mind and spirit by treating with levity the sensitive allies of a needy Administration. The future of his waifs, therefore, is beclouded by the restrictions which invariably encompass one, however versatile or flexible, who tries to serve two masters. Again we adjure the President, firmly but humbly, in strict conformity with our best diplomatic usage, to consider the present plight of this great reading (and voting) community and have a heart.

We have much more to say at fitting moments regarding the relative qualifications of Mr. Villard and Colonel House, but for the present we shall refrain, with the understanding that this inadequate analysis is only preliminary to a recommendation that both swashbuckler and scholar be retained and that from this day forward the appellations of unofficial

counselors-in-intimate-fashion be publicly announced to continue during good behavior and due obedience as follows:

Assistant President
COLONEL EDWARD MAKEPEACE HOUSE
Second Assistant President
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
Scorer
COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON

DEALING WITH DIPLOMATIC MISFITS.

CONCERNING the dismissal of Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, three cardinal points are obvious.

The first is that his misconduct was the climax of a long series of offenses by the Teutonic Powers or their agents, which had tried the patience of the United States far beyond what would have been to almost any other nation the breaking point and culminated in an attempt by the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, under the direction of his home government, to organize widespread labor troubles in this country, with their attendant demoralization of industry and grave menace of disorder and rioting.

The second point is that this man more richly deserved dismissal than any other of those whom the United States has been compelled thus to treat, with the possible exception of the first of all. We say the possible exception, for while Genet's conduct was more flagrantly improper than Dr. Dumba's, there was for it in the attendant circumstances immeasurably more excuse. But after that half-crazy Frenchman there was not one whose offense was comparable with Dr. Dumba's. Jefferson sent a Spanish Minister, the Marquis of Casa Yrujo, home for the relatively petty offense of offering to pay an American newspaper for publishing the Spanish side of a controversy which we were then having with Spain. Madison sent a British Minister, Jackson, home because of a disagreement concerning some transactions of his predecessor, in the course of which Jackson imputed bad faith to this Government; and also because of his sending to British consuls here a letter exhorting the development of anti-Administration sentiment. In Taylor's Administration Poussin, the French Minister, was dismissed because of what was regarded as his disrespectful attitude toward our

Secretary of State. In Pierce's time Crampton, the British Minister was recalled at our demand, because he had apparently sanctioned if he had not instigated and promoted the enlistment of men in this country for service in the British army in the Crimean War. President Grant gave Catacazy, the Russian Minister, his dismissal for trying to influence Congressional action in favor of a claim, and for trying, also, to organize a newspaper campaign against the Administration. Cleveland dismissed a third British Minister, Lord Sackville, for giving by indirection some political advice to Americans in response to a decoy letter which was sent to him by political tricksters. Finally, McKinley compelled the retirement of the Spanish Minister, Dupuy de Lome, for writing about him in offensive terms to a private correspondent. Not one of these cases, since Genet's, approximated in grossness that of Dr. Dumba. They were chiefly marked with offense against etiquette or dignity, and were not fraught with menace to our peace, order and prosperity. If those dismissals were justifiable, this one was, we repeat, immeasurably more so.

The third point is that vindication of American dignity, honor and rights by the dismissal of offensive ministers does not cause peril of war, or even of severance of diplomatic relations. In nearly every one of the cases cited there was acquiescence in the action of our Government, and sometimes hearty approval of it; and in not one of them was there any breach of friendly relations. This latter fact is especially worthy of remembrance and of consideration at the present time in view of the fears which have been expressed that the dismissal of Dr. Dumba might cause trouble, and still more in view of the menacing declaration credited to Count Bernstorff, that suspension of diplomatic relations between America and Germany would mean war. There could scarcely be any more exaggerated estimate of such an incident. The right of every nation to determine for itself the question of the acceptability of an envoy accredited to it is indisputable; and the exercise of that right can never be regarded as a hostile or even an unfriendly act. Each nation has, moreover, an equal right to determine for itself what diplomatic relations it shall have with others, and the exercise of that right is similarly void of offense. Again and again this nation has exercised those rights toward others, and other nations have exercised them toward Amer-

ica; but never once has such exercise led to war. To say that it would do so at the present time would be to suggest either a purpose to threaten, frighten or bully this nation into pusillanimous acquiescence in violation of its rights, or a desire for war of which a simple and inoffensive incident would be made the pretext. There have been times in our history when an intimation by a foreign envoy here that his dismissal would lead to war, would have been accounted ample cause for immediately demanding his recall; and at such times, under such a policy, we were in less danger of war than we are now.

"A LASTING PEACE."

The phrase is a familiar one. You find it on many "scraps of paper." The common formula of treaties is, "There shall be a firm and lasting peace." Also, it is generally agreed by rational men that a lasting peace must be founded upon justice and mutual satisfaction. A peace in which wrong is done, in which grievances are imposed or are permitted to remain unredressed to rankle, cannot be permanent. It contains within itself the elements of its own dissolution. Now, amid all the speculations and discussions of the peace which will be made at the end of the present war, no remark is more often heard, more earnestly uttered, or more eminently fitting than that a peace must be made that will be lasting. There must be no danger left of a renewal of the strife. Beyond doubt such a consummation is devoutly to be desired. Beyond doubt, also, it will be exceedingly difficult to achieve. We would not pronounce it impossible. But it is quite obvious that it will involve more radical transactions by the peace-making Powers than have been known on former occasions of the kind, and it must be confessed that former peace-makings for more than a century have set no encouraging example for it.

Memory naturally recalls the Congress of Vienna, of a century and a year ago. That was a settlement comparable to that which must follow this war, in magnitude and extent of interests involved. As at the present time, Europe had been cast into the melting-pot, and there was opportunity for a pretty complete remaking of its political geography and a lasting settlement of its elements of disturbance. Yet what was done? Perhaps it was because there were just

thirteen reigning sovereigns there—ominous number! Whatever the cause, the outcome of that famous conclave was not to make a lasting peace, based upon truth and justice, but rather to sow or to cherish the seeds of discontent, resentment, and inevitable future war. There was, indeed, a reorganization of Germany which had some good amid some bad features. It was well that a vast number of petty states were eliminated, by consolidation, so that instead of hundreds of separate sovereignties there were made only two score—Prussia, Austria, and thirty-eight other kingdoms, Grand Duchies, Duchies, Principalities, Free Cities, and what not. Yet in this process much wrong was done. Prussia and Austria were aggrandized at the expense of minor states. Prussia took half of Saxony, the left bank of the Rhine, Swedish Pomerania, and other territories, while various small states were traded among the larger ones, like counters in a game.

The worst feature of the whole business was, however, the ignoring of nationalities. That principle should, above all others, have been recognized and maintained. It was that which was the strength of France in her defensive wars and which was fatal to her aggressive campaigns. It was his violation of nationality which defeated Napoleon in Spain and which overwhelmed him with disaster in Russia. It was enthusiasm for that principle which roused Germany in the War of Liberation. Yet that august Congress at Vienna was quite blind to those stupendous lessons. It consecrated and confirmed the partition of Poland. It took Norway from Denmark and gave it to Sweden, and it took Finland from Sweden and gave it to Russia. It placed most of Italy under alien rulers, and gave much of that country outright to Austria. It united Holland and Belgium as one, under a single rule, despite their antagonism of centuries. It took away from France territories which were happy and contented under French rule and gave them to Prussia and Bavaria. Even in its formation of the Germanic Federation it wholly failed to satisfy the national aspirations of those countries.

The result was trouble. Discontent and friction soon led to a revolt in Belgium and the separation of that country from its unnatural union with Holland. Italy was restless and seditious under Austrians and Bourbons, though two generations passed before she could expel them. Norway

never forgave the disposition which had been made of her. In fact, on almost every hand there was dissatisfaction, and the terms of peace made straight for a renewal of the war.

Nor were later peace-makings more fortunate. After the Crimean War conditions were imposed upon Russia which caused continuous resentment and a determination to get rid of them even at the cost of another war. In 1858 France betrayed Italy and compelled the making of an unsatisfactory and unjust peace, which Italy righteously broke at her first opportunity. The war of 1864 despoiled Denmark and planted the seeds of future trouble. The peace which followed Sadowa in 1866 did injustice to Saxony, and still worse to Hanover and other states. The war of 1870-71 ended with terms which made France resolved to undo them and which imposed upon Germany the need of maintaining enormous armaments in order to prevent such revenge. The Berlin Congress at the end of the Russo-Turkish War may have seemed to establish, in Disraeli's phrase, "peace with honor," but it left vital issues untouched and made inevitable the troubles which for years convulsed the Balkans and led to repeated wars. There has, indeed, not in a hundred years and more been a considerable peace treaty in Europe which has been so instinct with justice as to afford a basis for any reasonable expectation of lasting peace. Every one has, on the contrary, made a succeeding war not only possible, but practically inevitable. Indeed, the causes and conditions of the present war were provided in the terms of peace at the ends of the preceding wars.

In such circumstances one would not need to be cynical or skeptical to wonder somewhat doubtfully whether any firm and lasting peace is likely to be made as a result of the present war. Certain it is that it would be necessary to that end to make a more radical rearrangement of European affairs than has been suggested by most of those who have been talking about peace on either side or among neutrals. To end the war by restoring anything like the *status quo ante* would be a mockery, and worse. So costly a war must not have been fought in vain. Whether it would be possible to reconstitute Europe, or that part of it which is implicated in the war, on a basis of nationalities is an interesting question. That would involve an extensive dismemberment of the Austrian Empire, a realm whose very corner-stone has been disregard and denial of national rights; and it would

not leave Prussia altogether unimpaired. The restoration of Italia Irredenta to Italy would make Austria and Hungary inland states, shut away from the sea. The reconstitution of Poland would despoil both Austria and Prussia. Justice to Servia would also despoil Austria-Hungary, and a settlement satisfactory to Rumania would deprive Hungary of much more of her territory. Belgium would have a right to a small region now held by Germany; and, of course, France would demand Alsace and Lorraine. There might even be demands for the restoration of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark, if not of Finland to Sweden. These and other such changes might be expected to give satisfaction to their beneficiaries; but they would as certainly implant resentment and a longing for revenge in the Teutonic heart such as would cause peace to be kept only until opportunity should arise for another war of retribution.

THE MENACE OF THE "GERMAN VOTE"

Enter, to the music of "*Deutschland Ueber Alles,*" The German Vote. It will be cast against every candidate for office who does not align himself with Kultur against civilization. Therefore, beware; for the hostility of The German Vote will be fatal. No President, no member of Congress, no constable nor poundkeeper in the village of Squedunk, can be elected in the face of it. For proof of which, listen to the declarations of the German propagandists themselves, apostles of pure neutrality and therefore of eternal truth. Did not Representative Vollmer tell us, at a meeting in New York as long ago as last June, that there were from twenty to thirty millions, and perhaps more, Germans in this country who thought as he did? Wherefore, *Gott strafe England!*

If those figures were even approximately correct, we might indeed be in a parlous state. If there had been "a hundred cats in our cellar" the small boy who reported the horrendous story might have had the time of his life. Unhappily for their author, the figures are not correct. They are a joke. For proof of which, see the United States census.

In 1910 there were in the United States only 13,345,545 foreigners of all nationalities; so that it is really difficult to see how there can be 30,000,000 or more, or even 20,000,000 and no more, Germans in this country. Of these there were

the following from the various belligerent nations, Servia and Montenegro being omitted because their immigrants in this country were not separately reported:

Germany	2,501,181
Austria-Hungary	1,670,524
Turkey	91,923
Total Teutonic-Turkish	4,263,628
Great Britain and Canada	3,773,269
Russia	1,602,752
Italy	1,343,070
France	117,236
Belgium	49,397
Total Allies	6,885,724

From these figures it scarcely needs a Sherlock Holmes to deduce,

First, That the Teutonic element in this country is not after all particularly formidable in numbers; and

Second, That if it were to " act nasty " it would easily be overbalanced by the anti-German element.

It may be said, however, that these figures indicate only the foreign born, and that American born children of German parents are to be taken into account. Very well; let us apply the same acid test. In 1910, according to the same Federal census, the total of persons of foreign birth or American born of one or both foreign born parents was as follows:

British	10,037,420
Teutonic	8,817,271

Not to mention the Russians, Italians, French and Belgians. So that the same two deductions may be drawn from a reckoning on this basis, too; only a little more so!

But we were talking about The German Vote. The total vote for President of the United States in 1912 was about 15,000,000, which was 16.48 per cent. of the entire population. Let us reckon the German element, foreign born and of foreign parentage, including Austro-Hungarian, at 9,000,000. Of that number 16.48 per cent. would be 1,483,200. That is a considerable number of voters, no doubt. But it does not seem so large when it is spread out over the whole

United States. It is less than one-tenth of the electorate of the nation. Such a vote, cast solidly, might not be an important general factor.

It is simply unsupposable, however, that it could be cast solidly in any effective manner. The two principal parties will doubtless nominate candidates for the Presidency and for Congress who are Americans and not Germans in America. There will then be no object for casting this ten per cent. solidly for either, for they will both be equally obnoxious to the propagandists of baby-drowning "kultur." And of course the casting of that vote solidly for some third candidate would be quite ineffective.

There are, however, two other points which must be considered. One is the practical impossibility of casting that vote solidly. Not nearly all the people in this country of German parentage or even German birth are adherents of the German cause in this war. It is to be doubted whether half of them could be persuaded to let the circumstances of the war control their votes as American citizens. If they could, we should have to revise our estimate of the loyalty of Americans of German origin or descent. The other point is the effect upon the rest of the electorate which would be produced by the consolidation of the German vote upon foreign issues. There would, we are confident, be a storm of popular execration against the German vote before which few would care to stand, and there would be a union of all other voters against it which would completely overwhelm it.

The German vote on a domestic topic might be of great importance. The German vote on an alien topic, aiming to drag foreign influences and issues into American politics, would be a negligible quantity.

THE FUTURE OF THE SUBMARINE

BY FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

VERY long ago man discovered that he could kill whales because he had learned by observation that these biggest of animals had to come to the surface of the ocean at frequent intervals to breathe. Knowledge of their habits has been followed by their partial extermination. Because there have been of late so many wild conceptions of the habits of the mechanical whale, the submarine, a brief description of submarines in general is perhaps necessary to a clearer understanding.

Primarily, in spite of its name, a submarine is a surface vessel, with an underwater body similar to that of other surface vessels, and propelled by twin screws. The power to drive it on the surface is developed by so-called Diesel heavy-oil engines, or, as in some types, by steam turbines driven by oil-burning boilers. The requisite of these engines is that they may be shut off at a moment's notice, and thereafter create no heat or gases when submergence takes place. Great difficulties have been experienced with these engines in the past. The amount of space available, the mechanical problems of developing increased horsepower, have made progress seemingly slow, but within ten years the submarine's surface engine has gradually grown from the size for a 250-ton craft to that for the 1,000-ton so-called sea-going type, and the speed has been increased from 12 to 22 knots an hour. At the same time a 3 or 4-inch gun has been added to the equipment. Thus the result in the larger modern types is a vessel of about 1,000 tons, with fair speed, light armament and no armor, with sea-going qualities inferior to those of a destroyer, and with a cruising radius at reduced speed of 3,000 to 4,000 miles, though longer distances could possibly be covered by using the diving tanks for additional oil storage, thereby pre-

venting diving operations. As a surface warship there is little to commend in these qualities: speed, protection and offensive power are all defective, and such a ship would be at the mercy of any other surface vessel stronger than a torpedo boat.

It is, however, as an underwater craft that the submarine gains in effective fighting strength, and incidentally in that appeal to the popular imagination which, sad to say, totally lacks war value. The moment the surface engines are shut off, and sufficient water admitted to submerge, the character alters; propelling power must of necessity become non-gas producing, electric engines run by storage batteries. They are entirely separate from the oil engines and can give but slow speed—10 to 14 miles an hour—for a few hours only before it becomes necessary to rise and run on the surface in order to recharge the batteries by means of the surface engines. But the need of coming up like the whale for breath is not the only weakness: to deliver an attack sight is an essential, and thus far man has discovered no means of seeing through the water. Invisibility is the source of a submarine's strength, and yet the only way an enemy can be seen in order to discharge a torpedo is by raising the " eyes " or periscope above the surface. The enemy becomes visible, but in the same act the submarine loses its invisibility, for a periscope can be seen if the proper means of observation are maintained. As an underwater craft, then, the submarine can hide when completely submerged, in which event it cannot see and has no offensive power; it can run submerged with periscope showing, in which case it can use the torpedo if not sooner discovered; it can operate at slow speed and for a few hours only without rising.

During the past century great changes have occurred in armed ships, but they have occurred gradually. People thought in 1815 that the steam frigate *Demologos* or *Fulton the First* would " revolutionize " naval warfare, but nations were still building sailing frigates thirty years later. The unseaworthy *Monitor* was supposed to upset all traditions, yet she was not the first ship to carry armor, and development in naval architecture was eventually along the line of ships with sea-going qualities. The torpedo boat of twenty years ago, with its great speed and self-propelling torpedo was going to put every battleship on the scrap heap, but very soon the destroyer was devised as an answer, and to-day has replaced

the torpedo boat and taken its definite place as an integral part of the fleet. The more I study present-day naval development in the light of naval history, the more I am impressed with the slowness of evolution, with the fact that for every new weapon an antidote is found, and above all with the lesson that control of the seas means in its large sense precisely the same to-day as it did in the days of Van Tromp or Nelson. To prevent an invasion at one given point, to conduct a raid, to destroy isolated merchant vessels has never meant naval supremacy; but to be able to keep the seven seas open for the bulk of a nation's vessels of commerce and of war, and to keep the seas closed for those of the adversary—that is what history means by the influence of sea power.

To-day I would say without hesitation that the submarine has not replaced the battleship as the principal factor in war at sea. Taking it in its existing stage of development, a submersible vessel is useful for certain purposes only. It cannot yet be called sea-going or sea-keeping, it is not fast; and it is extremely vulnerable. Already devices for its destruction are multiplying: the aeroplane or dirigible can see it well below the surface; the net, the mine field, the destroyer are all being used to oppose it, and a new type of armed patrol-boat is being built for the purpose of watching the sea's surface for signs of the mechanical whale that must come up. Submarine signals, also, although now in the infancy of development will doubtless soon be able to detect the presence of moving submarines and give accurately their direction and distance.

It would be, of course, not unreasonable to suppose that, while the weapons for the destruction of underwater craft are being perfected, the improvement of the submarine itself will continue. Without doubt its size will increase, its engines, both surface and sub-surface, gain in horsepower and resulting speed, its radius of action grow and its seaworthiness improve. I have said nothing of the discomfort of the officers and men on the present-day vessels, nor of the well known fact that the propelling and operating mechanism is in such an experimental stage that frequent accidents occur; these are the evils of any new apparatus—witness the automobile of fifteen years ago. But the time is not far distant when the " habitability " and safety from mishaps will make submarines as dependable as any other high-powered, complicated vessel of war. Two deterring factors will proba-

bly always be present in its development: the inability to see under water, and the necessity of coming to the surface at short intervals.

The submarine has come to stay. It has taken its place, not as the sole weapon in naval offense and defense, but as an adjunct to other weapons. That it is useful for coast defense, for commerce destroying, for scouting purposes, and as a part of the protection to and attacking power of a battleship fleet is established. That it alone is capable of defending a coast against invasion is claimed only by the type of people in this country to whom national defense means preventing an enemy from landing an armed force on our Atlantic or Pacific seaboard—a Chinese wall kind of defense that requires necessarily the total abandonment of Alaska, of the Canal, of Hawaii and our other dependencies over seas, the stopping of our exports and imports and the inability to protect against aggression our citizens abroad and our well-considered international policies. In other words, free communications across the seas are just as much an integral part of our national defense as is the protection of New York harbor.

Before I became associated with our naval affairs in an official way, I had a theory that I knew much about naval strategy and warfare. But I have come very quickly to recognize that I did not: that war on the sea is a greatly complicated science, developing step by step through the faithful work of men who are trained through years of study and experience. It is therefore of interest that the very great majority of naval officers both here and abroad do not believe that the submarine has supplanted the battleship, even though the characteristics of the latter may greatly change. They hold that as it is improved step by step the submarine will take its place as one, but only one, of the many instruments of offense and defense on the seas; that it will fit in to its well-appointed place, and that history, with the devising of another weapon, will repeat itself.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

MILITARY PREPAREDNESS: WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

BY MAJOR GEORGE B. DUNCAN, U. S. A.

The terrible war that holds the principal nations of the world within its grasp, the appalling sacrifice of life and property, the paralysis of industrial pursuits, the bitterness of grief in desolated homes, the fervid valor with which individuals lay down their lives for their respective countries, must have made every thinking man in the United States take counsel with himself as to the reciprocal duties of citizenship and State. He finds that he is provided with police and fire protection, and schools for his children. He has a vote in selecting officers of government who are charged with the duty of establishing justice for all citizens and assuring them protection in all places, insuring domestic tranquillity, and providing for the common defense. Reciprocally, he is expected to uphold his country, honor its institutions, and, if necessary, bear arms in its defense.

The colonial experience which immediately preceded the Revolutionary War had inculcated a distrust of any power which was remote from the people. The experience of that war not only intensified this feeling, but increased inherent self-reliance. With peace there was a return to the old-time vocations and allegiance to their States, under whose laws the people had enjoyed and now continue to enjoy rights of liberty, property, and a fair measure of prosperity. There was a lack of community between the people of the different States in business interests and in sentiment. There were no means of communication except by sea from port to port, and by stage and horseback on inland routes. An illimitable expanse of territory extended toward the West, to be opened for settlement and cultivation. This was about the status of affairs when the Articles of Confederation were proving a

failure, and the establishment of a more perfect union became necessary.

In forming a constitution which would be acceptable to the States and people, and at the same time give stability to the new government, all conditions had to be taken into consideration. There would be a wonderful accession of power to this central government, and there must be an interdiction of ability to abuse this power to the oppression of the citizens or to the destruction of the rights of the States. The history of the world, and their own experience, had taught the colonists that the chief instrument of abuse and tyranny was a standing army. Besides, of what possible use would be an army in a country so cut off from the rest of the world; where every man would leave the plow and the workshop, if need be, to preserve the liberty which had been the reward of indomitable pluck and perseverance? There were no near neighbors from whom to expect invasion; there was no desire of extended empire through conquest; a mighty ocean separated them from the turbulent sphere of European dissensions; the people were thrifty and peaceable; and they could see in a standing army only a threat to the liberty so dearly bought. Therefore the Constitution was almost prohibitory in touching the subject of a regular military establishment; and, while it gave Congress the power "to raise and support armies," it added: "but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years." And the early Acts of Congress specifically stated that the small force then in existence was to furnish protection to settlers from Indian depredations. With a narrow stretch of sparsely settled country, and the Atlantic Ocean as a bulwark against the military force of Europe, the United States looked for prosperity to the peaceful pursuits of industry. All that was desired was an opportunity to develop our principles, our industries, and our institutions. Adhering to the advice of Washington, the United States has ever held aloof from entanglement in European politics. The only foreign policy developed has been that of President Monroe in his message to Congress in December, 1823, entering a protest against European conquest on this Continent, and asserting that here at least should flourish the democratic principles that rulers derive their powers from the consent of the ruled.

The growth of the Union during the years preceding the Civil War was that of peaceful industries, protected by

geographical position from the influences of European politics. But divergencies of sentiment regarding matters of internal policy arose, and State after State undertook to throw off Federal authority. And in the Civil War the wisdom of the policy of refusing to keep a standing army was put to the greatest possible test. The national unity was saved only by supreme effort, and at a cost of nearly 300,000 lives and millions of money. Of course, this war could have been crushed in the beginning by an efficient regular army, but that would not have been conducive to a final settlement of the questions at issue. To have annihilated secession by regular soldiers would have been a tyrannical use of power backed by bayonets; it would have increased hatred and strife, and led to secret preparation for a renewal of the struggle.

The Union emerged from this convulsion as the first military power in the world; hundreds of thousands of trained soldiers, returned to industrial occupations, were ready to respond to any national emergency. The spectacle of the disbandment of the armies of the Civil War was a complete guarantee of the perpetuity of our institutions, a lesson to the world in advanced civilization and a tribute to the blessings of peace. And so, it is believed, the purposes of our democratic institutions were best served during the first hundred years from the Declaration of Independence by keeping a standing army no larger than was necessary for a protection of the frontier from Indian depredations, and for an enforcement of the laws especially authorized by the Constitution.

With the downfall of the Confederacy, the Union entered more fully upon its existence as a nation. It could no longer be looked upon as a confederation of States to be disbanded at the will of its members. Independence and equality for all men, with supreme sovereignty in the central government, was permanently settled. The question now arises: What are the changed conditions which demand a state of military preparedness, and in what will such preparedness prove a source of national safety?

The genius of invention has altered all the essential conditions of a few years ago. Time and space are being rapidly annihilated. Our citizens, in the pursuit of pleasure, business, or science, are to be found in every land. Our churches send their missionaries into every available spot.

Commercial activity pays no attention to geographical boundaries, and the product of American manufactories is found in every market. So that in our interests, our information, our pleasures, and our business affairs, we are not isolated. We are being continually brought into closer contact with other nations, and must take our part in the deliberations of the world. Look at the matter from a geographical standpoint. Distance can be measured only by time, and in this light no nation is widely separated from another. The ocean is but a highway of travel and commerce, with a time-table almost as accurate as those of our trans-continental railroads. Daily the world grows smaller, and nations formerly but little known to each other now rub elbows in the march of civilization. Speaking broadly, our Atlantic seaboard is within a fortnight's reach of the armed camps of Europe. Upon the West, the rise of Japan to military and naval power gives us a nation ready to measure her strength with ours whenever the occasion provided by conflicting interest shall present itself.

In touching upon the relation of the United States to the other Powers, it can be laid down as a fixed rule that there are no means of preventing strife between nations; and that the more fully our people enter into the affairs of the world, the greater is the possibility of friction with other people. The Congress of Paris in 1856 adopted the strongest possible recommendations that nations should, before appealing to arms, have recourse to the good offices of friendly Powers to settle their grievances. But of what avail has that action been? Since then the most destructive wars that the world has ever known have been waged, and military science has steadily kept pace with improvements in the industries of peace.

In the face of these facts, and as the exponents of a democracy which in the end will regenerate the political system of the world, our military policy of acting upon the defensive until the great armies which exist in embryo in our free citizenship can be enrolled, organized, and put into the field, is hardly abreast of existing conditions or conformable to the self-respect and dignity of a great nation, which should possess the ability to punish transgressions as well as to protect its institutions. An offensive war might become necessary to obtain satisfaction for a breach of treaty, or for an insult to the flag, or an affront to our honor; or, above all, to

protect our citizens against foreign violence; and any of these events is much more liable to occur than is the need for a war of defense to protect our national sovereignty and independence. A known preparedness to send an efficient military force wherever the exigencies of just war might demand would be the safest guarantee against such a possibility.

Now, consider the place occupied by the Union in international affairs. In sovereignty, independence, and equality, all nations stand upon the same level in their relation to each other. Comity brings them into friendly commerce, its requirements being regard for the reputation of other States, respect for foreign flags upon the sea, courtesy in diplomatic intercourse, polite treatment of rulers or representatives of other countries, and the right of redress for injury or wrong to a subject by foreign aggression. Treaties usually define the relations between nations. According to the possession of power to excite the respectful attention of other governments in the domain of international affairs, nations are divided into classes; and this power depends upon their military and naval preparedness for war, with further regard to their resources and ability to carry on a conflict.

The traditional foreign policy of the United States, as we all know, is that of non-interference in European affairs, and hostility to European aggression on this Continent. The spirit animating the struggle for independence in 1776 found deeper expression in the Monroe Doctrine, and this has been the cardinal principle of the United States in its dealings with the governments of the world. Without the intervention of the United States there is not another government on this hemisphere which could oppose a determined foe from Europe. Fifty years ago there was time for war after the fact, but there is none to-day. Isolation lives only as a memory. Our military dependence is upon a small, a very small, army, and upon the militia. A modern war would be concluded before the embryo armies could be brought into being, much less developed to a state of efficiency. It must be borne in mind that there is no subject in which greater scientific progress has been made during the past thirty years than in the appliances and appurtenances of war.

The fighting branches of the Army are its mobile troops,—infantry, cavalry, field artillery, engineers, signal and sanitary units and the necessary trains, so named because they are able to march anywhere and fight upon any ground. Then

there is the coast artillery charged with harbor defense, whose sphere of activity is limited by the range of their guns and mortars and location of mine fields, but playing a useful, even if limited, sphere of activity in defensive work. Infantry and cavalry are armed with a rifle which is sighted up to 2,850 yards. The use of the huge modern howitzers by the artillery requires a knowledge of the intricate mechanism of cannon throwing a shell. The infantryman carries upon his back his ammunition, food, and intrenching tools. It takes time to teach him to use his rifle and intrenching tools effectively, to carry his burden, and to take care of himself on the march and in action, and to cook his ration. The cavalryman must learn, in addition, the care of his horse, and how to use a saber and revolver. The field artilleryman uses a weapon from concealed positions with a range up to three miles. The engineers have to know how to clear and build roads, construct bridges over ravines and streams and make practicable the advance of the fighting units. The signal soldier must know how to keep open the line of communication by telegraph, telephone, and wireless from the actual firing line to the base. As pilots of the air in aeroplanes they must reconnoiter the country from the highest altitudes and be ready to do more than hold their own in aerial combat, both offensive and defensive. The sanitary units must be properly equipped to care for the sick and wounded. The trains must have from day to day the necessary supplies of rations, of ammunition, and of material to make repairs and supply losses. In fine, killing in war is a scientific proposition, as are the means to conserve life and strength in the soldier.

As there has been change and improvement in the armament of troops for battle, so there is a very much greater need of discipline and preliminary training and drill to make the soldier effective in action. Indeed, there is no comparison between these latter requirements as they exist to-day and what was formerly necessary, and it is this fact which it is so difficult to impress upon the average citizen. The mass of metal thrown from two contending lines of battle is terrific. The skirmish preceding battle commences at incredible distances. In the full tide of conflict, squads, sections, companies, and even battalions may in a moment be annihilated. In the face of such conditions, common sense would understand that victory will reward that command which uses its

weapons most skillfully, which husbands its ammunition and throws its ammunition with accuracy, and at the command of its leaders, moving ever onward to the attack, forgetting personal danger in its confidence in the wisdom of its commanders, and its hope of final victory. Do we realize the never-ending drill, the target practise, the discipline, the unceasing vigilance of instruction, the unquestioning obedience, the various exercises absolutely necessary to bring the soldier to his most efficient state,—or, if you please, to convert the individual into as much of a machine as possible? Such essential qualities can come only from regular and incessant daily training.

The leading nations of the world require a compulsory military training for their citizens, generally three years of it. The United States should always have within its borders a sufficient number of trained men fitted promptly to take their place in the ranks. Ways and means to accomplish this have been pointed out by various Secretaries of War and Chiefs of Staff, and need no repetition here. But the old idea that a uniform makes a soldier must be abandoned. Success in future wars will depend upon skill in the use of weapons and in fire discipline, combined with implicit obedience and trust in commanders. These cannot become second nature, as they must to be effective, through the training of volunteer camps in the days or weeks preceding a conflict. The Union has progressed to that point when it can best be served, so far as the objects of war are concerned, by a regular army,—such a force as would serve, at least, for the first line of attack. The old bugbear of a standing army being a menace to liberty should have been effaced with the settlement of the question of State sovereignty. It should never be forgotten that a soldier is a citizen in the fullest acceptance of the word; his life and training keep alive his patriotism; in his independence of party or sectarian influence his mind, perhaps, grasps more fully the meaning of democracy; his influence is non-partisan in all controversies, and his life stands between his country's flag and dishonor. What else can there be but insurance to property, life, and happiness to the body politic in the maintenance of a well-disciplined army of liberty-loving and patriotic citizens?

There is no question of the patriotism of our people, nor of the fact that in time of national danger hundreds of thousands would willingly throw their lives into the breach in

defense of our land and its institutions; that, in the end, fidelity and valor would remain supreme. But while the country might rise from its ashes, there would be no resurrection of the lives which had paid the forfeit of war; there could be no return to the fireside of the fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons left upon the battlefield. Upon individuals thus left to mourn does the anguish of war fall hardest. The question is simply whether it is the part of good government to demand from our citizens such a sacrifice, such a needless slaughter, as would, to-day, be the price of war.

GEORGE B. DUNCAN.

THE MASTERY OF THE WORLD

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.

Because the question is widely discussed whether peace throughout the world may be attained by the friendly co-operation of many nations, and because a nation's attitude towards this question may determine her future prosperity or ruin, it may be well to note what has been the trend of the nations hitherto, and whether any forces exist that may reasonably be expected to change that trend. We may then be able to induce from facts the law which that trend obeys, and make a reasonable deduction as to whether or not the world is moving towards peace. If we do this we shall follow the inductive method of modern science, and avoid the error (with its perilous results) of first assuming the law and then deducing conclusions from it.

Men have always been divided into organizations, the first organization being the family. As time went on families were formed into tribes, for self-protection. The underlying cause for the organization was always a desire for strength; sometimes for defense, sometimes for offense, usually for both.

At times tribes joined in alliance with other tribes to attain a common end, the alliance being brought about by peaceful agreement, and usually ceasing after the end had been attained, or missed, or when tribal jealousies forbade further common effort. Sometimes tribes joined to form one larger tribe; the union being either forced on a weaker by a stronger tribe, or caused by a desire to secure a strength greater and more lasting than mere alliance can ensure.

In the same way, and apparently according to similar laws, sovereign states or nations were formed from tribes; and in later years, by the union of separate states. The states or nations have become larger and larger as time has

gone on; greater numbers, not only of people but of peoples, living in the same general localities and having hereditary ties, joining to form a nation.

Though the forms of government of these states or nations are numerous, and though the conceptions of people as to the purposes and functions of the State vary greatly, we find that one characteristic of a state has always prevailed among all the states and nations of the world,—the existence of an armed military force, placed under the control of its Government; the purpose of this armed force being to enable the Government not only to carry on its administration of internal matters, but also to exert itself externally against the armed force of another state.

This armed force has been a prominent factor in the life of every sovereign state and independent tribe, from history's beginning, and is no less a factor now. No instance can be found of a sovereign state without its appropriate armed force, to guard its sovereignty, and preserve that freedom from external control, without which freedom it ceases to exist as a sovereign state.

The armed force has always been a matter of very great expense. It has always required the anxious care of the Government and the people. The men comprising it have always been subjected to restraint and discipline, compelled to undergo hardships and dangers greater than those of civil life, and developed by a training highly specialized and exacting.

The armed force in every state has had not only continuous existence always, but continuous, potential readiness, if not continuous employment; and the greatest changes in the mutual relations of nations have been brought about by the victory of the armed force of one state over the armed force of another state. This does not mean that the fundamental causes of the changes have been physical, for they have been psychological, and have been so profound and so complex as to defy analysis; but it does mean that the actual and immediate instrument producing the changes has been physical force; that physical force and physical courage acting in conjunction, of which conjunction war is the ultimate expression, have always been the most potent instruments in the dealings of nations with each other.

Is there any change towards peaceful methods now?

No, on the contrary; war is recognized as the most potent

method still; the prominence of military matters is greater than ever before; at no time in the past has interest in war been so keen as at the present, or the expenditure of blood and money been so prodigal; at no time before has war so thoroughly engaged the intellect and energy of mankind.

In other words the trend of the nations has been towards a clearer recognition of the efficacy of military power, and an increasing use of the instrumentality of war.

The cause of this trend,—this clean-cut, uniform trend in all nations and in all times—is easily found in the simple fact that physical force can exert a greater influence on a person, or a nation, than any other force can; because it threatens life itself and arouses the primary instinct of self-preservation, "the first law of nature." For while it is true that human beings can be influenced by other forces, usually called "moral" forces, such as love, hate, ambition, gratitude, conscience, and so forth; and, that these moral forces profoundly influence human effort, and although it is sometimes asserted that they are more powerful than physical force, and even that the courage needed to oppose a moral force is superior to the courage needed to oppose a physical force,—yet nevertheless, the force that has actually decided the issue in every great crisis among nations has been actual physical force with its threat against life itself; and the courage that has been the most important has been "physical courage," the *virtus* of the Romans, without which no man could ever have stood up against that threat.

At the present day, as in the past, it is recognized that life is a man's most valuable possession, and that consequently the most effective force to bring to bear upon a man is a threat against his life. It is for this reason that the State threatens death for murder, while to discourage lesser crimes than murder, threats of forcible imprisonment or corporal punishment are employed; the experience of men having shown abundantly that the threat of physical force,—not moral, mental or spiritual force, not argument or persuasion,—has been the most effective and is the most effective still.

This may seem a hard saying. Certainly it is not a flattering one. But experience shows the danger of believing flattery—and common sense tells us that it is as dangerous for nations to believe flattery as for individuals. The demagogue flatters the crowd, and naturally the crowd like the

demagogue. But crowds are swayed by emotion not by reason; and if we wish to read history with clear judgment and common sense, in order to see what light the past can give us, we must admit this frankly. We must not flatter ourselves, or let others flatter us; and we must be open-minded enough to accept history's data as to the real nature of man, and especially of " crowds " of men, and their actual conduct in the past.

This brief consideration of the trend of people up to the present time seems to show that, due to the nature of man himself, especially to the nature of large " crowds " of men, the direction in which nations have been moving hitherto has not been towards securing the blessings of peace, but rather towards increasing the methods, instruments and areas of war.

This being the case, what forces exist that may reasonably be expected to change that trend?

Three main forces are usually mentioned: Civilization, Commerce, Christianity.

Before considering these it may be well to note Newton's first law of motion, that every body will continue in a state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line, unless acted on by some external force; for though this law was affirmed of material bodies, yet its applicability to large groups of men is striking and suggestive. For not only do human beings have the physical attributes of weight and inertia like other material bodies, but their mental organism, while of a higher order than the physical, is as powerfully affected by external forces. And though it is true that psychology has not yet secured her Sir Isaac Newton, and that no one has yet formulated a law that expresses exactly the action of the minds and spirits of men under the influence of certain mental and moral stimuli or forces, yet we know that our minds and spirits are influenced by fear, hope, ambition, hate, and so forth, in ways that are fairly well understood, and toward results that often can be predicted in advance.

Our whole theory of government and our laws of business and everyday life are founded on the belief that men are the same to-day as they were yesterday and that they will be the same to-morrow. The whole science of psychology is based on the observed and recorded actions of the human organism under the influence of certain external stimuli or forces, and starts from the assumption that this

organism has definite and permanent characteristics. If this is not so—if the behavior of men in the past has not been governed by actual laws which will also govern their behavior in the future; then our laws of government are built on error, and the teachings of psychology are foolish.

This does not mean that any man will necessarily act in the same way to-morrow as he did yesterday, when subjected to the influence of the same threat, inducement or temptation; because, without grappling the thorny question of free will, we realize that a man's action is never the result of only one stimulus and motive, but is the resultant of many; and we have no reason to expect that he will act in the same way when subjected to the same stimulus, unless we know that the internal and external conditions pertaining to him are also the same. Furthermore, even if we cannot predict what a certain individual will do, when exposed to a certain external influence, because of some differences in his mental and physical condition, on one occasion in comparison with another, yet when we consider large groups of men, we know that individual peculiarities, permanent and temporary, balance each other in great measure; that the average condition of a group of men is less changeable than that of one man, and that the degree of permanency of condition increases with the number of men in the group. From this we may reasonably conclude that, if we know the character of a man—or a group of men—and if we know also the line of action which he—or they—have followed in the past, we shall be able to predict his—or their—line of action in the future with considerable accuracy; and that the accuracy will increase with the number of men in the group, and the length of time during which they have followed the known line of action. Le Bon says: "Every race carries in its mental constitution the laws of its destiny."

Therefore, the line of action that the entire human race has followed during the centuries of the past is a good index—or at least the best index that we have—to its line of action during the centuries of the future.

Now men have been on this earth for many years; and history and psychology teach us that in their intercourse with each other, their conduct has been caused by a combination of many forces, among which are certain powerful forces that tend to create strife. The strongest by far of these forces is the *ego* in man himself, a quality divinely

implanted which makes a man in a measure self-protecting. This ego prompts a man not only to seek pleasure and avoid trouble for himself, but also to gain superiority, and, if possible, the mastery over his fellow men. Men being placed in life in close juxtaposition to each other, the struggles of each man to advance his own interests produce rivalries, jealousies, and conflicts.

Similarly with nations. Nations have been composed for the most part of people having an heredity more or less common to them all, so that they are bound together as great clans. From this it has resulted that nations have been jealous of each other and have combatted each other. They have been doing this since history began, and are doing it as much as ever now.

In fact, mankind have been in existence for so many centuries, and their physical, moral, mental and spiritual characteristics were so evidently implanted in them by the Almighty, that it seems difficult to see how anyone, except the Almighty himself, can change these characteristics and their resulting conduct. It is a common saying that a man cannot lift himself over the fence by his bootstraps, though he can jump over the fence, if it is not too high. This saying recognizes the fact that " a material system can do no work on itself "; but needs external aid. When a man pulls upwards on his bootstraps, the upward force that he exerts is exactly balanced by the downward reaction exerted by his bootstraps; but when he jumps, the downward thrust of his legs causes an equal reaction of the earth, which exerts a direct force upward upon the man; and it is this external force that moves him over the fence. It is this external force, the reaction of the earth or air or water, which moves every animal that walks, or bird that flies, or fish that swims. It is the will of the Almighty, acting through the various stimuli of nature, that causes the desire to walk, and all the emotions and actions of men. If He shall cause any new force to act on men, their line of conduct will surely change. But if He does not,—how can it change, or be changed; how can the human race turn about, by means of its own power only, and move in a direction the reverse from that in which it has been moving throughout all the centuries of the past?

These considerations seem to indicate that nations, regarded in their relation towards each other, will go on in

the direction in which they have been going unless acted upon by some external force.

Will civilization, commerce or Christianity impart that force?

Inasmuch as civilization is merely a condition in which men live, and an expression of their history, character and aims, it is difficult to see how it could of itself act as an external force, or cause an external force to act. "Institutions and laws are the outward manifestation of our character, the expression of its needs. Being its outcome, institutions and laws cannot change this character." (Le Bon.)

Even if the civilization of some given nation may have been brought about in some degree by forces external to that nation, yet it is clear that we must regard that civilization rather as the result of those forces than as a force itself. Besides, civilization has never yet made the relations of nations with each other more unselfish; civilized nations now and in the past, despite their veneer of courtesy, being fully as jealous of each other as the most savage tribes. That this should be so seems natural; because civilization has resulted mainly from the attempts of individuals and groups to enhance the pleasures and diminish the ills of life, and therefore cannot tend to unselfishness in either individuals or nations. Civilization in the past has not operated to soften the relations of nations with each other, so why should it do so now? Is not modern civilization, with its attendant complexities, rivalries and jealousies, provocative of quarrels rather than the reverse? In what respect is modern civilization better than past civilization, except in material conveniences due to material improvements in the mechanic arts? Are we any more artistic, strong or beautiful than the Grecians in their palmy days? Are we braver than the Spartans, more honest than the Chinamen, more spiritual than the Hindoos, more religious than the Puritans? Is not the civilization of the present day a mechanical civilization pure and simple? And has not the invention of electrical and mechanical appliances, with the resulting ensuring of communication and transportation, and the improvements in instruments of destruction, advantaged the great nations more than the weaker ones, and increased the temptation to great nations to use force rather than decreased it? Do not civilization's im-

provements in weapons of destruction augment the effectiveness of warlike methods, as compared with the peaceful methods of argument and persuasion?

Diplomacy is an agency of civilization, that was invented to avoid war, to enable nations to accommodate themselves to each other without going to war; but, practically, diplomacy seems to have caused almost as many wars as it has averted. And even if it be granted that the influence of diplomacy has been in the main for peace rather than for war, we know that diplomacy has been in use for centuries, that its resources are well understood, and that they have all been tried out many times; and therefore we ought to realize clearly that diplomacy cannot introduce any new force into international politics now, or exert an influence for peace that will be more potent in the future than the influence that it has exerted in the past.

These considerations seem to show that we cannot reasonably expect civilization to divert nations from the path they have followed hitherto.

Can commerce impart the external force necessary to divert nations from that path?

Since commerce bears exactly the same relation to nations now as in times past, and since it is an agency within mankind itself, it is difficult to see how it can act as an external force, or cause an external force to be applied. Of course, commercial interests are often opposed to national interests, and improvements in speed and sureness of communication and transportation increase the size and power of commercial organizations. But the same factors increase the power of governments and the solidarity of nations. At no time in the past has there been more national feeling in nations than now. Even the loosely held provinces of China are forming a Chinese nation. Despite the fundamental commercialism of the age, national spirit is growing more intense, the present war being the main intensifying cause. It is true that the interests of commerce are in many ways antagonistic to those of war. But, on the other hand, of all the causes that occasion war the economic causes are the greatest. For no thing will men fight more savagely than for money; for no thing have men fought more savagely than for money; and the greater the rivalry, the more the man's life becomes devoted to it, and the more fiercely he will fight to get or keep it. Surely of all the means

by which we hope to avoid war, the most hopeless by far is commerce.

The greatest of all hopes is in Christianity, because of its inculcation of love and kindliness, its obvious influence on the individual in cultivating unselfishness and other peaceful virtues, and the fact that it is an inspiration from On High, and therefore a force external to mankind. But let us look the facts solemnly in the face that the Christian religion has now been in effect for nearly two thousand years; that the nations now warring are Christian nations, in the very foremost rank of Christendom; that never in history has there been so much bloodshed in such widespread areas and so much hate, and that we see no signs that Christianity is employing any influence that she has not been employing for nearly two thousand years.

If we look for the influence of Christianity, we can find it in the daily lives of people, in the family, in business, in politics and in military bodies; everywhere, in fact, in Christian countries, so long as we keep inside of any organization the members of which feel bound together. This we must all admit, even the heathen know it; but where do we see any evidence of the sweetening effect of Christianity in the dealings of one organization with another with which it has no special bonds of friendship? Christianity is invoked in every warring nation now, to stimulate the patriotic spirit of the nation, and intensify the hate of the crowd against the enemy; and even if we think that such invoking is a perversion of religious influence to unrighteous ends, we must admit the fact that the Christian religion itself is at this moment being made to exert a powerful influence—not towards peace but towards war! And this should not amaze us; for where does the Bible say or intimate that love among nations will ever be brought about? The Saviour said: "I bring not peace but a sword." So what reasonable hope does even Christianity give us that war between nations will cease? And even if it did give reasonable hope, let us realize that between reasonable hope and reasonable expectation there is a great gulf fixed.

Therefore, we seem forced to the conclusion that the world will move in the future in the same direction as in the past; that nations will become larger and larger and fewer and fewer, the immediate instrument of international changes being war; and that certain nations will become

very powerful and nearly dominate the earth in turn, as Persia, Greece, Rome and Great Britain have done,—and as some other country may do.

Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, a certain law of decadence seems to have prevailed, because of which every nation, after acquiring great power, has in turn succumbed to the enervating effects which seem inseparable from it, and become the victim of some newer nation, that has made strenuous preparations for long years, in secret, and finally pounced upon her as a lion on its prey.

Were it not for this tendency to decadence, we should expect that the nations of the earth would ultimately be divided into two great nations, and that these would contend for the mastery in a world-wide struggle.

But if the present rate of invention and development continues, improvements in the mechanic arts will probably cause such increase in the power of weapons of destruction, and in the swiftness and sureness of transportation and communication, that some *monster of efficiency* will have time to acquire world mastery before her period of decadence sets in.

In this event, wars will be of a magnitude besides which the present struggle will seem pygmy; and will rage over the surface of the earth, for the gaining and retaining of the mastery of the world.

Bradley A. Fiske.

THE RUSSIAN RETREAT—AS RUSSIANS SEE IT

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE war has curiously disappointed our expectation as to the character of the nations—their real nature "under the aspect of eternity," as the phrase is; sometimes very happily disappointing us. France has come out magnificently—France, the light and frivolous nation of our tradition—so that one so little prone to toleration of the foreigner as Kipling wishes to kneel before her soldiers. England, the judicial, has set a bad example of quarrelling under fire, yet with the practical gift for adjustment and coalition that has never failed her in history. Ireland has shown herself heartily loyal and chivalrous, far more so than sullen, self-seeking Wales, while Scotland has fought as her sons love to fight. Austria is manifesting unexpected staying power, while the pugnacious Balkan States have for once fallen in love with peace. Italy, whom we blamed at first for playing politics, has done some of the most brilliant fighting of the war. There remains Germany. Here the revelation has been pitiless. The names of Belgium and the *Lusitania* are burnt into history; and nothing, it should be added, could make a worse impression than the present propaganda concerning Belgium's "guilt."

Russia we have thought of as a tragical nation; her music, her poetry, her novels, full of complaining, even her ballads sung in a minor key. And in conformity, perhaps, with this tradition of distress, Russia, after a period of advance, has suffered a series of reverses, made more difficult to bear by the noisy jubilation of her enemies, and, even more, by the lugubrious sympathizing of some of her friends. Yet in these adverse days, Russia herself is not lugubrious; on the contrary, she is blithe and confident. She is waking to the

sense, not of her reverses, but of her latent power, and never before has she been so formidable, so resourceful, so full of poise. I have gathered notes of the feeling in Russia during this period of reverse, from many sources quite independent of each other. They all breathe the same spirit and tell the same tale. Russia is beginning, not ending, her effort for victory.

To begin with, there is through all Russia, a courageous facing of the facts. But there has been more than this: there has been the ability to see these facts in their true proportion; not through mists of gloom, as one might expect from the Russian temperament, but in that naked and open daylight which Bacon praised. I can best illustrate this clarity of Russian thought, this virile facing of realities, by reproducing the Russian accounts of some of the major reverses, like the loss of Lvoff (Lemberg) and the evacuation of Warsaw, following the sequence of events from about the beginning of June.

The fall of Przemysl on June 3, says an able Russian critic of the war, by no means marked the conclusion of the whole Galician operation, but only served as a stage in its further development. The German-Austrian advance did not end when it gained the line of the San and the Dniester. They continued their forward movement with Lemberg as their immediate objective, but with the same purpose as inspired the Austrians in August, 1914, and on exactly the same lines. But this advance was not carried out immediately after the taking of Przemysl. The period from June 3 to June 12 formed, to a certain extent, a pause between two decisive movements of the Austro-German advance. After winning Przemysl, the enemy began a re-grouping of his forces. This re-grouping was largely in Mackensen's army, which had played the dominant part in forcing the San and taking Przemysl. Now this army, and likewise the Austro-German armies of Boroevics and Böhm-Ermolli, divided before Przemysl, were drawn out in a single line; but this disposition did not last long, and gradually the army of Böhm-Ermolli occupied the line on which the army of Mackensen had previously been extended; the latter then moved to the north, and took up a position facing northeast.

Direct attacks in the direction of Lemberg were made from June 5 to June 10 at Mostsiski, chiefly by the forces of Böhm-Ermolli's army. These attacks, in spite of their

energy and obstinacy, remained without result, and it was evidently not on them that the enemy placed his chief reliance. As in the preceding stages of the development of the Galician operations, the chief blow was delivered by the army of Mackensen, so now to this army was entrusted the task of making the decisive advance. This army began its advance considerably later than the army of Böhm-Ermolli, namely, on June 12. Its blows were directed toward the northeast, to the line of the river Lubachevka and the town of Lubacheff. The battle waged here from June 12 to June 15 ended with the withdrawal of the Russian army operating on that front, on June 15, to the line of the river Taneff, and at the same time the Russians before Lemberg, on the Mostsiski position, withdrew to a position on the Gorodski lakes—that is, to the last, but at the same time the strongest, defensive line on the direct road to Lemberg. After this, when their adversaries succeeded in pressing them back on the line of the Taneff and the Gorodski lakes, they made no pause at all before entering on new operations and the further development of their advance. This advance was continued very energetically toward the northeast, on the towns of Tseshanuff, occupied by the Germans on June 16, and Rawa Ruska. Simultaneously with this, the enemy's attacks progressed on the line of the Gorodski lakes. Details of the battles carried on along this front have not, up to the present, been published, but evidently on the Gorodski line the enemy was not able to gain any very noteworthy successes. More successful were his activities toward the northeast, in the direction of Rawa Ruska, which led to the evacuation of the Russian positions in these towns. Evidently this German success was the chief cause of the Russians leaving the position on the Gorodski lakes, on June 20.

With their withdrawal from this position, the fate of Lemberg was decided, since between the Gorodski lakes and Lemberg itself there was no defensive line on which it would be possible to hold the enemy with any greater chance of success than before. None the less, the Russian armies did not leave without fighting; and on June 21 and the following night were fought obstinate rear-guard actions, in which the enemy was not able to force the Russian armies out. The taking of Lemberg by the Austrian and German armies marked a period of halt in the course of the Galician campaign. The immediate problem which the enemy had set

himself—to drive the Russian armies out of Galicia—was almost accomplished, since those parts of Galicia which have hitherto remained in Russian hands have no great significance either for us or for our enemies. Immediately after this success, the Austro-Germans undertook another operation, of a more serious character—an advance into Russian territory. As in August, 1914, this advance, moving in a north-easterly direction, towards Kholm, and later towards Brest-Litovsk, was for the purpose of securing the whole kingdom of Poland and the line of the Vistula, throughout its entire length. Successes of the Austro-Germans in this direction would sooner or later compel the Russians, for purely mechanical reasons, to evacuate the whole of Poland, and to retire on the Brest-Litovsk line. This is the aim which the Teutonic Allies set themselves in August, 1914, and they have the same purpose now.

Thus the only Galician territory remaining in Russian hands was the lower course of the Dniester below Halicz. This region had not remained inactive. Here also battles were fought, of a serious, obstinate character, and here also the Germans and Austrians repeatedly undertook efforts to cross to the left bank of the Dniester. Important efforts were launched on June 15, when the enemy forces succeeded in gaining the left bank of the Dniester in three deep curves; but all their efforts to advance from these, and to occupy the northern bank of the river on a more extended front, remained unsuccessful. Beginning with June 15, and continuing till June 21, obstinate battles were fought, with notable successes for Russia. Not only was the enemy not permitted to leave the bends of the river occupied by him, but he was driven into their recesses, and at the same time many prisoners were taken. During the last three days of this battle alone, from June 19 to June 21, the Russians took more than 6,000 prisoners. Their army, holding the line of the Gnila Lipa, was also furiously attacked, beginning with June 28. In the course of several days, the enemy, suffering enormous losses at this point, succeeded in establishing himself on the left bank of the Gnila Lipa, and this was bound to have an effect on the regions of the Dniester further to the south-east. "In general," says the writer, "the whole of the fighting on the Dniester, which lasted more than a month, went well for us. We inflicted serious blows on our enemy and took from 80,000 to 90,000 prisoners on the Dniester

front. The armies of Generals Linsingen and Pflanzer operating on this front, were continuously reinforced, yet, in spite of these reinforcements, their armies are at present not only no stronger than at the beginning, but are actually weaker. Our official sources fix the losses of General Linsingen's army alone, operating on a front of 60 versts [40 miles] at from 120,000 to 150,000 men in a month. As the total number of this army was not much more than this, it follows that, in the course of a month, it was entirely renewed."

This was written, of course, while Warsaw was still in Russian hands, although this clear-eyed observer frankly forecast its loss. Let us take up the parable again a month or more later, on August 10, following, this time, the account of another writer.

Five days have already passed, he begins, and the fall of Warsaw, after which the end of the war was promised to the Germans, has not changed the general strategical position at all. Even further withdrawal from Warsaw and the line of the middle Vistula, if this should become inevitable in the immediate future, will be dictated not so much by the German occupation of Warsaw as by the appearance of considerable new German forces on the Narew front, between Lomza and Rojan. When the reinforcement of Generals Scholz and Gallwitz, at the expense of the armies on the western front, began to threaten the right flank of the Warsaw group of armies, then, evidently, measures for our withdrawal from the line of the middle Vistula were taken. This movement was also closely bound up with the gathering of the harvest, which had not only to be reaped, but also conveyed to the rear. Now, when all this has been accomplished, and the tactical problem of our Warsaw group of armies—to prevent Prince Leopold's carrying the bridges—is ended, then the longer presence of these armies in Warsaw must, in a strategical sense, be counted purposeless. The approach of superior German forces in the region of Ostrov was likewise a cause of our withdrawal for a distance of nearly 70 versts (46 miles). The almost unopposed withdrawal of our Warsaw armies from the line of the middle Vistula was guaranteed by the enormous losses which we inflicted on the armies of Generals Scholz and Gallwitz in the Narew battles. Only a shadow of them remained; all that was best of them found a final resting place on our defensive

line on the river Narew and its approaches. This loss, of course, the Germans will immediately make good, but, while this is being done, our Warsaw armies will have time to retire to the east. This will delay the junction of the northern German armies of Scholz and Gallwitz with the southern armies of Joseph-Ferdinand and Mackensen. In a strategical sense, Riga is necessary to the Germans. Drawn on by our retreat from the Shavli region and by reports of the evacuation of Riga, the Germans persuaded themselves that they could take Riga with their bare hands. With this aim, they planned to attack Riga simultaneously by land and sea. Their fleet, after destroying the mine-fields, was to have entered the Gulf of Riga; and the left wing of Bülow's army, one and a half to two army corps in strength, was to have attacked Riga from the direction of the river Missa, while a strong offensive was also made from the direction of Schönberg. But Germany's land army was completely defeated on August 4. The German fleet, carrying out the difficult task of mine-sweeping in the Gulf of Riga, may have been ignorant of the defeat of Bülow's army before Riga, so that, in the final result, the two attacks failed to co-ordinate. The attack by sea at the mouth of the Gulf of Riga was as unsuccessful as the land attack, since the German fleet of nine battleships, twelve cruisers, and a great number of torpedo boats lost one cruiser and two torpedo boats without accomplishing anything. On the same day, August 8, a strong German advance-guard at Schönberg suffered defeat, being driven from several villages and thrown back with heavy losses, and on the night of August 8 a desperate attack on Kovno was repulsed with very large German losses. These important events on the front between the Dwina and the Niemen quite distinctly show that the Germans are seeking to gain spectacular successes near, or on the direct road to, our capital, Petrograd, for the sake of the effect on the Balkan States. But the wide extent of this new field of operations, its strategical character, and the liberation of a notable part of our armies, set free from the Warsaw front, with a marked shortening of our line—all this permits us to view the new German operations with equanimity.

On the date when the foregoing was printed, August 10, *Novoe Vremya* contained this note: "Every day through Riga pass parties of German prisoners, captured in the Mitau region. The majority of them are boys of 17

or 18, frightfully weary, and in rags. Most of them are barefoot."

We glean from these accounts not so much the Russian view of the events of the great retreat, as the spirit in which Russia views these events. Let us glance, now, at a summary of the lessons of the first year of the war, from the Russian point of view:

The most careful study of both battle-fronts in the east and west, says the writer whom I am paraphrasing, and the unanimous declarations of authoritative participants in the war, lead to the conclusion that the Teutonic armies, though very strong, have nevertheless not produced the results expected of them. For the Austrian armies, before the war, complete destruction was prophesied, in case of conflict with Russia. This forecast has been realized: at the present time, the Austrian army, as an independent whole, has ceased to exist. Before the war, we counted the German army a very serious enemy, but not invincible. This has also been confirmed. Soldiers and officers, lieutenants and Field Marshals, have shown themselves in action just what we knew them to be before the war began. Their military art poured itself into moulds well known to us. We saw their ideas and future operations in the war-games at Berlin and their garrisons, in the major and minor manœuvres. All this is not new. Our art and knowledge have not yielded place to the German, and have outstripped those diligent pupils of the German school—the Austrians. Our soldier has shown himself the superior even of the German soldier. In spite of the fact that to the generally well-educated German soldier have been opposed so many representatives of our backwoods bear's dens, who have learned only in the barrack schools, and many of whom have not even finished the course there, every one of our soldiers has shown himself a conscious warrior, strong in soul and body, splendidly comprehending his work and independently fulfilling it. While, in attacking even weakly defended positions, German generals have had to send their soldiers forward in dense masses, and by this means artificially endow them with courage and tenacity, our Russian soldiers, though often greatly outnumbered, go forward on their own initiative to certain death, because they understand the necessity of self-sacrifice, and, of their own wills, strain towards it.

In order to make their chances of victory equal to ours,

the Germans adopted the principle of securing an enormous superiority of forces, and organized all their advances in such a way that at the moment of attack they have always greatly surpassed us in numbers. To be always stronger than one's adversary—this is an art, and we cannot deny to our opponent the credit of having mastered it. But the whole experience of the war has shown that, thanks to the superiority of our soldiers over the German soldiers, and, even more, over the Austrian soldiers, a superiority in force, even when considerable, did not make victory certain, but that still another factor was necessary. That this factor also would be present on the battlefield was also well known, for the principles of "fire tactics," that is, giving the chief and decisive rôle, not to the soldiers, but to weapons and munitions, was set forth in the German literature of military science. And so the Germans acted in the battles of this war. One thing alone exceeded all expectation and conjecture: this was the quantity of the weapons and munitions which the Germans brought into action. Such a concentration of artillery fire as we see in the present battles no one foretold or foresaw. And in this, up to the present, our adversary has gained an undoubted success, for no human heroism could stand against this preternatural, more than marvelous, water-spout of fire and steel. It swept aside everything in its course; it opened the way for the German soldiers in every case where the German army was successful.

So far, our Russian writers.

But Russia has no intention of letting Germany keep the upper hand in this matter of weapons and munitions. Already from three directions new supplies are pouring into her battle-fronts: from the north, the port of Archangelsk, which will very soon be supplemented by a new ice-free port on the Lapland coast, kept open all the year by the warm current of the Gulf Stream which bends round the north of Norway, and in process of being joined by railroad to central Russia; from her Pacific ports, whence a continuous supply —interrupted at a critical moment for Russia by the threat of trouble in China—is once again pouring along the Trans-Siberian railroad, a supply steadily increasing in volume, under the stimulus of Russia's former rival and present ally on the Pacific; and from the third source, the machine-shops and factories of Russia herself, which are being pressed to the utmost possible output by the very remarkable move-

ment which is popularly called "the mobilization of the Russian nation." Whether yet a fourth source will shortly be added, coming through the gates of the Dardanelles, is a secret which lies in the lap of the gods.

Students of English Constitutional history remember that the whole practical power of the House of Commons—the model of all representative bodies throughout the world—was developed through one thing: the right to vote supplies to the Crown, which entailed the right to withhold supplies. This was the Archimedes lever of modern Democracy. There is evidence that the present war, and particularly the present reverses of the Russian army, may play something the same rôle for the Duma; for that body, whose name suggests deliberative rather than executive power, is in process of gaining a real grasp on the government of the nation. Should this development really take place, this will be among the greatest and most vital results of the war, because it will mean so much for the moral growth of that great nation in whose hands rests, inevitably, the golden key of the future.

A concluding word: Such is the retreat, as Russians see it. How, in their hearts, do the really wise and far-sighted men in Germany see it? What face does it bear to them, with the early Winter already upon them, the first frosts announcing the time, close at hand, when iron ground will make the digging of trenches well-nigh impossible, when snowdrifts will pile mountainous obstacles in the way of their daily supply of munitions and food? They know, too, that Russia's supply of men is well-nigh inexhaustible, while they themselves are near the bottom of the purse. Do they foresee already, with startling clarity, that their army of invasion has come to stay? —that the world-war, as they prophesied, is really being decided on the eastern front, though not in the sense of their prophesies? If there be men in Germany with genuine foresight and wisdom, I think they regard the retreat of Russia's armies with a dismay akin to terror.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

OIL ON THE CARIBBEAN AND ELSEWHERE

BY CHESTER LLOYD JONES

THE conditions which underlie sea-power are, almost unnoticed, undergoing a revolution. The nineteenth century saw the abandonment of the wind-driven craft, upon which the world had relied since the beginning of history, in favor of vessels propelled by coal and steam. The twentieth century promises a change no less remarkable. Coal as fuel is rapidly yielding place to petroleum, and gas-driven motors seem about to crowd out the steam engine.

The change to oil as fuel for big ships is already in progress. Almost all large vessels whose routes carry them near oil fields are being fitted to use petroleum instead of coal. The change from the steam engine to the gas motor is coming more slowly. The crude petroleum-consuming motor has only recently emerged from the experimental stage, but it seems highly probable that in a few years it will play an important part in both the merchant marines and navies of the world.

There are already in operation motor-driven Danish merchantmen of 7,000 tons, "sailing" in the far eastern trade, and two German firms are building vessels of this pattern which will register 10,000 tons. But even if the motor-driven liners and battleships never arrive, or are delayed, the oil-driven liners and battleships are present-day facts.

The nation which controls the oil supply possesses one of the great factors upon which ocean-borne commerce will depend, and about which naval policies will turn. Most fortunate of all is the nation which controls oil supplies lying near the points where the world's great trade routes cross. In time of peace such resources will find a ready

market, and in time of war they will prove possessions of the greatest strategic importance.

The public has not realized the steps already taken by the great naval Powers to prepare for the shift to oil as a fuel for their battleships. All the battleships of the American Navy built in the last eight years use oil for fuel, eight use it as auxiliary to coal, four use it exclusively. The dreadnoughts *Oklahoma* and *Nevada* use oil exclusively; and forty-one of our destroyers, built or building, use oil fuel only. Storage facilities are being proportionately increased. Oiling stations are replacing coaling stations. In 1912, steps were taken for the construction of fuel oil tanks at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii; Melville, Rhode Island; Norfolk, Virginia; Charleston, South Carolina; and Key West, Florida. Five tanks are under construction at Guantanamo, Cuba. The combined capacity of all these is 3,890,000 gallons. During the year 1912, the navy used 14,146,714 gallons, as compared with 7,778,657 gallons in the previous year. Our present oil-burning fleet would require 23,000 tons of fuel oil to keep it in active service for a single month.

"Henceforth," Secretary of the Navy Daniels has said, "all the fighting ships which are added to the fleet will use oil, and the transition from coal to oil will mark an era in our naval development almost comparable with the change from black powder to smokeless powder for our guns."

But more significant is the recently announced intention of the British Admiralty that all British warships to be built from now on will use oil for fuel exclusively. This action is one which will almost certainly be followed by other naval Powers. The performance of the oil-driven vessels in the present war has been especially satisfactory. The great super-dreadnought, *Queen Elizabeth,* which did such effective work in the Dardanelles, is completely oil-driven, and shows that the use of this fuel is not limited by the size of the vessel.

The change in the propelling power of our ships of war and peace marks the beginning of a new chapter in marine affairs. It is especially significant for the great naval Powers—a fact which has not escaped their attention. But it so happens the oil wealth of the world lies very largely in the hands of nations which are either outclassed in naval competition, or are peculiarly hampered by circumstances. This is, of course, explained by the fact that oil resources

were unknown or unappreciated at the time of the making of the treaties determining the ownership of the regions in which they lie. In any great war in which control of the sea becomes a major issue, their continued possession by the weaker Powers can hardly fail to be called in question. Only the practically complete control of the sea by one group of Powers has prevented the raising of the issue in the present conflict. For this reason, the possession of oil resources still remains as it was when the conflict broke out. The facts at present are these: The greatest oil wells of the Far East are in the Dutch East Indies, the greatest in the Near East lie in Russian territory near the Caspian. Russia is a great Power, but for historical reasons she has never been a naval Power of the first importance. Whether the present war will create conditions which will free her from that limitation remains to be seen. Next in importance among European wells are those in Roumania, from which Germany has received large quantities in the present war. The great oil fields discovered in the New World have until recently been almost exclusively in the United States. Curiously enough, therefore, the developed oil resources are controlled by non-naval Powers, with the exception of those held by the United States, the product of which, in 1912, was three times that of the Russian fields and more than a hundred times that of the Mexican region, the two nearest competitors.

But what of the oil regions which may be discovered in the future? In whose territory will they lie, and to whose commercial and naval strength will they contribute? It needs no argument to prove that every naval Power will be eager to explore and develop its own oil resources and to get control of any other source of supply possible.

It is from the latter point of view that oil development becomes of great interest to the Government of the United States. Owning the most productive oil fields yet discovered in the world, there is no question of the adequacy of our supply to meet any demand which may be made upon it for naval purposes, but the control which might be secured by other Powers over oil regions lying in or near districts in which we have important interests, must necessarily be for us a matter of great importance.

In no region of the world is the importance of this question to the United States so great as in the Caribbean coun-

tries, for there lies the most natural field for expansion of American trade and enterprise, and through the Caribbean lie the great new trade routes of the twentieth century. Also, in no region of the world are there better prospects for the discovery and development of important oil resources. In fact, from Tampico to Trinidad there is a group of countries which promise better for oil development at present than any similar area in the world. Oil development in the Caribbean is still in its infancy. It began barely fifteen years ago, but there seems to be every reason to believe that there will develop close at hand a cheap, unexcelled fuel supply to serve the rapidly increasing commerce of the region.

The opening of the Louisiana and Texas oil fields had created a desire to explore the possibilities in Mexico long before active steps were taken to do so. The existence of oil in that country had long been known. It is said that the Aztecs used the petroleum which oozed from the soil near Tampico in the ceremonies of their temples, but no serious attempt was made to bring the deposits to commercial use until about 1900. Then an American from San Francisco visited the Tampico region, and on his return organized a company of local capitalists to exploit the "new" oil region. The product, at first, was poor, and could be used only for fuel, but as development progressed better grades were discovered. Soon the Mexican national railways adopted oil as fuel for their engines. An oil company which was at that time in high favor with President Diaz got extensive concessions. An English firm became interested, and Mexican oil production started on a rapid increase.

In 1900, the country was practically unknown among oil producing regions. In 1907, it produced a million barrels; in 1912, about sixteen million; in 1913, twenty-six million. There were thirty companies operating, and Mexico ranked next after the United States and Russia in total oil production. In 1913, tank steamer shipments from Mexico to the Argentine to supply fuel for the Argentine Railways were begun. The shipments of crude oil from Tampico to the United States indicates the rapid increase of the foreign trade in oil: 5,805,476 barrels were sent in 1912; 11,150,399 in 1913, and, in spite of disturbed conditions due to the war at home, 11,710,508 were sent in the following year. Our consul reported that, had conditions remained normal,

double this amount would have been sent to the United States alone. Early in 1915 all drilling and development work was ordered stopped by the authorities, and the companies shut down production except in the wells where high pressure made that impossible. Early in 1915 almost half the tankers taking oil from Tampico were shifted to the European route because of the unusual demands created by the war.

The towers of the Tampico-Tuxpan region make a landscape comparable to the busiest sections of the Pennsylvania fields in their most active days. Some of the wells have been producing at an unprecedented rate. The largest gusher near Tampico, known as Potrero del Llano No. 4, flowed 120,000 barrels a day for over three months before it was finally capped. No other single well of which there is record has equalled this performance. How great the Mexican oil resources may prove to be we can only conjecture. If conservative estimates are to be relied upon, oil within the next generation will prove for her a greater source of wealth than her gold and silver mines ever were. The oil fields of the United States, which have played so important a part in the industry, cover a combined area of 8,300,000 acres. Those of the Tampico-Tuxpan region alone cover 5,000,000 acres, and their possibilities are only beginning to declare themselves. Nor are these fields the measure of those found in Mexico. Other regions where oil is known to exist have as yet not been opened to exploitation, and their possibilities are unknown.

Central America has no important oil development, though the prospects there are declared to be highly promising. Engineers are already prospecting in the six republics, and the great oil interests are asking concessions to cover whatever oil wealth they may discover.

The fields that now excite the greatest expectation and interest are farther south. Beyond Panama lie unexploited oil regions which, judging by their extent, at least, promise to do more than even the Mexican fields to make the Caribbean a center of world interest. These prospects lie in the two great republics of northern South America, all within easy distance of the sea, and of a combined extent greater than the area of the Republic of Panama. One lies along the coasts of the Gulf of Darien, close to the Panama boundary line; another is between the Atrato River and the

Pacific, thus furnishing possibilities of supplying fuel to vessels on the west coast of South America. This field is almost as close to the canal on the Pacific side as the first is on the Atlantic. The other fields, greatest of all in extent, lie in the valley of the Magdalena River, not too far distant from the sea to be reached by pipe lines, but capable also of being reached directly by water transport.

The oil resources of the neighboring republic, Venezuela, have not yet been determined. Since 1912 one American company has maintained a large corps of engineers in various parts of the country making expert examination of oil and asphalt prospects. Still another is reported to be making extensive surveys. A dozen different interests were reported in the field, each with a geologist, in 1913, and developments of a substantial character were started by a British concern, with a concession covering 3,000 acres. Off the coast of Venezuela lies the British island of Trinidad, in which earnest efforts are being made to develop oil wells. Although the industry is just beginning, 148 wells have been drilled, of which forty-one were sunk in 1914. Of these, eighteen were productive and the output for the year was 563,000 barrels.

Nine different companies are drilling for oil in the southern half of the island. Two companies are to erect refineries, and the British Admiralty is prepared to purchase there a portion of the navy's fuel oil. In fact, Trinidad, like other Caribbean ports, is ambitious to become one of the chief fuel oil stations of the world, especially with the development of commerce through the Panama Canal. It must be said, however, that, thus far, though the oil wells are successful, there seems little likelihood that the island will become one of the world's great producing areas.

The importance of the control of oil as a factor in the international politics of the Caribbean can hardly be overemphasized. It may mean not only the dominance of the resources which determine the economic growth of the republics and colonies of the surrounding coasts, but it will have an important effect on the marine policies, and therefore on the political influence, of the countries competing for position in naval affairs.

The control of oil resources is not an economic problem only, such as may be presented by concessions granted for the building of lighting plants, street railways, mines, or even

great railway trunk lines. All concessions, when granted to foreigners, are likely to raise questions touching the extent to which the rights of foreign investors will be forcibly protected by their Governments. But beyond such vicarious and indirect interest, every great nation, which feels that its control of oil resources measures its international mercantile and naval power, will be prompted to support its subjects in ways and degrees which will make our previous disputes over asphalt grants and railway concessions insignificant in comparison.

The Government of the United States will assuredly not be slow to see the importance of the oil supplies in the neighboring republics as an influence bearing upon its own foreign policy. Our interests in this matter have thus far been brought into contrast only with those of one other Power, but the general policy which we may adopt will have a much wider application. So far as a supply for our own governmental needs is concerned, no question is apt to arise; but the degree to which other nations may get *de facto* control of Caribbean oil resources may be, for us, a matter of great moment, causing this Government to consider again the interpretation which is to be placed on the Monroe Doctrine. Political possession of territory now in the control of American States cannot be secured by European Powers. That is an established American policy. Economic absorption of resources by the nationals of foreign countries has heretofore been left unregulated. But if the economic control of Latin American development, by European capital, is allowed to progress unchecked, it must give rise to an increasing number of difficult situations for the United States. The control of oil resources, especially, may mean a shift in military power in the Caribbean which would make the defense of the Monroe Doctrine increasingly difficult. Oil, it will thus be seen, is important from the point of view of international politics as well as that of commerce.

Where the Caribbean oil regions lie within the limits of European colonies, they are on a par with other resources so far as the United States is concerned. Our State Department could raise no objection to their development by whatever means might seem best to the owners. Technically, the same thing would be true of the regions lying in the Latin Republics. *De facto,* the United States cannot view with indifference the auspicies under which the development

occurs there. Especially is this true when the interests of the corporation doing the work would be closely allied to the military interests of the home country.

We must realize that the development of the oil fields of the Caribbean is fundamentally different from the development of other national resources. Oil is a political, as well as an economic, factor in the development of the region which is necessarily the most important sphere of interest of the United States. To state the same fact in another way, we are to realize that the Monroe Doctrine involves not only a political policy, but an economic policy, and that to neglect the latter may endanger the former.

CHESTER LLOYD JONES.

EFFICIENCY IN THE NATIONAL GUARD

BY ADJUTANT GENERAL WILBUR F. SADLER, JR., NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW JERSEY

THE Organized Militia, commonly known as the National Guard, is now regarded as a part of the first line of defense of our country, and the problem of how to make it more efficient is therefore of primary importance to those interested in adequate national defense. It especially concerns The Adjutants General of the various States, who, in addition to being responsible for the administration, equipment and efficiency of the militia, are the military advisers of the Governors, and represent the States in their relations with the War Department.

In 1792, four years after the adoption of the Constitution, Congress passed the first militia law, which was entitled "An act to more effectually provide for the national defense by establishing a uniform militia throughout the United States." The requirements of this law included compulsory enlistment and performance of military duty on the part of every able-bodied male citizen between the ages of 18 and 45. It required that each person enrolled should, at his own expense, be constantly provided with arms, ammunition, uniform and equipment, and that mounted officers and enlisted cavalrymen should furnish horses at least 14½ hands high. No uniformity as to bore of rifles, kind of equipment, color or fashion of uniform was prescribed. Few armed themselves as was intended, and on training days, if the testimony of witnesses can be relied upon, more reported shouldering cornstalks than rifles, and such a ludicrous appearance was presented that the entire system soon became a farce. Because the law carried no appropriation for proper arms and equipment, the training days became more and more useless, and the various States, realizing the inadequacy of the militia thus organized, gradually assumed the power of legislating for it, finally dealing with it as a State

force, which is really the organization it is considered to be to-day.

Commencing in 1808, and for more than a quarter of a century thereafter, $200,000 was annually appropriated by Congress to be divided among the States for the purpose of procuring arms and equipments. Notwithstanding the inefficiency shown by the militia during the War of 1812-1815, Congress did not pass any further legislation until 1820, when a law was enacted, providing "That the system of field exercises and discipline which is, and shall be, ordered to be observed in the regular army of the United States, in the different corps of infantry, artillery and riflemen shall be observed in the militia, in the exercise and discipline of said corps, respectively, throughout the United States."

Despite the passage of this act, there was little or no supervision or direction by Federal authority and it is not surprising that, because of the many disadvantages under which the militia operated, it was inefficient for over a century of its history and utterly failed when put to the test of actual service during the wars in which we were engaged from 1812 to 1898. In 1903, one hundred and eleven years after the first militia law was enacted, Congress passed "An act to promote the efficiency of the militia, and for other purposes." This law is known as the "Dick Act," and under its provisions and later supplements a great change has taken place in the militia, increasing its efficiency more than in all of its previous history.

In a discussion of the ways and means for devising an effective reserve for the regular army, the public should bear in mind that the National Guard is no longer a social institution upon whose dandified uniforms, which were anything but practical, money was lavished, and which devoted its time to acquiring proficiency in fancy drills and evolutions that made a pretty display at times of public ceremony, but had little connection with the stern duties of a real soldier. At the present time proficiency in marksmanship is encouraged, practical lessons pertaining to the duties of the soldier in the field are taught at camps of instruction under the direct supervision of army officers, as well as the thousand and one things that make military science a science indeed.

The War Department is now guiding the military policy, prescribing the organization, armament, equipment, disci-

pline and instruction of the militia, and has detailed instructors who are officers of the army, to assist and advise in regard to the military policy of each State, with the idea of having the militia work in harmony with the regular army and become an asset in carrying out plans for national defense.

The great change that has taken place in the militia during the last six years is strikingly illustrated by what has been accomplished in New Jersey during that period. Up to 1908, the activities of the National Guard were limited to close order drills in armories during the drill season, rifle practise and the encampment of each unit for one week during the Summer. The armory work resulted in little more than proficiency in such drills, and the most serious work attempted at the encampments was close and extended order drills, the evening parade, guard mount and weekly reviews given to the Governor. No manœuvres were attempted; rifle practise was undertaken without instruction in the theory of shooting or the nomenclature of the rifle; rations were prepared by civilian cooks hired by the Quartermaster General's Department, the net result of which was of little practical value.

In 1909, the character of the encampment was changed and each organization attending was required to make use of enlisted men as cooks, draw their rations as they would in the field, and prepare and serve them as in active service. Practise marches were undertaken, men were instructed in making and breaking camp, and small manœuvre problems were solved. All this produced good results in eliminating a great deal of the entertaining that had theretofore been a prominent feature of camp life, and displaced many useless ceremonies which had consumed valuable time.

In the latter part of 1909, the War Department detailed non-commissioned officers to assist in drill and instruction, and in 1911 there was sent to New Jersey a commissioned officer as inspector-instructor. Almost immediately after his arrival a system of service schools, the first of its kind to be adopted by any State, was established for officers and non-commissioned officers of all arms of the service. The course of instruction prescribed covers a period of four years, is progressive in character, and requires that all commissioned officers shall attend the schools at stated periods and solve and submit problems prepared by the inspector-

instructors. Any officer who fails to attend regularly or pass the prescribed examinations is ineligible for promotion, and those who fail are requested to make place for others who are more diligent and proficient.

After the service schools were inaugurated, the National Guard was reorganized to conform to the regular army. This resulted in thirty-nine officers of high rank being placed on the unassigned list, including a Major General and his staff of Colonels and Majors, one Brigadier General and his staff, certain officers of the Adjutant General's Department, the Quartermaster General's Department, the Judge Advocate General's Department, the Inspector General's Department, the Ordnance Department, the Medical Department and the Corps of Engineers.

A school of musketry was established in 1913, which has been conducted during the Winter in the various armories of the State, and in the Summer on the rifle range. It has for its object, practical and theoretical training in the knowledge and use of the rifle, its firing effect, and the principles of fire control and fire discipline. The interest created in this school (which was the first to be established in any State) has exceeded all expectations.

The indoor drill season begins on the first day of September and lasts until the first day of May. During that period the officers attend service schools, lectures and drills, which require their presence in the armories on an average of three nights a week, and the enlisted men attend weekly drills and the school of musketry. At the close of the drill season this year a camp of instruction was held for officers of the infantry and quartermaster corps under the supervision of ten regular army officers, at which camp, practical work was accomplished and theoretical problems were solved. Succeeding this a school of musketry was held at the rifle range for a period of three days, attended by those who had, in the judgment of the officers in charge of the musketry schools, proven themselves proficient. As an incentive and reward for the work done, the State team for the National matches, which now must consist of an equal number of officers below the rank of Major and enlisted men, is selected from the students who make the best record at the final tryout at the school of musketry.

Because sufficient funds were not provided the infantry organizations were unable to go into camp this year, but the

non-commissioned officers of our five infantry regiments were encamped at Sea Girt for a period of one week in order to attend a school of instruction. This encampment proved to be one of the most instructive ever held in our State. The work began at daylight and ended at dusk, and was most practical in nature. Camp duties, including the preparation of rations, camp sanitation, digging of trenches, the control of fire, and all measures which during the Winter had been systematically covered in theory were demonstrated.

Field artillery officers went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to attend the School of Fire, and later with their non-commissioned officers to Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania, where the Government conducts one of its artillery camps. Subsequently, the two batteries of field artillery were also sent to the latter place. Cavalry officers and non-commissioned officers were sent to Fort Myer, Virginia, and the squadron to Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania. Officers and non-commissioned officers of the Signal Corps company were sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and upon their return their company participated in a week's practise march. The officers and non-commissioned officers of the medical corps were sent to Tobyhanna, and later, the field hospital and ambulance company were there for ten days. The practical phases of the subjects covered in the armory schools during the Winter were taken up at these camps and were worked out in the surrounding country under actual service conditions, under the guidance of regular army officers detailed for that purpose. This work was facilitated by the presence of regulars who were commended during the manœuvres by the militia officers.

What has been accomplished in New Jersey is more or less true of each State. It must not be forgotten that the Organized Militia is composed almost entirely of men engaged in professions, trades and other lines of activity upon which they depend for a livelihood. Leading militia authorities are of the opinion that, before it can progress beyond its present standard of efficiency, it will be necessary for the Federal Government to increase its appropriation for maintenance and provide some measure of pay for the officers and enlisted men in recognition of the great amount of time devoted to the performance of the duties required by the War Department. Through its representatives, the Organized Militia, after an effort of more than four years, in confer-

ence with the army officers designated by the War Department, have agreed upon the terms of a pay bill. This so-called pay bill was introduced by Senator Chamberlain during the recent session of Congress, and provides pay for officers below the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and for the enlisted man in an amount equal to one-fourth of that paid to the same grade in the army. The pay is contingent upon and proportionate to the amount of actual duty performed. The bill, if enacted into law, will give the militia, in addition to its State duties, the status of the Federal soldier, consolidate the forty-eight State units, with their varying interests, under a central authority, and will subject the National Guard to call by the President for duty within or without the borders of the country, which service can not be compelled under the existing law. It will give the officers enough to reimburse them for the outlays they must necessarily make and provide remuneration for the enlisted man for his service, be the means of maintaining discipline, increase efficiency, and give to the United States a body of citizen soldiery that can be depended upon at proportionately less cost than is now required to maintain officers and enlisted men of the regular army.

The greatest difficulty that the National Guard of the various States has to overcome is the matter of enlistments, and it is regretted that there are employers in every section of the United States who show active hostility to the militia by discouraging their employes from performing military duties, fearing they may, at inconvenient times, be called from their occupations. They do not seem to realize it is to their advantage to encourage the National Guard, to make sacrifices for it, and take more than perfunctory interest in their local military organization. A unit of the militia in any city or town is a protection against any catastrophe that may occur, and the discipline of the men and the training they receive, in attention to duty, promptness, carefulness, neatness, good health and moral character, all tend to increase their efficiency. In the event of war, the young militiaman goes to the front as the representative of the business men, and all employers who love their country should be willing to do their part in upholding the hands of those who may be called upon to defend them.

Another powerful but subtle influence that works against the upbuilding of the Organized Militia is found in the agi-

tator class of organized labor. Their argument is that the militia is maintained for the purpose of breaking strikes, and the young men who can be so influenced are, as a rule, those best fitted for service in the militia. To lessen this influence, the preparation and publication of articles in magazines which would give an intelligent description of what the militia is, the part it should take in national defense, and showing that unless we have a militia, we must, of necessity, have a large standing army would be of immense service.

The National Guard should only be used when absolutely necessary to protect life and property after all other means have failed, and labor leaders, having the best interest of their followers at heart, should be interested in doing everything practicable to break down the mistaken idea that the militia is a creature of the vicious employer. The very thought of strike duty repels young men who have direct union affiliations, and this feeling extends to those who dislike to enter an organization which may be employed against their fellow citizens in times of labor difficulties, where order should be maintained by a State police force.

School children should be taught, not only respect for the flag of their country, but for the uniform, whose wearers exhibit in times of peace the highest degree of patriotism by voluntarily enlisting in the National Guard and showing a willingness to risk their lives, if need be, for the maintenance of national security and honor.

Camps of instruction for civilians are being held in various sections of the country, at which business men are given a few weeks' training in the art of war with little or no permanent result except to call attention to our state of unpreparedness. If the same zeal that has been evidenced in those camps were manifested in securing enlistments for the National Guard, if the youth of the land were taught respect for the uniform, if the security leagues and peace societies would devote their endeavors to the upbuilding of the Organized Militia, if employers and labor leaders would encourage militia service, and Congress pass the pay bill, we would soon have a body of two hundred and fifty thousand efficient men, enlisted for a definite period for duty within or without the United States, which could be quickly raised to war strength.

WILBUR F. SADLER, JR.

CHAMPAGNE, 1914-15

BY ALAN SEEGER

In the glad revels, in the happy fêtes,
When cheeks are flushed, and glasses gilt and pearled
With the sweet wine of France that concentrates
The sunshine and the beauty of the world,

Drink sometimes, you whose footsteps yet may tread
The undisturbed, delightful paths of Earth,
To those whose blood, in pious duty shed,
Hallows the soil where that same wine had birth.

Here, by devoted comrades laid away,
Along our lines they slumber where they fell,
Beside the crater at the Ferme d'Alger
And up the bloody slopes of La Pompelle,

And round the city whose cathedral towers
The enemies of Beauty dared profane,
And in the mat of multicolored flowers
That clothe the sunny chalk-fields of Champagne.

Under the little crosses where they rise
The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
At peace beneath the eternal fusillade. . .

That other generations might possess—
From shame and menace free in years to come—
A richer heritage of happiness,
He marched to that heroic martyrdom.

Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid
Than undishonored that his flag might float
Over the towers of liberty, he made
His breast the bulwark and his blood the moat.

Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,
Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines,
Summer shall flush with poppy-fields in bloom,
And Autumn yellow with maturing vines.

There the grape-pickers at their harvesting
Shall lightly tread and load their wicker trays,
Blessing his memory as they toil and sing
In the slant sunshine of October days. . .

I love to think that if my blood should be
So privileged to sink where his has sunk,
I shall not pass from Earth entirely
But when the banquet rings, when healths are drunk,

And faces that the joys of living fill
Glow radiant with laughter and good cheer,
In beaming cups some spark of me shall still
Brim toward the lips that once I held so dear.

So shall one coveting no higher plane
Than nature clothes in color and flesh and tone,
Even from the grave put upward to attain
The dreams youth cherished and missed and might have known;

And that strong need that strove unsatisfied
Toward earthly beauty in all forms it wore,
Not death itself shall utterly divide
From the belovéd shapes it thirsted for.

Alas, how many an adept for whose arms
Life held delicious offerings perished here,
How many in the prime of all that charms,
Crowned with all gifts that conquer and endear!

Honor them not so much with tears and flowers,
But you with whom the sweet fulfilment lies,
Where in the anguish of atrocious hours
Turned their last thoughts and closed their dying eyes,

Rather when music or bright gathering lays
Its tender spell, and joy is uppermost,
Be mindful of the men they were, and raise
Your glasses to them in one silent toast.

Drink to them—amorous of dear Earth as well,
They asked no tribute lovelier than this—
And in the wine that ripened where they fell,
Oh, frame your lips as though it were a kiss.

ALAN SEEGER.

Deuxième Régiment Étranger

Champagne, France, July, 1915.

CULTURE

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

THERE is nothing in the world more elusive than culture. One cannot define or circumscribe it, for it has no precise bounds. One cannot analyze it, for its components are infinite. One cannot describe it, for it is Protean in shape. An attempt to encompass its meaning in words is like trying to seize the air in the hand, when one finds it is everywhere except within one's grasp. Culture is like what the ancient Hebrews called wisdom in that it has no fixed habitation, but is all-pervading and imponderable in its essence. Everyone who has experienced it knows something of it; no one knows it all; to no two people does it wear exactly the same aspect; and yet to all who have in it any share it appears real, substantial and of measureless worth.

In general, the term is used to denote something distinct from a command of the tools of one's trade. The lawyer, for example, or the physician, or the engineer, may have a complete mastery of all the technical learning of his profession without possessing culture. This is evident at once when he comes into contact with men of other professions. He may talk profoundly about his own subject, but have nothing intellectual in common with the other men if he lives within the four walls of his own occupation and his vision is strictly limited thereby.

That so large a part of general conversation in America relates to the weather, to politics, and to sport, is not so much because these things are intrinsically more interesting or variable than in other countries, as because they are among the few subjects that everyone is familiar with and can talk about. Professional learning is, no doubt, cultivating, but standing alone, it is not culture, for the reason that it is circumscribed and includes only a narrow part of the

stream of human thought. For a lawyer to look through the microscope of a man of science increases his means of culture, for it broadens his ideas by revealing to his sight things before unknown. But the scientific man who can see only through his microscope has a very restricted vision of the world; and the same thing is true of every pursuit when restricted to its own limited field. When Charles Darwin said that in his later life he lost interest in almost everything except the pursuit of his own scientific studies, he stated that he was losing his sense of culture; and unless the loss promoted in some way his great work it was a misfortune.

At one time, not yet very remote, culture denoted a definite body of knowledge, the common possession of all educated men, the boundaries of which were fairly well defined by the curriculum of what was called a liberal education. The conception of such a distinction between liberal or polite learning and other information, underlay the squib current at Oxford about Jowett:

> My name is Benjamin Jowett,
> I'm the Master of Balliol College,
> Whate'er can be known, I know it,
> And what I don't know is not knowledge.

But with the rapid growth of human knowledge, with the rise in rank of new professions to the same level as the older ones, with the extension of the subjects taught in a scholarly way in the institutions of higher learning, it has become obviously impossible for anyone to know more than a small part of the things that are properly termed liberal or polite. There has wholly ceased to be any fixed body of knowledge that every well educated man can be expected to possess. Nor, save the great monuments of literature, especially in one's own tongue, can any subject be said to be absolutely essential to the equipment of a well educated man, —none that can be labelled indispensable for culture,— certainly none with which a man must be thoroughly familiar. None, on the other hand, can be said to form no part of a liberal education,—none also, of which the most complete mastery will be enough by itself alone to deserve the name. A scholar may conceivably have a most minute and comprehensive knowledge of history, or of philosophy, or of classical literature and philology, and yet, if he has strictly nothing more, not merit the title of a man of culture.

Culture, therefore, does not mean the possession of a body of knowledge common to all educated men, for there is no such thing to-day. It denotes rather an attitude of mind than a specific amount of information. It implies enjoyment of things the world has agreed are beautiful; interest in the knowledge that mankind has found valuable; comprehension of the principles that the race has accepted as true. All this involves a desire to know coupled with a capacity to acquire, and appreciate. No doubt men differ very much in their natural power of acquiring such a culture. Some people are born with little or no aptitude for it, others with a strong impulse for it, but no one is born possessed of it. No one can attain it without long continued toil and an effort which may be pleasant or irksome, may seem easy or laborious according to personal temperament and energy, but which is always strenuous.

If there is no royal road to learning or to culture, no broad highway that one can traverse in rapid indolence in an expensive motor car, or cheaply for a five-cent fare, there are, on the other hand, many different paths leading to the goal—some of them well-beaten by the footsteps of those who have passed, and are yearly passing over them; some less frequented and trodden only by earnest men who have the intelligence and persistence to find the way. It is with the former that our colleges are chiefly concerned, because it is their duty to guide students through the most certain and quickest roads to the end they seek.

But if culture itself is elusive, the roads thereto are not fixed by authoritative sign-boards, nor mapped out by universal agreement; and if culture no longer implies a recognized body of knowledge, there is no regular curriculum of studies leading to it. An attitude of mind is a much more subtle thing to produce, and many are the differences of opinion about the way to set about the task. One cannot speak, therefore, dogmatically as of general accepted doctrines, but only from the standpoint of personal conviction.

Certain principles may be clearly seen, or deduced from the nature of the object in view. If for culture one must have learned to enjoy as many as possible of the things the world deems beautiful; to know enough to take an interest in all knowledge that mankind has found valuable; and to have pondered enough to comprehend the ideas that the race has accepted as true, then it is obvious that to be cultivated,

a man must at some time have had some acquaintance with a good many subjects. The number of these, however, is not so large as one might suppose, because entrance into one field often opens the gateway to others. Appreciation of good literature in one language provides the basis for appreciating it in another, and to a less extent this is true between any two different arts. The same thing may be said of the various branches of science. Each subject has many points of contact to which any new kindred thing will adhere, so that, unless it withers away by disuse, knowledge tends to roll up like a snowball. Similes are the bane of educational reasoning, and perhaps in this case it would be better to use the language in which I have already referred to culture, and say that an attitude of intellectual attention and appreciation having been acquired in any subject, it tends to increase and to bring fresh knowledge of things similar to those in which interest has been awakened.

The moral to be drawn is that which the late William James laid down in his *Talks to Teachers:* All thought springs from a cue; therefore increase the number of cues as much as you can. The man or woman who desires to be cultivated should strive to have at least a little familiarity with as many diverse fields of human thought as possible. No great region should be wholly a strange, unexplored wilderness, traversed only by people who utter dark sentences in an unknown tongue.

A second moral may be taken from William James. He used to insist that no one learns a new subject after twenty-nine, and the saying sometimes hurt the feelings of people who had passed that age. Nevertheless, it is in the main true, not only because after maturity the mind is normally less receptive, but also because modern life is so full of activity, even for those who have nothing useful to do, that it is hard to find time for the heavy work of studying the elements of a new subject.

But there is another side to all this. A mere smattering of many things may give a facility in conversation, an appearance of education, a superficial aspect of culture, while the substance is hopelessly lacking.

I remember a young friend of mine of whom it was said that he was striving to acquire many accomplishments but no education. It is not enough to stake out a claim to knowledge, and run the bounds. That may be of some use against

outsiders, but it yields little profit to oneself. The possessor may claim the territory, but he cannot live on it. Everyone is aware of the difference between two people in their intellectual approach to a subject with which they have only a slight acquaintance, when one of them has a smattering of many things without a real mastery of any, and the other has a firm grasp of the principles in some branch of knowledge. We say that the latter has a trained mind, while the smatterer has not. The trained mind recognizes quickly the distinction between superficial phenomena and the underlying causes that produce them. Such a mind, we say, goes easily to the root of the matter. This is an art that can be learned, but, like other arts, it can be learned only by practice; that is, by getting at the root of something.

The art, or the habit, of getting at the root of things is essentially an attitude of mind. So far as the subject-matter is concerned over which a mastery is acquired, it may be called knowledge, but as regards other subjects it is certainly an attitude of mind, and this is the more enduring. The special knowledge may pass away, but the habit of thought does not. Let me take an example from science, for the laws of Nature are as fully a branch of modern culture as anything else. If one learns by the study of geology to observe natural objects, not merely to see what is obvious to the untrained eye, but to notice those things that are related to geologic forces, he may find after a time that the names and characteristics of the different rocks, the detail in the succession of the different strata, are in great part forgotten through disuse, but the habit of observation will remain and can be applied to other natural objects. In fact, such a habit will almost certainly be kept from decay by constant use in many things. This is true of all study, no matter what the subject may be; and if so, a penetrating, thorough, and profound attitude of mind is one of the most important arts that can be acquired.

This essay deals not so much with culture as with the basis for culture that can be laid by a college or university, for culture, like all education, must continue through life. All we can do as teachers is to lay the best foundation for it that we can, and the upshot of the argument here presented is comprised in the old adage that the true basis for culture is to know a little of everything and everything of something. While we may admit that this is the object to be sought,

sharp differences of opinion exist, and will long remain, in regard to the means of attaining it. One question thrusts itself prominently forward: Every man who is to study a profession must, if he is serious, master that subject well; why, then, it may be asked, should he not devote his previous college course wholly to getting as wide an acquaintance with as many subjects as possible, and leave his thorough knowledge of one field to his professional training? The answer is obvious to anyone who has had practical experience. The mind that deals only with elementary work in many subjects rarely gets the vigorous training needed to acquire a firm grasp of any of them. The smatterer on leaving college is a smatterer. He has never learned anything thoroughly, and although he may do so later, his subsequent training will hardly relate backwards to illumine and deepen his knowledge of subjects that was superficial when he acquired it. If the best result is to be obtained, the thorough study of one subject must be contemporaneous with the diversified study of others, and radiate light into them.

Another question of a diametrically opposite tendency presents itself no less forcibly: Why should not the professional study accompany the getting of an acquaintance with many other subjects, so that both go along together, the professional training supplying the backbone of the college curriculum? This is a much more subtle, if not a more difficult, question, and it is one that we must actually face, because it involves a strong existing tendency among American colleges. Again the answer to it is found only in practical experience. Professional study leading to a man's career in life is, and ought to be, almost passionately absorbing in comparison with other subjects pursued at the same time. These are apt to be regarded as of lesser importance as outlying parts of the curriculum of the school somewhat arbitrarily forced upon the student, and not of direct value commensurate with the things needed in professional life. It is well-nigh impossible, for example, to persuade a student of law, medicine, or engineering that literature is for him a serious matter, on a par with his technical work. General subjects are, therefore, likely to be neglected or treated lightly when studied in a school primarily professional. When, on the other hand, professional courses are introduced into a college curriculum, they are apt to suffer, not, indeed, as compared with the general subjects, but as com-

pared with what can be accomplished in a school wholly devoted to preparation for a career. It is difficult in a college, with its alluring extra-curriculum activities, to create the strong professional atmosphere that promotes the best technical training.

For men, therefore, who can give the time, there is a distinct advantage in pursuing their general studies before the professional ones. In short, there is much to be said for separating the work of college and professional schools. It follows also that the course in the college ought to cover a number of different subjects, together with a somewhat thorough study of one among them. What that one should be will vary with the personal aptitude of the student. In my own opinion, it is better, as a general rule, that it should not be too closely akin to the subject which will engross attention in the chief occupation of life; because any direct professional knowledge that can be obtained in college is trifling compared with what can be acquired in a far shorter period in a professional school, and the attempt to obtain it crowds out some other subject that will probably never be studied at a later time.

This is not the time to review the methods of education in foreign countries. To be successful, any system must be consistent with itself, and it is unsafe to graft a foreign limb into a root unadapted to sustain it. So far as culture is concerned, our problem is to develop, in harmony with our own institutions, a type of education that will cause young people to enjoy the things the world has agreed are beautiful, to be interested in the knowledge mankind has found valuable, and to comprehend the principles the race has accepted as true. This is culture, and to impart it is a function of the American college.

We are sometimes told that after youths are emancipated from the rigid discipline of the schoolmaster, they cannot be made to take very seriously any studies which do not have a manifest bearing on their career in life. But if it be true that they cannot be led to work hard in an earnest effort to understand the knowledge slowly wrought out, and the civilization painfully achieved by man upon this planet, then our colleges do not deserve to survive and will certainly die.

A. Lawrence Lowell.

JOHN BRIGHT

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

"My life is in my speeches." This was Bright's judgment on himself, and it is profoundly true. He was the greatest orator of the Victorian age; but his speeches were no mere examples—even though they were the highest examples—of what oratory can be. They were the effective instruments by which great changes in human affairs were brought about. They were not words but things. To read them is to follow the course of English politics through fifty momentous years; and the fiery passion which they breathe stands in curious contrast with the quietness, and even dullness, of the setting in which they were conceived. When one reads the description of Bright's daily life, as drawn by his accomplished biographer, Mr. George Trevelyan, one is irresistibly reminded of the saying in *Friendship's Garland:* "A piano in a Quaker's drawing-room is a step for him to more humane life." That "more humane life," which consists in the steady cultivation of the whole nature, and the constant endeavor "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world"—in a word, the life of culture—had no attraction for Bright. He knew his Bible and he knew his Milton, and he knew little else in the way of literature. Yet his most remarkable endowment was his intuitive sense for the value of words, and for the balance and rhythm of sentences. His speeches will probably be read for literary enjoyment, even when the great controversies with which they deal have fallen into a very distant background; but, as they fell from his lips, they did not owe their whole effect to their verbal perfection. His voice was singularly pure and penetrating. His gesture was restrained, but full of dignity. He spoke very slowly. Matthew Arnold, after hearing him at Birmingham in 1858, wrote thus: "Perhaps there is not flow enough—not that he halts or stammers, but I like to have sometimes more of a *rush* than he ever

gives you." Whether it be a merit or a defect is arguable; but the extreme deliberation of Bright's speaking was one of its most conspicuous marks; and, to my mind, it was supremely effective, because it conveyed the impression of considered judgment and profound conviction.

> Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
> And wave on wave flowed into space away.
> Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
> Even to the centre of the hosts around;
> And, as I thought, rose the sonorous swell,
> As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell;
> Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,
> It glided, easy as a bird may glide;
>
> To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
> It played with each wild passion as it went,
> Now stirred the uproar; now the murmur stilled;
> And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.[1]

Those words, though written of another orator, precisely describe Bright's effect upon a popular audience. Sarcasm succeeded pathos, and pathos gave way to humor; stern reprobation of moral wrong heralded entrancing visions of a time when the Kingdom of righteousness and truth shall be established on earth; and, in each successive mood, the orator conveyed to the heart of every listener the conviction of an absolute sincerity. It was this peculiar characteristic of his speaking that, at more than one political crisis, determined the fortunes of the strife in which he was engaged.

The Brights had migrated from Wiltshire to Lancashire, and had established themselves as cotton-spinners in Rochdale, where John was born in 1811. There is no occasion to describe his home, his rough schooling, his early travels, or his entrance (when he was fifteen) into his father's business; but something must be said about the religion in which he was reared, for it colored his whole character and life. From first to last he was a member of the Society of Friends, although, in middle life, he discarded their quaint ritualisms of dress and speech. His active participation in politics was inconsistent with the Friends' traditions, and they always maintained that he had lost in spirituality through his immersion in the things of time. I have been told by one of

[1] Bulwer Lytton, "St. Stephen's."

those who heard him on the rare occasions when he spoke at their meetings, that his speaking lacked that inwardness of tone which is the characteristic of quietism, and is the natural utterance of those who "endure as seeing the invisible." But, though politics may have modified Bright's Quakerism, his Quakerism much more profoundly modified his politics. His hatred of war, his disapproval of capital punishment, his instinctive leaning towards the side of mercy —even his erroneous doctrine that "force is not a remedy" for crimes of violence—all had their origin in his Quaker-like view of human life. He loathed with a peculiar disgust that paradoxical conception of Christian Soldiership, which wars without reference to right or wrong. When the strange mania of Gordon-worship was at its height, he wrote thus about the popular idol: "Gordon cared little for his own life, and apparently less for the lives of others, or he would not have devoted himself to the savagery of war in China and the Soudan. . . . The war-spirit which reigned supreme in Gordon seems to me wholly at variance with the spirit inculcated in the New Testament." Bright jeoparded his public career by his impassioned resistance to the Crimean War. He sacrificed his seat for Manchester by protesting against the Chinese War. He declined the India Office in 1868, partly at least because he "could not take part in the duties of the office which are connected with the military affairs of India." In 1882 he resigned his place in the Cabinet, just too late, as a testimony against the bombardment of Alexandria; and in 1885, when Gladstone was hurling vague menaces at Russia, he wrote in dejection to a friend: "Be the Government Liberal or Tory, much the same thing happens—war with all its horrors and miseries and crimes and cost; talkers and writers being mostly in favor of it, and the multitude approving or assenting to the wickedness in high places."

So much for war. On other methods of taking human life the Quaker was not less explicit. When the late Sir Henry Hawkins was made a judge, he met Bright at dinner and told him of his promotion, expecting to be congratulated. Bright laid his hand on his friend's shoulder, and said, in a voice of deep emotion, "Be *merciful*, Hawkins, be merciful!" For forty years of public life he had kept a watchful eye on death-sentences in particular, and on criminal justice in general, making private appeals to successive Home Sec-

retaries on behalf of those convicted persons who seemed more unfortunate than criminal. Again and again in his journal occur such entries as this: "Letter from Sir George Grey, saying he had reprieved the convict at Warwick; great relief to me, for his fate has been a burden on my mind for some days"—though the convict was an entire stranger to him. When pleading in the House of Commons for the abolition of capital punishment, he said, with reference to the awful responsibility of the Home Secretary in exercising the prerogative of mercy: "I wonder that all the Right Honorable gentleman has gone through in these painful cases has not driven him stark mad;" and he concluded on the impressive theme that "human life is sacred, and on that principle alone can human life be secure."

The same principle animated him in his life-long opposition to the Game Laws. He opposed them in part because he thought them injurious to agriculture, in part because they tended to alienate class from class in rural neighborhoods; but his deepest indignation was aroused by the cruelty which they entailed. "To benefit a sport enjoyed by 40,000 persons at the outside, about 5,000 persons a year were fined, imprisoned, or transported."

Bright's career, which was as direct and uncomplicated as his character, divides itself naturally into eight parts. 1. The preparatory state. 2. The Battle of the Corn Laws. 3. The Factory Acts. 4. The Crimea. 5. The American War. 6. The Franchise. 7. Office. 8. Home Rule. A word must be said about each part in turn.

John Bright had the love of freedom in his blood. He was trained by men who remembered "Peterloo"—who had "gone to attend a meeting and came back from a massacre."[1] He grew to man's estate amid the tumults which attended the Reform Bill of 1832. When that Bill became an Act, Rochdale acquired a Member, and a new life was infused into the politics of the town. The local Liberals were Radicals, keen for a further extension of the suffrage, for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and for the abolition of Church Rates. In all these controversies, young Bright was a leader and a teacher; but it was in the attack on the Church Rates that he first displayed his oratorical supremacy. A violent meeting of protesters against the rate was

[1] At Manchester in 1819.

held in the parish church yard, and Bright, "standing on a tombstone with the Vicar and his brood of clergymen, told them more truth than they were accustomed to hear."

From political strife we must turn for an instant to domestic sorrow, for it was a sorrow which had political issues of far-reaching importance. In December, 1839, John Bright married Elizabeth Priestman, a Quaker maiden whom her friends described as angelic. In October, 1840, she bore him a daughter, and in September, 1841, she died. What then ensued was told by Bright, in memorable words. "I was in the depths of grief, I might almost say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. . . . Mr. Cobden called upon me as his friend, and addressed me with some words of consolation. After a time he looked up, and said: 'There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers and children are dying of hunger. Now,' he said, 'when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed.' I accepted his invitation. . . . I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, and therefore I accepted his invitation; and from that time we never ceased to labor hard on behalf of the resolution which we had made. . . . And since then, though there has been suffering, and much suffering, in many homes in England, yet no wife and no mother and no little child has been starved to death as the result of a famine made by law."

The Parliament which had been elected in 1837 was dissolved in 1841. The General Election resulted in a Tory majority of eighty, and Peel became Prime Minister. Cobden now began his Parliamentary career, as Member for Stockport, and Gladstone, whom Peel made Vice-President of the Board of Trade, soon perceived that "Cobden will be a worrying man about corn." Cobden "worried" in the House, and Bright declaimed in the country. Both threw their wonderful powers unreservedly into the work, and both were signally successful. Cobden transfixed Peel, who had reshuffled the sliding scale, and demolished a Tory Member called Ferrand, who had attacked the mill-owners. Bright called a meeting of merchants on the Manchester Exchange, to protest against the Corn Law, and carried his resolution without a dissentient voice. "Verily," wrote

Cobden, "we are not toiling in vain." In the autumn of 1842, Cobden and Bright set forth on a missionary journey, preaching the gospel of Free Trade all over the North of England, and in January, 1843, they crossed the Tweed, and found themselves in a country already converted. The fighting now waxed furious, inside the House and out of it. I quote from Mr. Trevelyan: "Once a month or oftener, from March, 1843, until the Corn Law fell in 1846, a London opera-house was packed from floor to ceiling, from the back of the pit to the back of the stage, with an audience that was never once bored, and never once lukewarm; and in the twelve weeks between December, 1842, and the end of the following February, one hundred and thirty-six smaller meetings were held in London alone; in the provinces, each big city had a mass meeting nearly every month, and each market-town at least once a year. . . . In the summer of 1843, Cobden and Bright began their attack on the rural districts, and spoke face to face with the 'protected' classes. It was an easy task for them to convert the Agricultural Laborer. The shortest and the best speech made in the whole course of the controversy was that of a farm-hand at one of the League meetings: 'I be protected, and I be starving.'" But though the laborers were easily converted, and even the farmers began to give ear to the new doctrine, the landlords remained obdurate. Bright's "prize-fighting speeches"—the epithet is his own—irritated them past endurance. There even was some vague talk of prosecuting the agitators for sedition, and Bright wrote thus to his sister: "I will try and be careful. I have no wish for martyrdom, even in so good a cause. The public feeling is evidently with the League, and our cause is so obviously good that I do not think we shall be attacked by the Law. If we are, I trust you will put the best construction on our actions, and not disown me as a rebel and incendiary."

And now a great change in Bright's way of life was at hand. Cobden told him that it was his plain duty to enter Parliament, and there bear his part in conducting the cause to its approaching victory. There were reasons connected with his family, with his business, with his religious associations, which made him hesitate; but, after full consideration, he determined to stand. He wrote to his wife's mother: "Don't blame me; hope for me and pray for me. The future may prove me not wholly wrong."

In July, 1843, he entered the House of Commons as Member for the City of Durham. His maiden speech was delivered on the 7th of August—of course, on the Corn Laws—and was remarkable for a kind of veiled prophecy that Peel would shortly sever himself from a party with which he disagreed, and would become the "Minister, not merely of the Queen, but of the people also." A series of good harvests had rendered the evils of Protection rather less intolerable, and, in spite of some mutinous murmurs, Peel closed the Session of 1845 with a great majority in both Houses. Before Christmas, as Lord Beaconsfield said, "the mysterious but universal sickness of a single root had changed the history of the world"; Lord John Russell had been converted to "total and immediate" repeal of the Corn Laws, and Peel had followed suit. In January, 1846, Peel, at the head of a reconstructed Government, opened the Session which was to repeal the Corn Laws. The Corn Bill passed the Lords on the 25th of June, and, on the 2nd of July, the "Anti-Corn Law League," having accomplished its great purpose, decided to "suspend its active operations." The victory was won.

The least satisfactory passage of Bright's life is that which relates to the Factory Acts. We make all due allowance for the congenital prejudices of a manufacturer's son, bred in a mill where the factory laws were administered with unusual leniency, and, by conviction as well as temperament, a stout individualist. We see without difficulty that these and cognate circumstances must have tended to color Bright's outlook on the beneficent reforms with which Lord Shaftesbury's name is so gloriously associated. We admit all that has to be admitted, but, after all is said and done, Lord Shaftesbury's damning sentence stands upon the record: "Bright was ever my most malignant opponent. Cobden, though bitterly hostile, was better than Bright."

Let us not reason about this sad episode, but regard it sorrowfully, and pass on.

Bright was once walking with one of his sons past the Guards' Monument in Waterloo Place. The boy asked the meaning of the single word inscribed on the base—CRIMEA. The father's answer was as emphatic as the inscription: "A CRIME." Those two words epitomize Bright's whole mind and heart at the most trying, and most heroic, period of his long life.

For nearly forty years Europe had enjoyed the sunshine of unbroken peace, but, by the end of 1853, Russia and Turkey were at War. England had no concern in the quarrel, but presently espoused the cause of Turkey. The fatal step was announced on March 29th, 1854, and on the 31st Bright addressed to the House of Commons the first of "his great Crimean speeches." Great those speeches certainly were, and are—great in all the qualities which make oratory one of the highest arts. They are only four in number, or, if we add the famous "Letter to Absalom Watkin," five; but they made a deeper and more enduring effect on those who heard them and read them than anything which their author had ever uttered. There are people still alive who can describe the awful hush which fell upon the House when on February 23rd, 1855, he appealed to the ancient and vainglorious Palmerston to stay the effusion of human blood. "I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England, in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes will be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings." Never again did a single phrase of Bright's strike so directly home to the hearts of those who heard it. Men who could not quote another sentence from his speeches remember " The Angel of Death." Cobden, who heard the speech delivered, said to him as he sat down amid the sympathetic thunder which rewards an oratorical triumph, "You went very near that time. If you had said '*flapping,*' instead of '*beating* of his wings,' the House would have laughed." Quite so; but Bright had a genius for language, which bore him safe even on the dizziest heights. It is to be borne in mind that, in opposing the Crimean War, Bright did not take "high Quaker ground." He never denied the abstract right to take up arms on good occasion; he supported the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, and of the slave-owners' secession in America. He opposed the Crimean War because, by engaging in it, we set ourselves in hostility to all the Christian populations of the Turkish Empire, and fought for an evil end—"the perpetual maintenance of the most immoral and filthy of all depotisms, over one of the fairest portions

of the earth which it has desolated, and over a population which it has degraded, but not been able to destroy."

In opposing the Crimean War, Bright was against England, high and low alike. In his attitude towards the Civil War in America, he had the rank and wealth and social influence of the country against him, the Church and the Press, and also the huge weight of middle-class opinion; but he had the working classes on his side. To their justice and generosity he appealed with a noble confidence, and he used with all his might a splendid weapon which lay ready to his hand in the Englishman's hatred of slavery. Half-hearted Liberals demanded the recognition of the Independence of the Southern States. Renegade Radicals even clamored for English intervention in the interests of the South. The North was justly offended by our ignorant partisanship and unskilful handling of international disputes; and again and again we trembled on the verge of war. That this supreme calamity was averted was mainly due to two men—among Americans, to Charles Francis Adams, who represented the United States in London; and, among Englishmen, to John Bright; though justice requires that we should remember the part played by Prince Albert, Disraeli, and the Duke of Argyll.

From first to last, Bright was an ardent advocate for the extension of the suffrage, in this one respect pursuing a different line from his friend Cobden, whose whole heart was in fiscal and economic questions, and who had little interest in merely political machinery. "Bright and Cobden" is a combination of names which comes trippingly off the tongue; but in the fight for Parliamentary reform Bright stood alone. "The nation," he said, "in every country dwells in the cottage"; and he could not rest till the cottage had acquired its rights.

The mental distress through which Bright passed during the long-drawn agony of the Crimea had left him damaged. He suffered from what we nowadays call a " nervous breakdown," and his doctors kept him out of public work all through the years 1856 and 1857. He had sat for Durham from 1841 to 1847. Then, in the flush of victory over Protection, he was returned unopposed for Manchester, and, after a contest, again in 1852. In March, 1857, Palmerston appealed to the country for support in his most unworthy war with China, and the country gave him what he desired.

Bright was known to be opposed to Palmerston's policy, and his seat was fiercely challenged. Being abroad and ill, he was precluded from fighting his own battle, and he was defeated. In the following June there was a by-election at Birmingham, and Bright was invited to contest the seat. His health did not permit him to address a public meeting, or even to make entry into the town. But, as soon as it was known that he was to stand, the Conservative candidate withdrew, and he was returned unopposed. So began a connection with Birmingham which lasted till his death. Thus we return to the subject of Parliamentary Reform; for, as soon as Bright was permitted to resume his political activities, he addressed his new constituents in a magnificent discourse, which, after surveying the field of general politics, concluded with a strong appeal for a further extension of the suffrage, and a splendid peroration about "the impending struggle."

The struggle "impended" for some years before it began in good earnest. Palmerston died in October, 1865. Lord Russell—the "Lord John" of the first Reform Bill —became Prime Minister, and the leader of the House of Commons was Gladstone, who had lately asserted the moral right of "every man who is not presumably disqualified to come within the pale of the Constitution." Obviously the time had now come for a real Reform Bill, and shrewd observers saw that, while Russell and Gladstone were in office, Bright was in power. The Bill was introduced in March, 1866. It fell far short of Bright's ideals; but he thought it "an honest Bill," and supported it heartily. Eventually the Government was defeated by a combination of Tories and malcontent Liberals, but the debates which preceded its downfall were animated and exciting in a high degree. The duel between Gladstone and Lowe is historic, and Bright's pleasantries about Caves of Adullam and Hairy Terriers have passed into the sacred language of English politics. Defeated on the Reform Bill, the Government resigned. Lord Derby became Prime Minister, with Disraeli as Leader of the House of Commons. Bright devoted the autumn to a great campaign on behalf of Parliamentary Reform. He was now at the height of his power. Never again did he wield such compelling power over great masses of his fellow-citizens. Never did he see such immediate and such tremendous results from his words, " Half-

a-dozen great out-door demonstrations in the principal centres of population, and half-a-dozen speeches in great halls by Bright, sufficed to awe the Conservative Party into submission." That submission was complete indeed. In the Session of 1867, the Derby-Disraeli Government established Household Suffrage. Lord Cranborne (afterwards Lord Salisbury), who had left the Cabinet sooner than be a party to this revolution, said, with bitter truth: "If it be a Conservative triumph to have adopted the principles of your most determined adversary, the Hon. Member for Birmingham . . . then the Conservative Party has won no triumph so signal as this."

The newly-enfranchised democracy exercised its power for the first time at the General Election of 1868; sent Disraeli to the right-about, and made Gladstone Prime Minister. Now came Bright's hour of trial. Gladstone implored him to take a place in the Cabinet, and Gladstone's appeal was backed by the whole Liberal Party. Yet Bright shrank back. His health was no longer what it once had been. He felt his own "dislike of work, and of fetters, and of official position." He preferred to "dwell among his own people." He declined to "put on livery." But in the issue, his strong sense of civil duty prevailed over all personal considerations, and he became President of the Board of Trade. In the previous year he had gallantly championed Queen Victoria against an unmannerly attack at a public meeting; the Queen felt grateful, and welcomed him into her Government with genuine good will. On his first visit to Osborne he seems to have found himself completely at home, for a courtier exclaimed: "Well! I never expected to see John Bright here, winning his money at Blind Hookey." But, in spite of this auspicious beginning, his tenure of office was brief and unsatisfactory. In 1870 he was laid aside by renewed illness; retired from the Cabinet, and only re-entered it, at Gladstone's earnest solicitation, for a few months in 1873. The Government came to an end in 1874, and Bright declared that he was now "on the shelf." After the great Liberal victory in 1880, he again joined Gladstone's Cabinet, and in 1882 he retired, as a protest against the bombardment of Alexandria. This was the end of his official life.

It was a singular infelicity of Bright's career that in his later years he found himself involved in bitter hostility

to the Irish people, whose civil and religious rights he had in the past maintained with singular courage. When he was on his deathbed, he received a truly noble tribute from Mr. T. M. Healy, who said: "It was when Ireland had fewest friends that your voice was loudest on her side." But in the interval there had been bitter estrangement, and the causes of it were various. Bright was, by instinct and habit, a supporter of law and order, and he loathed murder and outrage as he loathed the battlefield and the gallows. He thought the Irish party were "rebels," and told them so. They in return hit back, and did not spare him. He believed even passionately in religious liberty, and the opposition of the Irish members to Bradlaugh's admission stirred his contemptuous indignation. I can recall the peculiar intonation—something between a snarl and a sneer—with which he reminded them of what was involved in their oath of allegiance—"that oath which you esteem so sacred that you will suffer no man to take it with unhallowed lips." And so the quarrel went on, from bad to worse, till Gladstone's inopportune adoption of Home Rule brought the issue to a head, and smashed the Liberal party. Lord Hartington was massive, and Mr. Chamberlain was dexterous; but Bright's high morality and noble record gave a weight to his protest against Parnellism which no one else could command. From the day when it was known that he would vote against the Home Rule Bill, its fate was sealed; and his speech at Birmingham during the General Election of 1886 did more than any other utterance to secure the Unionist victory. Before another Home Rule Bill could be brought in, he was in his honored grave.

What manner of man was John Bright, in his outward aspect and conversation? In the first place, his portraits show clearly that he was a very much better-looking man in middle life.[1] He was short, and his head was too large for his body. The daguerreotype taken when he was, say, forty, suggests the epithet "smug." The drawing by Duval gives one the notion that the artist was trying to soften those characteristics. But the pictures of him as an old man are stately, and even beautiful. I once heard an Irish rhetorician refer to "the snows of that venerable and vener-

[1] For some unknown reason, *Punch* used to represent Bright with an eyeglass, which he never wore.

ated head," and they formed a noble crown to his clear-cut features, his furrowed cheeks and searching eyes. Most characteristic was the downward turn of the corners of his mouth, exactly expressive of that half-humorous scorn which marked alike his conversation and his oratory. Again and again it relieves the solemn argument of his speeches. In his Public Letters it was seen in full perfection. For, to say the truth, Bright was easily offended, and when offended he was not slow to show his displeasure. I once was breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone, and Bright was of the party. During the meal, our host told a mildly humorous story of a Quaker, who refused to subscribe for building a new church, but said he would gladly help in pulling down the old one. We all tittered obsequiously, but Bright said, with down-turned lip: " The Friends are made the subject of some very *stoopid* stories."

My own acquaintance with Bright was hereditary. My father[1] had sat in Parliament with him for several years, and, unlike most of the Whig aristocracy, had always held him in high regard and esteem. This good will Bright was not slow to return, as the following tender and beautiful letter shows:

Dear Lord Charles Russell,

I was on the Continent when I saw the announcement of your loss[2] in *The Times*. I was shocked, and I pictured to myself your sorrow and that of your circle, and in some measure I joined in it. I seem never able to dissociate fear from weddings. I have lost two sisters soon after marriage—one on the birth of her first, and the other on the birth of her second child—the succeeding fever was the cause of death. These events so affected me, that I never attend a wedding ceremony without a feeling of doubt and sadness.

" Believe me, I sympathize deeply with you in your affliction, and I hope that you have in it such consolation as the case admits of.

I am always,

Most sincerely yours,
John Bright.

It was, I suppose, on account of this mutual regard that, when I entered Parliament at the age of twenty-seven, Bright received me with the most friendly kindness. His manner towards young men was perfect: natural, simple, easy; with plenty of quiet fun, and, now and then, when

[1] Lord Charles James Fox Russell (1807-1894).

[2] The death of a daughter in her first confinement.

one had been unusually foolish, a touch of sarcasm. On one occasion at least he did me the honor to consult me about his action in a painful controversy; and, though our political paths diverged when Home Rule was propounded, our personal relations were not the least embittered. With my whole heart I loved and honored him, and I count it one of my highest privileges to have heard, even though only in its failing force, that "God-gifted organ-voice of England," which had spent its music in the service of humanity and freedom.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

TO THE MOTHER OF A POET

BY SARA TEASDALE

She is too kind, I think, for mortal things,
Too gentle for the gusty ways of earth;
God gave to her a shy and silver mirth,
And made her soul as clear
And softly singing as an orchard spring's
In sheltered hollows all the sunny year—
A spring that through the leaning grass looks up
And holds all heaven in its crystal cup,
Mirror to holy meadows high and blue
With stars like drops of dew.

I love to think that never tears at night
Have made her eyes less bright;
That all her girlhood through
Never a cry of love made over-tense
Her voice's innocence;
That in her hands have lain
Flowers beaten by the rain,
And little birds, before they learned to sing,
Drowned in the sudden ecstacy of Spring.

I love to think that with a wistful wonder
She held her baby warm against her breast;
That never any fear awoke whereunder
She shuddered at her gift, or trembled lest
Through the great doors of birth
Here to a windy earth
She lured from heaven a half-unwilling guest.

She caught and kept his first vague flickering smile,
The faint upleaping of his spirit's fire;
And for a long sweet while
In her was all he asked of earth or heaven.
But in the end how far,
Past every shaken star,
Should leap at last that arrow-like desire,
His full-grown manhood's keen
Ardor toward the unseen
Dark mystery beyond the Pleiads seven.

And in her heart she heard
His first dim-spoken word;
She only of them all could understand,
Flushing to feel at last
The silence over-past,
Thrilling as though her hand had touched God's hand.
But in the end how many words
Winged on a flight she could not follow,
Farther than skyward lark or swallow,
His lips set free to lands she never knew;
Braver than white sea-faring birds
With a fearless melody,
Flying over a shining sea,
A star-white song between the blue and blue.

Oh, I have seen a lake as clear and fair
As it were molten air,
Lifting a lily upward to the sun.
How should the water know the glowing heart
That ever to the heaven lifts its fire,
A golden and unchangeable desire?
The water only knows
The faint and rosy glows
Of under-petals, opening apart.
Yet in the soul of earth,
Deep in the primal ground,
Its searching roots are wound,
And centuries have struggled toward its birth.

So, in the man who sings,
All of the voiceless horde
From the cold dawn of things
Have their reward;
All in whose pulses ran
Blood that is his at last,
From the first stooping man
Far in the winnowed past.
Out of the tumult of their love and mating
Each one created, seeing life was good—
Dumb, till at last the song that they were waiting
Breaks like brave April thro' a wintry wood.

But what of her whose heart is troubled by it,
The mother who would soothe and set him free,
Fearing the song's storm-shaken ecstacy?—
Oh, as the moon that has no power to quiet
The strong wind-driven sea!

SARA TEASDALE.

WILLIAM BLAKE AND CATHARINE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

In the world-sadness which has overspread the earth, girdling it with sorrow, bringing to the human race a unity of tragic mood never known before, the mind goes searching for refuge from assailing woes. The smug material content of our time is broken; our gospel of comfort and convenience proves inadequate, and our questioning is deeper than it was yesterday. Already the external fails to satisfy, when that which had seemed so sure and pleasant turns swiftly to horror. The world, which has been dancing to ragtime music, suddenly finds that it is no longer in the mood to keep that pace. The poets of our time are bravely busy, trying to voice this deep soul-stirring, but reeds that pipe so near the battle inevitably bring discordant echoes of the strife. Does this mean that we must turn to older poets, well-nigh forgotten now for many years? We want diviner consolation than any poet of to-day is prepared to bring; sweeter and more assured cadences, surer vision, more profound conviction; we have need of them who affirm great things.

For sheer escape from contemporary trouble, personal or international, into a world not of mental luxury, but of intense intellectual activity, where, with the suns and the stars and the prophets, with the poets and the artists of all time, we seem to be helping shape a universe of eternal and vital significance, to endure when this material world has vanished as shadow—who can help us as can William Blake? Poet, artist, seer of a hundred years ago, he found great joy in a life of incessant, inspired industry, of holy poverty. Through dark streets of London he sped on divine tasks of intent; of dismal lodging-house steps he made celestial stairways, commanding the fields of Paradise; among dull houses he saw gleam a heavenly city, and with fierce energy he set about helping in the building.

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

It is small wonder that his contemporaries thought him insane, as his every quality, every ideal, every belief, contradicted the spirit of the time in all particulars. In the eighteenth century, the sole appeal, in philosophy, in theology, in literature, was to reason. The office of the preacher was to prove by fact and syllogism the articles of faith; of the poet, to sing, in smooth numbers, something that logic would approve. But to Blake, mere reason was the most blind and cruel tyrant that had ever forged manacles for the human race, and his whole life was a struggle to break the power of the oppressor. Reason is that "Spectrous Fiend" whom at last, as his letters record, he reduces to utter defeat —a fiend that had, for twenty years, checked his faith and his creative activity. For this fiend he has various names, often those of scientists, or of thinkers who base knowledge upon sensation: of "Bacon, and Newton, and Locke," "who teach Doubt and Experiment," and he wrote:

May God us keep
From single vision and Newton's sleep.

The mind-made fetters of reason, working through law and dogma, have fettered the human soul, and have kept it from its birthright of spiritual power and freedom. Blake was not a philosopher, but a poet, a mystic, feeling himself in direct contact with the world of spirit, his intuition piercing to the truth behind the veil of things. His triumphant assertion that spirit is the only reality he makes over and over, in prose, in verse, and in engraver's lines. "Mental things are alone real; what is called corporeal, nobody knows of; its dwelling place is a fallacy and its existence an imposture. . . . Where is the existence out of mind or thought? . . . Error is created; truth is eternal. Error, or Creation, will be burned up, and then, and not till then, truth or eternity will appear. It is burned up the moment men cease to behold it."

His swift poetic instinct brought him a certainty of conviction of that which more than one idealist philosopher has spent his life trying to demonstrate by reasoned proof. He asked no analytic questions; he worked out no system, as did Kant, though his inspired assertions are strangely in accord with the conclusions of that great philosopher, to whom reality is mind, not matter. "One thought fills immensity," asserted Blake; for him there was no more to say. He refused to believe that the material world was the real world; to him, matter was merely an embodied and temporary mood of the Eternal mind; the body was a blunder of the soul, a momentary lack of complete self-possession on the part of the spirit, and he bewailed the fact that

> The visions of Eternity, by reason of
> narrowèd perceptions,
> Are become weak Visions of Time and Space,
> fixed into furrows of death.

He scoffed at the superstition that the senses could limit or define knowledge; sight, hearing, touch could not give you the truth—could at best help in starting you on the trail; for truth is revealed only to the indefatigable, questing soul.

To win back that lost unity with the spirit which antedated the misfortune of creation and the accident of birth, there was one supreme gift, and only one, imagination. Through its exercise alone could the human being find reality, and the poet, in the odd chant of the prophetic books, says:

"I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination,—Imagination, the real and Eternal world, of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more."

"The Imagination is not a state; it is the human existence itself."

The only possible deliverance, then, for the human being, bound by the illusory realities of flesh and blood, with the unfortunate tendency to regard mere intellectual deductions concerning the world of matter as presenting truth, was by creative exercise of this divine art of the imagination. Through poetic intuition, through experience, highly taken, through incessant endeavor to create in the light of his highest hope, Blake knew his certainties. He asked no per-

mission of eye or ear to believe the truth he had found; the supreme conviction that it is for the soul to assert possessed him. His long life was a triumphant demonstration of his creed; his work, at least a partial one.

Believing himself in direct communication, through the imagination, with the divine, Blake was aware of spiritual presences about him, and the records of this intercourse take us back to the life depicted in old Celtic epics, where the gods walked side by side with mortals, and were indistinguishable from them. As a boy, it was his habit to escape from his home in Golden Square to wander in the country by field and hedge, and he records that when he was eight or ten years old, strolling by Dulwich Hill, he saw a tree filled with angels, whose wings shone out from the leaves; and among the hay-makers, one summer morning, he saw angels walking. Thus early was he conscious of celestial visitants, of companions by the way. How many lovely, and sometimes awful, records he has left of this companioning, both his prose and his poetry tell.

"I am not ashamed, afraid, or averse to tell you . . . that I am under the direction of messengers from heaven daily and nightly," he wrote to a friend; and his intercourse with the soul of his beloved brother Robert was one of the great joys of his life. Cherubim and seraphim, prophets of old, came and went between him and the sky as he paced the dingy London streets. He would walk with few of his contemporaries, save his wife; now and then is an exception: "You, O dear Flaxman, are a sublime archangel, my friend and companion from Eternity." He walked proudly with angels, with poets of old, with the souls of animals, the souls of hurt children.

In studying Blake, one comes often upon patronizing, if approving, references to his wife, Catharine Blake, who is characterized as a devoted but ignorant woman. These leave one wholly unprepared for her picture, reproduced in Mr. Russell's edition of the *Letters,* from a drawing made when she was over sixty, for it affords a glimpse of a remarkable personality. The strength of that face, the spirit power of the mouth, the unfaltering gaze of the eyes, give it a profound impressiveness, making one wonder at Mr. Symons' characterization of it as "almost painful," and at Mr. Crabb Robinson's reference to Catharine Blake's "dark eye and remains of beauty in her youth." This is full of

a beauty that youth does not know, and it is not the remains of anything, but is suggestive of immortal beginnings. The eyes are visionary, but unlike Blake's; he was a man of many visions; she, a woman of one, and it was he. For he was her life-long vision from that first glimpse of him when, as a girl, she came into a room and saw him, in all the glory of young manhood, with inspired eyes and golden locks like the sun's rays about his head. Before either had spoken, she knew him as her destined husband, and, growing faint, had to leave the room to recover herself.

These two young mortals, alike in their instant certainties of knowledge, were married in 1782; then began a married life of radiant poverty, a life which has perhaps no parallel, from that of Adam and Eve in Paradise down to that of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning at Casa Guidi, Florence, for joyousness and intensity of devotion. Catharine Blake, bright-eyed, dark-haired, tall and graceful, served her husband as model for images of earthly and of celestial beauty; did all the housework; learned, under his tuition, to write, and did copying for him; learned to help print engravings and color illuminated books; the two walked together whole summer days in the country, dining by twilight at some wayside inn; so was she cook, housewife, fellow-engraver, fellow-seer, and fellow-wayfarer on earthly and on celestial paths.

That life of unremitting toil, of seemingly perfect spiritual companionship, is associated with narrow London rooms, Poland Street, Lambeth, South Molton Street, Fountain Court, broken by three years' residence in the country, at Felpham, by the sea.

> My hands are labored, day and night,
> And ease comes never in my sight.
> My wife has no indulgence given
> Except what comes to her from heaven.
> We eat little, we drink less;
> This earth breeds not our happiness.
> Another sun feeds our life's streams;
> We are not warmèd by thy beams.

One would think that nothing could have added to the bliss of their daily celestial drudgery in London, but the records of the first weeks at Felpham bespeak a happiness beyond happiness in the cottage "with its thatched roof of rusted gold." "Felpham is a sweet place for study," wrote

Blake, "because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapors; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms most distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses. . . . And now begins a new life, because another covering of earth is shaken off." A poem tells of a ladder of angels reaching from the sky to his cot:

> And thy friend and mine
> Descend and ascend with the bread and the wine.

It was indeed a two-family house, this tiny habitation, housing also the Heavenly Host, for God and all the angels dwelt under the same roof, and the partitions were very thin. The little garden recalls the primal garden, ablaze with the glory of the Lord; William Blake and Catharine seem to be the only pair never driven out. In this period we are most fully aware of a certain holy glee that was about Blake his life long; some of the verses of the time reflect this in a metre that trips with inspired jollity.

> With happiness stretched across the hills
> In a cloud that dewy sweetness distils;
> With a blue sky spread over with wings,
> And a mild sun that mounts and sings;
> With trees and fields full of fairy elves,
> And little devils who fight for themselves.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> With angels planted in hawthorn bowers
> And God himself in the passing hours.

There was something of the mirth of angels about him, the laughter and the high seriousness of seraphim. He was ever ready to fly a bit with the archangels on their way home, to steal a ride on Elijah's chariot; life was to him, from first to last, a divine adventure.

Perhaps the ladder was drawn up again to heaven, for we find Blake later writing to a friend to ask congratulations on his return to London, where alone "I may converse with my friends in eternity, see visions, dream dreams, and prophesy and speak parables unobserved and at liberty from the doubts of other mortals." Catharine Blake, who had shared her husband's delight in going to Felpham, shared his joy in returning. Only the lightest of Mrs.

Blake's tasks have as yet been suggested. It was for her to freshen constantly the sources of his inspiration, to keep him aware of eternity, to recall to his mind divine faces once seen. "What do we do, Kate, when the visions forsake us?" he asked, when a young artist friend came to consult them as to the reasons why his inspiration failed. "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake," was the reply. At another time: "You know, dear, the first time you saw God was when you were four years old, and He put His head to the window and set you a-screaming," she reminded him—"lest he forget." It is recorded that many a night, when he was working in a fury of inspiration, she would get up and sit by him for hours, perfectly motionless, because of the help this companionship brought him.

This accounts for the "sympathy and awe" in her pictured face, the solemn vision of those eyes, thrilled through with effort of the will, the hushed look of responsibility. It was for her to prolong the visions, cling to the archangels, detain the prophets, hold fast those great symbolic serpents that wind across the margins of the books; to entertain the Ancient of Days in converse, until Blake working with fierce inspiration, could get down the very lines of his figure. She it must have been who prepared that awful meal—and what was served?—when: "The prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert that God spoke to them"; initiating a discussion in which the question as to whether "a firm persuasion that a thing is so makes it so" is decided in the affirmative.

Mrs. Blake, we are told, her life long, made but one complaint regarding her husband, and that was that he was incessantly away in Paradise. From first to last, during that long married life of five and forty years, she comported herself as one who knew what was fitting deportment when the sons of God married the daughters of men. Soul and body at the resurrection, in the drawings made by Blake for Blair's *Grave*, are not more triumphantly one than were these two mortals, from that first glimpse to the scene at Blake's death-bed, when he improvised songs of joy and triumph, saying to his wife: "My beloved, they are not mine, no, they are not mine."

In study of the life of Blake, as in study of his work, is fine refreshment; in both you come into contact with a

fierce spiritual energy and are revitalized by the shock. There was in him an intensity of life hard for us to realize: "Nothing can withstand the fury of my course among the stars of God, and in the abysses of the accuser", he wrote, speaking truly. In that central fire at the heart of him burned a profound sense of the imperishable passion of life aflame in least things, as in great, throughout the universe; and, imperfect as is much of his expression, he makes us aware of this as no other poet, save Dante, has done. Many of his sayings betray this secret of his power. "Energy is the only life", is a mere prose statement of that which, in his verse, becomes a quality, a potency. Life was inconceivable to him except as incessant creative work, and to him the only damnation possible for the human soul was an instant's inactivity. To whatever Blake gave being, in that white heat of mind and soul, in all that he did, tried, achieved, he burned with the one flame. Beauty was to him a live passion; holiness an intense, unresting activity; love, a power in the quick of creation, resistless, unceasing in energy, not asking, never demanding, but giving. The "one thought" which, for Blake, filled immensity, was quick with primal creative power. There is in him a singleness of aim through diversity of work, hardly to be found again, an ardent unity of inspiration through life and art and poetry.

Blake's impetuosity gives you wings, sets your spirit free. To invite his presence is to hear the key turn, unlocking the door of any mental prison whatsoever; about all his work is an atmosphere of liberty, freedom, escape. The wings of birds that fly out from among the lines of the illustrated books, as *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell,* are not more free, sweeping in lovely flight through the blue ether, nor are those steeds, with their tails whistling upon the winds of outermost space. In all his drawing, etching, artistic design, the pages seem to tremble with the intellectual and spiritual vehemence that have gone into artistic creation; with the vigor of those living creatures that sing or move thereon. The leap of the steeds, the beating of their wild hoofs, the swirl of the great serpents moving in vast free spaces, the power of song in exulting throats, make the pages pulse with life, vibrate with energy. Watching, you move in time with celestial activities: the sweep of the stars through space, the swing of the planets in their courses, the consuming energy of fire; you feel that, if, in all the

universe of universes, motion should cease for an infinitesimal fraction of a second, the whole woven web of things would fall to bits.

There is a transfiguring and transforming power in Blake's poetry; the passion of his page makes a wholly different impression from that of the ordinary printed book. Here, as in his designing, you are aware of consuming and creating activity; again you are out where all the winds of God are blowing; and everywhere is a sound of wings. Blake could conceive of nothing except in terms of its highest energy; whatever he is rendering, he gives you life at the quick.

> He who bends to himself a joy
> Does the wingèd life destroy;
> But he who kisses the joy as it flies
> Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

From the first, this quality is apparent; Nature is revealed to him only in its creative activity, as is evident already in the *Poetical Sketches* of 1783. In Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, an energy of life is at work; nothing is static. Here is much of the power, developing in greater beauty in the later poems, of interpreting Nature, not through amiable contemplation and observation, as was the fashion of the time, but through entering into its very vital processes. There is increasing potency in this quality; many and lovely are its expressions. The *Songs of Innocence,* 1789, and the *Songs of Experience,* 1794, sing of Nature still more clearly as life, vitality. The expression of this is exquisitely gentle in *The Wild Flowers' Song,* while in *Daybreak,* the fiery soul of Blake flames out:

> To find the western path
> Right through the gates of wrath
> I urge my way.

Lamb and " Tiger, tiger, burning bright ", are rendered not in description, but interpretation of the soul of lamb and of tiger, as, later, in *Milton,* he sings of the lark in terms of the lark's intensest life, mounting upon wings of light above the blue, and leading the choir of day. Life on the wing, life in its fierce and primal vitality, life quick at the root, pulsating, vibrating, creative life we find here; it is noteworthy that sunflower and tiger, no less than the clod, the chimney-sweeper, and the little vagabond, are among the *Songs of Experience.*

Blake's intense vitality shows in his swift and passionate sympathy with pain, and with those whose true self is unexpressed because of laws and restrictions, binding Nature's divine wild impulse. He was not of those who learn to love human kind being taught, as this or that aspect of philanthropic thought is presented through sermon or treatise; his compassion for suffering men, women, children, animals, was a fiery, spontaneous, inner energy, a flame of living love. This gives his pleas for orphan, harlot, chimney-sweep, and hunted hare an exquisite power of appeal.

Sympathy with childhood was something new in the literature of the time; Blake's lyric pages echo with the laughter and the shouts of playing children. Who else in that grim century could have interpreted the brief safety of babyhood, or have made the mood of a vexed school-boy sing like a bird? He shows you the orphan children of London walking two and two on Holy Thursday, but here, and in other haunting poems, it is not mere child faces that you see; through that wonderful imaginative vision, the very soul of childhood looks out upon you, the shining white soul of the little black boy, and of chimney-sweepers who do not win the green play-spaces by the river in the sun until they have been locked in coffins and are set free by an angel with a golden key.

The loveliness of his sympathy often meets perfect expression in words of utter simplicity:

> Can I see another's woe
> And not be in sorrow too?

And again:

> I heard an angel singing
> When the day was springing:
> Mercy, pity, and peace,
> Are the world's release.

More startling than Blake's pleas for suffering childhood must have seemed, to his generation, his pleas for suffering animals:

> A Robin Redbreast in a cage
> Puts all heaven in a rage.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A horse misused upon the road
> Calls to heaven for human blood.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Each outcry of the hunted hare
> A fibre from the brain does tear.

This sense of kinship with beast and bird must have baffled his contemporaries more completely when it took profounder form, hinting Blake's belief in the unity of all life:

> The caterpillar on the leaf
> Repeats to thee thy mother's grief.

The burning love within him found expression, not only in song, but in acts of practical kindliness, unobtrusive, delicate enough to match the verse. There are certain of his sayings that express a depth of thought and feeling to which one gets back again and again, as to hid treasure: "Heaven is not a place where there is no sin, but where there is perpetual forgiveness of sins." Of that energy of living love within him, perhaps he never made clearer expression than in this fragment:

> The Angel that presided at my birth
> Said: 'Little creature made of joy and mirth,
> Go, love without the help of anything on earth.'

No lark could sing more enchantingly than did Blake in much of his lyric work; here is no hesitation; it is spontaneous, irresistible melody. In the mid-period, when he has fully found his voice, and no longer echoes now and then the Elizabethans as in his earliest work, it is pure Blake. The wild, clear note goes sounding through his lyric verse always; the perfectness of Blake's finest work, the harmony and fullness of the vowel sounds, the freedom and the sweetness of the music, are astonishing in that century which attained correctness in poetry by counting syllables upon the fingers; and, once heard, it may not be forgotten. The magic sweetness of the early verse lingers in the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Songs of Experience,* which give still fuller evidence of lyric melody and originality in their haunting cadences:

> Ah, Sunflower! weary of time,
> Who countest the steps of the sun;
> Seeking after that sweet golden clime
> Where the traveller's journey is done.

At its best, the lyric of Blake is one, entire, with singleness of thrust, with imaginative wholeness of appeal, driven home by passion of feeling, by sweet energy of metre, and by a clear, bright concreteness of phrase. From the first, there is apparent a certain splendor of the image-making faculty which later becomes more significant and far-reaching, as in:

Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine.

and in

I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

Blake never introduces the material thing for its own sake; there are no mere objects in his work. Everywhere are touches of beauty, radiant glimpses, but the visible something must help in interpreting soul power or power of body, that life sweetly and energetically filling eternity. The earliest work has less of mysticism, though something of wide distances and starry spaces lingers when he talks of the least things and the nearest. The tendency to make the apparent body forth the unapparent deepens as time goes on; there is a drift of the tangible concrete toward symbol; child faces, bird, tree, and flower take on the beauty and the significance of the invisible; the work of the lyric poet is more and more determined by the seer. No mere statement of his poetic gospel could be as beautiful as his lines:

To see the world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild-flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

In the *Songs of Innocence, Piper, Lamb,* and *Little Boy Lost,* are more than lamb, piper, and little boy; and the lines from *Night* suggest something, still more apparent in the later *Songs of Experience,* of that sense of invisible reality that presses hard on the reality of things seen and heard:

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright.

The finite is for Blake always slipping into the infinite. "If the doors of perception were cleansed," he wrote, "everything would appear to man as it is, infinite"; and Blake is forever cleansing the doors of perception.

"I assert for myself," said he, "that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is a hindrance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'When the sun

rises do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea? ' Oh, no! no! no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying ' Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty! ' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, not with it."

There was in Blake an overmastering power of vision, an excess of that which Ruskin calls the " penetrative power " of the imagination, not fully matched by the " shaping power of imagination." The imaginative wholeness of his best lyrics is not found in the series of Prophetic Books, which began with *The Book of Thel,* 1789; here his deepest meanings seldom get full expression; the achievement in no way matches the dream. He is urged on by a too impatient mysticism, hard-pressed by his deepening sense of pulsating spiritual energy through all the universe; the symbols lure him hither and yon, multiplying, vanishing in space. Alas for the runaway horses of the chariot of Elijah! The Prophetic Books are as the stammerings of a god, learning human speech; they are confused, inarticulate, though now and then articulate in a way that makes you catch your breath at the leaping splendor of inspired speech. Visualizing or half visualizing abstract idea itself, instead of form that should embody abstract idea, he slips into allegory that is often confused and incoherent; the concrete vanishes in misty symbol, symbols of symbols, until often the reader seems walking, with no sense of starting point or of goal, through gray Ossianic mists of thought and of diction.

The whole shadowy system of the Prophetic Books centers in spiritual struggle, struggle to cast off the oppressor of the human soul. Great shapes of falling tyrants, of gallant, fighting spirits wrestle there, as oppression is broken by a saviour or deliverer, or energy, life, vitality are bound by the tryant. All endeavor to express Blake's conviction of the unity of life, the futility of man-made laws, the impotence of reason, the omnipotence of the imagination; and the struggle of the central intellectual faculty, imagination, to win freedom from the bars and bolts of reason, is marked, now by triumph, now by defeat. He would be a bold person,—and such have been,—who would attempt to explain the whole of the myth, and point out the entire significance of the allegorical personages, some of whom deepen the enigma by apparently taking on new names and new offices,

though doubtless to Blake the new was always an outcome of the old. Puzzling as to details, each book yet presents a fairly clear *motif*. In the *Book of Urizen* (1794) the man-child, Orc, born of Time and Space, is bound to a rock in the shadow of Urizen, or Reason, here more specifically the god of demonstrated religions. In the course of ages, Orc is set free by Los, or Time, and Urizen himself is bound. The tyrant, now free, now in chains, now victimizing, now himself a victim, persists in the ceaseless struggle, and in his own ceaseless, meaningless activities:

> And wherever he wander'd in sorrows
> Upon the agèd Heavens,
> A cold Shadow follow'd behind him,
> Like a spider's web, moist, cold, and dim,
> Drawing out from his sorrowing soul,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Till a web, dark and cold, throughout all
> The tormented element stretched
> From the sorrows of Urizen's soul.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> None could break the web, no wings of fire,
> So twisted the cords, and so knotted
> The meshes, *twisted like to the human brain.*
> And all called it the net of Religion.

Again, *The Song of Los* (1795) tells of the evil that came when Urizen, or Reason, made laws for mankind.

> There were the Churches, Hospitals, Castles, Palaces,
> Like nets and gins and traps to catch the joys of Eternity,
> And all the rest a desert,
> Till, like a dream, Eternity was obliterated and erasèd. . . .

The Book of Los, of the same year, gives the binding of Urizen by Los, or Time, and the forming of light into an orb, when

> Circling round the dark Demon with howlings
> Dismay, and sharp blightings, the Prophet
> Of Eternity beat on his iron links.

In *Milton,* the poet, divinely gifted, but, according to Blake, succumbing to a mechanical religion of man-made law, is sent to earth with the task of freeing his own imagination, and rescuing Blake's, from the ensnarer, Reason. In *Jerusalem,* Albion, or man, succumbs to the tyrant:

It is the Reasoning Power,
An Abstract objecting power, that negatives everything.
This is the Spectre of Man, the Holy Reasoning Power,
And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation.

. . . . . .

O Human Imagination! O Divine Body I have crucified!
I have turned my back upon thee into the wastes of Moral Law,

laments Albion. At length Albion wakes to vital love, which is true righteousness; and Jerusalem, a woman, symbol of the perfect city and of inspired love, with him enters into life eternal.

So, through the weltering of unachieved creation, of "surging, sulphurous, perturbèd, mad raging," with sound of great blows, of showers of sparks from Titanic anvils, the sight of mighty figures falling, falling, the sense of æons passing, we become aware of that vast spiritual struggle which reaches through the abysses of space. Every remotest region, every outermost verge, is alive with a passion of mental energy, with the might of the soul coming to be. Gleams of supernal light fall on you; you have glorious moments of sharing, but you never watch the whole of the battle; the unthroning of shadowy evil, the binding of shadowy good, are too vast even for him to visualize and dramatize. So grandly true is his meaning that one is always looking for a great creative embodiment of it, but it is not there. The Prophetic Books are neither pure thought nor assured poetic vision; they halt in a limbo between nothingness and creation. One must be content with moments of divine insight, and with the glory of shattered phrases here and there, shining bits, as firm and as celestial as the golden floor of Heaven itself.

Perhaps no known form of poetry, no poetic measure, could fit itself to express what he had to say. It is evident, in reading the Prophetic Books, that Blake hears a music which he does not make audible, is conscious of divine harmonies where, often, we get discord or blank prose. The swift words, which he insisted came through celestial dictation, were temporarily, in the fire of his inspiration, clothed for him in a glory not, alas! enduring. He who successfully evades a law must be follower of a higher law; we care not how "wild and harmonized a tune" any spirit "strike from all the beautiful," so long as it be harmonized, and a tune; Blake's verse, in the Prophetic Books, impresses us as

the work of one who has not more to offer, but less, than he whose work makes certain music. Sharp, pointed, significant aphorisms are there, an occasional verse of great melodic power; but it is strange that he whose lyric work, much of it at least, had such haunting perfectness of melody, should have lost it in these abrupt, prophetic chants.

However unequal to his great message a part of Blake's utterance is, he becomes for us, through study of his life, his verse, his letters, his engravings, more real than the people we have known in the flesh. His own age thought him mad; what but mad could the thinkers of that time count one who said:

> He's a blockhead who wants a proof of what he can perceive.

Now, when the dogmatic rationalism of the eighteenth century has been replaced by the naïve dogmatic materialism of our time, more mad than ever must seem this man who, in the name of the spirit, fiercely denied the existence of the world of matter; who admonished men that they "consider their spiritual life, regardless of that faint shadow called natural life"; who wrote: "Every mortal loss is an immortal gain; the ruins of Time build mansions in Eternity"; who actually believed that "there is none who dies but is bettered by the change," and said: "The door of death is made of gold." In the luxury of life to-day, intensified by great wealth, what term can be found to express the extent of madness in one who dreaded nothing so much as riches, lest he should lose his spiritual riches, saying: "I possess my visions, and peace."

To live thus is not only to triumph gloriously over life and Time, but to serve as prophet, promising victory to others also. In his immediate knowledge of divine things, his overmastering of doubt, his power of inspired assertion, he is one of earth's greatest. From the shock of contact with this bracing and potent idealism, one comes back armed anew for the fight. Mad? Surely not half so mad as the materialist; "he whose face gives no light shall never become a star." If madness means a controlling central conviction, it is well that this be high and sacred; surely Blake, to use his own words, was, his life long,

> A Watcher, and a holy one.

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE LAST OF THE POETS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It has been said of that brilliant genius lately dead, Rupert Brooke, that, "in common with many thinking men of his age, he was in deadly fear of . . . winning fame as a beautiful poet of beautiful themes." It is to be suspected that there are to-day many who, busily following after the strange gods of "the New Poetry," would confidently and a little contemptuously dispose of William Butler Yeats as merely that which Rupert Brooke so desperately feared to become—merely "a beautiful poet of beautiful themes." The typical poet of to-day is chiefly conspicuous for his disdain of the poetical. His contempt for the traditional associations, the traditional materials, of poetry, is deep and immitigable. He himself is brisk, efficient, prosperous. His verse, issued in book-form, runs through several editions in as many months. His aversion to metre is incurable; and like the gentleman in Dickens who passionately disliked soup, he is "adamant" in the matter of rhyme. He chooses to believe that he has discovered "free verse"; and he will tell you that the time has come to "strip poetry of its meaningless tatters of form, and clothe her in new, suitable garments."

For these competent and untroubled beings, such a figure as William Butler Yeats must seem like a phantasmal survivor of a past that is forever dead. "There were moments when poetry ceased to charm others, but never him," says Katharine Tynan, writing of the youthful Yeats in her *Reminiscences*. "I remember one very wet night, after we had

---

[1] *W. B. Yeats: A Critical Study.* By Forrest Reid. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, 1915.

been to a meeting of the Protestant Home Rule Association, when we waited in Westmoreland street for a tram; I in my smart clothes, my high-heeled French shoes, standing in a pool of water; the wind driving the rain as it does only in a sea-bound city; Willie holding the umbrella at an acute and absent-minded angle which could shelter nobody, pouring the while into my ears *The Sensitive Plant.*" Surely this must be the last of the poets!—the poets as we have liked to conceive of them. The modern *vers librist* is far too intelligent to be guilty of the absurdity of quoting Shelley whilst waiting for a street-car in a rain-storm; and doubtless *The Sensitive Plant* would seem to him a little outmoded, anyway.

As a matter of fact, even Mr. Yeats has survived himself; so that we should rather say that he *was,* not "is," the last of the poets. The Yeats of to-day is not the rapturous singer of the late nineties: he is now, as Mr. Forrest Reid observes in his admirable and wholly satisfying study of the poet, "no longer afraid to bring fleas and lice into his verse." It is indeed more than likely that the rather indurated and too cerebral Yeats of 1915 is a little ashamed of the Yeats of 1899—the Yeats of *The Wind Among the Reeds.* Not long ago we asked one who knows him well what the poet was at work upon. "Oh," said he, "Willie is very busy just now trying to keep color out of his verse."

But though Mr. Yeats may have survived himself, he cannot so easily efface the record of that which he was, despite his perturbing habit of tinkering with his earlier work. He is as enamored of new versions as Signor d'Annunzio is of new waistcoats, of which his wardrobe is said to receive interminable accessions. There are, for example, at least three different versions of *The Shadowy Waters,* each one of a poetic value inferior to its predecessor; and the first and surpassing version is not included in the *Collected Works.* Yet this earliest version still exists, of course, for those whose appreciation of it is juster than the author's own; and so it is, happily, with the bulk of his finest work: it survives its alterations, and can yield for us to-day, as it did a score of years ago, delight of a kind which no other body of English verse can quite afford.

It is perfectly true, as Mr. Reid says, that though Yeats has frequently been underrated, he has never yet been overrated. His *Collected Works,* in eight volumes, were issued in 1908; he is by this time fairly entitled to be called a mod-

ern classic; yet where and when has there been adequate recognition of his extraordinary genius?

Doubtless to-day Mr. Reid will be sharply taken to task by many who will be unable to believe that Yeats is as fine a poet as his appreciator says he is. For to the great majority, Yeats is still, very likely, merely the leading figure in the Irish Theatre movement, or is remembered vaguely as the protagonist of the "Celtic Renaissance." Probably there are even some who, hearing the name of the most gifted poet of his time, will ask, like the enquirer in Mr. Zangwill's deathless tale, "What are yeats?"

It is perhaps to be the fate of Mr. Yeats that he will abide among that small clan of geniuses who, by reason of a certain special quality of address, must always be content with an immortality that is divorced from popular fame. It is the destiny of Blake and Meredith and Rossetti—Rossetti the poet; it will be, one would say, the destiny of Loeffler and Debussy and Yeats. In the work of each of these artists there is something secluded, something rare and aloof, that will forever limit the range of their persuasion. This poetry, this music, is "beautiful as a woman who comes from very far." It will live forever in the hearts of some; it can have no life at all in the hearts of many. The appeal of such an artist must always be mysterious: he comes to us, in Pater's words, "like one on a secret errand."

So we find Mr. Yeats to-day: now past his fiftieth year; a fairly copious producer of verse, of prose, of drama, a critic and philosopher, who has already put behind him his *Collected Works*; a writer who has won celebrity without popular fame; a genius who is among the greatest in English poetry.

It is a striking peculiarity of Mr. Yeats's verse that it seems almost always to have sounded like himself. There is in his early verse surprisingly little of Keats or Tennyson or Shelley or Browning or Swinburne—though he did once try an experiment in what Mr. Reid calls "the *Dolores* jingle." There is, on the contrary, a great deal that is wholly his own —as these lines from *The Stolen Child:*

> Where the wave of moonlight glosses
> The dim grey sands with light—

wherein his touch is unmistakable. He seems almost from the first to have found for himself an accent, a turn of speech,

that were personal and unique. His rhythms were his own, his imagery was his own, the emotional color was his own. The eyes that are " dull with the smoke of their dreams "; the trees " dropping old silence "—reading such phrases as these you realize at once that no one but Yeats could have written them: and they are from *The Wanderings of Oisin,* written in his early twenties. And in this flawless lyric from the *Countess Cathleen* volume of 1892, with its grave, subtle, lingering rhythms, its magical simplicity, its rich emotional overtones, its enamoring tonal beauty, you get the essential Yeats, authentic and unmistakable:

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.
And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

The exponents of " the New Poetry " are fond of telling us that it is their mission to free poetry of ornament, of embroidery, of decoration; of the artificiality of rhyme and metre. Well, here is poetry, almost a quarter of a century old, that is as spare, as direct, as unadorned, as unrhetorical, as any that Mr. Edgar Lee Masters can show us,—even though it has not shaken off the ancient superstitions of rhyme and metre.

Such a poem as this is of his finest and most treasurable. Would that he had not been tempted into certain diverting and unprofitable endeavors that have wasted his spiritual and artistic substance!—his preoccupation with occultism, his dabbling in magical lore, in spiritualism; his one-time devotion to the formalism of symbolic speech; and that supremely unfortunate persuasion that he is a playwright rather than a lyric poet. These things have wasted time and vitality. Long ago he said that it might well be " that men are only able to fashion into beautiful shapes the most delicate emotions of the soul, spending their days with a patience like the patience of the Middle Ages in the perfect rounding

of a verse, or the perfect carving of a flower, when they are certain that the soul will not die with the body, and that the gates of peace are wide, and that the watchers are at their places on the wall." One can but wish that he had never foregone so fitting an aspiration. He was never meant to be other than a vehicle of beautiful and passionate utterance,—a lyric voice, predominantly tragical in its burden and in the timbre of its speech. He holds us most enthralled when he is speaking, not parochially of Ireland alone or of its saints and heroes; nor when, in the symbolistic cipher that he has employed at times, he tells us of "Aedh" and "Hanrahan" and the "Horses of Disaster"; but when he speaks to us of the hands and the twilight hair of his beloved; of old griefs; of swallows "flashing their white breasts," and dreaming water-fowl, and the wind among the reeds; of the bitter-sweetness of Autumn days, the pathos and the ecstasy of dawns and sunsets, the shadows of clouds; of desire and despair, terror and weariness, destiny and defeat, love and death. Then, through these lucid and revealing images, we get that which is the philosophic burden of all his singing—a profound and inappeasable longing of the spirit for fulness and serenity of being. He is like certain of the heroes of his prose-tales, who are consumed by "a devouring spiritual fever, and spend their lives in a restless search for impossible experiences or ineffable loves": for an unattainable reconciliation between desire and fulfilment—

> . . . . where are the holy woods
> That can change love to imperishable fire?

The period of his most perfect flowering was the decade between 1890 and 1900. It was in these years that he put forth *The Countess Cathleen* and the lyrics published with it; *The Land of Heart's Desire; The Wind Among the Reeds;* and the first and finest version of *The Shadowy Waters.* If the little that he wrote before, and the much that he has written since, were lost to us beyond recall, we should still possess a body of verse comparatively slight in bulk but immeasurable in value. The sustained and transporting music of this poetry, its haunting beauty and glamour, its dream-like loveliness, its richness of emotional substance,—now gravely ecstatic, now a white flame of rapture,—its austere and faultless art: these things are beyond praise and beyond compare. Here is poetry that is never trite, or ignoble, or otiose; from

which paltriness and triviality and commonness are so remote that we forget to notice and to praise their absence; poetry in which there are no interludes of flatness and banality—in which the imaginative tension is unflaggingly sustained.

It need not be denied that a completely god-like perfection of genius might conceivably have ordered differently certain details of structure: that—to speak bluntly—Mr. Yeats is at times inclined toward what the unsympathetic might call mannerisms of technique. Of such, for example, is his almost hypnotic thralldom to the spell of certain epithets, phrases, images. The irreverent and the ribald might possibly display a slightly languid reaction to Mr. Yeats's predilection for hair that is "dim" and "shadowy," for "cloud-pale eyelids" and "pale brows"; and to the repetitious use of certain favorite verbal *clichés*—as "dream," "white," "old," "wandering," "shining," "wind." Nor is it possible to deny that the vision which looks out upon life through the magic casements of this lovely verse is less broad and inclusive than it is concentrated and intense. But, when all is said, how profoundly moving, how profoundly beautiful, is the art of this poet of our own time!—a poet who, we must believe, will some day stand with Shelley as a consummate master of lyric speech.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT. By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1915.

The study of any branch of human progress can scarcely prove fruitful unless man is regarded as in fact the complex being of flesh and mind and spirit, which he knows, or irresistibly feels himself to be. Partial views of man's nature, which represent him as merely the subject of mechanical or quasi-mechanical forces, may lead to conclusions against which the soul revolts—conclusions, too, which prove disastrous when carried out to their ultimate consequences. But historic study, when it reckons in the spiritual factor, deepens, enlarges, and confirms man's self-knowledge in an indispensable way. To study a matter historically is not to substitute science for conscience and common sense: it is to supplement the conscience and common sense of the individual through knowledge of the experience of the race; and however rightly the scientist or metaphysician may question the reality of certain fundamental moral conceptions, the necessity of these to thought and to orderly action appears in history even more clearly than it does in the individual life. It is because David Jayne Hill unites with much historical learning a conception of human nature that is sound and complete that his treatise, *The People's Government,* is one of the very few books in which simplicity and profundity are at one.

The first conception which emerges from a study of the development of civilization is that of the State as an embodiment of force. Very clearly the author shows how of necessity this conception arose and how in accordance with purely material laws it has persisted in disguised or in frankly recognized forms. Openly avowed in *The Prince* of Machiavelli, the doctrine is merely masked in the writings of Jean Bodin, whose philosophy is still current. The theory of absolutism sought the protection of religion and invented the dogma of divine right. For the divine right of kings the French Revolution merely substituted the divine right of the people. *Votre Majesté* became *Votre Majorité,* but the underlying conception of sovereignty remained substantially unchanged. "Between the conception of the State entertained by Louis XIV and that of the

leaders of the French Revolution there was not the slightest difference. *L'état c'est moi* could be said as truly by the one as by the other."

The origin and history of the idea of absolutism strongly suggests that the prevalence of this notion is to be explained by the working of a natural law: and so it is—but by natural law of a purely material sort. Though the tendency practically to identify might with right is constant and natural, it does not follow that we are its helpless victims. "War with wild beasts," writes the author, "the conflicts over the possession of their remains—these formed the first hard school in which the science of politics learned its A, B, C, and for long ages all its literature was spelled in the runic letters first traced by the primitive weapons of the stone age upon the field of battle." But are we to conclude that the history of the State can never be written in other characters? To do so is as illogical as to refuse to take the step which evolutionary theory requires us to take from unconsciousness to consciousness in the development of human life. And it is to ignore a significant part of the teachings of history. "Historically as well as theoretically, it is through their own thoughts as well as by brute force that men have been governed. Behind the reasoning there has always gleamed the glaive, but even the naked sword has made its appeal to reason." For the human mind can never remain satisfied with any pretext or theory which identifies power with authority.

Analyzing the State as a human ideal, Dr. Hill proceeds to show that the conception of authority cannot rest upon that of power; but that it depends ultimately upon "one of the most immediate universal and indisputable of human intuitions—the distinction between right and wrong." Its basis is not personal but impersonal; not mechanical but spiritual. This fundamental truth proves amazingly clarifying and fertile. To grasp it fully is to wake from the nightmare of metaphysical perplexity and to find oneself sane; it is to recover that reverence for law which is as old as the days of Socrates and as uncommon now as it was then. From this axiomatic truth—a truth without which we can neither think clearly nor act to good purpose—the author derives the principle that the law is based not upon any divinely conferred power of the State or of the people, but upon mutual obligation. Thus, for a principle quasi-religious or pseudo-scientific is substituted one that is both spiritual and indisputably real. It is not until one reaches Dr. Hill's chapter upon "The Law as Mutual Obligation" that one realizes how sound and thorough has been the preceding analysis. For here the author's fundamental conception of law proves its worth by affording a sound and satisfactory definition of inherent rights, and in particular, by dissipating the perplexities which have gathered around the idea of property. It is used, too, with equally enlightening effect to set in their true perspective the value of the fundamental law and the

duties of the citizen, both as law-maker and as subject to the law.

Much that is sound and deeply pondered has been written by various competent and sincere thinkers with a similar end in view —the end of establishing democracy upon sure principles and of proving the permanent value of our American institutions. It is doubtful, however, if any study so penetrating, so immediately convincing, so free from philosophic objections, as this of David Jayne Hill's has heretofore been given to the public. Though the author makes no attempt to solve in detail problems which must for a long time to come puzzle the conscience and the reason of the American people, it is not too much to say that he has marked out that road from which the wayfarer, though a fool, need not stray.

THE AMERICAN ARMY. By William Harding Carter, Major General, United States Army. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1915.

No doubt many Americans have been guilty in the past of a certain excess of complacency regarding our national valor and the security of our country from aggression—a state of mind coupled in some cases with an attitude of indifference, if not of contempt, toward the American Army. Upon the subject of preparedness, however, the European war has startled us wide awake. Popular sentiment in favor of reasonable preparation for possible war is now probably even stronger than the many surface indications show. But what is reasonable preparation? Leaving out of account the moral fervor of the extreme militarists and of the extreme peace-advocates, what military policy and method may we best choose? These are questions that thousands of American citizens are earnestly asking. As a nation, we are in a mood to welcome authentic and detailed information regarding our army, and to give careful heed to the soberly thought-out conclusions of responsible experts.

It is likely, therefore, that Major General William Harding Carter's recently published book, *The American Army*, will receive more nearly the amount of attention it deserves than would have been the case if it had been issued in less disquieting times; and it is fortunate that just now so sound and rational a book is available. It should be said at once that this thoroughly informed and methodical treatise is by no means excessively warlike in tone. It has nothing in common with such violent flagellations of national overconfidence as Homer Lea's *The Valor of Ignorance*, and the author appears to be a less aggressive militarist than even so sane an advocate of strong armaments as the late Admiral Mahan. Nor is General Carter's account of the present condition of our military affairs designed to be especially alarming. On the contrary, it is reassuring.

In the first place, the book gives reason for satisfaction in the present organization and personnel of our regular army, properly emphasizing the notable efficiency with which many varied and difficult tasks have been performed and bringing to notice departments of work concerning which little is generally known. In the second place—and here lies the special merit of the treatise—it points out for the future a policy that is reasonably consistent with the past, consonant with common sense, and in harmony with the ideals of a great democracy.

After demonstrating in brief though sufficiently convincing fashion the improbability of the supposition that the generally peaceful disposition of this country will invariably keep it out of war, and the folly of the belief that defenselessness is a safeguard against aggression, General Carter proceeds to define the lessons which we have learned—or ought to have learned—from the past. The result reveals a remarkable consensus of opinion from the time of Washington and Hamilton down to the days of Taft and Wilson. We ought to nationalize our forces; we should no longer attempt to make war as a federation of forty-eight States. The basis of our defense should be a Federal army of regulars and volunteers under the direct control of the President. The militia of the States should be composed of men enlisting with the distinct agreement that their services should not be called for otherwise than as provided in the Constitution. Moreover, the term of enlistment for volunteers should be, in time of peace, two years, this period to be extended in case of war to three years, or the duration of the war. These are the lessons of the Revolutionary War and of the Civil War; they are also the chief lessons of the war with Spain.

Fundamentally, then, General Carter's book is a plea for a well-organized volunteer system as opposed to the present plan which makes the militia practically our sole reliance apart from the regular army. "The organized militia," writes the author, in justifiable italics, "as yet *is the only available military force other than the regulars, with any training whatever; but the error of the whole situation, and one needing immediate remedy, lies in the attempt to nationalize the militia of the States and yet retain it under control of the governors until actually in the service of the United States during war*, and then to continue the appointment and promotion of officers in the hands of the governors." Up to the present, the efforts made to insure the nationalization of State troops in time of war have brought no satisfactory results; nor does there appear to be any real hope of patching up a system that is essentially illogical and cumbersome. As an illustration of the embarrassments at present attending the mobilization of our land forces, may be cited the law, which provides that only after the organized land militia of any arm or class shall have been called into service may volunteers of that particular arm or class be raised. Since for service beyond

our borders the militia cannot be called but must volunteer, it is evident that, in the case for example of a war with Mexico, the President would be obliged to wait until each militia organization had decided whether three-fourths of the minimum number prescribed as the strength of that particular unit would volunteer, before calling out volunteers of similar arms or classes.

First among the objections to the militia system as a mainstay stand the limitations defined by the Constitution upon the employment of this force—limitations which heavily discount its usefulness except for the manning of coast defenses, a service for which it is both needed and eminently fit. But this is not all. A practical disadvantage of a sort unlikely to occur to a layman, and one that cannot well be removed by any legislative makeshift, is found in the fact that there is an inevitable lack of proportion in the distribution of State troops among the various branches of the service. Militia in the future as in the past will consist mainly of infantry; cavalry and artillery to balance this defect must be supplied by the regular army, with the result that the organization of the latter "can never be based upon its use as a complete field army, for it must always comprise an undue proportion of cavalry, field artillery, and special branches to balance the infantry of the citizen soldiery." A further reason for preferring the system of organized Federal volunteers—the system that seems in outline the simplest, the most direct in action, the freest from objections of all sorts—is that it would remove those inequalities of taxation which arise from the fact that some States maintain miniature armies, while others go to the opposite extreme.

As one peruses General Carter's many-sided discussion, the conviction grows that our present plan of reliance upon militia and upon levies of untrained volunteers enlisted after war has been declared is dangerously inadequate. The author concludes—and it is not easy to find a genuine point of disagreement with him—that a force of Federal volunteers should be created as a supplement to the regular army and maintained both in peace and in war. "The batteries, troops, companies, battalions, and regiments, of the Federal volunteers should be organized in Congressional districts and in such numbers as may be proportionally and equitably allotted by the President, the total force not to exceed the strength authorized by Congress, and the officers of such organizations to be appointed by the President. . . . All laws providing for the use of the militia in conflict with the Constitution, as interpreted by the Attorney-General of the United States, should be formally repealed and no further attempts made to provide for the use of the national guard and organized militia for general war purposes. It should be clearly understood that those who desire to serve in war without regard to State or National borders must attach themselves to the Federal volunteers." There appears to be nothing

revolutionary in these propositions; on the contrary, the plan outlined seems to be in obvious accord with the Constitution and with the spirit of our Government. It does not savor of militarism; it does savor of common sense.

Apart from obvious general considerations of efficiency and ease in operation, there are aspects of military policy that can only be understood through a somewhat careful examination of detailed facts. Among these is the matter of economy. One of the principal objections to short-term enlistments is the increased expenditures to which they give rise in the form of pensions—a fact of which the experience of the Government immediately after the close of the war with Spain furnishes regrettable but convincing proof. The fault, however, is not all with human nature, but in major part with a system which inevitably results in relative injustice if it does not lend itself to fraud. The author's analysis of this subject leads to an important conclusion which is backed by reason and by army records: "One man enlisted for three years furnishes but one probable pensioner, and his services will be far more valuable than those of six men called in for six months, each of whom may become a pensioner. The three-months' men might, and probably would, in the same period furnish twelve pensioners." General Carter does not, of course, urge a policy of heartless parsimony; he merely contends that, if lavish expenditure is necessary, it may be applied to better advantage in preparing for war than in repairing a needless waste after the war is over.

Another question upon which statistics throw a rather striking light is that of reserves. It is surprising to find that under the new system of long enlistments, with part of the service in the reserves, it will be many years before any considerable number of reservists will be accumulated; yet when the number of men discharged in one year from an average body of regulars by expiration of service is compared with the number whose connection with the organization is severed in some other way during the same period, the truth of this proposition becomes manifest.

Of only slightly less interest to the general reader than his discussions of general policy are General Carter's accounts of more technical matters—his review of army administration and of army command, his sketch of the history and work of the General Staff Corps, his recommendations for the creation and maintenance of an "expeditionary force" to serve as a model tactical unit and school of practice, for the formation of a body of "colonial troops," and for the establishment of regimental depots to pass trained men into the ranks of organizations employed in active campaign. On the one hand, it is instructive to observe the manner in which we have "muddled through" in attaining the degree of military efficiency of which we can now justly boast; on the other hand, it is surprising to learn what a mass of experience and expert opinion

lies back of the modest proposals for change which the author urges.

General Carter's book possesses very little of the facile interest of a popular magazine article. Far from being sensational or overemphatic, it errs if at all in the direction of an excessive fulness and circumspection of statement, which tend to diminish the force of its effect upon the casual reader. The author, too, while he never indulges in technicality to the point of obscurity, perhaps takes for granted more familiarity with the problems of the army than most laymen possess. His book requires some study for its proper understanding, but it will amply repay the time and attention spent upon it, by putting the reader in possession of authentic facts and an instructive point of view.

GERMAN CULTURE. Edited by Professor W. P. Paterson of Edinburgh University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

It is a curious phenomenon of the times that a book so encyclopedic in scope and method, so entirely impartial in tone and unrhetorical in style as the symposium upon German culture to which a number of British scholars under the editorship of Professor Paterson have contributed, should be produced at this time with a view to enlightening public opinion. In contents the book is admirable, allowance being made for the great extent of the subject-matter treated and the narrowness of the space to which the authors are confined. The introductory historical sketch, "Germany and Prussia," by Richard Lodge, professor of history in the University of Edinburgh, is a model of clear narration, of wise selection and emphasis. With the skill and breadth of view requisite to make a broad survey instructive, A. D. Lindsay, Fellow and Tutor in Balliol College, Oxford, outlines the characteristics of German philosophy. Professor J. Arthur Thomson of the University of Aberdeen in discussing the question, "What Science Owes to German Investigators," writes in effect a brief and extraordinarily compact history of modern science. His account is necessarily of somewhat restricted interest, and indeed comes measurably near to being a mere catalogue of names and achievements; but it attains the end of strict impartiality through its comprehensiveness and its conscientious detail. Each of the articles composing the volume is, in fact, a triumph in the art of telling much in little. German Literature is dealt with by John Lees, lecturer on German in the University of Aberdeen; German Art, by G. Baldwin Brown, professor of Fine Arts in the University of Edinburgh; German Music, by D. F. Tovey, Reid Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh; German Education, by Michael E. Sadler, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds; the political and economic aspects of German nationalism, by D. H. McGregor, professor of Political Economy in the Univer-

sity of Leeds; German Religion and Theology, by W. P. Paterson, professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. In no case are these discourses imbued with controversial passion, and in every instance their point of view is that of the broadest scholarship. Slightly more critical in method than the rest, and of greater practical interest, is Mr. Sadler's article upon the strength and weakness of German education—a well considered analysis, contrasting the much lauded and undoubtedly effective German mode of systematic instruction with the English training, which lays relatively more stress upon the formation of individual judgment and character.

The conclusion which emerges from all this is, of course, that, while German contributions to knowledge, literature, art, and life, have been notably large and of very great value, Germany can properly claim no marked superiority in culture over other civilized nations. Considering the difficult nature of the task which the authors of *German Culture* have imposed upon themselves their success is remarkable. The obvious comment upon the book is that, apart from its usefulness in subjecting extreme German pretensions to the test of cold analysis, there is no special reason why any one should desire the particular body of highly condensed information which it supplies.

THE WEALTH AND INCOME OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Willford Isbell King. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Intelligent citizenship has come to demand an understanding of many things. In particular it calls for something like accurate knowledge of the facts underlying those economic conditions concerning which so many questions are asked and so many assertions are made. Is population increasing faster than wealth and income? Is the apparent increase in the wealth of our country merely an illusion arising from fluctuations in the supply of the medium of exchange? Has the increase in riches, if real, been distributed to all classes of the population, or have the benefits been confined to a few? Are the landlords, the capitalists, the captains of industry, or the wage earners, receiving the principal share of the gain? Such questions as these, often passionately debated, can be profitably discussed only upon a basis of truth determined by statistical inquiry.

Unfortunately the facts available for arriving at conclusions regarding the wealth and income of the people of the United States are rather meagre. Dr. King, however, has thoroughly canvassed the field, and he has used such care to reduce the percentage of possible error in his calculations that he is justified in claiming for his conclusions at least approximate truth. His study covers in a

general way a period of sixty years, beginning with 1850, and it becomes more detailed as the number and accuracy of the available records increase.

Through the clearness with which he defines fundamental ideas, through the skill with which he formulates and analyzes the really significant questions, as well as through his expertness as a trained statistician, the author is able to elucidate his subject with uncommon conciseness and freedom from ambiguity. Statistical tables and graphs on many pages strikingly sum up the results of long and careful investigation, here confirming and there contradicting popular notions. Nor is the treatise lacking in the broader kind of discussion. In every inquiry about wealth and income the real crux of the question is the inequality of distribution which is thought to be extreme and which is attributed to many different causes. That this inequality, reduced to terms of per cent., is even greater than it is popularly supposed to be is strikingly shown by Dr. King's tables and diagrams. The author, moreover, admits the feasibility of bringing about by law at least a partial redistribution. But concerning the effect of this, he has something to tell us which may well serve as a corrective to over-enthusiastic dreams of reform. If the utmost feasible redistribution were made—if the Government taxed away all rent and turned the proceeds to the benefit of labor; if one-fourth of all profits were also diverted to the benefit of employees—the income of the average wage-earner would not be increased in purchasing power by more than one-fourth. "After all," declares the author, "the Classical Economists were right in emphasizing the side of production in contradistinction to that of distribution. Nature refuses to yield her bounty except in return for effort expended. Demands for higher wages have never yet unlocked her storehouses." It seems plain, at any rate, that if we look for a universal prosperity not based fundamentally upon increasing the national income, we must go the whole length of the way with Mr. Scott Nearing, and affirm that "interest is wrong"—a thesis which Dr. King as an orthodox economist does not for a moment seriously consider. Poverty, indeed, should go—on that point the author is emphatic, and he believes that the next hundred years should see it practically eradicated from the American domain. But the remedies, in his opinion, lie not in legislation designed to secure a more equable distribution of income, but rather in the restriction of immigration and in the lowering of the birth-rate.

Apart from certain conclusions of this nature—conclusions somewhat too broad in their implications to be satisfactorily established by statistical methods, though of undeniable weight—Dr. King's treatise will prove of great value as a book for study and reference, containing clear-cut definitions of current problems and a quantity of well-reasoned statistical information that will not be found elsewhere.

THE COLLEGE AND THE FUTURE. Edited by Richard Rice, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

The plan of placing in the hands of college students books of selected essays as a basis for exercises in composition has proved, on the whole, very satisfactory. The volume which Richard Rice, Jr., has prepared for this purpose has the advantage at least of a definite plan of thought-development. Instead of relying for interest and educational effect upon a miscellaneous collection of essays chosen for their stimulating quality and their close relation to life, Mr. Rice aims to lead the student on from narrower to wider fields. Beginning with some essays on the art of writing, continuing with discourses upon various phases of college life and concluding with brief treatises upon such subjects as "The Discovery of the Future" and "The Unity of Human Nature," the book gives no small glimpse into modern literature and thought. Among the authors whose works are employed are: Thomas Hughes, William James, Woodrow Wilson, Simon Newcombe, John Henry Newman, Theodore Roosevelt, Robert Louis Stevenson, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, William de Witt Hyde, and Alexander Meiklejohn. Such a collection as Mr. Rice has made of first-rate literary material—material chosen, moreover, with a teacher's understanding of what is likely to hold the attention of undergraduates—cannot fail to serve a good purpose. Viewing the book as a whole, however, one is inclined to wonder whether the selections are sufficiently representative—whether a certain sacrifice of strength and importance in the individual articles has not been made for the sake of the progressive scheme to which the editor is attached. Good and enlightening as are the essays used, it seems that a stronger, if not a better arranged series might be compiled.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

"THE TRAGEDY OF MEXICO"

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger)

COLONEL HARVEY, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has a different conception of loyalty and patriotism than that which would silence every criticism of national policy, especially when it has proved so disastrous to the national honor and the national interests as in the case of President Wilson's method of dealing with the Mexican muddle. It does not help a bad situation to conceal the facts, and plain speaking in the one case may and should lead to more circumspection in dealings with another. It is not an arraignment of the honor and good intentions of an executive to point out fatal errors in his policy, or the disastrous results of those mistakes. The facts about Mexico are plain to all the world, and an ostrich-like procedure in dealing with a question still far from adjustment is neither helpful nor wise.

There can be little doubt, as Colonel Harvey points out, that this Government is directly responsible for much of the misery that has overtaken the Mexican people, and the force of his arraignment is intensified by the knowledge that he speaks as President Wilson's political godfather. It was Harvey's insistent advocacy which first made Professor Wilson a "political possibility," and he speaks of his protégé with first-hand knowledge and condemns his course more in sorrow than in anger. His marshalling of the facts is pitiless in its completeness and its logic, and his conclusions that the President has been vacillating and inconsistent in all his dealings with Mexico, that his warfare directed at Huerta was unjustified, and his ruthless abandonment of Americans south of the Rio Grande was in violation of every principle of national honor and justice are completely justified by the facts.

Colonel Harvey contends that the President of the United States had no moral or legal right to say who shall or shall not be President of Mexico, and that his whole procedure subsequent to his determination to drive Huerta from his place has been lacking in consistency or coherence. And all present indications point to the correctness of his supposition that the Administration is planning to deal with Carranza just as it dealt with Huerta, a course utterly contradictory of the President's own declaration at Indianapolis when he specifically washed his hands of responsibility for Mexico and its internal affairs. It had been far better, heartless though it was, had he adhered to that determination, but his action in putting arms into the hands of the Mexican bandits was far more heartless, for its immediate result was a flood of bloodshed and utter destruction of the hopes that centered about Carranza.

Nobody desires to minimize the difficulties of the position, and it is not easy to outline a policy for the Administration that would have produced better results, for the very good reason that the President and his advisors alone possessed the full information upon which any national policy could be based. But the mistakes are too evident to be concealed, and no useful purpose will be served by seeking to conceal them. A full exposure, made in the right spirit, ought to be a service to the nation and to the Administration. Little can be hoped for from a President and Cabinet, as Colonel Harvey aptly puts it, who—

"Promise, pause, prepare, postpone,
And end by leaving things alone."

But it is the profound hope of every patriotic American that the President and his Cabinet will profit by past failures, and that a policy can be framed and applied which, with or without the assistance of the Central and South American States, will ultimately bring order and peace to the distracted people of Mexico.

THE FORSAKING OF AMERICANS

(*From the Boston Herald*)

Senator Lodge spoke in part as follows:

"I shall not rehearse the story of those dealings with Mexico, but merely say briefly that the Administration neither refrained from interference in Mexico nor interfered effectively. It intervened sufficiently to do infinite harm and not sufficiently to do any good. We did not make war on Mexico, but we did make war on an individual, Gen. Huerta. If you have not all read Col. Harvey's remarkable and brilliant article, entitled 'The Tragedy of Mexico,' which appears in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for September, I strongly advise you to do so. I wish every man and woman in the United States would read that article. You will there find an account of what Col. Harvey calls 'our sixth foreign war,' waged against Gen. Huerta.

"It was Mr. Bryan who proposed that the United States should go into the banking business, and on a large scale, in order to develop trade with the countries to the south of us, and in the same breath they say that the property of Americans lawfully in a foreign country is entitled to no protection because it is in a foreign country. This is a wholly novel doctrine and deserves the careful consideration of the American people.

"But they have gone further than this. As I have said, several hundred Americans have been murdered in Mexico. No indemnity has been paid and no murderer, except in rare instances, has been punished, although a promise of reparation has been freely given. They have paid indemnity to Germany for Germans who have been killed or wronged or outraged, but nothing to us.

"Are the American people ready to submit to this proposition, that they are to have no protection from their Government if they go outside the borders of the United States and are lawfully in another country?

"It is an abandonment of the doctrine held and enforced by every civilized country, great and small, and no country has been more jealous of the rights of its citizens hitherto than the United States. No country ought to be more jealous of these rights. We have a great body of naturalized citi-

zens, drawn from many countries. They are just as fully entitled to protection as the native born, and they need it more when they go beyond the borders of the United States upon their rightful business, because they are more exposed to the invasion of their rights as citizens than those who are citizens by birth. And yet this Administration, in Mexico, has deliberately taken the ground that the right of an American to his property in a foreign land does not exist, and that he may esteem himself fortunate if he can escape with his life.

"This goes much farther than Mexico. It reaches into our relations with all the nations of the earth. Are we prepared to say to the world that we will not extend our protection to our citizens; that when they go beyond our borders they may be outraged, wronged and robbed, and even murdered, with impunity? I do not believe that the American people are ready to accept any such doctrine. I believe they will stand for the rights of American citizens abroad, as well as at home, for which they went to war in 1812 and which they have always sustained. Do not forget that these obligations are reciprocal.

"We are bound, as citizens of the United States, to obey its laws, to support it in peace and defend it in war. If we are so bound, then is the Government which we support and defend equally bound to protect and defend us?

"Such a doctrine as that put forward by this Administration as to Americans in Mexico strikes at the very roots of national honor, of national existence, of national self-respect."

DR. CLARK IS SHOCKED

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

It must suffice here to say that for comprehension, inclusiveness, particularity and precision of details, and severity of condemnation, no indictment of President Wilson's Mexican policy has been framed, so far as we know, that is comparable with this one. The blows of Mr. Roosevelt's bludgeon may have been more brutal, but not much more wounding than those of Mr. Harvey's finer, friendly, and faithful flagellation. Without attempting any full report of this castigation, which we neither enjoy nor approve, a few sentences and phrases will serve to indicate the severity of it: "Fatuous and futile vacillation" is the summary phrase, and then in detail:

"His backing and filling, his repeated intervening without making his interference effectual, his alternating laying and lifting of embargoes, his vague threatenings promptly rendered abortive by assurances that he would not employ force, his subsequent using of the army and navy upon an absurd pretext, only to withdraw them at the moment when a restraining influence was most needed, his petulant defying of public journals which were only performing their duty, his prospective chuckling as the one who laughs last, his cynical abandoning of both Mexicans and Americans to their fate because, forsooth, Europeans also were spilling blood, his strident pledging to leave the tortured country alone and to compel all others to do likewise, only to resume meddling as soon as a disfavored faction seemed likely to gain ascendancy."

Soothing assurances of "excellent intentions and sincere purposes" are interspersed that call to mind the refrain of Marc Antony's famous oration.

"Yet Brutus was an honorable man!"

Less soothing is the explanation given by friend Harvey of the "President's blundering," that is, "his misconception of his own functions," his assumed "attitude of one divinely appointed to conserve humanity in new and striking way," his forgetfulness "that he was a quite fallible and far from omnipotent being, who in reality had only been elected President of the United States charged with the performance of certain official tasks specifically defined by fundamental law." Editor Harvey concludes his article by advising our Government to turn over this whole business to the more competent envoys of South America, and, in retiring, shoots this Parthian arrow:

"But if stubborn pride shall prevent the adoption of this simple, manly, generous and wholly practicable proposal, we can but look forward with dole and shame to continuance of the miseries already inflicted upon a people whom we would 'serve as friends' by a President and cabinet who—

'Promise, pause, prepare, postpone,
And end by leaving things alone.'"

Mr. Harvey has exercised his unquestionable right and privilege, by public "criticism and advice" to try and turn governmental action from what he believes to be a wrong course into the right one. Indeed, his article is an illustrious example of that right and privilege. We disclaim any purpose or desire to endorse the justice, wisdom or propriety of either his criticism or advice. Believing that a wiser course of action than that pursued by the Government towards Mexico might and should have been taken, we are inclined to believe that such would have been the case had Mr. Lansing instead of Mr. Bryan been the President's secretary from the beginning. When a certain old acquaintance of us all was somehow induced to "jump into a bramberry bush," he extricated himself from that predicament with great difficulty and with eyesight temporarily and considerably impaired.

On the whole, Colonel Harvey's article is not pleasant to read. Gentler measures of correction are preferable, especially from a friend. Both the rebukes and the patience of personal or political friendship have their limitations, and if such are the faithful wounds of a friend, what would be those inflicted by an enemy?

WHAT TO DO?

(*From the Baltimore Sun*)

The initial blunder, according to Colonel Harvey, was the refusal of the Administration to recognize Huerta's Government, and he shows a whole brood of ills that were hatched out by that refusal. But is anyone prepared to say what would have happened if Huerta had been recognized? He went into office with his hands imbrued with the blood of his predecessor, or at least the Administration was convinced that it was so. Suppose Wilkes Booth had been supported by an army and after murdering the President had set himself up as President in Lincoln's place, would any civilized government have recognized him? It is true that Huerta did not murder Madero with his own hands, but in Washington his guilty participation in the crime was regarded as certain. The Colonel also condemns the officials of the Government for their arrest and imprisonment of Huerta in a com-

mon jail when he was heading for Mexico. The capture and occupation of Vera Cruz are criticized and the cost estimated at millions, besides the lives that were lost. "Under Huerta," the article says, "American lives were safe and American properties secure, but from the moment when we substituted anarchy for government both lives and property became the prey of the bandits let loose." "It is known," he adds, "that hundreds of Americans have been murdered and that properties aggregating more than $1,000,000,000 have been confiscated or destroyed." While our people have been sending food into Mexico to feed the starving, the official figures show that food in great quantities has been exported to pay for rifles and cartridges bought in this country to be used, perhaps, against our own people, and in any event to be used to continue the work of slaughter at home."

The bitterest condemnation is upon the announcement in an interview by Secretary Daniels that our citizens in Mexico are there at their own risk and that neither their lives nor property would be under the protection of our Government. Colonel Harvey quotes this interview and contrasts it with the historic policy of our Government as expressed by Marshall, by Evarts, by Bayard, by President Wilson himself. "Nobody," says the Colonel, "has ventured and none would now venture to question the excellence of the President's intentions."

It is vastly easy to criticize, and far more difficult to propose something better. Colonel Harvey does propose a plan. It is for the United States to abandon its plain duty toward Mexico and turn the whole business of pacification over to the South American envoys, with the assurance that we might support any proper plan they might devise. The South American envoys are in mortal dread of making a precedent which might be used some time against their own countries. Therefore, to turn over the whole business to them would be a pretty sure way of having nothing done. That suggestion is in line with the activities of the circumlocution office, "How not to do it."

Intervention in Mexico is not with us any longer a matter of principle, but of expediency. We have as much right to intervene in Mexico as in Haiti or Cuba. The President may have made mistakes. It would be remarkable if, amid his perplexities, he has not. But the responsibility is on him. He has more accurate information of conditions than Colonel Harvey has. And in any event a war with Mexico would be a costly business in more ways than one. It is estimated that it would engage 500,000 soldiers and continue through years. We may have to come to it, or something like it, but we should exhaust every other means of settlement first. The practical question at present is not whether mistakes have been made in the past, but what we should do now, and that is what most of the critics refuse to tell us.

A PROBLEM OF OUR OWN MAKING

(*From the Chester Times*)

Colonel George Harvey has written in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW the best informed and most comprehensive review of our blundering Mexican policy that has appeared in print. It is so crushing an indictment of the conduct of our war with Mexico—for we have been, in fact, at war with our neighbor since we landed troops at Vera Cruz—that the Colonel should

have declined the invitation to be satirical about it. The statement of facts, from the day, more than two years ago, when the President set out to get Huerta, is in itself the condemnation of the Administration's course; and Colonel Harvey has special license to call up the contradictory orders of the President, his repeated mistakes in judgment, the testimony to his refusal to understand, for Harvey stated two years ago precisely what the alternate shiftiness and stubbornness of the President would lead to.

"Mexico is starving and without a government." This is the fruit of Wilson idealism, which he sought to enforce by unprecedented means. Concede the deep sincerity of the President in an effort to give Mexico a just and popular government; the fruit of it is anarchy, where understanding would have brought order at least.

There is Harveyized irony in the suggested remedy for the anæmic policy of the Administration which has let Mexico become, not merely by our consent, but by our active intervention, worse than Belgium. The REVIEW proposes that Mr. Wilson confess his failure and his ineptitude to repair it:

"If our Government would now turn over the whole business of settlement to the more competent, more sympathetic, racially related and fully trusted envoys from South America, with assurance of our unqualified support of any plan which we must not of necessity disapprove, there is a fair probability that peace could be restored to our bleeding and starving neighbors whom we, however unwittingly, have so grievously wronged."

We shall not escape responsibility for the disaster we have caused so easily. There has been destruction of lives of Americans, Germans, English and Spaniards, and of property in value exceeding a billion dollars. The President may be ready to forgive the Mexicans their slaughter of American lives and destruction of American property. The English, Germans and Spaniards won't. They will demand reparation and they will look to us to see that they get it, the alternative being their own intervention in Mexico to compel payment.

That is the problem of our own making we must face and solve. As there is validity to the claims and as the Mexicans assuredly won't admit them, it may quite likely become necessary for us to do in Mexico what we have done in the Island of Haiti: Take command of the customs houses and manage the national finances. If Wilson has been all along determined that Mexico should have no government at all until it had one that suited him he should have taken the custom houses two years ago.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

(*From the Bloomington Pantagraph*)

Present conditions in Mexico seem to justify much of this criticism. President Wilson has been conspicuously successful in handling the European situation, but his policy or lack of policy in reference to Mexico can hardly be termed anything less than a tragic failure. The attitude of this country toward Mexico has tended to increase rather than to diminish the disorganization which has prevailed in that country for years, and present conditions give no promise of improvement. However good his intentions, President Wilson's Mexican policy has utterly failed to "serve Mexico" or to "serve mankind."

AN ASTOUNDING REVIEW

(*From the New York Sun*)

The whole story of watchful waiting with regard to Mexico and the entire spectrum of the psychology of President Wilson as disclosed by the policy of watchful waiting are discussed in characteristic style by the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in the number of that publication which appears to-day. We print a good summary of it. It is a review that must astound even the reviewer himself when he puts his pen aside and begins to reflect on the ultimate impact of responsibility.

"AMERICA FIRST!"

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

"America First!" This motto, in which President Wilson summed up our whole duty, for the present at least, is the text from which Editor Harvey preaches a stirring discourse, urging that action be suited to the word. It is not a mild discourse, to say the least. The preacher literally expounds the text, pounds the pulpit and makes the dust fly from its cushions, in the good, old, hammer-and-tongs fashion. It is Boanerges, a son of thunder, speaking, and forgetful, at times, that nothing is gained by extravagance of expression. It is to be hoped that President Wilson, upon whom the preacher evidently has his eyes fastened and his oratory aimed, will enjoy and profit by this discourse, especially that part of it in which, after quoting the President at some length, Mr. Harvey makes bold to say:

"'It sounds well,' once remarked Grover Cleveland, reflectively, of an address by a college professor, 'what do you suppose he means by it?'"

We are reminded of Emerson's remark to one in some fury of contention, "Why so hot, my little man?" and of the colored brother—also preacher—who announced his purpose in the sermon of the morning, "to explain the unexplainable and to unscrew the inscrutable things." Somehow we do not find Editor Harvey at his best in this rather unguarded and slashing paper, which, however, will make a good many of his readers fairly chortle with joy. Indeed, it must be difficult for Mr. Harvey to maintain a reasonable and becoming modesty in view of the flood of praise which pours in upon him through the mail. And it must be conceded that his REVIEW is remarkably bright, able, and readable.

(*From the London Globe*)

No more dignified and sincere presentation of the position of the United States in regard to Germany has yet appeared than Colonel Harvey's article in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, from which we publish extracts to-day. Hyphenated Americans and Germans *pur sang* need occasionally to be reminded that the citizens of the great Republic are not exclusively concerned with the points at issue between Germany and the Allies. They are also citizens of no mean State, and as such concerned with their own national honor and interest. "America first," declares Colonel Harvey, and he does well to remind his countrymen that the United States has never before been "treated so contemptuously." "Watchful waiting," he admits, may be largely responsible for "a misapprehension that may prove to be fateful." The United States, Colonel Harvey points out forcibly, can no longer humiliate its envoys by compelling them to represent abroad a Power

which "defies and derides their own country," nor can it extend its hospitality to the Kaiser's Minister. It would be for Germany to determine whether such diplomatic action spelt war.

WATCHING AND PRAYING

(*From the Western Methodist*)

In the August NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, under the caption, "America First," and the sub-caption, "Suit the Action to the Word," the editor, Col. George Harvey, who is nothing if he is not dramatic and flamboyant, reviews President Wilson's diplomatic correspondence with Germany, and, while approving, insists that our nation is now at the parting of the ways. "One path points to honor and self-respect, the other to obloquy and shame; one to maintenance of free democracy, the other to craven submission to arrogant monarchy; one to *America First* in reality as well as in words, the other to *America Last* in the consideration of their own Government." His suggestion would lead to severance of diplomatic relations with Germany, and then almost certainly to war. He deprecates the idea of reminding the President of his responsibilities, and yet puts pressure to bear upon the President to take the fateful step that would almost inevitably lead to war. He correctly charges this awful war to Autocracy, and yet would have our President, deliberately playing the part of an autocrat, plunge our country, willy-nilly, into the bloody maelstrom. Without any blustering about bravery, we confess that there are occasions when we feel like fighting, when it would be easier to fight than to refrain, but Christian wisdom must dictate our course. Ours is not yet a Christian nation, but it behooves us to seek Christ's principles and apply them so that we may become Christian.

LOOKING TO THE END

(*From the Washington News*)

In THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Col. George Harvey, reviewing the first ten months of the war, reaffirmed the position he had taken last September, when he said that, though it were almost inconceivable that Germany would ultimately triumph, the end was still far distant and fraught with gloom and uncertainty for the Allies.

Colonel Harvey, with his usual keen foresight, has stated the case in a manner that meets with the general concurrence of the American public. Regardless of what the participating Powers may hope or believe, America, standing off and judging from an impartial perspective, cannot see the dawn of peace, nor any prospect of an early conclusion being reached.

The end of the first year of the war finds the advantage all with the Teutonic Allies. Neither in the east nor the west has the foot of an enemy been placed on German soil. France's fond hope of reclaiming the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine are farther than ever from realization. Dreams of conquest by the Muscovite hordes in the east have been ruthlessly shattered by the onrush of the mighty German military machine.

In the background sits England realizing at last what a grave mistake she had made in placing sole dependence in her navy, but too demoralized socially to meet the crisis thrust upon her. Russia, crippled by lack of

supplies and ammunition and with Warsaw about to be taken from her, is for the present of little practical service. France alone is making a stand against which the German offensive has failed to make an imprint. Italy has failed to make the impression expected of her.

At the end of the first year, the German machine has been developed into an even greater state of efficiency, with resources in food, munitions, and money that appear inexhaustible. With the fall of Warsaw she may be expected to turn her attention to another drive on Paris. When this move develops the question of the hour will be whether France can hold the invader at bay until England can render the assistance long lacking and Russia can recuperate in time to prevent concentration of German forces in the west. If England and Russia fail her France is threatened with national annihilation.

All things considered, if there is an early end to the war, it will be because Germany is victorious.

FINANCES OF THE WAR

(*From the Indianapolis News*)

George Harvey, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, takes the experience of the United States in the Civil War as a basis of calculation, and reasons that Great Britain, the richest of the nations at war, could keep up the present rate of expenditure for six years without losing a greater proportion of its resources than was spent by the United States in putting down the rebellion. He recalls that the population of the North was 21,000,000; that the total estimated wealth was more than $10,000,000,000, and that the North spent $1,000,000,000 a year for four years. This was about $50 a year per capita. The population of Great Britain now is about 45,000,000, and an expenditure of $5,000,000,000 a year is $111 per capita. However, Mr. Harvey points out that the wealth of the United Kingdom is estimated at $80,000,000,000, so that the war is costing only 6.25 per cent. of the nation's wealth instead of the 10 per cent. which our war cost us.

Great Britain's wealth approximates that of Germany and Austria-Hungary, while the total wealth of France, despite her smaller population, is greater than that of Germany. However, though Great Britain is by far the richest of the Powers at war, the impression given by Mr. Harvey's calculations is that a continuance of the present expenditures by all the nations could go on for a considerable period without necessarily bringing about bankruptcy. The power of the United States to bear its great war debt was due largely to a rapid growth in wealth and population which would be impossible in Europe, yet Mr. Harvey sees this offset by a practise of thrift in some of the countries of which Americans have no conception, while others have developed an industrial and commercial potency far exceeding ours. There is a certain amount of reassurance as to the future in this view of things, yet it is depressing to feel that the huge wastefulness of the war cannot be counted on to bring it to an early end.

AN ENGLISH VIEW

(*From the Bolton* [ENGLAND] *News*)

A very strong demand is made in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW that, if the German Government continues its insolent refusal to recognize Presi-

dent Wilson's Notes, the services of the American Embassies in London and Paris, given so extensively to the German Government, should be withdrawn. He points out that the United States are placed in an ignominious position in employing Embassy staffs to work day and night for a Power which holds their country, as Germany appears to do, in disdainful contempt. Colonel Harvey opens the pages of his REVIEW impartially to all sides. Last month he gave an article by the notorious Houston Stewart Chamberlain, asserting that Germany was forced into this war by the malevolence of Sir Edward Grey. But the Colonel retains his own opinions all the same, and does not hesitate to assert them.

THE LEADING QUESTION

(*From the Norwich* [ENGLAND] *Press*)

George Harvey, the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, declares in the current number of that publication that at least diplomatic relations with Germany should be broken off. "We can no longer," he says, "humiliate our envoys by compelling them to represent in other capitals a Power which defies and derides their own country. We can no longer retain in Berlin an Ambassador personating a national sovereignty which is contemned by the Imperial Government to which he is accredited. We can no longer extend our hospitality to the obnoxious Minister of a disdainful Prince. We can no longer recognize in any way a Power which by its own deliberate, flagrant, and sinful practises has constituted itself an outlaw among nations." That was the opinion of a sober-minded American before the *Arabic* was sunk. It is shared by many of his countrymen. What will President Wilson do?

CITIZEN OR SUBJECT

(*From the Topeka Capital*)

IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW former Attorney General Wayne MacVeagh, now eighty-two years of age, discusses the issues of the conflict in Europe and reaches the same conclusions as most Americans. Fundamentally the issue is between irreconcilable forces and ideas in the world. Mr. MacVeagh entitles his paper, "The Impassable Chasm." It is between the doctrine of force and the doctrine of liberty, between a State that is ruled by its citizens and a State whose citizens are cogs in the wheel of the State machine.

A German for many years a citizen of England was quoted recently to the effect that he would never go back to live permanently in a country where he could not jump off a moving omnibus.

It is machine-like rule against freedom and one or the other must triumph. Wayne MacVeagh is entitled to speak for the American viewpoint, for he has been a defender of liberty always. His fight a few years ago on the Philadelphia political gang was one of the memorable incidents in the anti-machine contest over the country. He was of the company that attended Lincoln on the way to Gettysburg, and he delivered on Gettysburg battlefield on the same day with the immortal address, as reported by Lincoln's secretary and biographer, "a beautiful and touching" speech.

Mr. MacVeagh in the course of his paper in THE NORTH AMERICAN

REVIEW points out the conflict that German-Americans find themselves caught in. He remarks:

"No more long-suffering executive, no more indulgent and peace-loving President, ever filled the great office. In pursuit of peace and of good relations with Germany he has, quite unwittingly, no doubt, subjected our country to such indignities as no free and high-spirited people ought to have endured.

"The simple truth, which he has been so unwilling to recognize, is that there exists an impassable chasm between a citizen of the United States and a subject of the German Emperor; and there is no possible political alchemy whereby the political standards of the one can be transmuted into the political standards of the other.

"No matter where a man is born or how he is reared, when he comes to manhood he instinctively prefers to be a citizen or a subject. Our fathers preferred, and we ourselves and our children prefer, to be free citizens, but we do not deny to anybody else the privilege of preferring to be the obedient subject of a Kaiser and a military caste.

"We only ask them, in all fairness to themselves and to us, to make their choice—to be loyal either to the fundamental principles of our Government or those of the Government of the Kaiser, and to believe that they cannot be half loyal to the one and half loyal to the other. They must be wholly American or wholly German. If they propose to continue to live here, then they must be loyal to the American system; and there is no possibility for them of mistaking what that system is.

"Thomas Jefferson declared it to the whole world when he said the just rights of all governments depend upon the consent of the governed; and Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, in a few simple words, stamped it forever upon the history of mankind, in his immortal aspiration that government of the people, by the people, and for the people should never perish from the earth.

"Whoever accepts without reservation those two principles of a government is a loyal American. Whoever pretends to accept them and is at heart disloyal to them is unworthy of American citizenship and ought to be deprived of it, for there lies an impassable chasm which those honestly on one side can never pass over to the other."

That is the war in Europe. Shall the people rule, or autocrats, a military class? Is humanity to be brutalized or free?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PRAISE AND BLAME

SIR,—I have read with interest in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of the present month your article entitled "The Tragedy of Mexico," for which I offer you my congratulations. Really, the attitude of this Administration with regard to Mexico is incomprehensible. The only object which the policy of "watchful waiting" could have had was to wait until one of the parties overpowered the other in order to give the victor the moral support which this Government is so anxious to offer to either of the factions, and not the present policy of placing obstacles to the victorious party out of pure dislike. It could be assured that without the action that has been taken by the State Department, Villa would have been annihilated by this time, or perhaps he might have surrendered.

I have also taken note of the article written by Mr. John Barrett, Director of the Pan-American Union, entitled "Practical Pan-Americanism," and to say the least, I am not in accord with it. In reviewing the victories of Pan-Americanism, Mr. Barrett makes reference to the Conferences held in Niagara Falls during the past year. I fail to see where Mr. Barrett has found the victory, for such would have been the case had the Conference induced the American Government to remove its troops from Vera Cruz. This was the aim of the Conference; it was for this purpose that the good offices of the representatives of the A. B. C. were tendered, to solve the international conflict between the United States and Mexico on account of the landing of American troops in Vera Cruz. The only arrangement under these circumstances would have been to convince this Government of the necessity of respecting the sovereignty of Mexico. While the American marines were in Vera Cruz, a friendly nation was being trampled upon and the relations of two Pan-American countries were severed.

Mr. Barrett also mentions as an example of Pan-Americanism the conferences which have taken place between Secretary Lansing and the representatives of the six most important Latin-American countries. These conferences, as has been clearly seen, have for a purpose to unite the warring factions of Mexico: that is, to meddle in the internal affairs of Mexico.

It is to be regretted that the President of the Pan-American Union should understand Pan-Americanism in the way he does. Frankly speaking, I thought that the purpose of Pan-Americanism was, among other things, to respect the sovereignty of American nations, but I see that Mr. Barrett understands it as the power of two or three American nations to unite and dictate their views to any one of the others.

Yours very sincerely,

O. E. DUPLAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND REBELLION

SIR,—Was the Southern Confederacy entitled to the protection of international law during our Civil War? Did the United States Government violate Southern rights guaranteed by international law, by the blockade of the Southern ports? Were the relations between the North and the South international relations or were they the relations between a government and its rebellious subjects?

We know what England's attitude was during the Civil War. In her reply to our protest on behalf of "freedom of the seas" she reiterates that attitude, *viz.*, that the Southern Confederacy was an independent nation, rightly struggling against foreign, *i.e.*, Northern invasion, and therefore entitled to the international status of a free nation, and to the protection of international law. This, apparently, is the attitude of Mr. Maurice Low in his article on "The Freedom of the Seas" in your September number. Is it the correct, the American, attitude? or must we tacitly accept the insult it implies and scarcely veils, lest we hurt the feelings of the "mother country," or lest the present Administration should alienate Southern votes? Must we all acquiesce in the "hyphenation" of "Anglo-Saxonism," dare we not call ourselves merely American?

INQUISITIVE.

JAMESTOWN, MD.

"SERGEANT WHAT'S HIS NAME"

SIR,—If you will pardon a personal letter, not sent through the channels, from so humble a person as a sergeant in Troop D, 1st Cavalry, I wish to express my appreciation of the article by Major-General John F. O'Ryan in the recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. If we had more like it, the public would have a much better idea of national defense, and a clearer understanding of the National Guard; what it is, and what it is trying to do. I thoroughly enjoyed reading the article and was pleased to find our commanding officer among the contributors.

ROY A. CHENEY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WHAT PREPAREDNESS REALLY MEANS

SIR,—Since the beginning of the present conflict in Europe, there has been a growing agitation for "preparedness" in the United States. That such preparation is essential to the welfare and security of the country no one can doubt—except that the country at large seems to have interpreted preparedness as military organization. Every community is agog with various schemes for training the citizenry, for promoting new inventions of destruction, for enlarging the army and navy, etc., etc. All of which would be very valuable, were they not so hopelessly insufficient.

It seems particularly inconsistent that we should fashion our methods of preparedness after the one country which will surely suffer the most terrible defeat known in the annals of the world. Germany, by means of her remarkable organization and efficiency, has assumed a temporary advantage, but no one familiar with the financial and industrial conditions abroad can

question the final outcome. Remember that their victories have been achieved by a ruthless slaughter of "subjects," and as a result of a social system little less than autocracy. On the other hand, France not only has a remarkably efficient military organization, but she has, by careful diplomacy, established political friendships of far greater importance than any military organization could be.

The processes that have resulted in the *Krieg Kultur* of Germany have alienated every country in the world, excepting her weak sister, Austria-Hungary. The policies which have resulted in the esprit and vigor of the French army have established bonds of amity with the most popular nations of the world. Within the country, these policies enforce compulsory employment of Frenchmen in the managerial and executive offices and a very great percentage of the skilled labor of all the industries. They have encouraged financial policies that make her the second richest nation in the war, even despite many natural disadvantages. Abroad, she is represented by a well-trained diplomatic corps, one in which political partisanship does not establish priority to office. And so on without end.

Now, if our country is to prepare, let us face the situation calmly and prepare properly. The strongest armor is of no avail on an anæmic arm. Preparation presupposes patriotism. And patriotism means love of country. It is not nearly so necessary that we should all be trained soldiers as it is that we should become trained citizens. It is not as necessary that the wealthy classes should sacrifice their fortunes in aiding their country (if they have any intention of so doing) as it is that our economic and industrial conditions achieve a sane and healthy basis.

Preparedness means American control of American industries, not by chance, but by law. It means regulation of the money markets. It means a reorganized diplomatic service that will understand and interpret the alien's viewpoint—one in which capable men will gladly serve. It means a regulation of immigration, so that, in the event of war, our citizenry could not be dominated and menaced by foreign sympathizers. It means such things as public bath houses, schools, gymnasiums, recreation centers and playgrounds. And if, when we have corrected our internal maladies, we turn to the military, it will mean compulsory service for every young American, under federal direction. Then, and not till then, can we face the world and make them see that "strict accountability" and "watchful waiting" are the expressions of a nation prepared internally as well as externally for any crisis that may arise.

This idea of internal preparation has not, to the best of my knowledge, been given consideration by any periodical, and much less by our federal and municipal governments, and, as it seems of the utmost importance to me, I am taking this privilege of addressing it to you.

GRANT M. SIMON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LAW OR LAWLESSNESS?

SIR,—The one thing that should not be lost to sight in respect of this war is that fundamentally it is simply a question of law or lawlessness. If an individual in a community gets an idea that he can be a law unto himself, break his agreements with his neighbors whenever a self-determined "necessity" makes it expedient, and enlarge the sphere of his influence with

a shot-gun, we realize at once that there is no lasting peace or safety to the community until he is down and law is again on top.

This is just the situation in the community of nations to-day. Germany snaps her fingers at treaties and international law, and goes out with her guns to enlarge the sphere of her contemptible *Kultur*—contemptible, because any culture is contemptible which divorces itself from respect for the sacredness of law and from international comity, and weds itself to reckless military ambition. One hears sometimes the absurd suggestion that the new ideas for which Germany is contending in the conduct of this war will hereafter become a part of international law. These ideas are the mere negation of law, the bald assertion that any nation which thinks it has the power to back up such a course can spit upon any international regulation whatever. Any nation which has anything to gain from the maintenance of peaceful relations with any other nation, any nation which has anything to lose from a threatened state of international anarchy, is tremendously interested in seeing Germany defeated unless she voluntarily retires from so indefensible a position. The minimum of such a voluntary retirement would of course require three things—a withdrawal of all her troops to her own soil; the material restoration of Belgium, so far as money can do it, and the payment of a heavy penalty to all nations outraged by the lawless sinking of the *Lusitania*. As the Imperial German Government is morally incapable of doing any one of these things voluntarily, the one thing left to hope for is that she shall do them under compulsion. And if there is one thing above another that a passionate devotee of peace ought to pray for, it is that this war shall not end until she is compelled to do so. Any cessation of this war with these ends not secured will only sow the seed of another great war in the not distant years to come.

W. H. Johnson.

Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

AN ENGLISH-GERMAN ANSWERED

Sir,—The statement of Mr. Albert S. Horn in the August Review that Americans are becoming pro-German does not apply to this community or to California, as I know from a wide acquaintance throughout the State. During the past six months the sentiment in favor of the Allies has become more pronounced here, and is now essentially unanimous in their favor. During the past three months I have seen and talked with many tourists from the East and Middle West. Only one among the large number has expressed pro-German sentiments. I know nothing of the change in newspaper sentiment. The New York *World's* exposures explain some things.

The spirit of the unspeakable Turk has revived of late. The practice of chasing Armenians into their villages and wasting ammunition shooting them was becoming old-fashioned and monotonous. Since they have seen German Kultur in action in Belgium the Turks have felt a new inspiration, recalling the glorious days of Tamarlane. Now, these friends of Germany herd Armenians in barns and churches by the thousand and burn them regardless of age or sex.

Mr. Horn seems to have migrated to the wrong country when he left England. He should have gone to Germany and joined the army. He could have helped to desolate Belgium, slaughter toiling peasants and shoot hostages for offences of people they had never seen.

Later he might have witnessed the decoration by the Kaiser of the man who murdered women and children on the high seas; indeed, had Mr. Horn joined the German navy he might have helped sink the *Lusitania,* and possibly himself been the recipient of a decoration.

J. H. McBride.

Pasadena, Cal.

A JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL'S OPINION

Judge Advocate General's Department,
National Guard of the State of Maine.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to renew my subscription to your magazine at this time. The last two issues have been very interesting to me because of your article in the August number entitled "America First!" and also your treatment of the Mexican situation in the September number. It needs just such articles as yours to awaken the people of this country to the condition of affairs which confronts us at present.

L. W. Blanchard.

Rumford, Me.

FROM A TRUE AMERICAN

Sir,—Your editorial, "America First," in the Review for August, voices my sentiments exactly, and I wish that every patriotic American citizen could be brought to see the matter just as you have so eloquently and forcibly presented it.

"War is hell," but international contempt is worse, a thousand times worse!

Let us work for peace persistently, energetically, with enthusiasm if we will, but only so long as in that direction lies honor, and beyond that let us spurn it unhesitatingly and determinedly. Above the honor and dignity of our beloved country let us place nothing save the God who supported our fathers in wresting it from British tyranny. (This slight twist of the British lion's tail may be charged up to the Teuton in me.)

I am very grateful to you for your eloquent and well-reasoned editorial, as, I am sure, are thousands of other American citizens who love their country.

W. F. Rasche.

Blacksburg, Va.

"AMERICA FIRST!"

Sir,—Although I have neither the pleasure nor the honor of knowing you personally, I am going to take the friendly liberty of loving you, for I love a man that has the courage to tell the truth and to tell it from the shoulder in "straight-flung" words.

I have just had the gratification of reading several times and mentally digesting with a sense of *bien etre,* your splendid, apt, and sorely-needed editorial, "America First!" and I want to thank you with all my heart for your clarion call to our country and the world, and to congratulate you most cordially upon your well-merited indictment of the foes in our own household.

Rather oddly, I was writing the rhymed skit, "Under Two Flags," which I enclose, when I began your article. You gave me my climax and finale, for which I owe you more gratitude.

EDMOND DEFREYNE.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

"UNDER TWO FLAGS"

"No man can serve two masters"

Which flag is the flag of your country?
To which is your loyalty due?
No man can be true to two banners:
Come! Yellow? Or red, white, and blue?

Which Eagle? The one you adopted?
Or one that is spread on black cross?
Which motto? *"E Pluribus Unum?"*
Or *"Gott mit uns?"* Which wins the toss?

No honest blood runs through a siphon;
Allegiance is bound by one oath;
Two faiths can't be linked by a hyphen:
You're Yankee or Teuton—not both!

American are you, or German?
Free man, or autocracy's dupe?
Where stand you? By these States united,
Or "Fatherland," Kaiser, and Krupp?

Quit talking and writing rank treason
While under Old Glory you stand,
Or break with us, fairly and squarely,
And GO!—with your heart in your hand.

But, look you! you're with or against us,
You gather or scatter abroad.
Make choice, like brave man, of your duty,
Then gird on a patriot's sword.

We honor a gallant opponent,
Respect a conviction sincere;
But damned be the man with two faces!
Let him get to hell out of here!

You're friend or you're foe of the Union,
Leal, loyal, or traitor accurst:
Ally of the House Hohenzollern—
Or true to "AMERICA FIRST!"

EDMOND DEFREYNE,
Unhyphenated American.

THE INARTICULATE THOUSANDS

SIR,—I want to thank you for the splendid article, "America First." As a resident of Wisconsin, with its polyglot population, I wish to assure you that the sentiment is crystallizing every day that America is first, and that the German who is for Germany as against America is a traitor. As long as the issue was between Germany and the Allies, the pro-Germanist was tolerated; but his position is every day becoming more embarrassing; and, should war break out between this country and Germany, the pro-Germanist would take to the woods, just as the copperhead did during the Civil War.

I feel as if this letter were due you from the fact that the pro-Germanist has been vocal from the beginning, while those who agreed with your policy were content to read your REVIEW without expressing themselves. This letter contains no arguments; but it goes forth simply to assure you that you are supported by thousands of Americans who do not take the trouble to express themselves to that effect.

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.

"HEALTHFUL AND FEARLESS"

SIR,—I regret that every individual throughout the whole United States old enough to see and understand can not read your "America First," as published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August. It will appeal to the pride and patriotism of every true and loyal citizen of the country. It breathes a healthful and fearless spirit which will deeply sink into the heart and core of real Americanism, and will not fail in the noble purpose for which it was intended.

"America First," with its sound and solid convictions, so plainly and forcefully expressed, will be understood by the common people everywhere, and omits nothing further necessary to seal and cement into a mighty whole the loyalty and patriotism of a nation's people.

WILLIAM FULLER.

CHICAGO, ILL.

PRO-AMERICAN

SIR,—I have just laid aside THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August. Some of your valued correspondents hold that your magazine, as well as your country, are pro-English. Some astoundingly well-informed among your readers hold that your magazine and your country are pro-German. After reading "America First" by the esteemed Mr. Harvey, and editorials from thirty-one other periodicals to which I subscribe, I am thoroughly convinced that both THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and the people of the United States are pro-American.

FRANK J. KELLEY, JR.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

THE MAN JESUS

BY MARY AUSTIN

CHAPTER IX

THERE is a hint in the record of Luke that Jesus was not at all certain that he would not be apprehended before he was out of the city, and that his motive in returning to the suburbs was to give to his companions a freedom of action which in the unfamiliar, crowded streets would not have been possible. It goes to show, too, that there was nothing miraculous in his foreknowledge, and that he drew it largely from his acute perception of character rather than from any mysterious faculty of prevision. Except as he gathered it from the cupidity of Judas and the volatile temperament of Peter, he really did not know just what was about to come upon them. For as much as he understood he prepared them. Every man was to take his own purse and his staff, remembering the time he had first sent them forth without purse or scrip or shoes, and yet lacking nothing. Anticipating the possibility of their having to cut their way out of the city, he advised that any man having two coats should sell one and buy a sword. Presently Peter showed him two, and one of them, certainly, Peter carried.

The city hummed with the sounds of festivity—lamps lit in the upper chambers, family reunions, hurrying groups of belated pilgrims, as between two swords the little company passed out almost under the temple, whose great gates would be flung open at midnight, by the north gate into the valley of Jehoshaphat and across Kidron. At this season the little creek would have been at flood, frothing in its stony channel. There was a full, watery moon, and the smell of sap from the orchards. Up a little way from Kidron toward Olivet was a walled garden called Gethsemane, the place of the oil press, to which he had the owner's leave to repair for rest and privacy. Here the noise of the city fell off, and there was no sound louder than the bubble of the brook and the soft chafing of boughs. Taking James and Peter and John with him, leaving the others at the gate, Jesus advanced further into the garden, and, when he had charged the three to pray lest they fall into temptation, he went about a stone's throw from them, and, kneeling, addressed himself to the Father.

No doubt the three obeyed the injunction; but the prayers of simple men are soon done. They prayed for their own souls and the speedy coming of the Kingdom; then, between waking and dozing, they heard Jesus say, "Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me . . . " but, understanding nothing of what troubled him, they fell presently into the deep sleep of working men.

To realize anything of the travail of soul, the first which possessed Jesus since the Wilderness, we have to realize how absolutely voluntary was his surrender to the occasion which was even now seeking him through the streets of Jerusalem. There was no indictment against him and no offense except as he created it by his attack on the temple traffic. He was now outside the city gates with the eleven faithful, each with his own scrip at his side and his staff in his hand, and with at least two swords. Twenty minutes away in Bethany there were friendly folk, and all about them the hill country of Judea, as safe to the hill men of Galilee as his mountain is safe to the wild goat. And once back in their own country the Sanhedrin would have had no power over them, and, so long as they kept to that district, no use for them. There Jesus might have lived, teaching and healing a few, and, provided he committed no overt act against the political organization or the business interests of his time, esteemed a holy man and dying at last in the odor of sanctity. Nothing that we know of Jesus, however, permits us to think that he ever contemplated such an alternative. Once for all he had committed himself to the venture of a rational faith. He had prayed that death might be turned aside, but in himself there was no shadow of turning. What distinguished him from all other Treaders of the Way was the close correspondence between his will and his perception, so that he is seen to move forward in his appointed path with none of the fumblings and hesitancies of lesser men. He had none of the feeling of moral helplessness which characterizes reformers of our time. It is too much even to say that he chose, except as the soul is thought of as saving itself alive by continuing in an active state of choosing, inbreathing, outbreathing. He suffered as a man the consequences of his instinctive selection; but there is no evidence that he suffered indecision. Here in the garden his quick mind outran the occasion and assailed him with the bitterness of betrayal, humiliation, and seeming defeat; the sensitive frame worked out the suggestion of physical anguish. So, between waking and sleeping, the three heard him say, "Nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt," and observed that great drops of sweat stood upon him. All unconsciously they laid upon him the peculiar burden of the great, to know themselves, even by those on whose account they accept greatness, wholly uncomprehended. For when, from what high and unknowable source, help had at last flowed back to him, he found the three still sleeping.

"Sleep on," he said, "and take your rest . . . the hour is

come," and a little later, hearing a noise at the gate, "Rise up, let us go. He that betrayeth me is at hand." While he was yet speaking, came Judas with a detachment of the temple police to arrest him. They found him as by report the world had come to know him, contained, courteous, ironical. Said he: "Are ye come out, as against a thief, with sword and with staves to take me?" and again, as they bound him, "I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not." After that, silence.

Too much is always made of the defection of the twelve, and not enough of the fact that Jesus pointedly turned his back on them. In the flurry of the arrest one had cried out, "Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" and Peter, without waiting for the injunction, drew his own sword and sliced the ear of the high priest's servant. Not only did Jesus refuse their aid in this crisis, but it is not of record that he referred to them again, sent for them, left any message. To them the Word had been committed; the last thing he could have wished would be to implicate them in his disaster. The last thing they would have thought of would be to act in opposition to his suggestion. They were children of the earth, whose instinct in danger is to be still and to keep on being still. Not knowing what was best to be done, they did nothing. Several had with them their families, whose safety was their first concern. Only Peter followed the guard afar off, and from him and from the common report, all our account of that night's doings are derived.

The key to the situation is to be found in the fact that Jesus was first taken not to the high priest who had ordered his arrest, but to the house of that arch-grafter, Annas. The difficulty was that the chief reason why Jesus must be put out of the way—his interference with the temple traffic—nobody dared mention. Evidently not all the Sanhedrin shared or approved of the buying and selling within the sanctuary. Here we have a thoroughly modern situation: a representative body, in the main, well-intentioned, manipulated by a group within the group whose spring of action was illegitimate profit. Some indictment of Jesus must be found which would not only appeal to the majority of the Sanhedrin, but would look well before the Roman Governor. For the Sanhedrin had for some time been deprived of the death sentence; the most they could do would be to represent Jesus as guilty of death by the Jewish law, and to persuade Pilate to fix that penalty. And none so competent to have that business in hand as the Sadducean Annas. Eminently safe as a churchman, not troubled by particular scruples, wealthy, astute, he was easily the man to get the better of the comparatively honest and tactless Procurator.

What passed between Jesus and the ex-high priest is not known, except that Annas sent him bound to Caiaphas; there, before the hastily summoned Sanhedrin, an attempt was made, by means of false witnesses, to implicate Jesus in a charge of sedition. Somebody was

found who had heard Jesus say something that could be tortured into a threat to overthrow the temple in three days and build it again. This was plainly anarchical; but even here there was no agreement between the witnesses. When all else failed, Caiaphas made his final cast; no doubt he had been instructed thereto by Annas; possibly he delayed, fearing to invite in the innermost circle of Israel so stirring a declaration. Made before the common people, it would have been answered with a cry; but here, in the heart of the priestly aristocracy, it struck offensively across every tradition of caste and religion. Said Caiaphas: "Art thou the Christ, the son of the Blessed?"

And Jesus answered, "I am."

Whereupon the high priest rent his garment, as was proper to a high priest on hearing a blasphemy.

"What need ye any further witnesses?" he cried. "What think ye?" And the elders of Israel judged him guilty of death.

The while this was in progress Peter had come into the open court of the high priest's palace and gleaned what he could among the loafing guard. About cock-crow a maid servant, hanging about for a bit of chaff with the soldiers, looked down from the gallery and saw him warming himself at the charcoal braizer.

"Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth," she cried to him accusingly; but he denied it, and in the very denial gave evidence against himself; for one, to whom the broad Galilean dialect was known, insisted, "Thy speech betrayeth thee." And Peter, thinking of nothing, perhaps, but how he could keep on hanging about until he learned what was taking place behind the high palace windows, began to curse and swear, saying, "I know not the man." Hardly had he finished speaking when, far down the Tryopeon, a cock crew shrilly. Then Peter remembered how, the evening before, Jesus had said to him in the very moment of protesting loyalty, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me"; and he went away, weeping bitterly.

It was as well for Peter that he missed what was going on within the high priest's apartments at that moment: the spectacle of the chief priests of Israel, drawing aside their garments from contamination as they passed, and spitting in the face of a young Jewish workingman who stood bound in the palace of Caiaphas. In the interval between this and the time when it would be possible to go to the Prætorium with the prisoner, the guard relieved the chill morning watch with a crude game played on the prophet of Nazareth. When they had blindfolded him, they slapped at him, saying "Prophesy! Who is it that smote thee?"

In order that Pilate should rise out of bed at seven in the morning to hear who blasphemed the God of the Jews and who regarded Him, some pressure must be brought to bear, for which Annas could be trusted. It was important to secure both judgment and execution

before the news of the arrest of Jesus had spread in the city, but this was not the first time the Sanhedrists had had their way in spite of the Procurator, and if all else failed there was the well known capacity of Annas to make generous loans to his friends in the Prætorium. Morning found Pilate on the judgment seat, but it also found him reluctant. It is even said, with color of probability, that his reluctance extended to the point of sending Jesus to Herod as being a Galilean and therefore out of the Procurator's jurisdiction. But Herod, more than ever needing the public countenance, and shy of prophets since his experience with John the Baptist, after he had satisfied a coarse curiosity about the Galilean, sent him back again.

The charge brought against Jesus was that he had claimed to be King of the Jews. There was a measure of guile in this, for on nothing was Rome so severe as on political offenders, but it is also probable that it was the only way in which they could convey to the Roman mind what was implied in Jesus' announcement that he was the Messiah. The Christ had always been thought of as a king, and of the Davidic line. One can imagine, too, a certain Jewish reluctance to have the mysteries of their religion pawed over by this Roman hireling.

The claim, if it had been made, was certainly seditious, and Pilate had the man scourged for it, and again he would have let him go. There was a custom of releasing a prisoner at this season, concerning which and its bearing on the manner of the death of Jesus, there are many nice problems for scholars, reaching deep into ancient Hebrew practise. It is enough here to state that when the Procurator suggested that he so release Jesus, the rabble who heard him clamored instead for one Barabbas, a direct actionist of his time; one who in a recent insurrection in the city had done killing.

All this took place in the court of the Governor's palace, Pilate speaking from the gallery, for the Jews would not go into the house of a heathen, lest they defile themselves for the Passover. There were present the chief priest, his accusers, and certain of their following, together with such of the idle and curious who could be picked up in the streets so early in the morning, knowing little of the affair but taking their cue from the majority; but among them all, probably, no friend of Jesus. That is why it is impossible to say which of the things written, if any, really happened: whether the governor's wife had a dream, whether Pilate washed his hands—a Hebrew custom and not likely to be adopted by a Roman—whether that question, "What is truth?" was ever asked and went unanswered, and the crowd cried, "We have no king but Cæsar!" Out of all these obscurities but one thing sounds unmistakably: the raucous shout of the mob led by the Sanhedrists, crying, "Crucify him, crucify him!" "Why, what evil hath he done?" asks the Governor, and again, "crucify him!" And Pilate, weary at last of the whole affair, delivered him to be crucified.

Outside the north wall of the city, going out by the Damascus gate, and in plain sight from the longest road that goes over the Bridge, is the place of public execution called Golgotha. Here, about nine of the morning, before the feast of the Passover, Jesus was led to be crucified, and with him they crucified two thieves, for it was the custom to reserve one or two executions for festival times as an example. What had happened in the interim belonged to the time and the manner of his transgression; allowing for the formality of the inquiry and for the sending to Herod, the time of his torment must have been mercifully short. It was important to have Jesus out of the way before the terrified and astounded followers could rally to his defense. He went out as other malefactors, bearing his cross, attended by four soldiers and a few of the idle and curious. In front of him was carried a board on which was written his offense: *This is the King of the Jews.* There was a sting in this for the Sanhedrists, over which Pilate chuckled. "Write not," they protested, "The King of the Jews," but that he said, "I am King of the Jews." Said the Roman, "What I have written I have written." He was not in a yielding humor.

Another group in the little company that followed Jesus out of the Damascus gate is deserving of mention,—a company of the good women of Jerusalem who made it a work of mercy to succor the transgressor. For the code of Moses was at all points merciful; neither crucifixion nor any other lingering death was allowed under it. In pursuance of their custom, these came now offering Jesus the solace of their weeping. On the cross they offered him wine to drink mixed with hyssop for the deadening of his pains, and though he would not take it, it was the sole relieving incident.

As the day wore on, three or four of the women of Galilee who had come up to Jerusalem in his company, came stealing by the hill path from Olivet, and standing some distance off observed what was done to him. The soldiers sat on the ground and diced for his garments. The crowd grew and thinned and grew again, for was he not accounted a prophet from whom even in extremity wonders might be expected? Smoke of sacrifice streamed like a banner over Mount Moriah; clearly they heard the chant of the Levites and the windy trumpets. All up the hills of Judea showed the pale silvered green of olives and the almond orchards turning rosy. Now and then out of the crowd someone reviled him, saying, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." Toward the middle of the afternoon one of his poor tortured companions cried out of agony, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." But the other, "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." And, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise," said Jesus. So it is reported, but neither they that had heard nor they that wrote it were of the Prophet's following.

About the ninth hour, at the time when the paschal lamb should be slain as an expiation for all Israel, the strained frame yielded a

moment to unendurable anguish. He cried out with a loud voice, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and almost immediately after, those nearest heard him say, "I thirst." But when one more compassionate would have offered him on a sponge the sour wine of the soldiers, there were others who, mistaking the Aramaic words, "Eloi, Eloi," for the name of the Prophet, said, "Let us see whether Elias will come to save him," for they were disappointed that there was yet no miracle. And while they waited, with a great cry he bowed his head and died.

Ordinarily, the crucified are three or four days dying, but the approach of the Passover made it a defilement according to the Jewish law for them to be left hanging there in extremity. About the time the shadow of the temple stretched eastward to Olivet, therefore, the Sanhedrists directed that death should be hastened by the breaking of the victims' legs as was customary. So it was done to the thieves, but when they came to Jesus it was not necessary, for they discovered that the spirit had already left him.

CHAPTER X

Some six or eight weeks after these events, at the time when the feast of the first fruits of the harvest was kept at Jerusalem, the inhabitants of that city were astonished to find Simon Peter preaching Jesus boldly as the Christ, and him risen from the dead. There stood up with him on that occasion about a hundred and twenty true believers, among whom were the eleven (for Judas, when he understood what he had done, went out and hanged himself), together with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and James, his brother, and many who had been added to their company by reason of the rising from the dead, which Peter declared to the men of all nations, Medes and Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia and Cappadocia and Egypt, in the parts of Lybia, strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes. This was the Peter who had denied Jesus with oaths in the house of the high priest, who now preached somewhat in this fashion: how that Jesus had been approved of God by many signs and wonders, had been crucified, dead and buried, the third day he arose from the dead and had appeared to Mary Magdalene, to the eleven, and to a considerable company of the disciples. Unlettered as Peter was, such was the faith and fervor of his preaching that on that same day about three thousand converts were added to the number of believers.

Something had certainly happened to these reticent and easily shaken peasant souls to raise them to the plane of spiritual conviction from which neither revilings nor martyrdom could dislodge them; *something* which had not only rallied them from the shock of his shameful death, but had clarified and fused the teachings of Jesus as the whole of his living ministry had not done. It had reached out beyond the circle of his personal following and had convinced of

his absolute Messiaship many who had so far accepted Jesus only as a teacher. This is the first unequivocal mention that we have of the members of Jesus' own family among his followers; all that could be gathered at Jerusalem, filled with the holy spirit and praising God daily.

Unfortunately, no first-hand account of the events which had worked this astounding revolution has come down to us; but something can be made out under the legendizing tendency of the time at which it was finally committed to writing. Separated from the suggestion of the supernatural, with which everything that Jesus did began very quickly to be colored, incidents of the resurrection show an arresting consistancy with the occasion and its background.

It had been about three of the afternoon when Jesus bowed his head upon the cross with a great cry, and a little before sunset when, in compliance with the Jewish regulation, the body had been taken down. It had been given, at his own request, into the hands of one Joseph of Arimathea, probably a member of the larger Sanhedrin, one of those who had not consented to the death of Jesus, and in any case, a man sufficiently in authority to win such a concession from Pilate. It was now too close to the eve of the Passover to admit of any proper rite of burial, so that the body was merely wrapped in a clean linen cloth saturated with spices, after the Hebrew custom, and laid in a new rock tomb not far from Golgotha. The women of Galilee who had watched the crucifixion from afar off followed and marked where it was laid. It lay wrapped in a cloth pungent with aromatic and preservative drugs, with no confining coffin, and about it played the cool airs of the garden. One must consider also the condition of the body, how that it was not broken, and that it had at most the marks of scourging, the nailholes in the hands and feet, and possibly a spear prick in the side. This is to allow the utmost to tradition. Of such wounds none is necessarily fatal, and the spear wound does not appear in any but the second century Gospel, where it is related with a curious commentary that blood flowed from it; but blood does not flow from dead bodies. It was not invariable in crucifixion that the feet were impaled—sometimes only the hands. It is to be remembered also that the body which lay there in the rocky tomb was that of a well man of great hardihood, a man who, at the first turn of the tide of consciousness, could have reached out and laid hold on the eternal source of healing. Whether or not we are to believe that the tide did so turn and bore him flooding back to life, there is much in the gospel narrative to give color to such a supposition.

It does not come clear to us as does the story that was afterward told of his birth—pure legend, arched and sculptured into a perfect tabernacle wherein is laid up the choicest treasure of the heart with kings and shepherds, angel choirs and lowing kine to signify all that his coming meant to humanity. It lies embedded, as the narrative of

facts so often does lie, in all the crossing and contradictory statements of it. It is a story of a thing that was known to a scant score of timid and illiterate folk, sojourning in a great city, a thing kept secret on its own account and whispered cautiously from ear to ear in fear of the authorities; finally, when it was some time past, blazoned as a mystery, and committed to writing only after some forty or fifty years. Yet the story preserves the form of veridicity. It begins on the morning of the third day, as soon as it was light, with the women of Galilee stealing forth from Bethany or wherever on Olivet their camp might be, for it is certain that the disciples were not lodged in the city. They came by dew-wet orchard paths beside which, here and there, sprang the little low, green veined flowers called "star of Bethlehem." High over them the temple walls began to take the day upon their gilded pinnacles; they heard the clatter at the gates from the guard changing, and the hordes of market gardeners with their donkeys waiting to be let in. They found the garden, which is close to Golgotha, and then along the limestone outcrop they followed the line of tombs to the one that they had marked. Accounts differ as to why they came, with what purpose to prepare the body for more ceremonious burial, and what happened when they had come; but they agree in this: that they found the tomb empty and the grave cloth lying at one side.

Two of the three went back with this message to the disciples, but Mary Magdalene remained walking and weeping in the garden. And as she walked Jesus spoke to her, but she, thinking it was the gardener, said to him:

"Oh, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." Then he called her by her name.

"Mary!"

"Rabboni," she answered instinctively to the familiar tone, and turning she knew him. She would have kissed his feet perhaps, or fingered a fold of his garment to make sure if it were really he or a vision of thin air, but he, sensitive from his wounding, drew back.

"Touch me not," he said; and then, reassuring, "I am not yet ascended to my Father." Then he bade her go and say to the disciples he would meet them in a place they knew of in Galilee, and so departed out of her knowledge.

One hears how Peter and John, when the women brought them word, came running and stooped down and looked into the empty tomb, not knowing what to make of it. And the next we hear is that two of his disciples, but not of the twelve, and therefore not so familiar with his countenance, walked from Jerusalem to their home at Emmaus, and as they walked they talked of the things which had been done at the Passover. And talking thus they were accosted by one who inquired of them what manner of communication they had with one another that they should be so sad. And one of them whose

name was Cleopas, answered him with an account of all that had happened, speaking of Jesus as a prophet whom the rulers had condemned to be crucified. "But," said Cleopas, "we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel."

"O fools," said the stranger, "and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" Then he began to show them out of the scriptures how it was necessary that the Messiah should suffer these things, feeling his way like a true Hebrew backed by the law and the prophets, star-lighted sayings that shot like meteors across the shames and humiliations of the crucifixion. As he held up the events of the last few days to the familiar scriptures, new meanings came out in them, like secret writing held before a flame, and as he talked, the hearts of his companions burned within them.

It was twilight when they approached the village and heard the cheerful barking of the dogs and the lowing of the cattle. Then, as they drew near to the house of one of them, the dusk falling and the cry of the night-jar shaken out in a shrill spray of sound above the strips of tillage, they urged him to come in to supper and a bed with them. But as he sat at table he blessed the bread according to a custom which was well known of him, and, putting off the covering from his head, in Hebrew fashion after the blessing, suddenly they knew him. When he perceived that he was known and that they spoke neither to himself nor to one another for astonishment, he rose and slipped away into the dusk.

We hear of him again when the disciples are met together secretly for fear of the authorities, coming unexpectedly into their midst and saying, "Peace be unto you . . ." for they were affrighted, supposing they had seen a spirit. "Behold my hands and my feet . . . ," he said; "handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones." And while they wondered between joy and amazement, he asked them what food they had; and when they had offered him broiled fish and honey in the honeycomb, he ate before them, talking the while as he had to the two at Emmaus of the relation of prophecy to the things which had happened to him and to them at Jerusalem. Twice he met with his disciples in this fashion, and the second time he was handled by Thomas, who, being absent on the first occasion, had declared that, unless he could lay his finger in the print of the nails, he would not believe.

There seems to have been some question in the early records whether these meetings took place at Jerusalem or in Galilee, but as to the two meetings yet to be mentioned there can be no question. To Galilee Jesus would naturally have turned; there he would have been safest from his enemies of the Sanhedrin, and there, in the lonely places of the hills, where his earliest revelations had come to him, he could have awaited the leading of the spirit. For though he could find a warrant for what had happened to him in Scripture, there is no evidence that Jesus had expected this second term of living, or that

he knew, except as it was the will of God, why it had come to him. It was not, as he seems to have realized from the first, that second coming of the Apocalypse, in which the social order was to be renewed; it was the fulfillment of prophecy, and for whatever else it was he could wait as he had always waited, without impatience, without guessing. That he should have gone about in secret was part of the necessity of the time and occasion, part, too, of his consistent plan to disembarrass his disciples as far as possible from the implication of his presence. Also, simply as he had trusted their love for him, he could hardly at this juncture trust much to their discretion. That he had a refuge in the mountain of which nothing was known to them except that it *was* in the mountain, we have seen, and also that he made plans at times without consulting them; that he should have made his way back to Galilee without their aid is neither new nor strange in his dealing with them; in view of his extraordinary spiritual resources, it presents few material problems.

To Galilee, then, he seems to have gone, and the disciples each to his own house and calling. The next meeting was such as to indicate that Jesus waited his final direction in the hills above the lake of Gennesaret, somewhat removed from its most popular border. On a day some weeks after the events at Jerusalem, Peter and the sons of Zebedee went fishing, and with them in the boat where Thomas and Nathaniel of Cana and two other of the disciples. They went out at even, and all that night they caught nothing, but when it was morning, the fishing smack standing close in toward the shore, they saw Jesus calling to them from the land and directing them where they should cast in the nets. But when they realized it was the Master, Peter threw his fishing coat about him, for he had stripped to the labor of casting, and waded in to the shore. Presently came the others dragging the nets, to discover that the Master had built a fire, and laid fish to broil on the coals and prepared bread. So they ate and talked together as they must have done so many times in the beginning of his ministry, when the shared, simple meal was all they had among them of the Kingdom.

In this fashion the appearances of Jesus after his death are set down, not other than the appearances of his life, except for here and there the legendizing touch. Of his coming and going in secret, mysterious vanishings are made. Mark, who wrote what Peter told him, says simply that he appeared while the disciples were at supper and upbraided them for their unbelief; but John, writing in the second century, says that the door was shut. Mark says that the women at the tomb met a young man there; Matthew makes him an angel, and Luke, writing hearsay only, makes two of him in shining garments. Such a development in forty years for an event which, even when it happened, was regarded as supernatural, is less than might have been expected. And then suddenly, on an occasion which all seem to have recognized as final, the appearances stopped.

It seems that there had been a preaching somewhere in the hills, and that more than the twelve were present. Paul, twenty years after the event, says that there were about five hundred, others mention simply a great company. After the discourse, when he would have left them, those who were nearest to him in affection went a part of the way, and when he had lifted up his hands and blessed them, they saw him pass from them toward his chosen place of which they knew nothing, except that they should not see him again in this fashion, and they believed that he had ascended into heaven.

So passed the most singular and appealing character in all history. The spring was at the flood, the barley beginning to head, and anemones bright as blood pricked out the paths. None saw him go but a handful of fishermen and villagers; Tiberius he left upon the seat of Rome and the eagles flying over Jerusalem, not a tax remitted or a dream realized, not a word of all his revelation written. Even so he went in the same quiet confidence that had sustained him, more completely at one with the purposes of God than any man who has yet believed in Him, and, as we admit, most completely justified.

Of what took place between Jesus and his disciples on the scant occasions when they were together after his crucifixion, there is not much that appears in the records. Most of it was by way of turning their minds back to the scriptures to find in them confirmation of all that he was and did as the true Messiah. This was important, since it was only by so believing that they were able to induce a world to believe in him. But two things, which do not show particularly in his other teachings, stand out to confirm the reality of his post-crucifixion teaching. The first of these was the command to go into all the world and preach his gospel, *beginning at Jerusalem;* and the second was the assurance that he would not leave them comfortless, but that they were to tarry at Jerusalem until they were imbued of the spirit. Nowhere earlier than this do we find the slightest intimation of what was expected of his disciples after he should leave them. That he had prepared them to spread his gospel is reasonably plain, but there is nothing to show that he expected other than they expected, namely, that the Kingdom should almost immediately appear. He expected to come again after death to effect the reorganization of society on Messianic lines, but there is no evidence that his own reappearance in the frame and fashion in which he had first preached was either anticipated or understood by him. He believed that he had been dead and was alive again. But if the events cloudily foreseen by him before his death had not fallen out as the vision indicated, at no time had he dropped beyond that realization of the immortal purposes of God which distinguished him. If in the last hours of his anguish he had felt himself momentarily bereft of that breast which had nourished him, lo, he had fallen into the lap of God. The currents of Eternal Being still circulated through him. How much he under-

stood of the relation of his death to the survival of his teaching we can not even guess; we can only know that the informing communion with what, for him, was the Father, was not broken. From it he drew the assurance, all that the occasion called for, that enough of what he had had would be granted to his disciples. They were to wait for it at Jerusalem. . . . "And, lo, I am with you alway." This was the hope and promise that, while it closed around the nursling faith to keep it warm, closed in upon the vital principle of Christianity almost to the point of strangling.

How tender and personal this hope was even at this distance we can measure. It kept them keyed to the expectation of things unspeakable. Every day might be the great day of the Lord! How often they might have looked out on the paths about Bethany, how many times his mother started at a knock on the door . . . for they had seen him in the flesh, and in the same likeness they thought to see him again.

Paul, when he mentions the post-crucifixion appearances of Jesus, says that he appeared also unto Peter. Of this we have no account, though such an interview is plainly indicated. It is indicated in the complete reinstatement of Peter, who denied him, in the confidence of the Master and the respect of the other disciples; it is indicated in the authority which was conceded by the twelve to Peter, even stronger in tradition than in the scripture, where evidence of it is not wanting. More than all else, it is indicated in the stout conviction of Peter himself that he had seen the Lord. He preached it, was scourged and in prison because of it; and he died for it. His faith in the risen Christ made of him—a heavy, blundering, impulsive fisherman—one of the chief apostles, preaching acceptably in the cities of the known world, establishing churches out of hand.

But of this interview Peter says nothing, unless it be indicated in that reference to the manner of his death which, he says, Jesus foretold him. And John Mark, who wrote all that he could remember of what Peter told him, says nothing, or, at least, nothing that has come down to us; for it is agreed that the story of Mark has been cut off at the point where the women, returning from the empty tomb, were afraid to speak of what they had seen. It has been suggested that the true ending of Mark was replaced by a later version, because his account of what Peter told him constituted an admission of the phantasmal character of the appearance, a vision, a hallucination.

But how if it were the other way about, and Mark's story was rejected because it showed all too plainly a man believed to be dead, but found living and as a man disposing his affairs? This would have been the more likely if the young man that the women found at the sepulchre had been the same that Mark noticed as standing by at the arrest of Jesus, and fleeing from the officers, leaving in their hands his linen garment; for tradition makes this young man John Mark

and no other. The one explanation is as possible as the other; and by the time the book of Mark was written it was not only believed that Jesus rose from the dead, but many other things were believed about him which were no part of his teachings, but were owed to Paul of Tarsus. It was notable that during their lifetime there were several things about which Peter and Paul had the greatest difficulty in coming to agreement. Paul, you may be sure, would have cut off the manuscript of Mark with his own hand if he thought it contradicted in any particular that understanding of the teachings of Jesus, which he claims openly to have received not in the flesh, but in the spirit.

But whatever Peter said and Mark transcribed, there is no question as to what he believed on the first occasion of his preaching Jesus risen from the dead. He believed all that we have seen Jesus do and teach; he believed also that he had seen his Master in the flesh, Himself and not another. He believed that Jesus was the Christ, and that his crucifixion and resurrection could be shown to be part of the authentic prophecy. He believed that the death and raising from the dead had been permitted both as a witness to the Messianic character of Jesus and as an assurance to man of a life beyond this life which should belong to those who believed in him. This was important in view of something else which he had come to believe within the last forty or fifty days, namely, that the Kingdom might be some time deferred, and that many of the disciples, himself among them, should die before it could be inaugurated. But with the certainty that Jesus was a Christ of the dead that died in the Lord, there was an end of all uneasiness.

It is not difficult to realize how important a part this single item of resurrection from the dead played in the acceptance of Christianity, for without it, where indeed would have been the assurance that once the race was run the crown would be forthcoming? The preparation for the Kingdom prescribed by Jesus and his disciples demanded sacrifices and separations. . . . "I came not to send peace, but a sword," said the Master, "to set a man at variance against his father. . . ." Why, then, should they suffer these things if by dying before the great day men should lose their inheritance? It was the assurance that they should not so lose that brought Peter and the others back to Jerusalem, where, they must have known, they would be received in something of the same kind as Jesus had been. They came back secure in the faith that nothing whatever that happened to them could separate them from the love of Jesus. And if it were a vision that had brought them to this pitch, then it were well if mankind would sometime cultivate the faculty of visions.

They came back, then, about a hundred and twenty of them, at the time of Pentecost; more than had actually accompanied Jesus on his first journey in the flesh. They came because they had somehow been convinced that there were to be no more appearances, and that at Jerusalem they were to wait for a baptism of that spirit which was

in Jesus. For they had said to him on one of the occasions of their being together after the crucifixion: "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" And he had answered them:

"It is not for you to know the times or the seasons . . . but ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

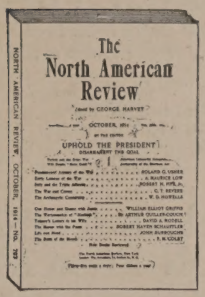
In pursuance of this parting instruction they had come together, and finding a warrant for it in the book of Psalms—for Jesus had evidently not instructed them on this point—they chose another of their number, one Matthias, to be numbered with the eleven in the place of Judas, as a witness of the resurrection. Thus having done what they could to perfect the form of organization which Jesus initiated, they were all with one accord in one place, praying and waiting. And suddenly, as with the sound of a mighty wind from heaven, the Holy Ghost was upon the company, and like unto a tongue of fire it dwelt upon each of them. Whoever, in whatever cause, has received the illumination of the spirit, will well know that sense of wind and fire with which it confirms its coming. Descending on these plain villagers and fisher folk, it lifted them to the most stupendous spiritual undertaking of all history

(*To be concluded*)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1864–1872

1915



November

ONE-HUNDRED-FIRST YEAR

Contents

VOL. 202: NO. 5

		Page
PATRIOTISM AND PROFITS	THE EDITOR	641
IF GERMANY——?	MUNROE SMITH	665
SHALL WE DEFEND THE MONROE DOCTRINE?	ALBERT BUSHNELL HART	681
NAVAL PRINCIPLES	Rear-Admiral BRADLEY A. FISKE, U.S.N.	693
PROHIBITION	L. AMES BROWN	702
SUFFRAGE AND A WOMAN'S CENTENARY	IDA HUSTED HARPER	730
THE MATTER WITH RAILWAY REGULATION	SAMUEL O. DUNN	736
THE HERMIT THRUSH	GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD	746
SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF VERLAINE	ARTHUR SYMONS	748
HENRY ARTHUR JONES AND THE DRAMATIC RENASCENCE	THOMAS H. DICKINSON	757
THE BOOK OF THE MONTH	LAWRENCE GILMAN	769
NEW BOOKS REVIEWED—LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		774
THE MAN JESUS: A Serial. (Concluded)	MARY AUSTIN	792

The price of The North American Review is thirty-five cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price 36c. for postage, and those in foreign countries 96c. Remittances should be made by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. Renewal orders should be sent in promptly in order to avoid a break in the receipt of copies.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 171 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

George Wharton Pepper

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD

For centuries the Pulpit has spoken to the Pew.

For forty-three years ministers have spoken to other ministers in the Lyman Beecher Lectures.

Here for the first time the Pew has spoken to the Pulpit.

Mr. Pepper offers practical suggestions to the minister as to the way in which he may attain godliness and enrich humanity. He writes with the clearness of a lawyer and with an appreciation of the needs of both preacher and congregation.

8vo. *Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 207 *pages. Price* $1.50 *net postpaid.*

Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TENNYSON From 1809 to 1850

This new biographical material concerning Tennyson is drawn from the memoirs, correspondence, and critical literature of the period, of which nothing seems to have escaped Professor Lounsbury. In this, the author's last work, his wit, humor, and keen observation appear in all the freshness that characterized the life of Cooper, written early in his literary career. The book is edited with an introduction by Professor Wilbur L. Cross, Editor of the *Yale Review.*

8vo. *Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 500 *pages. Index. Price* $2.50 *net postpaid. (In preparation.)*

Ellsworth Huntington

CIVILIZATION AND CLIMATE

Human character is probably the most interesting possible study. While weather and climate monopolize the conversation if not the thought of the vast majority of the world's inhabitants, yet their relation has not heretofore been studied in a serious way. Mr. Huntington has mapped the civilization of the world and has mapped its climate. He shows not only that the most advanced people are those living in the most stimulating climate but applying his discoveries to history, he shows that the nations which advanced and then fell back, such as the Peruvians, the Greeks and the nations of Palestine enjoyed a climate at the time of their preëminence which they no longer have.

8vo. *Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 275 *pages. Diagrams. Appendix. Index. Price* $2.50 *net postpaid.*

Yale University Press

LVX ET VERITAS

209 Elm Street
New Haven, Conn.

225 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Samuel McCall

THE LIBERTY OF CITIZENSHIP

"In the four short essays comprising the volume for which the author has chosen the singularly happy title, "The Liberty of Citizenship," is to be found a profound philosophy expressed in such perfect diction that English literature would have been poorer for their loss. Here is a book that must be ranked, for classroom purposes, with the best of Fiske, and Walter Raleigh's classic on the early English voyages, one which, moreover, may be studied with equal profit by the student of political economy and language, so clear and illuminating is the thought and so simple the style."—*Boston Transcript.*

12mo. *Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 134 *pages. Price* $1.15 *net postpaid.*

Charles Brooks

Allen Lewis (Illustrator)

JOURNEYS TO BAGDAD

These Essays possess at once rare bookish flavor, keen if whimsical insight, and a happy pictorial power.

The author possesses the unusual and rare gift of being able to write charmingly on simple subjects, finding his appeal in the happy turn he is able to give to homely things. The book is illustrated from wood blocks cut by Allen Lewis who has been markedly successful in reproducing the spirit of the Essays.

8vo. *Cloth binding.* 180 *pages.* 30 *wood cuts, slip case. Price* $1.50 *net, postpaid. (In preparation.)*

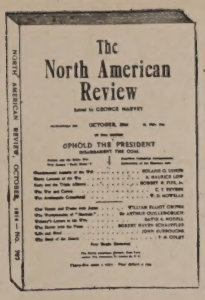
Arthur Twining Hadley

UNDERCURRENTS IN AMERICAN POLITICS

"These six lectures together constitute an admirable primer on political and economic principles essential to intelligent treatment of our present governmental and industrial problems."—*Outlook.*

"A brief but instructive survey of the growth of American democracy, economic legislation, and party government."—*American Library Association Booklist.*

12mo. *Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 185 *pages. Index.* $1.35 *net, postpaid.*



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

MUNROE SMITH,
Professor of Roman Law and Comparative Jurisprudence at Columbia University, received the degree of J. U. D. from Göttingen in 1880, and of J. D. from Louvain in 1909. He is the author of *Bismarck and German Unity*, and legal articles in the more important Cyclopædias.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
is Professor of History in Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1880. His published works include *Introduction to the Study of Federal Government, Formation of the Union, Practical Essays on American Government, Studies in American Education,* and *Foundations of American Foreign Policy.* He has also edited a number of important publications, including *Epochs of American History, Source-Book of American History,* and was editor-in-chief of *The American Nation and History.*

REAR-ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.,
graduated from the Naval Academy in 1874 and was promoted to his present rank in 1911. His distinguished services to the Navy include many inventions, the most important being the naval telescope sight which has been adopted by all the navies and has promoted greater accuracy in naval gunnery. Admiral Fiske is the author of *Electricity in Theory and Practice* and *War Time in Manila.*

L. AMES BROWN
is a journalist of Washington, D. C., and a correspondent for a number of the important dailies. The University of North Carolina conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon him in recognition of his work.

Ida Husted Harper
is of New England parentage. Born near Brookville, Indiana, she received her education at Indiana University and Leland Stanford University. She is the author of the *Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony,* and co-author, with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Anthony, of *The History of Woman Suffrage.* She has written many pamphlets on the different phases of this question and is a contributor to various magazines.

Samuel O. Dunn
is editor of the *Railway Age Gazette,* and is an authority on railway matters. His writings include, besides numerous magazine articles, *American Transportation Question,* and his book on *Government Ownership of Railways,* published a short time ago, has received high commendation.

Grace Denio Litchfield,
the well-known author, is now a resident of Washington, although much of her life has been passed in Europe. Her writings include *The Knight of the Black Forest, Little Venice, The Moving Finger Writes,* and *The Letter D,* as well as a good deal of verse.

Arthur Symons,
the English essayist, is a writer of verse as well. His more familiar works are *The Symbolist Movement in Literature, Studies in Prose and Verse, The Fool of the World and Other Poems,* and the *Knave of Hearts.*

Thomas H. Dickinson
is Associate Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin, which institution conferred upon him the degree of Ph.D. in 1906. He has published several editions of plays, among them *The Dramas of Robert Greene* in the well-known Mermaid Series; *Wisconsin Plays; The Chief Contemporary Dramatists;* and *The Case of American Drama.*

Mary Austin,
whose serial, *The Man Jesus,* is concluded in this issue of The Review, is a native of Illinois, but spent many years in California, the country of which she has written with such sympathy in *The Land of Little Rain, Lost Borders,* and *California.* Mrs. Austin has devoted some ten years to the preparation of this scholarly piece of work, which has included a study of the historical sources in many countries. Its universal appeal passes the bounds of sectarianism.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1915

PATRIOTISM AND PROFITS

A CONVERSATION ABOUT BONDS

BY THE EDITOR

An evening in October, 1915, in Boston, Massachusetts. Library of Mr. William P. Worthington in a comfortable residence not far removed from Beacon Street. Mr. Worthington, like his father and grandfather before him, was engaged in trade with the West Indies until 1903, when he retired from business, the possessor of a moderate fortune. He is now in the early seventies, by tradition a Conservative and yet not unappreciative of changing tendencies. A supporter of the Honorable Samuel W. McCall for Governor, an admirer of Mr. Charles Sumner Bird and a warm personal friend of Mr. Erving Winslow. An American, patriotic to the core, and a staunch adherent of the Allies in the present war. He is sitting in his grandfather's re-covered armchair before a fire in the grate, in seemingly expectant mood, when a maid opens the door and admits Mr. Winthrop Worthington Pinckney, his nephew and prospective heir, recently graduated from Harvard and now "beginning at the bottom" in the employ of a well-known banking house, with view to a future partnership. After having greeted his welcome visitor with marked cordiality, Mr. Worthington opens the conversation, and thereafter the two speak alternately.

—And how did you find New York?

—Fine and dandy! Everybody up and doing and making money to beat the orchestra! I started back the minute the

Copyright, 1915, by North American Review Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

conference ended and reported to the Head as soon as I arrived, and got my chance at last. So here I am, your Winthrop on the spot, ready to do business. You are to be my first customer.

—Well, well!

—Yes, sir; here you are; first proposition out of the box; bonds for sale; best security in the world; terms exceptional; ground-floor prices; no commissions except for necessary expenses; everything open and above board; strictly commercial transaction; advantage of the whole country; stabilize rates of exchange; high prices for farmers; best interest for investors; patriotic spirit; service to all man——

—Tut, tut, my boy! One minute, please. I cannot follow you so rapidly. You must have been taking lessons.

—Oh, I have—straight from headquarters. Got it all at my finger-tips. Questions answered freely. Books open to all. Patrons promptly served. Come one, come everybody! Sounds good, doesn't it?

—It does, indeed. You seem to have learned your lesson well. I infer that you——

—Yes, sir, I have been given full charge of the sale of the allotment to the Firm of the Anglo-French Loan, the biggest issue of International Bonds ever made. And you are my first purchaser. How about that?—I suppose you have a little ready money seeking investment. Not unusual, eh?

—Oh, yes, I always try to keep a few thousands on hand for a possible emergency or for a desirable investment or even for a praiseworthy cause occasionally. Which would you say this is—an emergency, an investment or a contribution?

—Uncle, you are a great man. You have put it exactly; in the precise order, I mean, that we are to make the offerings. In the first place, it is an Emergency.

—Ah!

—Yes, sir; let me explain. You don't mind my practising on you a bit, do you?

—Not at all. In fact, I want to hear all about it.

—Well, as you know, this war has put the trading of the world completely out of joint. The equilibrium of commerce has been so upset that it is going to bring disaster upon our whole people unless we do something about it and do it promptly. It is simple as A-B-C. We have immense quantities of goods to sell that people want to buy but can't because

they haven't the money. So the only thing to do is to give them credit just as a merchant or a bank does, and then after a while they pay us and we make a good profit. It isn't really a loan—especially a war loan—at all. It is just credit extended to customers.

—I see. Now what are the goods that our friends wish to buy with the money that you ask me, for example, to furnish?

—Foodstuffs, mostly,—wheat and corn and oats; in fact, all of the products of our soil.

—And guns and powder and shrapnel and the like?

—No; they have all the money they need for war munitions; they get that from their own people and may pay in gold if they like. In point of fact, the Commissioners were willing to restrict the proceeds of the loan exclusively to purchase of foodstuffs, but our Bankers turned down the proposition.

—Why?

—They regarded it as impracticable. It would make no difference anyway because, you see, if they used the money loaned——

—You mean the credit extended?

—Of course. If they used that for necessaries of life exclusively, they could offset the munitions with their exports to this country; so it is as broad as it is long.

—Yes, that seems reasonable. And yet, if the Commissioners were willing to make even an apparent concession to a certain sentiment of our people against using their own money to supply belligerents with ammunition, why should the Bankers have objected?

—As I said, they thought the plan impracticable.

—The Bankers probably have no great pecuniary interests in farm products?

—I imagine not.

—Nor in the supply of munitions of war?

—There was nothing said about it at the conference.

—Or, as your greatgrandfather used to say: "Aí blins aye; aí blins, no; aí blins, um, um, um." But I am diverting you from the logical presentation of your argument. You had not finished with the Emergency. You spoke of the rates of exchange.

—Yes, that really is the crux of the whole crisis. Ordinarily, exports and imports so nearly balance that the difference is settled by shipments of gold or by the temporary

use of bank credit, but with monthly balances running above $100,000,000 this method is impracticable. Some other way must be devised or our foreign customers simply cannot buy our products. Of course, the difficulty could be overcome if the foreign holders of our securities, amounting in England to nearly two billions, would sell them in this market, but they do not seem disposed to do that.

—You mean that, as an investment, they prefer our railway stocks and bonds to the bonds of their own country?

—Well, yes.

—Do you consider their judgment good?

—It may be; but that is not the question. We simply have to find a market for our products or our Farmers will starve. Mr. Hill estimates——

—Mr. James J. Hill?

—Yes; he is of course our great authority. Mr. Hill estimates that we will have fully 375,000,000 bushels of wheat from our great crop this year to sell abroad, and "upon this," he says, "the prosperity of the American Farmer depends."

—And the prosperity, too, I suppose, of Mr. Hill's railways and grain elevators?

—Naturally; we all share in the common advantage.

—Do we? Our own people consume a good deal of flour, you know. In 1914, for example, out of a total product of 891,000,000 bushels of wheat, only 230,000,000, or 26 per cent, were exported. If now we should ship 375,000,000 bushels even from a larger crop, the amount left for home consumption would be materially reduced and the cost to the domestic consumer would, of course, be increased. In fact, it has been. The total money value of our exports of wheat and flour for the fiscal year 1915 was $482,400,000 against $142,400,000 for 1914. The consequence is that the downtrodden Farmer is receiving 30 cents a bushel more for his wheat, and I am paying $2 a barrel more for my flour. If I now loan money to facilitate still further increase in exportation, the disparity will surely be greater. In fact, I fully expect, regardless of loans or rates of exchange, during the forthcoming year, to see wheat at a dollar a bushel and flour at $10 a barrel. True, that is a selfish way of looking at it. I mention the matter only as bearing upon your remark about the "common advantage." By the way, how are the bonds going out West?

—Not so very well, I am told.

—So I judged from Mr. James B. Forgan's statement and from Mr. William Allen White's remark that the banks and farmers of Kansas were not going to subscribe for any at all because they had better use for their money. Frankly, I am not greatly troubled by the plight of the American Farmer when he is getting ninety cents a bushel for his wheat and when, as in 1914, more than 85 per cent of all of our agricultural products are consumed in this country. Mr. Hill, I suspect, is more concerned by prices than by markets, and naturally he does not take into consideration consumers like myself and the wageworkers of this section who must bear 85 per cent of the enhanced burden. He only wants us to finance the operation.

—But, sir, you would not like to see our exports of foodstuffs cut off entirely?

—Certainly not. But neither am I particularly apprehensive on that score. When I see the people of England starving for food while their Government is paying us billions in gold and American securities for munitions of war I may believe that it is I, not somebody else, who is talking nonsense; but not till then.

—But that is not the point. Of course, the people of England would not submit to starvation. They would simply go elsewhere for their food.

—You mean to other countries which could and would make loans or, as you put it, extend credits?

—Certainly.

—Where would they go?

—Mr. Hill explains that. He has made a very careful study of the whole subject. The total wheat requirements of the Continent for the coming year he figures at 550,000,000 bushels. Of this amount Canada will supply 175,000,000 and India and Australia 50,000,000 more. This leaves 325,000,000 bushels to be found. Mr. Hill says Argentina can furnish 100,000,000.

—On credit?

—He doesn't say.

—I thought not. If so, you see, it would be with our money which we recently loaned to Argentina, and for which, it is quite definitely established, they have pressing need at home.

—But that is not all. Mr. Hill finds that "there will be

available 250,000,000 bushels from the Black Sea region if the Dardanelles are opened to merchant ships before Spring."

—So! Well, of course, we all hope that the Dardanelles will soon be opened to merchant ships peaceably conveying grains from Russia to England, but the latest news from the Balkans hardly inspires confidence. There is some doubt, too, at the moment of Russia's position as a lender of money. Upon the whole, then, is it not fair to assume that England must come to the United States for foodstuffs if she would save her people from starvation?

—It would seem so, but if the present abnormal rates of exchange should maintain what would happen?

—England would have to pay more for a smaller amount of products and we here in New England would be required to pay less for a larger amount; that is all there is of it. Incidentally, you may have noticed in the financial reports that yesterday "demand sterling developed further weakness, closing at the bottom at $4.67⅜," wiping out a large part of the sentimental or artificial recovery that followed the arrival of the Commissioners, and that our Bankers were compelled reluctantly to admit that "the credit created by the $500,000,000 loan is not going to suffice to hold up exchange rates." The avowed primary purpose of the "credit extended," therefore, is already a failure; the half-billion has proved to be but a drop in the bucket; and whatever emergency there was originally still exists. In truth, there is none from the standpoint of any part of the American people except of the small groups which are thriving upon "war profits." If there is from England's, all her Government has to do is to offer exchange at a fixed rate; but that is their affair, not ours. I think we may pass the Emergency.

—But surely you consider these bonds a good investment, representing the only exterior obligation of two great nations, issued at 98, bearing 5 per cent interest and convertible into twenty or twenty-five year 4½ per cent bonds, which will sell at a premium, at the end of five years, when the war will be over.

—I am familiar with the terms; they are liberal enough; and the $10,000,000 deducted for marketing them is wholly reasonable, as such transactions go. But investment values are relative. As we have noted, the Kansas farmer thinks he can use his profits to better advantage and the English

capitalist prefers his American securities, but they are differently situated from me, besides perhaps being in error. For myself, it seems from a strictly commercial and conservative standpoint a most attractive investment—assuming, of course, the correctness of your premise that the war will end favorably to the Allies, within a reasonable period of time. All depends upon that. Leaving France out of the calculation for the present purpose, since her recent short-term obligations are a drug on the market at nearly 7 per cent, a brief summary respecting Great Britain may prove enlightening, to wit:

Estimated wealth	$85,000,000,000
Debt prior to the war	3,600,000,000
Revenues about	1,000,000,000
Expenditures about	1,000,000,000

ESTIMATES OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Present "deadweight" debt, including costs of army and navy	$12,000,000,000
Expenditures for current year	7,950,000,000
Revenues for current year	1,525,000,000
Deficit for current year	6,425,000,000

Interest upon indebtedness prior to war	$120,000,000
Interest upon present indebtedness about	550,000,000

Present rate of war expenditures, $25,000,000 per day

The cost of the war has increased steadily in the past few months from $15,000,000 to $25,000,000 per day and seems likely to climb still higher at least for a time. Assuming that the heavy new taxes imposed upon incomes, war profits, etc., estimated at $535,000,000, or about $1,500,000 per day, will suffice to meet the anticipated increase in war costs, the financial condition of Great Britain at the end of another year of war will be approximately as follows:

Estimated wealth	$85,000,000,000 (?)
Indebtedness	21,000,000,000

True, the expenditures should diminish somewhat under efficient organization, but assuming continuation at the present rate, at the end of two years the indebtedness will have reached thirty billions and at the end of three years fully forty billions, or one-half of the entire national wealth,

carrying an interest charge of not less than $2,000,000,000 per annum, as against $120,000,000 before the war. These are incredible sums, so incredible that the Chancellor of the Exchequer frankly declared "I do not think it is within the power of man to estimate what the cost of the war would be if it lasted 36 months longer" and concluded that necessarily its duration must be comparatively short. Needless to say, no country could bear such a burden. Whether, indeed, Great Britain, industrially broken and deprived, as she will be, of picked men whose economic value exceeds four billions, could meet the full billion of interest which she will have assumed at the end of only one year is worth considering.

—If not?

—Then she would be obliged to reduce the rates of interest upon her obligations.

—But Great Britain would never do that.

—Not willingly; but if her neighbors should take that course she might be compelled to do so, to maintain a competitive existence.

—In any case, no reduction could be made in the interest upon this loan because it is a first or prior lien upon national revenues.

—That is only an assumption, though probably correct. But it is not so nominated in the bond. Nor is there anything to prevent the issuance of further obligations taking precedence of this one. The remote possibilities of a complete triumph of Germany or repudiation of intolerable burdens through a revolt of the masses I ignore entirely.

—But what about Germany?

—Germany's war loans for the first year of the war amounted to $3,750,000,000; for the second year they are placed at $4,500,000,000; her total present indebtedness is about five billions; her estimated wealth is eighty billions. These figures, as you will see, compare favorably with England's and, looking to the future, Germany's reduction of wastage to a minimum gives her no small advantage. But it is quite idle to predict how long she can or will hold out. It is easy and probably safe to assume that the war will be over in five years, but there is no real basis for regarding even that hope as a certainty. Many wars have lasted longer and the magnitude of this one has no precedent.

—Then strictly as an investment——

—It is not an investment. It is a gamble comprising two

bets—one that the Allies will win and the other that they will win comparatively soon. The *New York Times* puts it exactly when it says:

> This transaction is based on confidence that the borrowing Governments will in the course of the next five years be able to fund this short-term loan in longer-term bonds at par, which is equivalent to confidence that, if they are not victors in the war they are waging, they at least will meet with no crushing defeat. Every dollar of the loan is a concrete evidence of that confidence. Every investor who puts his money into the loan avows that belief and backs it.

—Then if you should subscribe you would do so as a patriotic duty?

—It seems to me that I did read something about the duty of every citizen to help the industries of his country and there was something further, I think, to the effect that the country was "responding patriotically."

—Yes, one of the leading Bankers spoke convincingly along that line.

—Quite so. I recall now that his statement reminded me of a certain remark made by Madame Roland respecting things done in the name of Liberty. Patriotism signifies service of one's country. How can I serve my country by sending my money out of it when every American dollar is needed within our own borders for railway expansion and improvements, for development of that scarcely touched empire in the Southwest, for the opening up of Alaska, for great water powers, for better roads, for deepening harbors, for national defense, for innumerable humanitarian purposes and so on indefinitely?

—But that is just the point. The entire proceeds of this loan are to remain here.

—To be sure. Now tell me just where the money I may hand to you in exchange for foreign promises to pay will go?

—Physically, of course, to the Bankers, but really to England and France as credit.

—But there is no need to extend this particular credit to England and France. They already have it. Everybody knows about the enormous "war orders" for all kinds of munitions which have been placed in this country. Some say they already amount to nearly two billions of dollars. In any case, the nominal values of "war shares" on the Stock Exchange have increased that much, large purchases have been made and manufacturing plants are not only being

worked to the limit of their capacity but are being enlarged amazingly. Necessarily all this has required much money. Where has it come from? Partly direct from England in the form of gold, but chiefly from the New York banks in the form of credits. More than a month ago Dr. E. E. Pratt, Chief of the Bureau of Commerce, speaking in Denver, declared that, while the amount of such credits could not be given with accuracy, it was "likely that they exceed $250,000,000." The Chancellor of the Exchequer also, in submitting the loan to Parliament on October 12, announced that the transaction was "purely for the purpose of meeting liabilities already incurred" and confirmed Dr. Pratt's estimate of the amount now accrued as about £50,000,000. This is the minimum sum, already loaned to England by the Bankers, that the people are asked, for reasons of patriotism, to take off the Bankers' hands through the purchase of these bonds, simultaneously furnishing another quarter billion for continuance of the operation.

—But is not that a purely banking matter?

—On the contrary, it is about one part banking, two parts speculating and seven parts manufacturing. What is the cause of the tremendous increase in values of "war stocks"? "War orders," of course, that yield enormous profits, never estimated at less than 100 per cent. And who owns the "war stocks"? Not the original holders, except in part, you may be sure. Is it not more than probable that private bankers and officials of banks and trust companies have availed themselves freely of quite exceptional opportunities to invest in shares certain to increase enormously and immediately in both actual and market values? If not, one must assume a remarkable transformation of human nature. Believe me, my son, Wall Street has gone into manufacturing on a large scale—not altogether furtively, either. Note the new corporations being organized daily to engage in "war business," the big mergers being consummated or rumored, the eager competition between various groups until "working arrangements" can be made, and check off the incorporators and directors. Are they practical manufacturers? Not at all. One such is usually designated as the head for appearance's sake and his knowledge, but the others comprise the President of This bank, the Vice-President of That, the Chairman of This trust company, the Controller of That, and so on. These are the enterprising citizens whose vaults

now hold the quarter billion or more of England's indebtedness, referred to by the Chancellor, which they are willing to share with, or to transfer *in toto* to, the whole people down even to the humblest, who has only $100 to pay for a single, little bond. The patriotic Bankers take the glory and the profits, the patriotic Boobs take the bonds and the chances, and everybody is satisfied.

—Everybody but——

—But me? Oh, I make no complaint. I need not join the Boobs unless it suits me to do so for reasons of my own. True, I am obliged to contribute indirectly through the banks and insurance companies unless I withdraw my deposits and cancel my policies,—but those are my privileges if I see fit to exercise them. No, I have no personal grievance. But, speaking of financial institutions, tell me, is it a fact that the Comptroller of the Currency has ruled that there is no limit to the amount of these bonds a National bank may purchase?

—Yes. The law restricts the amount that can be loaned to an individual or a corporation to 10 per cent. of its capital and surplus, but the Comptroller holds that the restriction does not apply in this case because a nation is neither an individual nor a corporation.

—Then, if they liked, the officers of the Shawmut National Bank could loan all their resources, capital, surplus and deposits to Uruguay or Hayti.

—Apparently.

—That seems very extraordinary. I always supposed a State was in a broad sense a corporation. Even if in the Comptroller's opinion it is not, I fail to see how he could hold such a transaction as falling within the intent of the statute, and clearly it is the duty of the Comptroller to consider the intent in an important matter like this. In any case, it is evident that a ruling involving such grave possibilities should be brought to the attention of Congress and, as I do not happen to know our Representative, I shall address a communication on the subject to the Speaker. The defect in the statute owing to a mere omission seems to be so obvious that I should suppose Congress would rectify the error promptly.

—Might not the passage of such an amendment at this time be regarded as at least morally unneutral?

—Oh, I suspect that we still have the privilege of revising our banking laws without inviting censure. But I am glad

you asked the question. I like the term "morally unneutral." I wanted to ask you, Was anything said in New York about the neutrality of your loan?

—Yes, that is all settled. The Bankers agreed that it is neither pro-German nor pro-Ally; it is just plain pro-American.

—I can see that it is not pro-German and that it is not precisely anti-Ally, but about "just plain pro-American" I am not so sure. If I am right in reasoning that the whole scheme of the loan is to induce the great mass of the people to take a very considerable financial risk and increase the cost of their living to enable the Farmers to get fancy prices and the Bankers to pocket huge profits, "just plain pro-Kansas and just plain pro-Wall Street" would seem to be more exact.

—But the Government decided the question.

—The Government?

—Yes; the President and the Secretary of the Treasury.

—Oh, the Administration. You know there is still a Supreme Court and there will soon be a Congress. But what was the Administration's ruling? I remember one, but perhaps it is not the same.

—There was no formal ruling. Announcement was simply made that the Government regarded it as a purely business transaction between citizens of the United States and foreign nations, wholly within the rights of both, and so would raise no objections.

—Ah, that is not the same. The ruling I recalled was promulgated early in the war by the State Department. I have not the original declaration at hand, but it was outlined succinctly and, of course authoritatively, by the Secretary of State in the Democratic text-book for 1914 in these words:

> The announcement made by this Government that it regards the making of loans by American citizens to the Governments of nations engaged in war as inconsistent with the spirit of neutrality has created a profound impression throughout the world. It is the first time that a great nation has taken this stand on the subject of war loans. The matter has been discussed at The Hague and at peace conferences, but it encountered so much opposition that nothing tangible has resulted. THE PRESIDENT, THEREFORE, BLAZES A NEW WAY WHEN, WITHOUT CONFERENCE WITH OTHER NATIONS AND WITHOUT SUPPORT FROM CONVENTIONS, HE COMMITS THIS NATION TO THIS POLICY.

It is inconsistent with the spirit of neutrality for a neutral nation to make loans to belligerent nations, for money is the worst of contrabands—it commands all other things. A very forcible illustration has been used in support of this proposition, namely that as a neutral government does all in its power to discourage its citizens from enlisting in the armies of other countries, it should discourage those who, by loaning money, would do more than they could do by enlisting. The Government withdraws the protection of citizenship from those who do enlist under other flags—why should it give protection to money when it enters into foreign military service? There is only one answer.

But there are other reasons. The European war is imposing a burden upon all the neutral nations as well as upon those engaged in the conflict. If the United States were to loan money to the belligerent nations, it would be less able to assist the neutrals, and it has already received notice from neutral nations that desire loans. We are under special obligation to render such service as we can to South and Central America; it would be difficult to do this if all of our surplus money was flowing into the war chests of Europe.

Then, too, our own country might be embarrassed by loans to the belligerents. Already a material reduction has been made in the Government's income from import duties owing to the partial suspension of commerce. If the war is prolonged it may become necessary for the Government to issue bonds, and foreign loans might so affect the local market as to compel a higher rate of interest.

There are still other reasons, but these are enough to show that the President's course was abundantly justified—enough to show, also, that in this case, as in nearly every other case, a stand taken upon moral grounds is supported by considerations of a material character.

That seems very clear. I did not feel at the time that the new way blazed by the President was wholly free from technical obstructions, but there is no question of the position assumed with respect to violations of the "spirit of neutrality," such as the President enjoined upon the whole country when he bade us to be neutral in our thoughts. Is there an explanation of this seeming reversal of judgment?

—Yes, sir. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, Second Assistant President, cleared away the apparent inconsistency in the *Evening Post* on September 16, in this way:

Every branch of this Administration which might in any way be affected by the loan is clear in its mind that there is no inconsistency in this country's permitting the loan to be made when it discountenanced a year ago loans offered from the same sources. The difference, of course, is that this money is to be expended in the

United States for the purpose of paying for goods legitimately purchased here, during the past year, both the goods of peace and those of war, and for purchases still to be made.

This undoubtedly is the official explanation. It was wholly satisfactory to the Bankers.

—That is gratifying, of course. But it is less convincing to my mind than I should like. Indeed, the so-called "difference" seems to bear a close resemblance to the traditionally bereft distinction. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also misapprehended the practical consequence, I should judge, or he would not have said to Parliament on October 11:

We said to our American creditors, allow us to defer payment, upon such terms as can be arranged. They agreed, and we were thereby enabled to retain £50,000,000 of capital which we must otherwise have exported.

—But surely you do not deny that we are within our legal rights in making this loan?

—Assuredly not. It was your own phrase "morally unneutral," conjoining the Secretary of State's "spirit of neutrality" and the President's "neutral in our thoughts," that caught my attention. There is no inhibition in either written or international law against our financing the entire war if we see fit to do so. But there are other considerations which must be taken into account unless we are prepared to substitute for our vaunted high-mindedness utterly flagrant self-deceit. I do not need to tell you how strong and sincere is my sympathy with the Allies. I hold that they are fighting the great battle of democracy, of freedom, of civilization and of humanity, no less for me and the ideals which I and my ancestors have cherished than for themselves and their own aspirations. I would gladly give half my fortune or more in case of need rather than witness their defeat. But I will not sail under false colors and I shall try, even throughout this period of terrible stress, to keep my mind as honest and fair as my heart is true to the great Cause which I hold to be just and noble. You say the making of this loan does not conflict with our professions of neutrality. I say that it does. You say it is exclusively pro-American. I say it is distinctly pro-Ally. Sometimes a simple comparison helps to clarify the vision. Not many years ago, you may recall, President Cleveland served a virtual ultimatum upon Great Britain respecting the boundaries of

Venezuela. For weeks the two countries hung upon the precipice of conflict, which was only averted finally by the unexpected submission of a haughty Premier. Suppose war had come. England, then as now, was mistress of the seas and would promptly have shut us off from the remainder of the world as she has shut off Germany. Suppose, then, Germans had begun, not only to furnish England with so much cannon, shot and shell as they could manufacture, but to enlarge their plants enormously to produce for our enemy a limitless supply. Suppose, further, that the time had come when England could not conveniently pay for her huge purchases and the German people had loaned her great sums of money —a half-billion to start with—to enable their banker-manufacturers to make excessive profits. Suppose, too, the German Government, as a Government, while professing to be neutral, had not only tacitly acquiesced but had opened wide the vaults of the national banks under its control, to facilitate the operation. What, then, think you, would have been our feeling towards the German nation and the German people?

—Not friendly, of course; but even so we would have had no legal right to protest.

—No more than they have now, since, as you see, the cases are parallel.

—Moreover, Germany has no ground for complaint because she herself is trying to borrow money here.

—I am not interested in what Germany is trying to do or what England and France are trying to do; it is what we ourselves are doing that concerns me. True neutrality, in practice if not in theory, is a matter of degree. You may give or loan a person a reasonable sum of money without entangling yourself, but when you supply him with a hundred thousand dollars, say, to use in his business you become his partner, his ally. And that is what this half-billion loan makes of us—an ally of the Allies. Why stultify and discredit ourselves by pretending the contrary which we know to be false? The English have no illusions on this score. Listen to the *Spectator* of October 2:

> The peculiarity of the present loan resides solely in the political circumstances in which it is contracted. Two belligerent countries are borrowing from a neutral to finance their operations of war. There is no escape from that crude fact. But if international law permits a neutral country to make munitions for any belligerent,

there is no obvious reason why it should not also permit the same neutral country to receive payment for those munitions by credit instead of by cash. Up to this point the whole proceeding is, *at any rate from our point of view,* entirely satisfactory.

There you have it in a nutshell. And the *Spectator* continues:

When, however, we look beyond the immediate necessity of financing our present imports from the United States and ask ourselves how about the future, the situation becomes less reassuring. Unless the war ends much more speedily than most of us dare to hope, the purchase of munitions of war from the United States must continue, and consequently a new loan will be necessary to pay for them.

That also is obvious. Half a billion, large as it seems, is a mere bagatelle; barely enough to pay England's war costs alone for twenty days and hardly one-fourth of the total amount of "war orders" already placed in this country. Negotiations for additional sums, I observe, are under way already. Our feet are in the water; presently we will be swimming because we must.

—But the more we do the more we will help the Allies.

—True—and that is the reason—the only reason—why I am going to subscribe. It is the only way I can help. I stand with Mr. Choate, who declared flatly at the Pilgrims' dinner to Lord Reading that his only regrets were that the loan sought was not many times larger and that the Commissioners had not appealed directly to the American people for needed help, not in stabilizing rates of exchange or marketing our products or any such fol-de-rol, but in their mighty struggle for human liberty and human rights.

—Then you are going to be my first customer, after all?

—Of course, gladly, gratefully. Have you a suggestion as to amount?

—Well, I hoped for $25,000.

—Oddly, that is the sum I had in mind as a fitting contribution from one of my means. So make my subscription $50,000.

—Why $50,000? Is not that more than you can afford?

—It is, but I can manage. And then, according to my reckoning, after all profits and commissions are deducted, my friends who are fighting my battles will receive from me munitions whose actual value is just about the $25,000 which I intended them to have.

—Are you proud to make your contribution?

—That is an odd question. Why do you ask it?

—Because of a statement in the prospectus issued by one of the great Trust Companies of New York. This is it:

> When this war is over, the American investor who has purchased of this Loan may well be proud of having helped his country to become a creditor nation. In addition, he will have the satisfaction of having obtained a premier investment, possessing unusual security of principal and interest, at a price to yield nearly 5½ per cent.

What have you to say to that?

—Little, except that if I am still living when this war is over I shall not be proud of myself or my countrymen for having added to the terrific burden of debt which then will be placed upon the shoulders of the bereft peasants of poverty-stricken France, to be borne through God knows how many generations chiefly by the toiling wives and daughters and future descendants of the gallant and uncomplaining men who to-day are dying in the trenches by the thousands, to the end that we and our children may live in liberty and prosperity. It is excellent, of course, to obtain a "premier investment" and I accept my small portion, regardless of its intrinsic value, because it is the only course left open to me. It also may be a glorious thing to help my country to become a creditor nation; I do not know. But I am not proud as your Trust Company would have me to be. My soul sinks in sadness when I contemplate the gloating over our great gains from this awful tragedy and reflect that they are being won through the blood and tears of the very people whose ancestors gave unsparingly of life and treasure to make America, not First perhaps, but Free.

Go sell your bonds, my boy; but tell no lies!

BLOOD-MONEY

GERMANY disavows the *Arabic* infamy; which is gratifying. She will in addition pay an indemnity, if she and the United States can agree upon the cash value of the lives of the murdered men; which is doubtless also gratifying, from some point of view. It is customary to pay cash indemnities for human lives which are illegally destroyed, when the destroyers are governments or corporations and not individuals. We cannot recall an instance in recent times of

such atonement being accepted as satisfactory from a private murderer. But it is taken, and exacted, from States. Germany herself exacted it a few years ago, from China, for the killing of some missionaries, though that crime was not committed with any such degree of official incitement and sanction as the German murders of American citizens enjoyed, and the act of atonement was accompanied with conditions and circumstances which do not appear to be required in the present case. Morally, and to the thoughtful observer, the disavowal is of far more value than the blood-money—provided it is sincere and is not made merely because the wholesale destruction of the German submarine flotilla has made it impracticable to continue such conduct.

The *Lusitania* case comes next, and it is intimated that while an indemnity may be paid there will be no thought of disavowal. This seems plausible, for the German Government has so persistently and unqualifiedly maintained the rightfulness of its butchery of the victims of that outrage that it would be extraordinarily difficult and embarrassing for it now to reverse that attitude and to confess the destruction of the ship to have been unjustifiable. The expectation is, then, that there will be no disavowal and only the somewhat grudging payment of blood-money.

Let us consider what that would mean, and where it would leave us. It does not so greatly matter where it would leave Germany. If we accepted the cash indemnity as a satisfactory settlement, we should be acquiescing in Germany's pretension of a right to murder American citizens, including women and children, at will, subject only to an obligation to pay so much a head for doing so. For murder it was, as surely as any private killing that ever was expiated upon the gallows, and it is inconceivable that right-thinking Americans can ever otherwise regard it. We should be making ourselves accessories after the fact to the establishment of the monstrous principle that in war a belligerent is free to massacre on the high seas innocent and unoffending noncombatant neutrals, without a single provocative circumstance save their unwillingness to renounce their natural and lawful rights and subject themselves to insolent dictation from an alien Power. After all the wrath which flamed out righteously at the thought of our women and children piratically slain and their tortured bodies left to be wastrels of the deep, we should be saying, " Oh, well, let it go, so long

as you pay us the ready cash!" How much for a baby's life? How much for a wife, a sister, a mother?

We cannot believe that such a disposition of the case could ever be acceptable to the American nation. We do not say that there should necessarily be war over the matter of the *Lusitania*, though wars have been waged over far less provocation. No war could bring back our dead to life. But we should have to think poorly of the resources of diplomacy if it were impossible in some effective manner to exact from the murderers something more than blood-money. We must believe that in some way it could be made possible to constrain Germany to disavow so hideous a crime and to recede from her atrocious claim of a right to commit murder.

But if not, if the German Government should persist in abrogating the Sixth Commandment and international law, then there must be some way short of war in which to make clear to the world and to posterity our unchangeable denial and detestation of that murderous attitude, and our unwillingness to accept blood-money as a full equivalent of human lives.

THE COST AND CURE OF A PLAGUE

It may be problematic whether we shall ever adopt anti-typhoid inoculation as generally as we have anti-small pox vaccination, though we have already done so in the Army, with noteworthy results. It is certain that we must find and employ some effective means of suppressing a plague which is disgracefully prevalent in this country, and which is enormously costly to us. If we can do so without inoculation, well and good. If not, it will be difficult to demonstrate that it is better to let the disease rage than to employ a practically infallible means for getting rid of it.

The full extent of the prevalence of typhoid, and its cost to the nation, cannot be accurately stated, because in this country we do not maintain such a system of vital statistics as some other countries do. Nevertheless, we have authentic statistics from a considerable part of the country, and from them we can calculate the rest with approximate accuracy.

It is known that in 57 cities, which then had a population of nearly 21,000,000, there were in 1910 no fewer than 4,114 deaths from typhoid, and that in the same cities, then

with a population of more than 23,000,000, there were in 1914 only 2,408 deaths from the same disease. Those figures show a splendid gain in five years, but they also show a still far too great prevalence of typhoid. If a human life be reckoned to be worth, economically, $5,000, as it commonly is, then the loss in those cities in 1910 from this disease was $20,570,000. In five years there was a gratifying saving of $8,530,000, but the loss in 1914 was still $12,040,000. Now these 57 cities comprise less than one-fourth of the population of the United States, and the remaining population is notoriously much more subject to the disease than they. It is safe to estimate at the present time, according to the Federal Health bureau, a total of 30,000 deaths and a yearly economic loss to the nation through the destruction of life by typhoid of fully $150,000,000. That is surely a sum worth saving, if we can; and it is to be believed that we can, since typhoid, while not always curable, is preventable.

The decrease in the number of cases indicated by the figures which we have quoted has been effected chiefly by safeguarding the water and milk supplies from contamination. The improvement in all the cities taken together has been marked. Still more marked, significant and instructive are some individual cases. Thus the number of deaths in each 100,000 of population in New York prior to 1910 was 13.5; now it is 6.2. In Chicago it has fallen from 15.8 to 7.1; and in Philadelphia from the appalling number of 41.7 to 7.4. Similar gains for life and health have been made in other cities, large and small.

On the other hand there are striking contrasts between cities. Thus Boston has a death rate per 100,000 of 9.1, while Baltimore, a city of comparable size, has 22.4. Why should Baltimore have more than twice as many typhoid deaths as Boston? Worcester, Mass., has only 3.7, while Birmingham, Alabama, has 40.2. Why that amazing contrast? Cambridge, Mass., has only 1.8, while Springfield, in the same State, has 21.8. Seattle has reduced her typhoid deaths to 4.6 in the 100,000, while San Francisco suffers 12.9. Climate or other conditions beyond human control cannot be charged with responsibility for these differences. We must charge them against the administration of sanitary laws and Governmental attention to the popular welfare.

The number of deaths yearly from typhoid in the whole nation is expertly estimated at 30,000. But what would it

be if it were proportionally no larger than in some of the States, and in some in which the conditions conducing to typhoid are supposed to be worst? Typhoid is commonly regarded as a disease of crowded populations, where the vast floods of sewage are difficult to dispose of and there is the greatest danger of water supplies becoming contaminated. Well, the rates to the 100,000 in three of the most crowded States are as follows: Massachusetts, 7.9; Rhode Island, 8.3; New Jersey, 9.6. If the whole country could reduce its typhoid toll as Massachusetts has done, it would lose only 7,900 instead of 30,000 lives, or $39,500,000 instead of $150,000,000. Surely a gain of $110,500,000 a year would be worth making, even if it cost a few millions to effect it. Nor would it be unreasonable to expect the whole nation to do about as well as the States cited; for other industrial and crowded States should surely do as well as these, while the chiefly rural State of Wisconsin boasts a rate of only 9 in the 100,000. The actual gain made in a single specimen State is much in point. In 1900 New Jersey had a typhoid rate of 22 in the 100,000, and now it has only 9.6. That means that 2,060 lives have been saved which would have been lost if the rate of 1900 still prevailed. The State Board of Health points out that, at the rate of $5,000 for each life and $300 as the average cost of medical care and funeral, the money saved by the reduction of deaths has in these years been nearly $11,000,000.

These gains by cities and States, and these contrasts between cities and States are due, as we have said, chiefly to improved sanitation in the water and milk supplies, and in a few cases also to the extermination of house flies; and there is no doubt that the processes which have been so efficient in some places would prove equally successful in all places. Nashville, with a death rate of 47.3, could emulate Cambridge with only 1.8. But since in all States and cities a certain percentage persists, it may be well to consider, as a final resort, some additional means of combatting the plague, in hope of driving it to the vanishing point and making it as rare as smallpox. By far the most hopeful means appears to be suggested by the experience of the United States Army, the large camps of which have been notoriously susceptible to attacks of typhoid; for obvious reasons. It is a matter of record that during four months in 1898 among 10,000 soldiers encamped in Florida there were 2,000 cases

of typhoid: a most discreditable and disastrous record, but one which at the time was regarded as not at all extraordinary and as probably inevitable. It is also a matter of record that thirteen years later, in a similar encampment of just double the size of Texas, there were only two cases. We may well ask the cause of so striking a change, from 2,000 in 10,000 to only one in the same number.

The significant fact is that during those years the system of inoculation for the prevention of typhoid had been invented and had been made compulsory in the Army. In 1898 none of the men were inoculated, and in 1911 all were inoculated. Nor are these results perceptible only in the occasional large encampments. They are to be seen throughout the entire Army. Before the discovery and introduction of the inoculation the case rate in the Army was 536 in the 100,000. It is now only three. That is to say, that among men of just the age when they are most susceptible to typhoid, living in conditions peculiarly favorable to its development and propagation, the number of cases is far less than the number of deaths in the most sanitary and salubrious of our large cities. While New York has 6.2 deaths, the Army has only three cases. The significance of such facts cannot be ignored.

To what extent the obvious lesson will be or should be practically applied is an interesting question. It is observed that the civil employees of the Government have voluntarily very generally been inoculated. Last year more than 100,000 persons throughout the country, not in the Government service, voluntarily sought this protection against typhoid. This year the work is being more widely conducted, and it is estimated that fully 300,000 will be treated.

It is understood that anti-typhoid inoculation is a much simpler and less formidable operation than vaccination against smallpox, and is subject to none of the objections which have been raised against the latter. In the vast majority of cases there are no symptoms whatever. How long the immunity lasts is still an open question. At any rate, the achievements already effected should confirm a resolution to persist in the campaign until this deadly but quite preventable disease is eliminated, as yellow fever, smallpox and other maladies have been. It would be a reproach to the nation to continue losing thousands of lives every year, when an assured remedy is within reach.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF CULTURE

THERE is a cry abroad in the land that our culture—our hard-won American culture—is perishing. It is a feminine voice that has cried out—effectively megaphoned through the most distinguished of our monthly contemporaries: the voice of an estimable writer of fiction whose own presumptive culture need not too gravely be impeached by reason of the fact that she speaks of the Germans' possession of *Kultur* apparently under the quaint delusion that it is equivalent to the English noun which she uses in her sufficiently panic-striking title—"The Extirpation of Culture." Culture, we are told, has ceased to be a passionate American preoccupation; it seems that we are doing all in our power to lose both the word and the thing—there are to-day proportionately fewer Americans who care about culture, and who know the real thing when they see it, than there were one or two generations ago.

This is indeed news—this, as Mr. Abe Potash (or was it Mr. Mawruss Perlmutter?) used to observe, is "altogether something." We confess that we had not taken note of the fact, with the Ladies' Culture Clubs open day and night, and the names of the latest Russian novelists and the doings of the Futurists as common in afternoon tea talk (they say) as that sweet word, "Hell," in a Billysunday discourse. It appears that "the pure American" (that very occasional bird) once cared for culture, and no longer, to the same extent, does. The reasons? They are multiple, and have been carefully listed—a card-index of national deterioration. First there is "the increased hold of the democratic fallacy on the popular mind." We then perceive our female Jeremiah,—holding her skirts exquisitely above our contaminated earth and sniffing delicately in the direction of Ellis Island,—addressing our attention to the second card: the influx of "a racially and socially inferior population." Next, we find her, like the party platforms of an earlier tradition, "viewing with alarm" the two remaining causes of our intellectual and spiritual decline: "Materialism in all classes," and "the idolatry of science."

Of the fact itself—the fact that culture actually *is* being "extirpated" (a verb which would seem, to the unsuspecting, to relegate culture among rag-weed, tumors, heresies, and prostitution)—of this fact, our lady prosecutor

finds the evidence " so multitudinously at hand " that she considers it hardly worth while to bring forward " solemn proofs of the fact "—a method of indictment and trial which seems to be modelled somewhat loosely upon the immortal principle enunciated by the Queen at the trial of the Knave of Hearts in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland:* " Sentence first, verdict afterward." Our Brahminical apostle of culture merely begins a little farther back, having adopted as *her* principle, " Verdict first, evidence afterward." Well, it is not a bad principle, provided the evidence does ultimately emerge. Anyway, it saves time. And are not our author's proofs impressive? For example, there is the existence of " a cult of the modern " in all branches of art and learning —a sinister phenomenon. Those hard-working entertainers, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Miss Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, are sign-posts on this pathway to intellectual perdition, blameless though they be themselves. But are there not some among us who prefer Conrad to Mr. Davis, Galsworthy to Mr. Churchill, Dostoïevsky to Miss Abbott? Apparently not. Of the public that reads and discusses Conrad and Dostoïevsky, our ululant prophet of intellectual disaster seems oddly unaware.

As for the delusion some of us have entertained that good music, good drama, are to-day in eager demand, that is effectively disposed of by our author: her method is one of inspired simplicity—she merely, like Dr. Johnson concerning a future life, " leaves the matter in obscurity." Those tales we have heard about the difficulty of obtaining seats for the annual performance of Wagner's *Ring* at the Metropolitan; about the symphony orchestras that are springing up in our Western and Middle-Western cities; about the demand at the circulating libraries for the newest books on the drama (a demand that issues to a great extent from the despised members of that " racially and socially inferior population ")—legends, myths, all of them. Our young women do not, as one absurdly fancied, play on their pianos Grieg and MacDowell and Debussy. But at all events they do not play *The Maiden's Prayer* and *The Battle of Prague,* as did their grandmothers in those halcyon days, never to come again (unless democracy and immigration and materialism and science can be " extirpated "), when culture was securely in our midst and sweetness and light prevailed.

IF GERMANY —?

BY MUNROE SMITH

"Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin."—*Romeo and Juliet,* act 1, scene 1.

After Prince Bismarck ceased to direct German politics from the Imperial Chancellery, he continued his efforts to mould public opinion through the press. With the *Hamburger Nachrichten* he established relations which would be described to-day as those of a "contributing editor." In a leading article in that journal, on January 9, 1893, he made a statement which is of marked interest at the present time. Like numerous utterances in his speeches and certain passages in his *Reflections and Reminiscences,* this statement seems to have been made for the purpose of counteracting the notion, which since 1875 had been a fixed idea in German military circles, that Germany would not be safe until France was completely crushed.

In view of our fortifications in Strassburg, Metz, Mayence and Coblenz, Field-Marshal Moltke was so convinced of the strength of our military position on the western frontier that he regarded it as possible, in case war should break out on two fronts, that we should limit ourselves to the defensive on the western frontier until the Russian war was conducted to an end. He was of the opinion that, with our railroad communications and fortifications on the western frontier, the French could not so conduct the war as to break through our lines; and he accordingly believed that we could carry the Russian war to a conclusion and then first, as against France, pass over from the defensive to the attack.

As it was generally known that the *Hamburger Nachrichten* was Bismarck's organ, this revelation elicited much comment. On January 16 Bismarck repeated his statement and at the same time indicated his own opinion:

We should regard it as presumptuous to attempt to support the views of the great strategist with our own opinion; but in face of the skeptical articles published . . . we should like to add that, so long as we are in possession of Metz and Strassburg, and so long as we remain covered by the neutral Belgian and Luxemburg territory, a defensive conduct by Germany of the war against France would not deprive the left bank of the Rhine, but only a part of Alsace, of protection by German troops.

In 1914 the German General Staff, with another Moltke at its head, put into execution an opposite plan. It was stated to be self-evident that France must be crushed before " the slow-moving Russian masses " could make any effective attack upon the central empires. To achieve this object, the cover of Belgian neutrality was sacrificed. The attack on France was launched across that neutral territory, as offering the line of least resistance.

The military results attained under this plan were less satisfactory to Austria than to Germany. At the close of the first period of the war, the Austrian forces had been driven out of Serbia, while the Russians were in possession of the greater part of Galicia. Germany, on the other hand, had repelled the Russian invasion of East Prussia and was in control of Western Poland, of Belgium, and of an important part of northeastern France. Its main purpose, however, was not attained: France was not crushed. During the second phase of the war, in 1915, Germany reverted to the plan of campaign suggested by the elder Moltke. It held itself on the defensive in the West and endeavored to " carry the Russian war to a conclusion."

In view of these facts, it seems probable that the relative military advantages of the two plans will form the subject of much controversy in the future. The purpose of the present article, however, is not primarily to discuss this military question, but to compare the diplomatic action which the military plans of the central empires demanded with the course which their diplomacy might with advantage have followed if the plan suggested by the elder Moltke and approved by Bismarck had been adopted.

The apparently purely military decision that Serbia and France must be crushed before Russia could " bring up masses of troops from all parts of her wide dominions," and also, if possible, before the French forces were properly concentrated and fully equipped, made the time-factor of su-

preme importance. It was to save time that the Central Empires curtailed negotiation, evaded mediation, and declared war on Serbia, Russia, France and Belgium. Whatever view be held concerning the expediency of their military action, their diplomatic action can hardly be deemed sound or even defensible. It was diametrically opposed, as I have elsewhere tried to show,* to Bismarck's theory and practice. Bismarck did not hesitate to accept or even to force a war when he believed war necessary for the attainment of his political aims, but the visible burden of aggression always rested on the shoulders of his adversaries. In his notable speech of February 6, 1888, in which he developed most clearly the moral and political advantages of the defensive position, he assumed, for the sake of his argument, the very contingency which, in the German official theory, arose in 1914, namely, a threatened attack upon Germany by Russia and France; and he insisted that such a peril should not be met by anticipating it. "If in the end we proceed to attack," he said, "the whole weight of the imponderables, which weigh much heavier than material weights, will be on the side of our adversaries whom we have attacked." Never has a warning been more fully justified in experience. Against those who appear to be responsible for the outbreak of war, neutral as well as hostile nations always feel resentment. At the present time this resentment is stronger and more general than at any former period of history, partly because the present war is the greatest the world has known, and partly because the relations between all parts of the world are closer and the disturbances caused by war are greater and more far-reaching than ever before. To-day, as Dr. Dernburg informed his countrymen in an address delivered in Berlin in September, 1915, "Germany has few friends in the world."

It is clear that the weight of the imponderables not only impeded the execution of Austro-German military plans but greatly increased the complexity of their military problem. In the countries attacked, in Russia and in France, no less than in Serbia and in Belgium, all internal dissensions were at once forgotten, all pacific sentiment instantly disappeared; for nothing so thoroughly solidifies national feeling, nothing gives a people so rapidly the fighting edge, as de-

* "Military Strategy versus Diplomacy in Bismarck's Time and Afterwards," *Political Science Quarterly*, March, 1915.

fensive war. In other countries as well, in countries not attacked, the weight of the imponderables made itself felt. The aggressive course pursued by the Central Empires made it easy for Italy, their ally since 1879, first to withhold its support, pledged only against attack; then to denounce its treaty of alliance with powers that were pursuing, without its consent, aims foreign to its interests; and eventually to align itself with their enemies. Italy's final decision, the Germans tell us, was "a victory of the street," that is, of popular feeling. Italian feeling, as everyone knows, was persistently anti-Austrian; but there seems to have been little anti-German feeling, and there was clearly much good will toward Germany, until the German armies marched through Belgium into France. As to England, it is fully established that it was the imponderables that tipped the scales for immediate war. There was undoubtedly in England a degree of sympathy with France, and there was a very general distrust of the German Government; but it is clear that English public feeling was not sensibly stirred until Germany declared war on Russia and threatened France with attack, nor was English national sentiment solidified for war until Germany invaded Belgium.

The prevailing attitude of the American people also was determined by what seemed to them the aggressive action of the Central Empires and particularly by the unprovoked German attack upon Belgium. Even among Americans of German ancestry these imponderables have had weight. Support of the German cause is noticeably weaker among those born in the United States than among those born in Germany: not a few German-American households are divided in their sympathies. In their case, as in that of all Americans, the longer the line of descent, the weaker the ties that bind the living to the home of the dead.

A very material weight in the present war is attributed by Germans and Austrians to the American exportation of military supplies. Opposition to such traffic has no basis in international law, and it is difficult to see that it has any basis in world morals. To prohibit this trade would place the non-industrial states at the mercy of those with highly developed industries. Even if the non-industrial states each maintained a store of arms and ammunition apparently sufficient for years of warfare—an arrangement not in itself desirable—novel instruments of attack might still find them

unprepared; and if neutral trade in such instruments were automatically terminated by the attack of better prepared adversaries, they would be helpless. In the present war there is an unforeseen need of high explosives, to say nothing of poisonous gases. Who can tell what supplies will be needed for the next war?

Repugnance to trade in military supplies has, however, a basis in human sentiment. The demand for an embargo upon such supplies, as a means of inducing England to relax its restraint upon neutral commerce, was supported by important commercial interests and by expert opinion that England's action was not warranted by international law. It was of course supported by all who sympathized with the Central Empires or were animated by distrust of England. If the purely humanitarian reaction had been more general, it might conceivably have exercised a decisive influence. As it is, thousands of Americans, who, under other circumstances, would be strongly opposed to the enrichment of their fellow-citizens by the sale of wares designed to destroy human life, are at present dominated by the feeling that we are helping our fellow men in the exercise of the most incontestable of rights, that of self-defense.

For its disregard of what the younger Moltke termed "the commonplaces as to the responsibility of the aggressor" Germany seems likely to suffer long after this war is ended. Victorious or defeated, it will have lost, for the time at least, the commercial position which it had conquered, in peaceful rivalry, in every part of the world. This position Germans had earned by thorough training and by unwearying industry. In the attempt to regain it, they will of course display the same admirable qualities, but they will find their task more difficult. Given a fair start, the average German will probably make good again; but for years to come the general belief that Germany was responsible for this war will make it harder for him to get his start. Evidence on this point is given by the German author of *J'accuse,* who, as he tells us, travelled and conversed in Germany with Germans returning from South American countries in August, 1914. They testified to "the antipathy felt toward them by the population" of those countries. "They were all agreed that the thought of rebuilding their existence in South America could not be entertained, and that the years and decades laboriously spent by them were merely thrown away."

That the diplomatic action of the Central Empires in the critical days from July 23 to August 4, 1914, was not fortunate is widely recognized in Germany; but the chief reason for its ill success does not seem to be generally understood. It is not generally appreciated that diplomacy may need for its purposes precisely the time which military strategy is unwilling to yield. "An indispensable requisite of the statesman," Bismarck said to Hofmann, "is patience. He must be able to wait until the right moment has come, and must not act in too much of a hurry, however strong the temptation."

If Germany had adopted the plan of military action which the elder Moltke regarded as feasible, it would apparently have been possible for Austria and Germany to conduct their diplomatic campaign on Bismarckian lines. Assuming that pan-Serbian intrigues in fact menaced the integrity of the Dual Monarchy, Vienna was obviously right in regarding the crime of Serajevo as offering a favorable occasion for energetic action. The ultimatum sent to the Serbian Government was in the main defensible as to its content. Its form, however, might well have been less provocative; and the Russian request that Serbia should not be required to answer within forty-eight hours might well have been granted. If the time-factor had not been essential, a moderate extension of the term would have cost Austria nothing and would have exhibited regard for Russian susceptibilities and a spirit of conciliation. If Vienna had been less peremptory, it is probable that Belgrade would have been less compliant; for the less clearly Vienna showed its purpose to force a war, the less safely could Belgrade, for the sake of making war appear unjustifiable, offer sweeping concessions. Of promises that might be accepted it could less easily afford to be lavish. If Belgrade had been less compliant, Vienna could more plausibly have found that all its assurances were unsatisfactory. From the outset Austria had formal ground for war in Serbian disregard of treaty engagements; and it was a mistake to discredit its own cause by overhasty and high-handed action. And Vienna should not have shown any such reluctance as it displayed from July 23 to July 29 to discuss its future relations to Serbia. From the outset it should not only have promised (as it did) to respect the integrity and independence of the Serbian kingdom, it should also have been ready

to discuss the question how the Dual Monarchy could obtain security for Serbia's good behavior without impairment of Serbia's independence. It should have been eager to converse upon this theme, not only with St. Petersburg but with any European capital, at any time and to any extent desired. It is hardly possible to imagine a question more perfectly adapted to what Bismarck once described as "dilatory negotiations." In the meantime the Austrian campaign against Serbia could have been pushed vigorously, without let or hindrance, until the Russian Government lost patience and mobilized. The mobilization of Russia's southern forces should then have been met (as it was met) by complete Austrian mobilization.

Complete Russian mobilization need not and should not have interrupted negotiations. The Austrian Foreign Minister in fact declared, on July 31, that he was ready to continue to negotiate, "despite the change in the situation which has resulted from Russia's mobilization." Much less should Russian mobilization have been met by a German declaration of war. It should have been met, if the game were to be played on Bismarckian lines, by a concentration of German troops on the eastern frontier and, if it was deemed necessary, by complete German mobilization. Then the German Government could and should have waited for overt aggression or a declaration of war by Russia against Austria, as under similar circumstances Bismarck waited in 1866 for aggression on the part of Austria. "Russia," as the German Foreign Secretary informed the British Ambassador in Berlin, "had said that her mobilization did not necessarily imply war, and that she could perfectly well remain mobilized for months without making war. This," the Secretary added, "was not the case with Germany." The reason why this was not the case with Germany he found in the time-factor, *i. e.*, in the plan of campaign.

It may well be doubted whether Russia would have remained mobilized for months, or even for weeks, without making war; for during these weeks or months Austria would have had free hand, not only in Serbia but in the whole Balkan peninsula. Under the pressure of such a situation, Russia must soon have decided either to accept such assurances as Austria chose to give or to declare war. Which course would it have chosen? In the opinion of the German Chancellor, expressed in his speech of December 2,

1914, Russia would not have mobilized without assurance of French support. If that be true, it certainly would not have attacked Austria without such assurance.

Toward France Germany could and should have assumed a similar waiting attitude. Assurance could have been given that Germany would not attack Russia unless Russia attacked Austria. There need have been no concentration of German troops on the western frontier, unless France proceeded to mobilize. There, as on the eastern front, it would have been possible to follow the Bismarckian policy of keeping always one move behind the prospective enemy in visible military preparations.

What course would the French Government have followed in such a situation? A distinguished French publicist, to whom I put this question last Spring, frankly stated that one could not say, one could only guess. The text of the Franco-Russian treaty of alliance has not been published; it is, however, probable, and it is generally assumed by European publicists, that this alliance is in its terms defensive. If Russia had attacked Austria, France could doubtless have said that Austria had brought this attack upon itself by attacking Serbia and that Russia's action was in reality defensive. At the outset, however, the French Government exhibited sympathy with the Austrian grievances against Serbia. On July 24 the French Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs assured the Austrian Ambassador in Paris that "recent events and the attitude of the Serbian Government made energetic action on Austria's side quite comprehensible." In his report of this conversation the Ambassador added: "The Minister avoided any attempt to palliate or defend in any way the attitude of Serbia." Had Russia attacked Austria while the latter was freely discussing its future relations to Serbia, it would have been open to the French Government to say that Russia was the aggressor, that France had no vital interests in the Balkans, and that it was not bound to support Russia in aggressive action for the protection of purely Russian interests.

In the situation supposed, the attitude of France, like that of Italy and of England, would doubtless have been determined partly by its interests and partly by public sentiment. There would have been a natural reluctance to leave an ally in the lurch, and this sentiment would have had material support among French holders of Russian securities.

There would have been a feeling that this was perhaps France's last chance to recover its lost provinces. Considering, however, the strength of anti-militarist (as well as anti-capitalist) feeling in France in 1914, and the degree to which regret for Alsace-Lorraine was ceasing to be a motive for action and becoming a sentimental tradition, it seems safe to say that if France had joined Russia in attacking the Central Empires, the French people would not have entered upon the war with anything approaching the unity of feeling with which they sprang to the defense of their country against the German attack.

The German Chancellor has told us that France would not have supported Russia without assurance of British support. What then, under the conditions supposed, would have been the British attitude?

The British Government, like the French, expressed sympathy with Austrian grievances, and the British diplomatists stated, distinctly and repeatedly, that England had no interest in the Balkans and that English public opinion would not support action in behalf of Serbia. It was clearly indicated also, by Sir Edward Grey, that war between the Central Empires and Russia would not provoke British intervention unless France were involved. Whatever understanding existed between the French and British Governments, whatever obligations of honor had been assumed, the prospect of armed co-operation was expressly limited to defense against an unprovoked attack and was made conditional, so far as England was concerned, upon the approval of Parliament. That approval, it need not be said, was itself dependent upon public opinion. That the British Government took these reservations seriously is shown by the fact, revealed since the outbreak of the war, that in 1912 it assured the German Government that no aggressive movement against Germany would receive any support from Great Britain. At that time, as we learn from official statements issued by the German Foreign Office July 19, 1915, and by the British Foreign Office August 31, 1915, the British assurance might have been embodied in a formal treaty if Germany had so desired. The negotiations for such a treaty came to nothing, because the German diplomatists found the British proposal inadequate and the British diplomatists found the German counter-proposals too broad or too ambiguous. In the course of these negotiations Sir Edward

Grey stated to the German Ambassador in London " that if Germany desired to crush France, England might not be able to sit still; though if France were aggressive and attacked Germany, no support would be given by His Majesty's Government." The fact that no treaty was signed did not deprive the British assurances of all value. They remained a political asset for Germany, if Germany chose to use them. The British Government seems to have taken them seriously up to the outbreak of the war, for from July 24 to August 1, 1914, it steadily refused to declare itself " solidary " with Russia and France or to promise France armed support. As late as August 1, in response to a personal appeal from the President of the French Republic, King George could promise nothing more than to " continue to discuss freely and frankly any point which might arise of interest to our two nations." In President Poincaré's letter, as in previous appeals from Russia and from France, it was urged that if Germany were convinced that England would give armed support to the cause of the Triple Entente, peace might be preserved; and some British and American writers have affirmed their belief that this was true. Considering, however, that the British Government had promised to give no support to any aggressive action against Germany, and that up to August 1 it was uncertain whether Germany would attack Russia and France or await attack from these Powers, it is obvious that the British Government could not honorably give the desired assurances. Neither could it do —even if it can be conceived to have desired to do—what the German Chancellor urged it to do and has since persisted that it should have done, namely, assure Russia and France that it would not support them; for, as the Chancellor very well knew, and admitted to the British Ambassador in Berlin on July 29, using almost the very words which Sir Edward Grey had addressed to the German Ambassador in London two years before: " Great Britain would never stand by and allow France to be crushed." Bound in honor to support France against an unprovoked attack from Germany, bound also in honor to take no part in an attack upon Germany, the British Government could only await the action of the continental Powers. When the German Chancellor began to try to find out on what conditions England would remain neutral, Sir Edward Grey replied, July 30, that " the one way of maintaining the good

relations between England and Germany is that they should continue to work together to preserve the peace of Europe." This way, however, was closed to the German Government by its plan of campaign. Time spent in trying to preserve the peace of Europe would be time given to Germany's enemies. The further attempts made by Germany to ascertain on what conditions, other than that stated by Sir Edward Grey in 1912 and restated on July 30, 1914, it could assure itself of British neutrality seem inexplicable, unless they were dictated by that primitive form of diplomatic finesse which consists in asking questions for the sake of saying afterwards that they were asked. When, on August 1, Germany declared war on Russia because Russia refused to demobilize, Sir Edward Grey's hands were freed. The Entente had the law on its side; Germany had begun. On August 2, accordingly, he told the French Ambassador that the British fleet would give all the protection in its power against any hostile operations of the German fleet. On the very next day he informed the House of Commons of his action. He was able to support it with all the weight of the imponderables. After reminding his hearers that the French fleet was concentrated in the Mediterranean, he said:

> My own feeling is that if a foreign fleet, engaged in *a war which France had not sought, and in which she had not been the aggressor,* came down the English Channel and bombarded and battered the undefended coasts of France, we could not stand aside . . . with our arms folded, looking on dispassionately, doing nothing. I believe that would be the feeling of the country.

He also stated that, in reply to inquiries from the British Government, France had promised to respect the neutrality of Belgium, but Germany had given no answer. He further informed the House that, on the previous evening, Germany had demanded unmolested passage for its troops through Belgium and that the Belgian Government had refused the demand. On the following day (August 4) the British Government presented its ultimatum, demanding that Germany respect the neutrality of Belgium. German troops, however, had already crossed the Belgian frontier.

If Germany had awaited attack from Russia and from France; if at the outset it had held itself on the defensive against France, alike with its navy (as the German Ambassador in London himself suggested) and with its land forces;

if it had respected the neutrality of Luxemburg and of Belgium—on what ground could England have based a declaration of war? It is of course true that for centuries it has been England's policy to maintain the balance of power in Europe, and that it has repeatedly supported continental coalitions against any State that threatened to dominate the Continent, particularly if that State was developing sea-power. It is arguable that if England had not supported France and Russia in the present war, no matter who began it, it would have lost a promising chance to check the growth of German sea-power and might, within a few years, have had to defend itself single-handed against the attack of a Germany flushed with victory and stronger than in 1914. It is on this *cui bono* line of reasoning that German writers base their assumption that the British Government intended from the outset to support France, no matter what Germany did or refrained from doing. There is, however, no direct evidence that even tends to support this assumption. On the other hand, evidence has been accumulating, since the outbreak of the war, that if there was (as there well may have been) a war party in the Cabinet, it was in a minority until August 2, and that even then there was no majority for full intervention, on land as well as at sea, until Germany invaded Belgium. Is it indeed conceivable that the government in power in August, 1914, pledged to take no part in any aggressive movement against Germany, preoccupied with far-reaching plans of social reform, embarrassed by the prospect of civil war in Ireland, could have proposed a war to preserve the balance of power on land and to secure British predominance on the seas? We must not forget that, as the situation actually developed, and in spite of Germany's aggressive conduct, two members of the Cabinet chose to resign rather than support intervention. And if, in the situation supposed, the Cabinet had decided upon intervention, could it have obtained the support of the House of Commons? Would Home Rulers, Radicals and Labor members, who constituted so large a part of its following, have agreed that the measures which they had most at heart should be shelved during the continuance of such a war? Would it not have occurred to them that these measures might be held up for years afterward, on the ground that the necessity of financing an enormous war debt made it impossible to put them into operation? Would they not have

seen, in the suggestion of such a war, the stale device of conservative statecraft:

> To busy giddy minds
> With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
> May waste the memory of the former days?

Had Germany pursued the course above outlined, it seems certain that it could have counted upon British neutrality, at least until Russia had been forced to come to terms and France was in danger of being crushed. Under any conceivable circumstances, it would have been difficult to solidify English opinion at a later period as it was solidified at the outset by the aggressive action of Germany; and if England had intervened later, it would have acted half-heartedly. Its forces would probably have been limited, so far as warfare on land was concerned, to its regular troops, supported by a relatively small volunteer army. The Empire could hardly have gathered the millions of men who are now fighting on the Continent or training in English camps. Conscription would have been unthinkable.

Had England remained neutral, it is obvious that Japan could not have gone into the war (as it did) as England's ally. If the temptation to fish in troubled waters had proved irresistible, it is by no means certain that Japan would have attacked Germany. With England neutral and German warships at large, the reduction of Germany's East-Asiatic stronghold would have been a more difficult enterprise. At the end of July, 1914, when England's attitude was still uncertain, there were voices in Tokio, heard gladly and quoted promptly in Berlin, asserting that a Russian-German war would give Japan a favorable opportunity to extend its sphere of influence in Manchuria.

Italy would of course have declared itself neutral, even if Russia had attacked Austria. In 1913, when Rome was informed that Vienna proposed to take action against Serbia and hoped for Italian support, the Italian position was clearly stated: Italy would regard such action as aggressive and would not consider itself bound to aid its ally. Whether, however, under the circumstances supposed, Italy would have denounced its treaty with Austria and would have joined the opposing coalition is at least doubtful. Apart from the influence of the imponderables upon public sentiment, very material considerations would have tended to keep Italy out of the war. With England neutral and the

German fleet at large, the naval situation in the Mediterranean would have been quite different. Even if the French and Italian naval forces were deemed equal or superior to those of the Central Empires, Italy's long coast line could not have been effectively protected without English aid.

It seems probable, then, that if Austria and Germany had followed the Bismarckian tradition, waiting for Russia and France to attack them, and if Germany had conducted its military campaign on the lines suggested by the elder Moltke and approved by Bismarck, defensively in the West, offensively in the East, not only England but Italy also would have remained neutral, and Japan might again have been Russia's enemy instead of Russia's ally.

Under such conditions it is obvious that Germany's position in the world at large, outside of Europe, would have been much better than it is. With its navy at large, England neutral and Japan either neutral or its ally, its merchant marine could not have been swept from the seas, nor could its colonies have been conquered.

What would have been its position in Europe? On this point one need not be a military expert to risk an opinion: even the layman has the record of a year's fighting on which to base conclusions. Covered by the neutrality of Luxemburg and of Belgium, attacked by France only on the frontier which Moltke deemed amply protected, can it be doubted that a part, and the lesser part, of its forces would have sufficed to hold the French in check? During its great drive in the East, in 1915, it was able, with half or less than half of its forces, to hold not only the French but also the Belgians and the English practically immobile on a far longer line than that of the German-French frontier.

It was of course claimed by the German Government at the outbreak of the war that Germany's western front was not in fact covered by the neutrality of Belgium. In its ultimatum to Belgium it stated that it had "reliable information" that the French Government intended to send troops through Belgian territory against Germany. Not only, however, has Germany thus far failed to show that its apprehensions were justified, but the French Government's formal promise to respect Belgian neutrality and the manner in which the French forces were concentrated at the outbreak of the war seem to show that Germany's information was not reliable. And, except in Germany, it is obvious to everyone

that if France had sent its troops through Belgium to attack Germany, not only would France have had no support from England in such an enterprise, but if in the progress of the war the French troops had been thrown back into their own territory and France had been threatened with overwhelming defeat, its chances of securing aid from England would have been seriously impaired. English public opinion would not readily have pardoned a violation of Belgian neutrality by either of the belligerents.

The success of the German-Austrian campaign against Russia during the Summer and early Autumn of 1915, after Russia had had a year's time in which "to bring up masses of troops from all parts of her wide dominions," justifies us in believing that similar results could have been achieved, under the elder Moltke's plan of campaign, in the Autumn of 1914. Protected by the German offensive against Russian invasion, Austria could have completed its conquest of Serbia. In the Balkans the Central Empires could apparently have done about what they pleased, even without armed assistance from Turkey. "In politics," as Bismarck said, "it is never possible to give mathematical proofs"; but it seems highly probable that, by following the lines of diplomatic and military action above indicated, the Central Empires could have secured, before the Winter of 1914-15, with a much less serious expenditure of blood and treasure, a stronger position than they now hold.

In one respect, indeed, Germany's military position would have been less satisfactory than it now is. It would not have been in possession of the industrial resources of Belgium and of northeastern France. This advantage, however, is seriously lessened, if not outweighed, by the fact that the industrial resources of Great Britain and of the United States have been thrown, to a far greater extent than would have been possible but for Germany's own course of action, upon the side of the hostile coalition.

Assuming that the avowed political aims of the German Government were its real aims—that it declared war against Russia only because the vital interests, if not the very existence, of Austria-Hungary were menaced by Russian ambition and pan-Slavic aspirations, and that it attacked France only because France was certain to act with Russia —it is difficult to account on purely military grounds for the rejection of the elder Moltke's plan of campaign. If, how-

ever, it be assumed that the decision of the German Government was determined by political aims other than those which it avowed, the choice of the western frontier for aggressive action becomes explicable. A vigorous offensive against Russia, at the opening of the war, might well have dissipated the Slavic peril and gained for Austria a dominant position in the Balkans. What reward, however, would victory in a war so conducted have brought to Germany? Austrian control of the Balkans would indeed have been of advantage to the German people: it would have facilitated the penetration, not of the Balkan peninsula only but also of Asia, by German trade, industry and capital. Could these advantages, however, be regarded, from the military-political point of view, as a sufficient recompense for Germany's expenditure of money and of men, or as an adequate prize of victory? If not, what other prizes were in sight? The annexation of Russian territory could not be viewed as an unmixed advantage: Prussia has trouble enough with its present Polish population. In the West, however, are territories that Germany may well covet. The German ultimatum to Belgium contained a distinct threat of annexation. In its last effort to avert British intervention, the German Foreign Office pointed out that Germany "could not profitably annex Belgian territory without making at the same time territorial acquisitions at the expense of Holland," and that Germany had solemnly pledged its word to Holland "strictly to respect its neutrality." If, however, Belgium were annexed, would it be possible for Holland long to remain outside the Germans Customs Union? And would not that Union be for Holland, as it was for all the lesser German States, the halfway house on the road to political union? With such prospects in view, could not Germany "profitably annex Belgian territory," as well as some of the adjacent French districts which were sure to fall into its hands if it opened the war with a prompt offensive in the West?

If the Central Empires fail to win victories so decisive as to make annexations possible, the future historian may say that it was, from the military point of view, a mistake to try to conquer southeastern and northwestern territory in a single war; and that the political calculations which seem to have determined the plan of campaign were wrong because due weight was not attached to the imponderables.

MUNROE SMITH.

SHALL WE DEFEND THE MONROE DOCTRINE?

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

THE theory, practice and spirit of the Monroe Doctrine and all its successors has been that it is a means of avoiding war of all kinds—war between Latin-American States; war between the European Powers and our neighbors; above all, war between the United States and non-American Powers. Hence statesmen and writers have been in the habit for many years of thinking that because the Doctrine's aims are peace, it can reach that end wholly by peaceful methods.

The United States has not been alone in believing that large principles of State policy may be carried out by pourparlers, by dispatches, by understandings, by treaties and by arbitration. The whole trend of the modern science of international law has been to prevent quarrels, first by laying down in advance rules accepted by both parties to a controversy; secondly, by providing means of accommodating differences either by a special arbitration or by an arbitral system; thirdly, by striving with much success to create the presumption that difficulties that seem insuperable may be settled, if both parties sincerely desire to avoid war.

The position of the United States has been especially firm in the direction of peace. With two rather serious reservations we have always felt a spirit of peace toward our near neighbors. The Mexican War was a backward step; but, so far, no other Latin-American State has been forcibly deprived of territory by the United States, except Colombia. The recent advances in the Caribbean Sea and Central America have taken the alluring form of aid and sympathy to distressed peoples who could not organize their little governments sufficiently for their own protection. The pre-

sumption of the United States, of her people, of Congress and of the Administration, is that America should be at external peace, and that peaceful methods are adequate.

The conditions of the world call for modesty, foresight and preparation by the United States. This is a great nation; its continental population of one hundred millions is the largest aggregate of people of western civilization under one Government except the Russian Empire. Size is no complete measure of world greatness; but mankind has up to this time been much impressed with the potentiality of America. Here is a country which might raise ten million troops, build a thousand ships of war, land vast armies in Europe and Asia. The world, however, is just now learning a lesson of the weakness of strong nations—of the inability of millions of soldiers to push aside and overrun a smaller number of millions. France, Italy, and Russia are populous but they have all felt the misery of him who bites the file. Before the mind of the world has come the brutal fact that no nation conquers or protects itself by means of mass.

All men of good-will hope that after the terrific storm and stress of this war have passed, there may be a return to the milder methods of the past. No one nation is responsible for the present worship of power. Many nations may co-operate in an era of peaceful adjustment. In the midst of all these efforts, stands the hard obelisk of physical force. So long as one great nation on earth desires war and is willing to risk war, all the good-will and humanity of the rest of mankind is brought in question. Nations which are not founded on force, which do not love it, which practice reason and argument in their Governments, are brought against their will into this conflict of weights. Unless they have big guns, swarms of ships, adequate means of transportation, masses of soldiers, they are subject to destruction by those who know how to combine those elements into the most crushing and terrific human projectile that the world has ever known.

The current philosophy of the foreign war is based on the undeniable proposition that superior force will conquer inferior force. The new and the harmful part of the doctrine put forward, especially by the Germans, is an appeal to cultivate force as the approach to all the manly and desirable virtues upon which a State can be built. First conquest, then your own terms, then a re-civilization of the con-

quered—and all this to make your own country great! If this is a principle upon which permanent empires can be built, then it is the war cry of the future.

Other powerful empires like that of the United States are founded upon the counter idea of accommodation, of the expression of the various wills of regions, races, and individuals, of mutual understanding within a country and between countries. The United States is definitely committed to the belief that force is the last remedy and not the first, that force can be avoided by wise and considerate government; that the worship of force degenerates into the worship of those who exercise that force, till the sword and the helmet and the shoulder-straps seem the most beautiful and splendid things on earth.

The doctrine of peace has made no startling inroads on our twenty neighboring republics. Three of them, The Argentine, Brazil and Chile, in the last twenty years have come out of the hurly-burly of internal and civil wars and have a distinct sense that this is their opportunity to develop in wealth, commerce and in intellectual life. Alongside the A. B. C. countries is a group of large territorial States, Mexico, Colombia, Peru and Venezuela. All four States furnish examples of the most serious impediment to peace in America, and therefore the most potent necessity for the Monroe Doctrine. They are still in a state of imperfect civilization. Their revolutions seem to require some sort of regulating doctrine, but forbid that such a doctrine should be one of complete peace.

We have felt confident that five other once independent States, now reduced to American protectorates,—Cuba, Santo Domingo, Panama, Nicaragua and Haiti,—will make no more mischief. That confidence has been borne out so far, but there are strong reasons for believing that sooner or later they will raise more revolutions. Revolution is in their blood, and to deprive the Haitians and Central Americans of their revolution is like depriving them of their bull fight—it grieves their moral sense. Revolution seems also to be in our blood, for neither the State nor National Governments can prevent risings within our own borders, which would be called insurrections in Latin-America. West Virginia and Colorado have both suffered within a few months from what were really armed revolutions. There will be no permanent peace either in the independent American

States or in the protectorates without some pressure from outside; and pressure is force, and may be war.

This new necessity of keeping the peace in formerly free and independent territories is bound to compel the United States to exercise military power. When Santo Domingo defaulted on its bonds ten years ago, that was no offense against the United States, though a reason for intervention. Nevertheless, if Santo Domingo should now try to get back where it was in 1904, it would involve a denial of the authority of the United States and would be treated as rebellion. That word was recently applied even to the Haitians, when they tried in a feeble way to resist the handful of American troops sent down to establish what is virtually an American protectorate. Our protectorates are a standing incitement to the use of military force in keeping up civil government.

The United States has always shown forbearance and good nature toward the larger Latin-American Powers. We have never had war with Bolivia or Ecuador or Uruguay, though the United States navy showed its teeth to the Paraguayans in 1859. The distinction between them and weaker States like Nicaragua is not fundamental. In the long run what will prevent placing a United States official at the head of the customs organization of Venezuela as well as of Haiti, if the behavior of the two Governments be the same? However creditable, however necessary, however unavoidable, this policy may be, it makes of the Monroe Doctrine something which not only may require war, but in the end almost certainly will lead to war.

A possible method of protecting the Doctrine would be either a previous understanding or a special treaty by which the Saxon and Latin-American States should protect each other in case of need, by a union of military forces. Under present conditions the United States would be expected to furnish nearly all the naval power for such a war; while the Latin-Americans would equip chiefly land troops which conceivably might be transported into a field of war outside their own country.

Any tyro in military affairs can see at once the difficulties of an effective alliance between Powers which are not connected by land routes. The Inter-American railway, proposed as far back as 1890, would be a great help in such warfare, but for the fact that no steps are taken to complete it; and that it would be subject to breakage by enemy occupa-

tion of the Isthmus. Concentrated operations would require transport by sea on an immense scale. In fact, inasmuch as nearly all the Latin-American countries have seacoasts, the likelihood is that each one would hold its troops back for self-defense against possible invasion. We can hardly conceive of Brazil allowing the transfer of a hundred thousand troops from the Amazon to help defend the Chesapeake.

The difficulties of concerted action under common command are manifest. Doubtless the United States would always be willing to furnish commanders for Mexican or Chilean contingents; would there be equal readiness to place American army corps and squadrons under Colombian or Ecuadorian generals? The utmost that could be expected is that all the capable Powers would agree to fight like devils while the war lasted. In case of a defensive war against a strong naval Power, nobody could be sure where the blow would fall. Sound tactics would seem to direct a European enemy toward the richest part of America, where most harm could be done and most progress could be made toward compelling a favorable peace. If an English or a German army were to land on the Jersey coast, there would be very little hope of aid from the Southward; on the other hand, an attempt by a European Power to conquer Cuba, Mexico or Brazil would give scope for the American navy.

Such dangerous times may come that every American Power will accept any allies that it can find. Still, in this day of swift attack and terrific impact, the United States is bound to bear the shock of any European invasion. In the long run, one might organize a joint force of combined America which could defend the most vulnerable points in both hemispheres. However, there is no force known to man except a powerful navy which could prevent a strong, determined enemy from landing where it listed, in either North or South America or the West Indies, at places very unfavorable to the defenders. The difficulty with any defensive alliance is that it multiplies points of attack on both continents, without really strengthening the one power which must bear the brunt of an Inter-Hemisphere war.

After all, people who think about it are aware that war is an unwritten part of the Monroe Doctrine, but it is supposed to be war against weak and disorganized peoples whose resistance must be brief, so that the loss of life and property will be trifling; although our experience in the Philippines

and possible future experience in Mexico suggest that a weak and poorly armed people who methodically hate us, can make it very difficult for large bodies of more highly civilized troops. When it comes to warfare between great nations, the experience of the last year shows that no fortresses, not even those built in the most recent and scientific fashion, will stand big gun fire; and that an army without modern artillery is nothing but a target for slaughter. With the means now at her command, the United States could easily deal with dependencies and protectorates, even if all should rise together; and our antiquated military system would probably furnish sufficient troops and organization to meet any belligerent American neighbor, or any combination of such neighbors that is likely to be made against us. Is that all that is needed for defending the Monroe Doctrine?

Though that Doctrine works against the Latin-Americans, it is worthless if it would not also work against other Powers. If some of those other Powers push the question to an issue, who is going to take the responsibility of resisting them? No peaceful methods can be suggested which can be depended upon permanently to maintain the Monroe Doctrine, for they are all subject to the inherent weakness of dividing the responsibility between the American Powers. The United States announced the Doctrine, regulates it, applies it, profits by it; the United States alone can enforce it. It is a militant doctrine in so far as the United States means to defend her diplomatic principles at all hazards. The American people appear to believe that the decision as to their intention to fight for it may be safely postponed until they are asked to fight for it. Upon this question the best military authorities seem to be agreed that the Doctrine will lead to war if we adhere to it; it is bound to lead to war if any powerful nation is willing to risk war with us for the sake of what it may pick up in America.

An old tradition holds that it is unthinkable that the United States should ever be actually involved in war with a European Power. That cherished belief has had many hard knocks. One was the Spanish War, in which the United States enjoyed the dangerous sport of breaking down one of the weakest of the middle group of European nations. To be sure Great Britain is manifestly unwilling to come to fisticuffs with the United States; and France and Russia have no causes of quarrel with us. Therefore, most people nowa-

days, when they muse upon war with Europe, mean war with Germany.

The Monroe Doctrine, The American Doctrine, The Doctrine of Permanent Interest—call it what you will—is an announcement to the world, a promise to Latin-America, and a pledge to the American people, that the United States will resist Germany or any other European or Asiatic country which may attempt to invade any part of the Western Hemisphere,—Canada included. Resistance which does not resist has no place in this wicked world. A sensible people must make up its mind how far its resistance means a willingness to meet the cost and sacrifices of war.

In view of these difficulties, might not the United States simply withdraw her claims to any form of special Doctrine, while preserving the ultimate right of self-defense which is every nation's guerdon? Why not treat the Doctrine as unnecessary and obsolete? Why not leave other States to the process which Bismarck so piquantly suggested for France, "Let her cook in her own gravy"? Why should we bestir ourselves about countries more distant from us than either Europe or Asia?

The answer is that the United States does not cherish the Monroe Doctrine for the sake of other countries but for our own welfare. "Giving up the Monroe Doctrine" would not relieve us from the dangers and hostilities which would result from new European settlements in any position which gave command of our coasts or of the approaches to the Panama Canal. Great Britain has points of vantage in those waters, but seems to have no enterprise ahead in America, south of Canada. It is much more likely that the Bermudas, the Bahamas, Jamaica and the Lesser Antilles will eventually be amicably transferred to the United States than that they will be used by England as bases for naval warfare against us.

No formal assurance to the world that we are not interested, especially in the Caribbean area, Central America and the northern part of South America, will ever take away the fact that we are and must be interested. It is now out of the power of the United States to decide whether it is worth while to hold the region about the Gulf of Mexico. A combination of Latin-American Powers with European or Asiatic Powers against the United States is very improbable; because, whatever our lack of confidence and regard

toward the Latin-Americans, we are more interested in their permanence than is Germany or Japan. Still, such a combination is not impossible, and the easiest way to prevent it is to ward off all remote approaches toward the planting of non-American Powers in America.

If the flank of the United States would be exposed by the invasion of a neighboring country, it is equally true that the invader must present a flank toward us. With or without a Monroe Doctrine, the chief obstacle to the establishment of colonies by an external Power will always be the United States. Therefore, some bold and military foreign nation, possessed of a great navy and army, may sometime find it good military tactics to attack the United States, and if possible, put us out of the game, as a preliminary to seizing other American territory. No abdication of the Monroe Doctrine would dispose of the three geographic facts that the United States is in the middle of the Americas; owns the Panama Canal; and controls three large West Indian islands and at least two Central American States. Nor is the spirit of the American people one which is willing to secure peace and safety by undertaking beforehand not to be aroused by such a conflict. The time to give up the Monroe Doctrine,—if there ever was such a time,—was when Secretary Seward began to lay the foundations for a Canal policy of ownership and management. The Canal cannot be held except on terms and by efforts which require us to be either masters or allies of the neighboring countries.

The bulwarks of International Law are apparently giving way, and we have contributed to that result by accepting the maxim of European statesmen that weak nations of inferior racial or military power are a legitimate prey for stronger nations. That principle has been carried out in Poland, in the Balkans, in Turkey, in Central Asia, in China, in the Pacific islands and in Africa. Of late it has been applied to Belgium. It is familiar to us in the West Indies and Central America. It will infallibly be transferred by Europe to America, if there is sufficient motive and sufficient strength. Balances of power in Europe may delay it. The suffering and weakening caused by the present war may postpone it; but the only effective obstacle to-day, and far in the future, must be the resistance of the United States.

The United States appears to intend to stand by the Doctrine though in the end it lead to war. One reason is the

national love of moral principles. The Spanish War of 1898 began as a humanitarian movement for the relief of suffering. Still, the United States is not likely to declare war on anybody simply from friendship and sympathy for somebody else; but the statesman who assures his countrymen that bold and desperate nations are attacking the sacredness of the Monroe Doctrine, will probably carry them with him into war for the principle.

Another influence which is certain to make itself felt is that of hostile fleets and armies passing and re-passing along our coasts and islands, where the only fleet bent upon destruction that has been seen for near a hundred years was the unfortunate squadron of Cervera in 1898. We feel little interest in the throat-cutting of one Latin-American by another, but a profound dislike of the same process when applied from outside the boundaries of America.

In any case the United States as a sensitive nation ought to see where danger lies. The present European War shows how the devouring flame of war spreads from country to country. War in the Caribbean, or Central America or Mexico, or Colombia, is next door to the United States; and war in Brazil or Chile, or The Argentine, would be looked upon as preparing the ground for a later approach to our frontiers.

Upon the face of things, the country is ready to accept the danger of war, whether for the Monroe Doctrine or for the protection of foreign trade, or for any other obvious national interest. Certain newspapers have made it their business for many years to blow up the coals; and have boasted, —perhaps with reason,—that they brought on the war of 1898. To read the editorials, one would think that the American people are on the *qui vive* to assert the dignity and power and policy of their country. During the European War there have been many incitements to take part on one side or the other. Since the Monroe Doctrine is accepted by the American people, embodied in State papers, known to all nations, and concerns the vital interests of the United States, of course it must be defended.

Is the nation, is Congress, are the newspapers, really ready to carry out their own bold determinations? If so, they must face the difficulties and the cost. Potential armies and navies are no longer regarded. In a world which has just seen the might of England and of Russia defied, small

preparations and weak forces simply do not count. The only proof of a genuine belief in the Monroe Doctrine and a real intention to carry it out, is willingness to provide the men and the ships, without which it will eventually become a scoffing and a by-word.

The country seems to have learned nothing from an experience of a century and a half. Washington clearly and vainly pointed out to Congress that militia were a costly and unreliable kind of military force, yet militia have been the main dependence in every war since his time and apparently are expected to do most of the fighting in any future war. In the Spanish War of 1898 a proud republic of ninety million people succeeded, two months after the declaration of war, in sending seventeen thousand men to Cuba! The transports of the army were chartered vessels which refused to obey the orders of the commander of the squadron. The confusion, loss, and needless sacrifice of life was a national humiliation. In the whole war 345 men died from wounds and 3850 from disease.

The army has since been increased; for a like trifling expedition forces and transports could now be found within a few days; but seventeen thousand men could not occupy and defend two miles of the lines of trenches which characterize modern warfare. Congress has never authorized the men, the guns, the ammunition, the officers, the military and naval staff which would be necessary for any real defense against an invading European force. When the European War is over, this country will be at the mercy of any one of half a dozen foreign Powers that might feel hostile—or would be at their mercy, but for our navy.

The defeat of that navy by a combination of Powers or by a single Power, would lead in a few weeks to an invasion of the United States: the people of this country would then learn the meaning of Monroe's famous phrases: "Extend their political systems to any portion of either continent" and "for the purpose of oppressing them, on controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power." Without a different kind and degree of military preparation on our part, the time may come when Brazil will pronounce a new doctrine forbidding European nations to meddle with the feeble United States.

The combination of great sensitiveness as to any movement against other parts of America, alongside an unwill-

ingness to expend either the money or the skill necessary to enable us to aid our neighbors, spells nothing but disaster. If we stand by the ordinarily received Monroe Doctrine, it is in the power of any one of twenty other American Powers to antagonize some European Power, and thus to exact from us a resort to war. The United States has snuffed out five of these highly charged local bombs by our new system of protectorates; but every one of these protectorates must be protected or abandoned, in case of war. On one side the United States is loading up with weak dependencies in Asia and America which are incapable of self-defense, but which must be policed and if necessary garrisoned. On the other side, while thus increasing the present need of a strong army and navy, the United States satisfies herself with a force which could not even defend our own coasts.

No prophet since the time of Elijah has enjoyed predicting evil; and no observer can be sure that he has taken into account all the elements of his problem or has given them proper weight. A few obvious deductions may nevertheless be made from the facts just discussed and from the general conditions of the world.

1. Till recently, there has been little to tempt European nations in the conditions of America; but they have been drawn in by trade, are affected by civil wars and dissensions and, to some degree, by their people who have emigrated to South America.

2. The effect of the great European war is to encourage the Doctrine of the Strongest and a spirit of adventure on the part of powerful nations. The likelihood of an invasion of America is therefore greater than at any previous time.

3. The United States is compelled to take account of these changes in the world's conditions, not because there has been a Monroe Doctrine, but because such a change in the status of America would be threatening and ultimately dangerous to the United States.

4. The force of circumstances and conditions therefore compels the United States to feel that special interest which is expressed by the term Doctrine of Permanent Interest.

5. The Monroe Doctrine is difficult to maintain peacefully even toward the other American States; and unless Europe is about to enter on a new regime of international understandings and good-will, which seems very doubtful, the Doctrine is likely to be tested by some ambitious military Power.

6. For such a contest the naval preparation of the United States is insufficient and her military organization is preposterously unfit. Either the country must face the responsibility which it assumes and prepare itself to meet it, or it must give up the Doctrine.

7. Even then the Doctrine will not give up the United States: for European settlements in America can be made only by war upon American countries, which would inevitably involve the United States sooner or later, with or without a Doctrine.

Briefly put, the so-called Monroe Doctrine is a formula which expresses a fact and not a policy. That fact is inherent in the political geography of the Americas and in the conditions of modern warfare. Even so peaceful a country as the United States, which desires no war and is bound to suffer heavily from any war in which she engages, whether victorious or defeated, may not have the choice. Peace can be maintained only by convincing Germany and Japan, which are the two Powers most likely to be moved by an ambition to possess American territory. But the United States will defend her interests even though they seem at first to be only indirectly affected. If we are not prepared to take that ground, the Monroe Doctrine is dead.

If we are willing to go to that limit, it must be proved by intelligent preparation. That means a new organization through powerful general staffs and a centralization of the War Department and Navy Department, which Congress has never been willing to authorize. It means an enlargement of the military and naval forces and ultimately some form of military training of the Swiss type. It means a willingness to face the world as it is, and no longer to live in the delusion that we are protected by a paper Monroe Doctrine.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

NAVAL PRINCIPLES

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.

In order to realize what principles govern the use of navies, let us first consider what navies have to do, and get history's data as to what navies in the past have done. In a magazine article it would obviously not be possible to recount all the doings of navies. But neither would it be necessary; for the reason that, throughout the long periods of time in which history recounts them, their activities have nearly always been the same.

In all cases in which navies have been used for war there was the preliminary dispute, often long-continued, between two peoples, or their rulers, and at last the decision of the dispute by force. In all cases the decision went to the side that could exert the most force at the critical times and places. The fact that the causes of war have been civil, and not military, demands consideration, for the reason that some people, confusing cause and effect, incline to the belief that armies and navies are the cause of war, and that they are to be blamed for its horrors. History clearly declares the contrary, and shows that the only rôle of armies and navies has been to wage wars, and, by waging, to finish them.

It may be well here, in order to clear away a possible preconception by the reader, to try and dispel the illusion that army and navy officers are eager for war, in order that they may get promotion. This idea has been exploited by people opposed to the development of the army and navy, and has been received with so much credulity that it seriously handicaps the endeavors of officers to get an unbiased hearing. But surely the foolishness of such an idea would promptly disappear from the brain of anyone if he would remind himself that simply because a man joins the army or navy he does not cease to be a human being, with the same emotions of fear as other men, the same sensitiveness to

pain, the same dread of death, and the same horror of leaving his family unsupported after his death. It is true that men in armies and navies are educated to dare death if need be; but the present writer has been through two wars, has been well acquainted with army and navy officers for forty-five years, and knows positively that, barring exceptions, they do not desire war at all.

Without going into an obviously impossible discussion of all naval wars, it may be instructive to consider briefly the four naval wars in which the United States has engaged.

The first was the War of the American Revolution. This war is instructive to those who contend that the United States is so far from Europe as to be safe from attack by a European fleet; because the intervening distance was frequently traversed then by British and French fleets of frail, slow, sailing ships, which were vital factors in the war. Without the British warships, the British could not have landed and supported their troops. Without the French warships the French could not have landed and supported their troops, who, under Rochambeau, were also under Washington, and gave him the assistance that he woefully needed, to achieve by arms our independence.

The War of 1812 is instructive from the fact that, though the actions of our naval ships produced little material effect, the skill, daring and success with which they were fought convinced Europeans of the high character and consequent noble destiny of the American people. The British were so superior in sea strength, however, that they were able to send their fleet across the ocean and land a force on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. This force marched to Washington, attacked the city, and burned the Capitol and other public buildings, with little inconvenience to itself.

The War of the Rebellion is instructive, because it shows how two earnest peoples, each believing themselves right, can be forced, by the very sincerity of their convictions, to wage war against each other; and because it shows how unpreparedness for war, with its accompanying ignorance of the best way in which to wage it, causes undue duration of a war and therefore needless suffering. If the North had not closed its eyes so resolutely to the fact of the coming struggle, it would have noted beforehand that the main weakness of the Confederacy lay in its dependence on revenue from cotton, and its inability to provide a navy that could

prevent a blockade of its coasts; and the North would have instituted a blockade so tight that the Confederacy would have been forced to yield much sooner than it did. The North would have made naval operations the main effort, instead of the auxiliary effort; and would have substituted for much of the protracted and bloody warfare of the land the quickly decisive and comparatively merciful warfare of the sea.

In the Spanish War the friction between the United States and Spain was mainly about Cuba. No serious thought of the invasion of either country was entertained, no invasion was attempted, and the only land engagements were some minor engagements in Cuba. The critical operations were purely naval. In the first of these, Commodore Dewey's squadron destroyed the entire Far Eastern squadron of the Spanish in Manila Bay; in the second, Admiral Sampson's squadron destroyed the entire Atlantic squadron of the Spanish near Santiago de Cuba. The two naval victories compelled Spain to make terms of peace practically as the United States wished. Attention is requested to the fact that this war was not a war of conquest, was not a war of aggression, was not a war of invasion, was not a war carried on by either side for any base purpose; but was in its intention and its results for the benefit of mankind.

The Russo-Japanese war was due to conflicting national policies. While each side accused the other of selfish ends, it is not apparent to a disinterested observer that either was unduly selfish in its policy, or was doing more than every country ought to advance the interests and promote the welfare of its people. Russia naturally had a great deal of interest in Manchuria, and felt that she had a right to expand through the uncivilized regions of Manchuria, especially since she needed a satisfactory outlet to the sea. In other words, the interests of Russia were in the line of its expanding to the eastward. But Japan's interests were precisely the reverse of Russia's—that is, Japan's interests demanded that Russia should not do those things that Russia wanted to do. Japan felt that Russia's movement toward the East was bringing her entirely too close to Japan. Russia was too powerful a country, and too aggressive, to be trusted so close. Japan had the same feeling toward Russia that any man might have on seeing another man, heavily armed, gradually coming closer to him in the night. Japan

especially wished that Russia should have no foothold in Corea, feeling, as she expressed it, that the point of Corea under Russian power would be a dagger directed at the heart of Japan. This feeling about Corea was the same feeling that every country has about land near her; it has a marked resemblance to the feeling that the United States has embodied in its Monroe Doctrine.

After several years of negotiation in which Japan and Russia endeavored to secure their respective aims by diplomacy, diplomacy was finally abandoned and the sword taken up instead. Japan, *because of the superior foresight of her statesmen,* was the first to realize that diplomacy must fail, was the first to realize that she must prepare for war, was the first to begin adequate preparation for war, was the first to complete preparation for war, was the first to strike, and in consequence was the victor. Yet Russia was a very much larger, richer, more populous country than Japan.

Russia sent large forces of soldiers to Manchuria by the trans-Siberian railroad, and Japan sent large forces there by transports across the Sea of Japan. Japan could not prevent the passage of soldiers by the railroad, but Russia could prevent the passage of transports across the Japan Sea, provided her fleet could overcome the Japanese fleet and get command of the sea. Russia had a considerable fleet in the Far East; but she had so underestimated the naval ability of the Japanese, that the Russian fleet proved unequal to the task; and the Japanese gradually reduced it to almost nothing, with very little loss to themselves.

Russia then sent out another fleet. The Japanese met this fleet on the 27th of May, 1904, near the Island of Tsushima, between Corea and Japan. The battle was decided in about an hour. The Japanese sank practically all the Russian ships before the battle was entirely finished, with comparatively small loss to Japan. This battle was carried on 12,000 miles by sea route from St. Petersburg. No invasion of Russia or Japan was contemplated, or attempted, and yet the naval battle decided the issue of the war completely, and was followed by a treaty of peace very shortly afterward.

These wars show us, as do all wars in which navies have engaged, that the function of a navy is not only to defend the coast in the sense of preventing an enemy from landing on it, but also to exert force far distant from the coast. The study of war has taught its students for many centuries that

a merely passive defense will finally be broken down, and that the most effective defense is the " offensive-defensive."

Perhaps the clearest case of a correct offensive-defensive is Nelson's defense of England, which he carried on in the Mediterranean, in the West Indies, and wherever the enemy fleet might be, finally defeating Napoleon's plan for invading England—not by waiting off the coast of England, but by attacking and crippling Napoleon's fleet off the Spanish coast near Trafalgar.

The idea held by many people that the defense of a country can be effected by simply preventing the invasion of its coasts, is a little like the notion of uneducated people that a disease can be cured by suppressing its symptoms. For even a successful defense of a coast against invasion by a hostile force cannot remove the inimical influence to a country's commerce and welfare which that hostile force exerts, any more than palliatives can cure dyspepsia. Every intelligent physician knows that the only way to cure a disease is to remove its cause; and every intelligent military or naval man knows that history teaches that the only way in which a country can defend itself successfully against an enemy is to defeat the armed force of that enemy—be it a force of soldiers on the land, or a force of warships on the sea. In naval parlance, " our objective is the enemy's fleet."

If the duty of a navy be merely to prevent the actual invasion of its country's coasts, a great mistake has been made by Great Britain, France, and other countries in spending so much money on their navies, and in giving so much attention to the education and training of their officers and enlisted men. To prevent actual invasion would be comparatively an easy task, one that could be performed by rows of forts along the coast, supplemented by mines and submarines. If that is the only kind of defense required, navies are hardly needed. The army in each country could man the forts, and operate the mines, and a special corps of the army could even operate the submarines, which (if their only office is to prevent actual invasion) need hardly leave the " three-mile limit " that skirts the coasts. If the people of any country do not care to have dealings outside; if the nation is willing to be in the position of a man who is safe so long as he stays in the house, but is afraid to go out doors, the problem of national defense is easy.

But if the people desire to prevent interference with what

our Constitution calls "the general welfare," the problem becomes exceedingly complex and exceedingly grave—more complex and grave than any other problem that they have. If they desire that their ships shall be free to sail the seas, and their citizens to carry on business and to travel in other lands; and if they desire that their merchants shall be able to export their wares and their farmers their grain, also that the people shall be able to import the things they wish from foreign countries, then they must be able to exert actual physical force on the ocean at any point where vessels carrying their exports and imports may be threatened. Naval ships are the only means for doing this.

The possibility that an armed force sent to a given point at sea might have to fight an enemy force, brought about first the sending of more than one vessel, and later—as the mechanic arts progressed—the increasing of the size of individual vessels, and later still the development of novel types.

There are two main reasons for building a small number of large ships rather than a large number of small ships. The first reason is that large ships are much more steady, reliable, safe, and fast than small ships. The second reason is that, when designed for any given speed, the large ships have more space available for whatever is to be carried; one 15-knot ship of 20,000 tons normal displacement, for instance, has about one and a half times as much space available for cargo, guns and what not, as four 15-knot ships of 5,000 tons each. These two reasons apply to merchant ships as well as naval ships. A third reason applies to naval vessels only, and is that a few large ships can be handled much better together than a large number of small ships, and embody that "concentration of force" which it is the endeavor of strategy and tactics to secure. A fourth reason is the obvious one that large ships can carry larger guns than small ships.

The distinctly military (naval) purpose for which a warship is designed necessitates, first, that in addition to her ability to go rapidly and surely from place to place, she be able to exert physical force against an enemy ship or fort, and, second, that she have protection against the fire of guns and torpedoes from enemy ships and forts, against bombs dropped from air-craft, and against mines.

This means that a man-of-war, intended to exert the max-

imum of physical force against an enemy, and to be able to withstand the maximum of punishment, must have guns and torpedoes for offense, and must have armor and cellular division of the hull for defense; the armor to keep out the enemy's shells, and the cellular division of the hull to prevent the admission of more water than can fill one watertight compartment in case the ship is hit.

It must be admitted here that, at the present moment, torpedoes hold such large charges of explosive that the cellular division of ships does not adequately protect them. This means that a contest has been going on between torpedo makers and naval constructors like the contest between armor-makers and gun makers, and that just now the torpedo makers are in the lead. For this reason a battleship needs other protection than that imparted by its cellular subdivision. This is given by its "torpedo defense battery" of minor guns of about 5-inch caliber.

By reason of the great vulnerability of all ships to attack below the water-line, the torpedo was invented and developed. In its original form, the torpedo was motionless in the water, either anchored to the ground, or floating on the surface, and was in fact what now is called a "mine." But forty-seven years ago an Englishman named Whitehead invented the automobile, auto-steering, torpedo, which still bears his name. This torpedo is used in all the navies, and is launched on its mission from battleships, battle cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and other craft of various kinds.

Most torpedoes are to be found in destroyers—long, fast, frail vessels, averaging about 700 tons displacement, that are intended to dash at enemy ships at night, or under other favorable conditions, launch their torpedoes, and hurry away. The torpedo is "a weapon of opportunity." It has had a long, slow fight for its existence; but its success during the present war has established it firmly in naval warfare.

The submarine has followed the destroyer, and some people think will supplant it; though its relatively slow speed prevents those dashes that are the destroyer's rôle. The submarine is, however, a kind of destroyer that is submersible, in which the necessities of submersibility preclude great speed. The submarine was designed to accomplish a clear and definite purpose—a secret underwater attack on an enemy's ship in the vicinity. It has succeeded so well in its limited mission that some intelligent people declare that we

need submarines only—ignoring the fact that, even if submarines could successfully prevent actual invasion, they could not carry on operations at a distance from their base of supplies. It is true that submarines may be made so large that they can steam at great speed from place to place, as capital ships steam now, carry large supplies of fuel and food, house their crews hygienically, and need no " mother ship " or tender. But if submarines achieve such size, they will be more expensive to build and run than battleships—and will be, in fact, submersible battleships. In other words, the submarine cannot displace the battleship, but may be developed and evolved into a new and highly specialized type of battleship.

The necessity for operating at long distances from a base carries with it the necessity for supplying more fuel than even a battleship can carry; and this means that colliers must be provided. In most countries the merchant service is so large that colliers can be taken from it, but in the United States no adequate merchant marine exists, and so it is found necessary to build navy colliers and have them in the fleet. The necessity for continuously supplying food and ammunition to the fleet necessitates supply ships and ammunition ships; but the problem of supplying food and ammunition is not so difficult as that of supplying fuel, for the reason that they are consumed more slowly.

In order to take care of the sick and wounded, and prevent them from hampering the activities of the well, hospital ships are needed. Hospital ships should, of course, be designed for that purpose before being constructed; but usually hospital ships were originally passenger ships, and were adapted to hospital uses later.

The menace of the destroyer—due to the seaworthiness which this type has now achieved, and to the great range which the torpedo has acquired—has brought about the necessity of providing external protection to the battleships; and this is supplied by a " screen " of destroyers and other light craft, whose duty is to keep enemy destroyers and (so far as is practicable) the submarines, at a safe distance.

We now see why a fleet must be composed of various types of vessels. At the present moment, the battleship is the primary, or paramount type, the others secondary, because the battleship is the type that can exert the most force,

stand the hardest punishment, steam the farthest in all kinds of weather, and in general, serve her country the best.

Of course, "battleship" is merely a name, and some think not a very good name, to indicate a ship that can take the part in battle that used to be taken by the "ship of the line." The reason for its primacy is fundamental: its displacement or total weight—the same reason that assured the primacy of the ship of the line. For displacement rules the waves; if "Britannia rules the waves," it is simply because Britannia has more displacement than any other Power.

The fleet needs to have a means of knowing where the enemy is, how many ships he has, what is their character, the direction in which they are steaming, and their speed. To accomplish this purpose, "scouts" are needed—fast ships, that can steam far in all kinds of weather, and send wireless messages across great distances. So far as their scout duties go, such vessels need no guns whatever, and no torpedoes; but because the enemy will see the scout as soon as the scout sees the enemy, and because the enemy will try to drive away the scout by gun and torpedo fire, the scouts must be armed. And this necessity is reinforced by the necessity of driving off an enemy's scouts. In foreign navies the need for getting information in defiance of an enemy's attempts to prevent it, and to drive off the armed scouts of an enemy, has been one of the prime reasons for developing "battle cruisers," that combine the speed of the destroyer with the long steaming radius of the battleship, a battery almost as strong, and a very considerable protection by armor.

The aeroplane and the airship are recent accessions to the list of fighting craft. Their rôle in naval warfare cannot yet be defined, because the machines themselves have not yet reached an advanced stage of development, and their probable performance cannot be forecast. There is no doubt, however, in the minds of naval men that the rôle of air craft is to be important and distinguished.

BRADLEY A. FISKE.

PROHIBITION

BY L. AMES BROWN

FOREWORD.—*Of all the problems bearing directly upon the social welfare of the people of the United States none surely is more vital, and none probably is so inadequately comprehended as that which is involved in the abolition or regulation of traffic in intoxicating beverages. It is not, as many suppose, a mere question of prevention of drunkenness and elimination of attendant evils. Its phases are multifarious, comprising not only the practicability of remedies proposed by Prohibitionists, Anti-Saloon Leagues and Model-License Associations, but also National and State revenues, relationship to political parties and Constitutional inhibitions, discrimination between distilled liquors and comparatively harmless light wines and beers as affecting the public health, and many others which must be considered in the light of experience and common sense if a solution of the whole problem is to be found and applied successfully. In an endeavor to promote helpful discussion which may lead to rational determination* THE REVIEW *will publish, during the forthcoming year, articles from those authorized or best qualified to set forth the merits of the various proposals which have been advanced. As a preliminary to the presentation of these special contributions, we print herewith the first of a series embodying the conclusions respecting actual conditions and results of experimentation deduced from painstaking study and inquiry by Mr. L. Ames Brown, whose compressed summary of his inferences recently published by the "Atlantic Monthly" attracted widespread attention. He deals first, in natural order, with Prohibition.*—THE EDITOR.

THE altered circumstances in which the people of the United States are forced to go about their public and private business since the breaking out of the war in Europe has left a very discernible stamp upon the country's "composite thought." The war has upset many of the new ideas that were gaining prestige in this Republic under the advocacy of Mr. Bryan and men of his imaginative turn of mind, and, to resort to a meaningful phrase of our own making, it has

steadied us down. Consider some of the changes it has wrought. It has done away with talk of permanent peace in this century and convinced most of us of the criminal unwisdom of failure to be prepared for war; it has caused us to be more careful as to how we spend our money; it has sharpened the suspicions of some of us as to the faulty foundation of certain proposed reforms, and has caused others who were inclined to a more partisan attitude to decide to take a second look; it has developed a tendency toward contentment with laws of established consistency with the fundamentals of our Government in preference to those of the new fangled stripe which require a very considerable measure of blind faith in the swallowing. In general, the war may be said to have created in the American people a wholesome disposition to examine more carefully and critically into the merits of all proposals of domestic policy.

Bare facts, it may be prophesied, therefore, will have a better chance for coping successfully with sentimental propagandas in the next elections than has been given in what Mr. Taft recently remarked upon as "the late era of radicalism." So soon after being compelled to resign several rosy imaginings as to the possibilities of the immediate future, the voters may be looked to to display more stubbornness in demanding actual evidence as to the suitability and usefulness of the shiny new lamps offered in exchange for the old and tested ones. Such a state of mind certainly will produce a need for plenteous and convincing statistics from the advocates of national prohibition, if they are to expect advancement for their propaganda in the next few years. Appeals for the inspiration of a new virility in the Nation through the Constitutional inhibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic drinks will be met with the questions, put with inexorable seriousness: What has prohibition actually accomplished in the States where it has been tried out? To what extent has it abated drinking, and the crimes and diseases growing out of it, and poverty? Has it really "made good"? On the answers to these questions will depend more and more vitally the extent of the progress to be made by the prohibition movement.

The questions are fair ones. Sooner or later, every new idea which has been established in the institutions of the civilized world has had to accept trial in the light of its History as well as of its Hope, and its ultimate place has been

determined by this judgment. It cannot be imagined that the prohibitionists will object to a test upon this basis, for their arguments traditionally are based upon the thought that the end justifies the means, that the evils of drinking justify any governmental step designed to prevent them; and surely it is sound logic to apply to their propaganda the test whether the ends which have been attained justify the means which have been adopted and now are advocated anew. It would seem, therefore, that a study of the history of prohibition in the United States, with the sole conscious aim of producing informative results, should be welcomed by both parties to the prohibition controversy, and especially by the great mass of voters who have not yet permitted themselves to be enrolled as partisans.

The prohibition movement was an outgrowth of the temperance crusades of the first half of the nineteenth century. Hard drinking was almost the rule among the Fathers of the Republic. The per capita consumption of spirits in the early days was many times what it is now, and beer drinking was almost unknown. After the War of 1812, there grew up in the New England States a large commerce in West Indian rum, which was consumed extensively, especially in Maine, supplementing the consumption of heavy liquors which were manufactured in those States. Maine alone, in 1827, when her population was 360,000, manufactured 1,333,160 gallons of liquor, and it was sold at retail in nearly every store and tavern. Drunkenness in its worst form, involving disastrous social consequences, was widespread. Sufficient evidence of it was to be found in the number of persons in the jails and poorhouses.

The movement to reform these conditions received an early impetus from the publication, in 1815, of Dr. Benjamin Rush's book, *An Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind.* Dr. Rush had been chairman of the Committee on Independence in the Continental Congress of 1776. He was a physician of note, and his book was an authoritative disclosure of the harmful physiological effects of distilled spirits. A later commentator said of it: "Although confined in its denunciation to distilled spirits, it is not surpassed in earnestness and power by anything that has been written since." Before this book was published, Hon. Samuel Dexter, a former Secretary of War and

of the Treasury, as President of the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, had issued in 1814 a pamphlet declaring that the rural population was consuming four times as much spirits as it had consumed twenty years before. Rev. Lyman Beecher already had attracted attention by his vigorous temperance sermons, some of which were published as temperance tracts.

Taking Dr. Rush's book and early subsequent publications as the basis of their propaganda, many learned and vigorous citizens of the original States began the dissemination of arguments first against the use of heavy liquors and later against the use of alcoholic drinks of any kind. Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D., was an outstanding worker in the movement for temperance reform, and he was the leading spirit in the organization of the American Temperance Society in 1815. Benjamin Franklin, we are told, General Putnam, Dr. Belknap, and others supported Dr. Rush in his temperance work. In 1826 the American Society for the Promotion of Temperance was organized to advocate total abstinence, and the *National Philanthropist* was launched in Boston to spread this propaganda. By 1835, a commentator tells us, "More than 8,000 temperance societies had been formed; more than 4,000 distilleries had been stopped; more than 200,000 persons had ceased to use any kind of intoxicating liquor; about 2,000,000 had ceased to use distilled liquors, 1,500,000 of whom were enrolled members of the temperance societies." About this time the Washington Society of pledge takers was formed. It had great success in prevailing upon drinkers to take the pledge, but it was severely criticized by the advocates of prohibition when they appeared, because, to quote ex-Senator Blair of New Hampshire, "unfortunately many of its most zealous and active promoters discouraged all resort to the enactment or enforcement of laws against the traffic." Some of the men who are singled out for distinction by the historians of the early temperance movement are President Day of Yale College, Rev. Samuel Worcester, Vice-President Henry Wilson, John B. Goff and Charles Jewett, M. D. The temperance movement in this period was in large measure religious, and clergymen, not politicians, were pre-eminent among its workers.

This was the era of so-called moral suasion. An early writer tells us that "churches and denominational associa-

tions, medical bodies, military organizations, public meetings, almost every form of effort united to endorse these and similar expressions of sentiment [referring to the expressions of temperance societies] in all parts of the country; a mighty movement based on moral suasion filled the land for the removal of the evils of intoxication from society." Ex-Senator Blair, in his history of the temperance movement, explains the transition from the temperance movement to that for State prohibition as one from moral suasion to legal suasion. "The public sentiment which resulted from this discussion," says he, "naturally sought to apply the doctrine of total abstinence through the form of law. The people began to move for the repeal of license laws and for legislation having for its object the outlawry of the liquor traffic." In 1837, the General Conference of the Free Baptist Church adopted a resolution in reference to the liquor traffic, pronouncing the judgment that "our lawgivers should by the enactment of just laws protect the community from this baneful and merciless traffic." Massachusetts made an essay in regulatory legislation in 1838, when the so-called "fifteen-gallon law" was passed.

Neal Dow, born in 1804, in Portland, Maine, the son of a Quaker tanner, crystallized the "legal suasion" movement, and by his co-workers is accredited with conceiving the idea of State prohibition. Dow began his career as an agitator of the liquor issue in politics in Portland, about 1830, when he insisted that the city authorities had the right to refuse to license liquor dealers, and that they ought to do so. His campaign for municipal action did not succeed until 1843, but in the meantime he had launched his propaganda for action by the State Legislature.

The first demand for the enactment of a State prohibition law was made upon the Legislature by the Maine Temperance Union in a memorial presented by General James Appleton, a friend of Dow's, in 1837. The Legislature did not act. Dow's friends declared that the day of his success was postponed by the Washington Movement, which practiced moral suasion, but objected to legislation. In 1843, the Maine leader printed and circulated petitions to the Legislature for a prohibition law, and appeared personally in the Hall of Representatives to argue for such an enactment. From that time on, he was a zealous propagandist, displaying indefatigable energy, a wide acquaintance with the people

of his State and their prejudices, and in many ways evidencing a consummate knowledge of politics as the game was played in his time. He traveled from end to end of the State time and time again, perfecting temperance organizations for the acknowledged purpose of exerting an influence upon the Legislature, making the prohibition question an issue in all elections of whatever importance. A petition signed by about 40,000 persons was presented by Dow to the Legislature in 1846, and, as a result of the pressure then brought to bear, a bill abolishing the license system but lacking the demanded forcefulness was passed. Small penalties were provided for violations, and the law was evaded by easy subterfuges. A bill somewhat strengthening this enactment was passed in 1849.

Dow was elected Mayor of Portland in 1851, thus attaining prestige second only to that of Governor of the State. In that year, with the new assurance which had resulted from his political triumph in Portland, he appeared in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and, after speaking for an hour and a half, as we are told, "in his usual style of acute reasoning, strong sense and impassioned eloquence," presented the stringent prohibition law which he had drawn. Despite the resentment of some conservative members of the Legislature at what they termed the high-handed manner in which Dow practically had ordered the enactment of his law, his influence was sufficient to secure the passage of his measure, the "Maine Law," within three days after it was taken up, a pace which was recognized at the time as being too rapid for judicious legislation.

The Mayor of Portland then set about enforcing the law in his own municipality. His methods were spectacular; he personally directed the first seizure of liquor after the law became operative, and took occasion to let it be known in every way possible that he was making the crusade against liquor his chief business. His manner of enforcing the law, his political successes, and the wide advertisement of what his friends termed his persecution by opponents of the prohibition cause, established for him a reputation in other States where the agitation had been taken up. He was frequently sought as a speaker throughout New England and the Eastern States. Expensive gifts of silverware were presented to him by citizens in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. A contemporary declared that he "would rather

go down to posterity with Neal Dow's reputation than be any other man who lives or has lived in this country, the magnificent Father of this Country not excepted." A writer in publications issued by the Maine Statistical Society, an organization which promoted the acceptance of the Maine law in all States where prohibition was considered, said: "That he could command a strong vote in all the Northern States, were he nominated to the Vice-Presidency of the country, can scarcely be doubted." Thus Dow became the chief prohibition agitator in the country, and his handiwork, the Maine law, became the model of those States which decided to adopt prohibition. The agitation was taken up in practically every State in the Union. Note how the people responded to the promise that prohibition would cure the drink evil.

Vermont adopted a prohibition law in 1852, and it was ratified by the people. In the same year, Oregon adopted prohibition; the people of the territory of Minnesota approved a law which later was declared unconstitutional, as did the people of Massachusetts; a restrictive law was passed in Mississippi, and Texas adopted a law which prohibited the sale of more than one quart of liquor to any one person. In 1853 Rhode Island adopted a law which later was pronounced unconstitutional, and the people of Michigan confirmed a law which later was declared unconstitutional. In 1854 the Maryland House of Delegates adopted a prohibition law, but it was defeated in the Senate, while the Maine Liquor Law Party elected all of its candidates in the City of Baltimore; the Wisconsin Legislature passed a law which was vetoed by the Governor, and Connecticut and Delaware adopted prohibition.

Then came the triumphant year 1855. Iowa passed prohibition, and the law was confirmed by the people; Massachusetts altered her earlier enactment so as to meet the requirements of the State Constitution; Michigan did likewise; the Territory of Nebraska was given a prohibition law by its first Legislature which met in that year; New Hampshire entered the prohibition column; in New York Myron H. Clark, after a bitter campaign, was elected Governor over Horatio Seymour in a prohibition victory, and the Legislature passed a prohibition law July 4; Pennsylvania adopted a prohibition law, although it was not stringent in its provisions; Governor Reeder of Kansas recommended the en-

actment of prohibition to the Assembly of Kansas; the New Jersey House of Assembly adopted a prohibition law which was defeated in the Senate; Illinois passed a prohibition law for submission to the people, who rejected it; even Utah had municipal prohibition in its chief settlement, Salt Lake City.

The sojourn of most of these States in the prohibition column was brief. New Hampshire, it is true, did not repeal her law until 1903, nor Michigan until 1875, and Connecticut did not give up hope of making prohibition a success until 1872, but the other States, with the exception of Maine and Vermont, all resorted to other methods of restraining the use of liquor by 1870. Indeed, several of the States did not make even a serious attempt to enforce their laws. Nebraska and Illinois permitted the law to remain upon their statute books only one year. New York, Delaware and Indiana repealed within two years. The States which really tried to make their laws effective were Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Michigan.

It appears that not much time was required to disillusion the temperance advocates of New England as to the effectiveness of prohibition as a means of reducing drinking. Senator Blair, who became one of the chief figures of the prohibition movement, and who introduced the first prohibition resolution in the Senate of the United States, made the failure of State prohibition a basis for his argument for the larger venture. He said in 1887:

> For half a century, the working life of more than two generations, gigantic efforts have been put forth by noble men and women, by philanthropists, by statesmen and by States, to restrain and destroy the alcoholic evil, through the operations of moral suasion and by State law. . . . But it has failed, as it will always fail so long as we save at the spigot and waste at the bung. . . . It is a waste of time to deal with it (intemperance) only by towns and counties and States.

Dr. Dio Lewis, a prolific publicist of Boston, said in his book, *Prohibition a Failure,* published in 1873:

> The meaning of the recent repudiation of the prohibitory liquor law in Massachusetts, and the same repudiation which is soon to follow in Maine, is not that the voters are less temperance men, or that they are anxious to continue crime and pauperism or pay the enormous taxes which confessedly spring from drink, but it simply

means, as in repudiating scores of other laws in New England directed against vices, that the people have come to the conclusion that law is not the medicine for this patient.

Dr. Lewis was a temperance worker who went so far as to advise members of churches to shun the Lord's Supper, where fermented wines were used, and he declared that he had lost $20,000 personally through refusing to rent a hotel he owned in Boston except on condition that spirits should not be used in the cooking.

Ernest H. Cherrington, editor of the official publications of the Anti-Saloon League of America, that powerful instrumentality through which the political influence of the prohibition movement of to-day is exerted, concurs in the foregoing opinion. In the official history of the League, Mr. Cherrington says:

During the half century before 1893, eighteen States had adopted either statutory or Constitutional prohibition, with the result that eleven had repealed the law before prohibition had been given even a chance for a fair trial, while the prohibitory laws in the remaining States had been so poorly enforced that they had practically become dead letters, there being no effort whatever in certain States to give any attention to the enforcement of prohibition.

The opinions of these temperance workers as to the failure of the early prohibition movement are vindicated by the facts presented by Government reports regarding the consumption of liquors in the country at large in the period when the movement was spreading like wildfire. In the decade, 1850-1860, wherein the Maine law first was enacted, and thirteen States adopted prohibition either by referendum or legislative vote, the consumption of liquor increased from 94,712,853 gallons to 202,120,007 gallons. The consumption per capita increased in this period of rapid expansion of population from 4.08 gallons to 6.43 gallons; the consumption per capita of wine remained practically at a standstill; that of malt liquors increased from 1.58 gallons to 3.22 gallons; that of distilled spirits increased from 2.24 to 2.86.

In the next decade the consumption per capita increased to 7.70 gallons, and the total consumption to 296,876,931 gallons.

The modern era of prohibition, we are told by the Anti-Saloon League publications, began in 1893, the year in which

the League itself became active. For several years, however, its record is one of minor successes and defeats for the prohibitionists. South Dakota repealed her prohibition law in 1896, and in 1903 New Hampshire and Vermont retired from the prohibition column, leaving Maine, the only New England State which retained the law of the fifties upon her statute books. The first State-wide victories gained by the newly revived movement were in 1907, when Alabama and Oklahoma adopted prohibition. Two years later Alabama refused to incorporate prohibition in her Constitution. Oklahoma was more steadfast, however, for in 1909 her people did ratify a prohibition amendment. Nineteen hundred and eight saw State-wide victories in North Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi. The movement was retarded in 1910 by the rejection of Constitutional amendments in Florida and Oregon; Texas rejected an amendment in 1911, and Alabama repealed her law in that year, and another rejection was voted in Arkansas in 1912. Thus five discouraging defeats intervened between the Southern successes in 1908, and the next State victory, which was in West Virginia in 1912. The prohibitionists were successful in five of the elections in 1914: Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, Virginia and Washington voting favorably, while California and Ohio rejected amendments. In the present year, Alabama and Arkansas have adopted statutory prohibition, Iowa has enacted legislation, which it is claimed will have the effect of returning that State to the prohibition column, and South Carolina has voted for Constitutional prohibition. Prohibition laws are operative in nine States, and six others will be added to this list January 1, 1916. I do not include Tennessee, because liquor taxes amounting to more than $500,000 were collected in that State in 1913, under what was described as a prohibition law.

Because of the comparatively short time in which the prohibition laws have been operative in most of the States now listed in the prohibition column, it may be difficult to form an accurate judgment as to the effects of the so-called reform. This difficulty is enhanced by the character of some of the literature being disseminated by the prohibitionists. The Anti-Saloon League Year Book, the official handbook of arguments for prohibition agitators, which is published at a considerable expense and has a wide circulation, presumably presents the case for prohibition as favorably as

the managers of the prohibition organization believe can be done. A review of this publication should afford a fair résumé of the evidence tending to show that prohibition has succeeded. No astuteness in analysis is required for the detection of certain methods resorted to by the editor of this publication for making the prohibition States appear advantageously in his statistical comparisons, which I do not believe are calculated to inspire confidence in any of his conclusions.

The campaign text-book presents in the prohibition tables Georgia, Mississippi and North Carolina, where prohibition was enacted only in 1908; West Virginia, where the law has been operative little more than a year; Tennessee, which should not be classed as a prohibition State; and Kansas, Maine and North Dakota, the only States which have had prohibition laws for any considerable number of years. Comparative statistics for 1909 or 1910 regarding this group and other groups which are presented as having, variously, 25 per cent of territory under license, 50 per cent under license, and more than 75 per cent under license, are given, and so little justification seems to exist for this grouping arrangement, as indicating the relative effects of prohibition and license or local option on the life of a State, that it might be suspected that the scheme was fixed upon as a means of distracting attention from the shortcomings of Maine, the black sheep of the prohibition family. The handbook gives data bearing upon the "Average Number of Wage Earners in 1909," and increase in the ten years preceding, and the "Value of Products in 1909" and the corresponding increases. The figures thus presented, from which conclusions favorable to prohibition are drawn, are for the first year in which prohibition was operative in North Carolina, Mississippi and Alabama, the second year in Georgia, and for a period when West Virginia still remained in the license column. The presented increases, for the most part, were accomplished in a period when these States were under license or local option systems. The statistician solemnly computes that the percentage of increase in number of wage earners in the prohibition States exceeded that of the three other groups by ten, thirteen, and seventeen, respectively, while the increase in value of products exceeded that of the other three groups by 30.7 per cent, 34.1 per cent and 42.6 per cent. He does not comment upon the interest-

ing comparison between totals. May we observe that in the nine prohibition States, which had a population of 14,685,000 in 1910, the total number of wage earners was 554,280; while in the nine license States, out of a population of 22,293,000, the wage-earning population numbered 2,564,280, and that, while the total value of products in the former group was only $1,416,192,000, that for the license States was $8,080,-980,000?

The Anti-Saloon League statisticians made an extensive study last year of the economic aspects of the liquor problem, apparently with the view of ameliorating somewhat the opposition of organized labor to the prohibition movement. The table I have just referred to is the first of a series in which comparisons are made on a number of points where the prohibition States can be made to appear to some slight advantage.

One of these tables shows that there was an increase of 103 per cent in volume of wages paid in prohibition States, as against 61 per cent in the license States. The increases, it may be noted, were from a total of $109,000,000 to $221,000,-000 in the prohibition States, and from $852,000,000 to $1,373,889,000 in the license States. Other tables show that while 21 per cent of the wages and salaries paid by the industries in the prohibition States go to officials and 79 per cent to labor, in the license States, 36 per cent goes to officials and only 64 per cent to labor; that, while the raw material used by all the industries of the United States comprises 58.7 per cent of the manufactured value, only 23 per cent of the value of liquors is represented by raw materials. The Year Book then presents a set of tables which, it states, "disprove the claim that prohibition of the liquor traffic injures business or that it frightens capital away from the prohibition States." It is shown that in the prohibition group, the total capital invested in manufactures in 1899, $463,573,000, increased to $1,220,010,000 by 1909, an increase of 163.2 per cent; in the license States the total in 1899, $3,955,842,000, increased to *only* $7,439,685,000, in 1909, an increase of less than 87 per cent. The tables show, although attention is not directed to the fact by footnote, that, while the population of the nine license States exceeded that of the nine prohibition States by less than 50 per cent, the total capital invested in manufactures in the former States exceeded that in the prohibition States by approximately 600 per cent.

Statistics under the caption, "Crime and the Liquor Problem," continue the same groupings, but, even with the newly converted States lined up in the favored column, the showing made is not as satisfying as was the case in respect of the economic aspects of the liquor problem. For example, a table is given showing the number of prisoners for each 100,000 of population in the different groups of States for 1910. It is found that the total number of prisoners in the prohibition States was 18,228 out of a population of 14,685,000, and in the license States 29,041 out of a population of 22,000,000; and that for each 100,000 of population there were 124 prisoners in the prohibition States and 130 in the license States, the number in the two intermediate groups being somewhat smaller than in the prohibition States. Further on we are informed that the average number of paupers for each 100,000 of population was 46.5 for the prohibition States, and 127.7 for the license States, the latter number differing only by a fraction from the number for Maine. Still another table discloses that 75 per cent of the children of school age in the prohibition States were enrolled in schools, while in the license States only 68.8 per cent were enrolled; that 38.4 per cent of persons from 15 to 20 years old were attending school in the prohibition States, while only 26.6 per cent were enrolled in the license States.

These tables aroused my curiosity for several reasons. In the first place, the statistician omitted for some reason best known to himself the seasoned prohibition State of North Dakota. Examining table 25, page 1132 of the census bulletin on School Attendance, I found that of the 183,336 persons from six to twenty years of age in North Dakota, only 117,453 were enrolled in schools. The percentage, therefore, had it been calculated by the statistician, would have been presented in the scholastic table as 64.1, eleven points lower than the percentage for the prohibition group and nearly five points lower than that for the license group. Another matter which excites my curiosity in regard to this table of the Year Book is the source of the information upon which it is compiled and how the percentages favorable to prohibition are computed. For instance, with respect to Kansas, in the census bulletin on School Attendance I notice that in 1909 the total number of children from six to twenty years of age was 515,166, some 12,934 *in excess* of the number given in the Anti-Saloon League tables, while the total enroll-

ment was 378,000, some 20,000 *fewer* than the number listed by the Anti-Saloon League. It is evident that had the statistician employed the figures of the Government, his conclusions in regard to school attendance might be altered.

The closing tables set forth that there were 118.8 insane persons for each 100,000 of population in the prohibition group, while the number was 276.6 for the license group; and that for every 100 families there were 468 persons in the prohibition group, and only 454 persons in the license group.

A look beneath the surface of the Anti-Saloon League statistics indicated that they had little value as discovering to us the effects of prohibition upon the group of States in which the law now is operative, because of the comparatively short time that the States have been under its influence. It was apparent that, if West Virginia or North Carolina or any of the prohibition States seemed to outrank certain of the license States in respect of definite statistical comparisons, the advantage could not properly be attributed to the influence of prohibition only one or two years after the law became operative. How much more sensible and valuable it would be, from the standpoint of the principles of conservative judgment, to study the effect of prohibition in Maine, Kansas and North Dakota, the only States having prohibition in which the laws have been tested for twenty years or more.

Prohibition has been a farce in Maine for a number of years. It is the renegade of the prohibition family, and all statistical compilations by prohibitionists must cover up the shortcomings of Maine, in order to make a creditable showing for the entire group of prohibition States. Maine was the first State to enact prohibition, but it has appeared that she will be the last to enforce it. This State since 1851 has been engaged in what might be termed a continuous series of flirtations with prohibition. Since 1837, when a petition for prohibitory legislation was presented to the Maine legislature, there has been constant bickering between the prohibitionists and the anti-prohibitionists. In the elections, the liquor issue has obscured every other, and the result has been that the State has not been influenced materially in any way by the laws upon its statute books, save that it has lacked the annual revenues which the other States were collecting from the manufacture and sale of liquors, and that

the people have continued their consumption of ardent spirits instead of following the example of most of their countrymen who have turned annually to a larger consumption of beer or other lighter alcoholic drinks. President Wilson very probably had Maine in mind when he observed that whenever the social and moral issues involved in the liquor problem had been made the subject matter of party contest, "they have cut the lines of party organization and party action athwart, to the utter confusion of political action in every other field."

Soon after Neal Dow's law was put upon the statute books, there developed a well-supported opposition to the measure among the better portion of the population as well as the foreign quota. One of these opponents was Governor Wells, elected in 1856. The prohibition law of 1855, strengthening the original enactment, was repealed in his administration before it had been a year in operation. The repeal was followed by a period of indiscriminate sales and of offensive practices by the retailers, which gave abundant material for a new prohibition campaign. In 1858 another law went into effect, with the notable change that the prohibition did not extend to cider and the sale and manufacture of wine from fruit grown in the State. This alteration gave the prohibitionists the support of the farmers, a very necessary accession. The consumption of beer in Maine at that time was a comparatively small item, so there was no demand for the exemption of beer, as for that of hard cider, which we are informed is "notoriously capable of producing more intricate, prolonged and devastating drunks than even whiskey itself." By 1867 the unlicensed sale of liquors had become so extensive that a special State constabulary to enforce the prohibition law was created. This proved effective only in suppressing the more open forms of illegal selling. Governor Chamberlain in 1870, Governor Perham in 1872, and Governor Dingley in 1875 set forth in their annual messages that the prohibition law was virtually nullified by laxity of enforcement. It was shortly after the administrations of these governors that an amendment was voted into the State Constitution which not only exempted cider to appease the rural vote, but even exempted whiskey, gin, brandy, ale, porter, wine and cocktails as obtainable from the State liquor selling agency "for the use of invalids."

Enforcement of the law did not improve after the adop-

tion of the Constitutional amendment, however. Because the law lacked the support of public opinion, illegal sales and public drunkenness continued to increase. Governor Burleigh said in 1891, five years after prohibition was made an article of the State Constitution, "It cannot be denied that the law for the suppression of the liquor traffic is often violated, and that officials charged with its enforcement are frequently derelict in duty." This was putting it mildly. The law was openly flouted. Luxurious bars were operated in all the large cities, the only recognition of the prohibition law being a transparent attempt to keep these saloons out of sight from the open streets. The State authorities, charged with enforcing the law, systematically defied it, making periodical arrests which resulted in the imposition of fines about equivalent to license taxes.

Records of the number of commitments to jail for intoxication and illegal selling of liquor furnish impressive evidence as to the farcical character of prohibition in recent years. In 1898, 6,425 persons were committed to Maine jails, of whom 2,967 were committed for intoxication and 178 for illegal selling. The figures for subsequent years follow:

	Total commitments	For intoxication	For illegal selling
1899	6,182	2,901	200
1900	5,427	3,259	180
1901	5,270	2,851	298
1902	5,297	3,193	234
1903	4,608	2,364	346
1904	5,681	2,642	281
1905	5,412	3,035	571

The jail commitments for intoxication are merely a partial record of the amount of public drunkenness in these years, for in the small communities only the most obstreperous street drunkards who made nuisances of themselves were arrested, while thousands of intoxicated persons were assisted to their homes by acquaintances or even local authorities.

Governor Cobb in his annual message in 1905 recognized the farcical aspect of the law when he said:

> Has the law been enforced? Every intelligent citizen knows that it has not. The estimation in which the prohibitory law is held in some sections of our States and by many of our citizens is working incalculable injury to the forces that make for law and order.

A disrespect for all law is nurtured, which if allowed to grow unchecked will weaken and destroy the very foundations of good government.

In that year the Legislature enacted the Sturgis law creating a State Enforcement Commission, which was permitted to send deputies to all parts of the State to search for and destroy liquors. These deputies seized thousands of gallons of liquors and rummaged hundreds of homes and other buildings, but the chief result of their efforts was to drive illegal sales into more unwholesome nooks and corners without any important diminution in the number of sales. Note how the dismal record of public drunkenness continues:

	Total commitments	For intoxication	For illegal selling
1906	4,483	1,980	429
1907	5,769	2,934	441
1908	6,646	3,609	707

One of the chief reasons for this steady increase under the Sturgis law was that, under the more open violations that had been tolerated previously, a greater proportion of ale, beer, and light wines had been sold. The bulk of these beverages prevented their being handled to advantage surreptitiously under the more stringent enforcement of the law, and it resulted that larger quantities of ardent spirits, oftentimes of poorer quality, were consumed. The quantity of liquors now vended by the Maine bootleggers were for the most part manufactured from the worst and most poisonous varieties of alcohol. Epitomizing the effect of prohibition on public intoxication, it may be observed that arrests for drunkenness in Maine averaged 25.5 per 1,000 population, as against 18.5 for all the other New England States.

Prohibition in Maine has not retarded the number of divorces granted for intoxication. According to census reports from 1867 to 1886, the total number of divorces was 8,412, while in the subsequent twenty years the total was increased to 14,194. Of this number, 3,624 are attributed to intemperance as a direct or indirect cause. Senator Charles F. Johnston declared in 1912 that "the majority do not now and never have wanted enforcement of the prohibition law." The Constitutional amendment was re-submitted to a popular vote in 1912. Regarding the outcome of this

election, Hon. C. W. Davis, Secretary of State of Maine, said:

In the September election, in one of the most strenuous campaigns the State has ever witnessed, a campaign in which the friends of the prohibition law mustered to their aid the most influential platform orators the nation could produce, a campaign in which the churches were organized, their pulpits turned into political forums, in which the children were organized and equipped with campaign songs, in which a publicity fund estimated at approximately $200,000, with every one of the 520 towns supplied with oral and written arguments, and with but little work on the part of the opposition, the prohibitory law which went into the constitution in 1884 by a majority of 45,000 was retained by a paltry 758 votes. Even this slender margin was in doubt for many days, as the first returns, known as the Secretary of State's returns, gave the result as 60,487 for repeal and 60,461 for retaining the law; a majority of 26 for repeal. The final returns of municipal officers made to the Governor and Council, after the corrections and changes, placed the official vote as follows: 60,095 for repeal and 60,853 for retention of the law.

The result of this election, if it proves anything, proves that the electorate of Maine were honestly wide apart in their views as to the value of the law. Eight of the sixteen counties in the State voted against the law, and the cities by a majority of 10,000 voted against it. With the population in character and growth but slightly changed, 60,095 voted against the law as compared with the 23,413 who voted against it in 1884.

Prohibition must be regarded as a failure in Maine up to the present time. The State authorities now in power declare they are enforcing the law, and this may be true. It does not affect the validity of the statement that Maine in the decades since Neal Dow secured the enactment of the Maine law has been the pre-eminent example of the truth of President Wilson's observation that "Government is merely an attempt to express the average conscience of everybody," and that, if the Government is going faster than the public conscience, it soon will have to "pull up." The Government did "pull up" in Maine, but until to-day the people of the State have insisted upon retaining a law which does not represent their "average conscience."

Here is an excerpt from the speech delivered by Representative Underwood of Alabama, majority leader of the last House of Representatives, during the debate on the Hobson resolution, December, 1914:

It is contended that prohibition produces temperance where it is on the statute books, but I find on an examination of the bulletins issued by the Bureau of the Census that the improved conditions which we may naturally expect to find in the lives of men who practice real temperance are not found to predominate in the States where prohibition laws have been on the statute books for many years, as compared to those where liquor is sold under a license system or where temperance laws are controlled by the sentiment of the local communities.

Mr. Underwood's speech probably was the most statesmanlike utterance of the prohibition debate. He singled out Kansas, where prohibition has been operative practically since the admission of that State to the Union, and, throughout a comprehensive examination of the census statistics, compared it with license and local option States. Let us summarize the facts he adduced.

Twenty-seven States in which liquor is sold lawfully have a divorce rate lower than that of Kansas, while only thirteen license States have a higher divorce rate than Kansas. More divorces were granted in Kansas on account of drunkenness of the husband in the period between 1887 and 1906 than in any one of twenty-five States in which liquor was sold under license. The average death rate by violence, exclusive of suicide, was lower for cities investigated in twenty-nine license States, according to 1911 data, than in Kansas cities, and in only three license States was it higher. The average death rate from suicide was higher in Kansas than in twenty of the States investigated and lower than eleven. The annual report of the Comptroller of the Currency showed that the annual savings of individual depositors in Kansas was lower than in twenty-seven license States and higher than in nine license States; only four prohibition States could claim a higher average than Kansas. Thirty-eight States in which liquor was sold lawfully had a higher percentage of church members than Kansas.

The Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Omaha employed a statistician in 1909 to make a comparative study of the material development of Kansas and the adjoining State, Nebraska, in the period 1880-1909, in which Kansas had prohibition and Nebraska a license system. This investigation is frankly designed to show that prohibition has been a " blight " upon Kansas, " which has all but stopped immigration into the State; has caused a de-

crease of population; has caused a decline in land values as compared with those of other States; has checked the accumulation of wealth; has been highly injurious to retail business; has crippled the productive resources of the State," but some of its data of unimpeachable authority are very interesting.

The pamphlet issued by the Merchants and Manufacturers Association shows that whereas the corn crop of Kansas more than doubled that of Nebraska in 1880, the crop of Nebraska exceeded that of Kansas in value by more than $19,000,000 in 1908. From 1880 to 1900 the value of farm property in Kansas increased 175 per cent, while that of Nebraska increased 385 per cent. Despite a considerable advantage in extent of population, Kansas had in 1907 only $110,476,000 in national bank assets, while the Nebraska banks' assets totaled $132,909,000. In 1880 the per capita indebtedness of Kansas was $15.97 and that of Nebraska $15.66. Ten years later the per capita indebtedness of Kansas was $28.49 and that of Nebraska was $14.62, while that of the United States was $18.16.

As shedding light upon the view that under prohibition "the money theretofore spent in drink goes into legitimate industry and is used to build up material wealth," these facts are put forward: Kansas added 1,686 factories to her industries in the decade 1880-1890, with an increase in products of $79,376,000; while Nebraska added 1,611 factories, with an increase in value of products of $81,400,000. The increase in Kansas was 250 per cent and that in Nebraska 637 per cent.

I quote the following from a letter I received September 17 from A. J. Fowler, Deputy Comptroller of the Currency:

> The latest compiled returns from all banks in the country are for June 30, 1914, and are from 26,723 banks, with aggregate deposits of $18,519,022,130. The population of the continental United States on that date was 99,111,000, making the average per capita deposit $186.85. The population, total, and average deposits in the States of Kansas and North Dakota are as follows:

	Population	Total Deposits	Average Deposit
Kansas	1,827,000	$166,290,198	$91.02
North Dakota	705,000	82,502,599	117.02

I believe that prohibition has been enforced more effectively in North Dakota than in any other State. North Dakota is comparatively small, having only 705,000 popu-

lation and no large cities. The sentiment of the people there is more nearly abreast of the prohibition statute than in any other State, and it results that North Dakota stands in a very favorable light alongside the other prohibition States in respect of the statistics showing the harmful effects of drinking.

The census bulletin on insanity shows that only 628 insane were enumerated in hospitals in 1910 in North Dakota, while for the other prohibition States the numbers were: Kansas, 2,912; Maine, 1,258; Mississippi, 1,978; Alabama, 2,039; North Carolina, 2,522; Georgia, 3,132. Of the total number of insane in these States, only three were victims of alcoholic psychosis when admitted to hospitals, while in the other prohibition States the number was as follows: Georgia, 57; Kansas, 70; Maine, 33; Alabama, 86; Mississippi, 16; North Carolina, 35. The most recent mortality statistics compiled by the Government do not comprise those for North Dakota, because that State is not listed in the registration area regularly investigated by the Bureau of the Census.

The census report on religious bodies, issued in 1910, shows that in 1906 there were 1,993 religious organizations in North Dakota, having a total number of members or communicants amounting to 159,053, out of a population of 570,000.

From the census bulletin on pauperism, we learn that January 1, 1910, North Dakota had only 81 paupers enumerated in almshouses, while Kansas had 735 and Maine 945, and the number for the country as a whole was 84,198.

From the census report on prisoners and juvenile delinquents, we learn that of 367 prisoners enumerated in North Dakota in 1910 only 10 were committed for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, while 80 were committed for violating the liquor law. In Kansas 28 were committed to prison for drunkenness and disorderly conduct and 72 for violating the liquor law.

The number of persons imprisoned for drunkenness in North Dakota compares very favorably with 2,732 in Massachusetts, 2,121 in New York, 1,059 in Pennsylvania, 1,098 in Illinois, 233 in Virginia, 237 in Kentucky. Less than 3 per cent. of the prisoners in North Dakota were committed for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, while the number in Maine was as high as 30 per cent. The recent compre-

hensive investigation of the Government into the causes of divorce showed that of the 2,545 divorces granted to women in North Dakota in the period from 1887 to 1906, 987, or 38 per cent., were attributed to drunkenness or to intemperance, as a direct or indirect cause, while the percentage for the country as a whole was only 26 per cent. The number of divorces in North Dakota was comparatively small, however, alongside of the 20,360 granted in Kansas, 10,390 in Maine, 5,642 in Georgia, 9,714 in Alabama, 20,217 in Tennessee.

The rural population of North Dakota comprised nearly 90 per cent. of the total population of the State in 1910, and this fact, of course, has tended to facilitate the enforcement of the prohibition law. Practically no opportunity has been given in North Dakota for us to study the problem of the enforcement of prohibition laws in the big cities.

Having concluded our discussion of the obtainable evidence as to the achievements of prohibition in regard to the social and economic welfare of the States in which it has been adopted, let us make an inquiry as to the actual effects upon the quantity of liquor consumed since 1893, when, we are told, the modern era of prohibition began. A compilation by the Department of Commerce of the consumption of domestic and imported liquors since 1850 affords adequate data as to the drinking which has been done by the country as a whole.

In 1893 the consumption of wines and liquors in the United States was 1,207,365,215 gallons, a per capita consumption of 18.20 gallons. The per capita consumption of malt liquors, which had been only 1.58 in 1850, had increased to 16.19 gallons in 1893. The consumption of wines had increased only .21 gallon and the consumption of so-called ardent spirits had decreased from 2.24 in 1850 to 1.52. The records since that time show only a slight variation in the per capita consumption of distilled spirits. At times the quantity has fallen as low as 1.01, in 1896, and it has gone as high as 1.58, in 1907. But in 1913 it was 1.50, only .02 gallon less than that at the outset of what was heralded as the second era of prohibition. The consumption of wines showed an inconspicuous steady increase in this period, with a few exceptional low and high years, while the consumption of malt liquors ascended unimpeded to a point un-

dreamed of in the fifties. The per capita consumption of malt liquors was 1.58 in 1850, at the outset of the first prohibition era; in 1893, when the second prohibition era began, the quantity had reached 16.19. There was a slight decrease for three or four years, and it was not indeed until 1902 that the per capita consumption exceeded that of 1893. From 1902 on, however, until 1909 there was a steady increase, the quantity in 1908 being 20.26. The following year there was a decrease of one gallon per capita, but this was nullified by the subsequent increases, and in 1914 the quantity was 20.51 gallons.

A preliminary summary of the annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, disclosed an almost startling decrease in the consumption of liquors. There was a decrease of 14,983,333 gallons of ardent spirits and 6,358,744 barrels of fermented liquors. The Anti-Saloon League official publications immediately laid claim to the credit for this decrease on behalf of the prohibition movement. These publications computed that the per capita consumption in the fiscal year 1915 was 20.53 gallons, which was the lowest since 1905. Without undue disparagement of the claims of the prohibitionists, however, I may state the opinion that a considerable proportion of the decrease should be attributed to the wave of economy that spread over the country a year ago. Supporting this view, it may be mentioned that the country, according to the same internal revenue report, consumed nearly 680,000,000 fewer cigars than in the previous year.

The prohibitionists explain that while the per capita consumption has gone on increasing, the "rate of increase" has diminished. The reasoning behind this explanation, which is almost abstruse enough to be applied to a problem in the Fourth Dimension, is stated thus:

> In 1870 the per capita consumption of all intoxicating liquors in the United States was 7.7 gallons; in 1890 the per capita consumption was 15.53 gallons, showing an increase during the twenty years of a little more than 100 per cent. For the twenty years following 1890, or from 1890 to 1910, the per capita consumption increased from 15.53 to 21.86, or not quite 41 per cent.

The apologist goes on:

> The proportionate population living under the direct influence of the liquor traffic in 1890 was decreased 33 1-3 per cent during the

twenty years following 1890, while the consumption of intoxicating liquors for 1910 was 30 per cent less than it would have been in 1910 had the same rate of increase continued for the twenty years following 1890 as for the twenty years preceding 1890.

An explanation of the consumption data should take into account also the fact that, distinct from the prohibition movement, there has been developing steadily in the United States in the last two decades a strong temperance movement. Thousands of men are leaving off drinking as a means of increasing their efficiency, who are indicating little interest in the idea of forcing abstinence upon their fellows.

Not many of the speakers who base their utterances upon the Year Book attempt to cope with the intricacies of this highly illuminating mathematical exploit. On the other hand, anyone who has watched the operation of the prohibition law in any one of the prohibition States knows it to be a fact that large quantities of liquors, ardent liquors for the most part, are shipped into the so-called "dry" territory from adjoining license States. This fact is not open to question, despite the failure of the Federal Departments to furnish any statistical data as to the quantities which actually do pass into prohibition territory. In every State which adopts prohibition there is a large minority of the population which is opposed to it, and this minority immediately resort to the mail order houses to obtain its supply. South Carolina in September forced prohibition upon Charlestown and Columbia, her two chief cities. Of course this means that in a very short time the liquor dealers of Florida and Ohio will be getting a large share of the business that formerly went to the dispensaries in those cities.

The Federal Government never has investigated the commerce between States, but some tangible evidence regarding the persistence of drinking is furnished by a table I have compiled from the records of the Bureau of Internal Revenue as to the number of special taxpayers listed as "Retail liquor dealers" and "Wholesale liquor dealers." The number includes all druggists licensed to sell liquors, and a distinction is made between dealers in malt liquors alone and dealers in both malt and ardent liquors. The result of the compilation was surprising to me. The number since 1908, when North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi adopted prohibition, is a large one. In 1914, after five years of prohibition, 1,711 retailers and 86 wholesalers of

liquors paid the Federal tax in Georgia. More than 1,000 tax receipts were issued in Maine, and the number in Oklahoma and Alabama was almost as large. In all of the prohibition States the number was sufficiently large to amaze even men who cherished few illusions about the effectiveness of prohibition laws. The compilation I have made is an impressive criterion of the laxity of the State authorities of the prohibition States regarding the enforcement of the prohibition law. While the identity of the persons holding liquor tax receipts in prohibition States is not regularly made public by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, this information (in " Record 10 " of each collector of internal revenue) is available to the State authorities upon application, and the fact that so many liquor selling agencies have been permitted to continue their operations in prohibition States is attributable simply to the failure of the State authorities to avail themselves of an accessible source of information as to the violations of the State laws. North Dakota, North Carolina and Oklahoma make the payment of the Federal tax prima facie evidence of violation of the State law. The opposite table presents the result of my research among the Internal Revenue Bureau's records. I have omitted Tennessee from the table, not because of any paucity of licenses issued by the Federal Government, but because the State Government itself levied liquor imposts, deriving more than half a million dollars in revenue from this source in 1913, and evidence of the fact of consumption in that State seemed unnecessary.

Another compilation from the Bureau of Internal Revenue's records of illicit distilleries discovered in prohibition States sheds further light upon the question as to whether prohibition has succeeded in materially restraining the consumption of liquor. Commissioners of Internal Revenue almost annually in the past seven years have commented in their reports upon the extent of the increase in illicit distilling in prohibition States which resulted from prohibition. The present Commissioner, Mr. Osborn of North Carolina, said in his most recent report: " Bootlegging is principally carried on in the States operating under prohibition laws and appears to be one of the hardest problems the revenue officers are called upon to face." The table opposite speaks for itself.

Does not this table indicate a parallel between the " mod-

LIQUOR TAX RECEIPTS ISSUED IN PROHIBITION STATES TO RETAIL AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN "MODERN ERA OF PROHIBITION"

		1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912-1913	1914
Alabama	R	2,144	2,140	1,753	1,734	1,092	1,317	766	747
	W	160	168	160	118	55	74	168	130
Georgia	R	1,818	1,634	2,998	2,612	1,837	2,009	1,610	1,711
	W	131	162	209	123	83	112	104	86
Kansas	R	4,019	3,220	3,217	2,392	1,106	819	766	515
	W	147	129	114	82	38	27	28	13
Maine	R	599	826	824	1,163	1,032	1,233	1,381	1,045
	W	26	37	42	51	48	71	70	53
Mississippi	R	607	580	496	647	871	694	415	406
	W	49	62	62	29	20	26	19	18
North Carolina	R	1,001	1,144	1,114	1,548	1,202	1,337	728	266
	W	64	77	71	62	38	35	5	2
North Dakota	R	1,582	1,905	1,567	1,830	1,470	1,014	761	487
	W	74	71	39	65	40	15	10	10
Oklahoma	R	1,278	1,150	1,999	1,688	1,764	1,781	1,050	845
	W	160	126	132	60	78	83	55	41

ILLICIT DISTILLING—PROHIBITION STATES

	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912*	1913	1914
Alabama	179	103	153	231	266	375	321	320	308
Georgia	373	274	294	623	708	901	714	813	802
Mississippi	2	..	..	1	3	..	5	4	2
North Carolina	460	408	363	374	378	440	486	446	535
Oklahoma	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	1	..
Tennessee	54	46	57	71	49	114	161	194	249

* Figures for 1912 and thereafter are for "illicit distilleries reported for seizure" instead of for those actually destroyed.

ern " and the earlier era of prohibition which, Dr. Eliot observed, " had some unlooked for effects upon public respect for courts, judicial procedure, oaths and law, legislatures and public servants "?

Adequate data are not available upon which an opinion may be formed as to the relative merits of local option and State-wide prohibition. There are many reasons for believing that prohibition in the smaller voting unit, which does not undertake to force the will of the rural majority upon the population of the large cities, has been incomparably more efficient than that which places a whole State under prohibition law by a single election. The local option experience of Illinois furnishes subject-matter for a favorable advertisement of this method of attaining prohibition. One by one, townships, villages and cities have followed each other into the dry classification until nearly half of the population now lives in dry territory. Fifty-one counties are in the no-license column. No county which has voted dry since 1907, when the State local option law was passed, has returned to the license system. Prohibition laws in Illinois apparently have kept pace with prohibition sentiment in that State, and the results speak well for the reasonable conservatism of the people there. Much the same conditions prevail in the local option States of New England. It is very probably true that, to the fact that in Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, and Alabama more than 50 per cent. of the population lived under a no-license system, as a result of local option elections, prior to January 1, 1914, should be attributed a larger measure of the recent falling off of liquor consumption than is due to the prohibition laws of Kansas, North Dakota, Maine, North Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, and West Virginia. State-wide prohibition laws, it has been found, have not been effective in the large centers of population which opposed it when the prohibition elections were held. Apparently the only difference between conditions in the prohibition and the local option States is that a pretense is made of enforcing the law where it is opposed in the prohibition States, while no such pretense is made in the local option States.

Certain definite conclusions are justifiable from the data

which have been presented in the preceding sections of this article as bearing upon the question whether prohibition has demonstrated its efficiency in either of the two periods of our national history in which a considerable number of the States have turned to it as a panacea for the evils of drunkenness. We have noted the conclusions of the temperance workers themselves that the first essay, that which began with the enactment of the Maine law, was a failure. We have reviewed the presentation of the case for prohibition in the later era, marked by the accession of the South to the prohibition column, and have noted certain evidences of a lack of scientific care in the preparation of the official arguments which seem to cast doubt upon their value. We have noted further in this connection several facts which stand out from the very tables presented by the Anti-Saloon League, which indicate that the so-called "wet" States are not without some material advantages over the "dry" States. An examination has been made of the available data as to the effect of prohibition upon the States of Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota, the only States now having prohibition which have tested the usefulness and workability of the law for a period of twenty years or more. This examination resulted in the conviction that, because of the laxity of the law officers in Maine, no improvements were noticeable which we might attribute directly to the enactment of the prohibition law, and that, with respect to Kansas and North Dakota, there appeared no adequate grounds for stating that prohibition had produced the new virility and the material prosperity which its proponents claimed for it. Finally, we have presented statistics from the various Government departments which seem to indicate that while there was some reduction in the consumption of liquor in the prohibition States attributable to prohibition, yet the traffic in liquors has continued in surprisingly large quantities because of the laxity of State authorities and the increase in illicit distilling.

One general conclusion seems unavoidable in the light of the evidence thus adduced. It is that State prohibition never has prohibited, nor has it restrained the use of liquor to a degree that a sound basis of evolution may be said to have been made for the operation of national prohibition.

L. Ames Brown.

SUFFRAGE AND A WOMAN'S CENTENARY

BY IDA HUSTED HARPER

THROUGHOUT the United States during these Autumn months will be celebrated the centennial birthday of one of America's greatest women—Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She was born in the historic village of Johnstown, N. Y., November 12, 1815, at a time when her father, Judge Daniel Cady, had just been elected to Congress. "Perhaps the excitement of a political campaign in which my mother took the deepest interest may have given me the strong desire I have always felt to participate in the rights and duties of government," she says in her delightful *Reminiscences*.

Elizabeth Cady was born a rebel. Her first recollection was of hearing the neighbors say about a new baby sister: "What a pity it's another girl!" And so she rebelled against being a girl. She rebelled because of the severe restrictions that were placed on children in those early days. She was in constant rebellion against the hampering clothes put on little girls, and because they were forbidden to share in the sports of boys. Later she rebelled bitterly against the gloomy teachings of Calvinism which prevailed in her Presbyterian home. She was in such a state of revolution when her brothers went to college that her parents sent her to Emma Willard's noted seminary at Troy, then the only institution for the advanced education of girls. When she read in her father's law books the terribly unjust laws for women, she planned to cut them all out, and learning of it he said: "That would do no good; when you are grown up you must go to Albany, tell the legislators all you have seen and heard in this office of the sufferings of women under these laws, and persuade them to pass new and better ones." He little thought that he was sounding then the keynote of his daughter's life.

It is seldom considered how young Mrs. Stanton was when she poured out her rebellious soul in that famous Declaration of Principles and set of Resolutions, the Woman's Bill of Rights. She was only thirty-two years old when in the well-ordered home of Mary Jane McClintock, at Waterloo, in Western New York, one lovely Sunday morning, that Magna Charta was written. Lucretia Mott and her sister, Martha C. Wright, of Auburn, were there, attending the Friends' Yearly Meeting, and they counseled together while Mrs. Stanton drafted their ideas and her own into those memorable words. Three days later, July 19 and 20, 1848, the meeting they had called—the first Woman's Rights Convention—assembled in Seneca Falls, N. Y., then Mrs. Stanton's home.[1] The Declaration set forth in unmistakable language the inferior and unjust position of woman in State, church, law and society and the Resolutions demanded complete redress. All were adopted unanimously (except the one for the elective franchise), and they were signed by one hundred men and women.

This action seemed prophetic, for now all these demands have been so extensively granted as to make their universal acceptance eventually certain, while the progress for the suffrage has been very slow and the battle is still at its height. Mrs. Stanton never ceased her work for the fulfillment of every demand,—that for the franchise above all others,—but in her closing years, when she was very desirous of discussing political issues, her last rebellion was against the constant admonition of her beloved friend, Susan B. Anthony, not to do so and make enemies to the cause of which she was the great exponent. "Must I forever sit on the gate post and sing 'suffrage, suffrage,'" she would say, "when there are so many vital things I long to talk about?" Her long and splendid life was finished a few weeks before her eighty-seventh birthday, October 26, 1902.

The imperishable monument to Mrs. Stanton and all who have worked for the freedom of women is the steady progress along every line which their life touches, until now, when the one-hundredth birthday anniversaries of all the pioneers are near, the end of the contest is in sight. This would have been reached through the gradual process of human evolution, even if no voice had been lifted, no hand

[1] *History of Woman Suffrage*, vol. 1, p. 63.

stretched out, if no brave souls had struggled and sacrificed for it, but it would have required many generations instead of the short span of almost a single life.

In that first Declaration of Woman's Rights, which was modeled after the Declaration of Independence, with Man in general substituted for King George, and Woman for colonists, occur these indictments:

> He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the franchise.
>
> He has compelled her to submit to laws in the formation of which she had no choice.
>
> He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law civilly dead; has taken from her all right in property, even to the wages she earns.
>
> He has made her morally an irresponsible being, as she can commit many crimes with impunity provided they be done in the presence of her husband. . . . The law gives him power to deprive her of her liberty and to administer chastisement.
>
> He has so framed the laws of divorce . . . as to give all power into his hands.
>
> He has taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her property can be made profitable to it.
>
> He has denied her the facilities for obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her.
>
> He has monopolized nearly all the profitable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow she receives only a scanty remuneration. He closes against her all avenues of wealth and distinction which he considers most honorable to himself. As a teacher of theology, medicine, or law she is not known.

There were more of these indictments, which gave a true statement of the inferior and unjust position of women in the middle of the last century, and the resolutions adopted at this historic convention declared a revolution. It was needed in countless directions. In 1851 Miss Anthony and Lucy Stone met in the home of Mrs. Stanton to confer with Horace Greeley on admitting women to the New York People's College, then about to be organized. This was afterwards merged in Cornell University, with complete coeducation. Two years later—1853—found Mrs. Stanton at a temperance convention, and Miss Anthony at a teachers' convention, declaring the right of women to speak from the public platform. The following year they were demanding that whenever women were on trial in the courts there should be women in the jury box. That same year, in the first address ever presented by a woman to a Legisla-

ture, Mrs. Stanton appealed to that of New York for the mother's equal guardianship of her children. In 1868 the two were making the fight through their paper, *The Revolution,* for an eight-hour day and equal pay for women.

Mrs. Stanton was a strenuous advocate of reform in woman's dress, insisting that there must be freedom of body as well as of mind and soul, which was impossible with the heavy, unsanitary clothing of early days. She made various experiments before adopting the loose, comfortable costume, open at the throat, which she wore to the end of her days. She welcomed the advent of the bicycle and the bicycle dress, and she rejoiced when women began to participate in the outdoor sports of men.

At the time of Mrs. Stanton's birth in 1815 it was considered unnecessary to educate girls beyond a little home instruction, but fifteen or twenty years later they were sent from the most progressive families to the few boarding schools in existence. She herself had this opportunity, and she made constant demand for the higher education of women until she saw it answered in the opening of Vassar in 1865, the first of the important women's colleges, where later she sent her own daughters. Soon afterwards the State Universities began opening their doors to women, and long before the close of the century the question of facilities for the education of women equal to those for men was forever settled. The result has been another answer to the demands of that first Woman's Rights Convention in the entrance of women by the thousands into all the professions and into countless positions of trust and profit, but as yet their chances are not equal to those of men, for various reasons, social, economic, political. The process of adjustment has been and will be slow, but it is gradually advancing.

Coincident with the beginning of evolution along many lines was that of the laws, which held women in absolute subjection. The wife, as declared in that immortal document of 1848, was "civilly dead," recognized only after she became a widow by the law which gave her a life interest in one-third of the husband's real estate, if he had any. She was unable to own property of any kind, to transact business, to sue or to testify in court, to have the wages she might earn, to exercise any legal control over her children or to retain them in case of divorce, though she might be the innocent party. No stronger appeals for human freedom were

ever made than those of Elizabeth Cady Stanton for the release of wives from this legal slavery. The first link in the chain was broken when, in the very year of her famous convention, New York by special statute enabled wives to hold property. She lived to see such statutes in effect in almost every State and the wife's standing in court the same as the husband's; the wife able to transact business and control her wages in over three-fourths of them; the unjust "dower" law abolished in more than half; divorce laws generally equalized and favorable to giving the children to the mother; and equal guardianship in more than a dozen States. In a few States the laws are still very unjust to women; in many there is some discrimination against them, but on the whole they justify the optimistic belief that ultimately they will be adjusted on a basis of equity to both men and women.

The industrial revolution in the life of women has probably been the most radical and complete, as it has carried millions out from the restricted boundaries of the home into the world. The households into which Elizabeth Cady Stanton and her contemporaries were born were factories which made almost every article used in the daily life of the family, and the woman of that day was master of scores of occupations. The industries which were gathered under that one roof are now scattered among hundreds of manufactures, and the women have followed their work. Partly as the result of this exodus and the organization of domestic labor outside the home there began the co-operation of households in apartments for the well-to-do and tenements for the poor, vastly lessening the tasks of housekeeping. The ultimate results of this tremendous industrial revolution among women cannot be estimated. Out of it is being developed a new type —the business woman—rising from the ranks of employees and assuming financial responsibility. The new regime has brought still another class into existence—those freed from the former demands of domestic life and without the necessity for self-support. Their energy and capacity have found an outlet in clubs and societies whose membership extends into millions, and the scope of these is boundless. The ability of women for organization and for conducting great meetings has been an amazing revelation. Mrs. Stanton herself was one of the founders of the largest association of women in existence, the International Council.

Equally notable has been the social revolution in the life of women. Not in any respect was she more closely restricted than in social customs and requirements. Elizabeth Cady is quoted as saying in the nursery: "I wonder why everything we like to do is a sin? I'm so tired of that everlasting 'no, no, no!'" Finally her sister and she decided to do as they liked and take the consequences, a plan which she followed all her life. Existence for woman used to be a continuous succession of "Thou shalt nots," and it was long after the middle of the last century before any release from the social conventions was permitted. These have gradually dropped out of sight, however, as more and more women have emerged from seclusion into publicity, until now in personal and social life they are almost as unrestricted as men.

Reviewing, then, the century that has passed since Elizabeth Cady Stanton was born, we find a continuous record of revolutions in the status of woman: in the church; in greater athletic freedom; in education—a most essential requisite of progress; in the law, and in the industrial world.

It was inevitable that along with all these evolutionary processes should come political revolution. This was not the end but the beginning, for that first Woman's Rights Convention declared in its resolutions: "It is the duty of the women of this country to secure to themselves their sacred right to the elective franchise." Mrs. Stanton and her eminent contemporaries contended always that the suffrage was the basic right, and, though they demanded and worked for all the others, they insisted that these would be far more speedily obtained if women had the influence of the franchise. There are sufficient reasons why this most important of revolutions should have been the last to succeed—foremost of these is the fact that it is the only one which required the consent of a majority of men. Had this been necessary with the others, most of them would still be in the future. Another very strong reason is because it has met with far more opposition than all the other reforms combined.

The only fitting tribute which can be paid to Elizabeth Cady Stanton is to commemorate this centennial year of her birth by such victories for the cause to which she devoted over fifty years of her life as will assure its universal triumph in the near future.

Ida Husted Harper.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH RAILWAY REGULATION?

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

By passing the Hepburn Act in 1906, the National Government began an effective policy of railway regulation. The main provision of that act authorized the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix maximum reasonable rates. This was intended both to abolish unfair discrimination and to secure the reduction of excessive rates.

The latter purpose, in the opinion of many, was as important as the former. The Hepburn Act and also the later Mann-Elkins Act were framed accordingly. While they empowered the commission to reduce rates and suspend advances, they did not authorize it to advance rates or to interfere with reductions. The Sherman anti-trust law and the anti-pooling provision of the Interstate Commerce Act, both intended to prevent the railways from combining to raise rates, were left in effect; and the Hepburn Act was followed by a flood of State legislation requiring reductions in rates. The intention of the public that regulation should get it lower rates was clear.

The new policy did not cause as great reductions as its advocates hoped nor as its opponents feared. Yet in 1914 and 1915 the Interstate Commerce Commission rendered decisions which seem to mark a reversal of that policy. In the "Five per cent case" it authorized the eastern railways to make general advances in their rates. The western railways also are asking for advances in interstate rates, some of which the commission has granted; and all the carriers are seeking authority to raise their State rates.

The public viewed the policy adopted in 1906 with great expectations. It was anticipated that it would not interfere with the right of the railways to earn reasonable profits, but that it would prevent them from earning excessive profits,

while securing to the public reasonable rates and satisfactory service. The railway managers were less optimistic. There was danger, they thought, in giving authority to control rates and earnings to public officials, while leaving the responsibility of furnishing railway service, developing railway properties, and finding the necessary capital for these things, to private stockholders and managers.

As regulation has increased, the pessimism of the managers has grown. The rates of the railways have been reduced, they declare, and their expenses and taxes increased, until their profits are vanishing. New construction has been almost stopped, improvements have been curtailed, even necessary expenditures for maintenance cannot be made; and the railway situation has become the chief cause of industrial depression.

Before the panic of 1893 there was a rapid expansion of transportation facilities. In the depression which followed traffic was light, and rates and net earnings were low. The roads were built away ahead of their business. Every mile of line could have handled much more traffic than was available. Therefore, when along in 1899 and 1900, business of all kinds began to "boom" and railway traffic began to grow rapidly, there was no need for large investments to handle the additional traffic. There was less competition than in earlier years, and the tendency of rates was upward. Between 1898 and 1906 extensive labor-saving improvements were introduced in railway plants and operating methods; and, as the advances in wages were small, the increases in expenses were nowhere nearly as large as the increases in earnings. The taxing authorities had only begun to discover the possibilities of railway properties. In short, in the seven or eight years before 1906 every condition favored an advance in gross earnings exceeding in proportion the additions to investment and expenses; and the business was one of strikingly "increasing returns." Roads which before had barely earned their interest and dividends now piled up surpluses. Others which recently had been bankrupt because they could pay neither interest nor dividends now became able to pay both. The investors in the stock of such properties as Union Pacific and Great Northern garnered profits beyond the dreams of avarice.

Meantime, political leaders and the public began to reason that the railways were public service corporations,

and that the public had special rights in respect to them. They reasoned with the economists that when railway traffic increased and railway rates remained stationary, profits tended to advance; and concluded that when traffic was increasing rates should go down. But rates were tending upward. The conclusion of the public and its leaders was natural. The public ought to share in the increasing prosperity of the railways through reductions in rates and improvements in service; and these results should be gained by regulation.

It was this experience and reasoning which produced the Hepburn Act, started the flood of State legislation, and passed the Mann-Elkins Act authorizing the Interstate Commerce Commission to restrain advances in rates.

Looking back now over the years following 1906 much can be noted which could not be noted before. One of the main reasons why the railway business had been one of rapidly "increasing returns" was that facilities had been built ahead of the business. Within a month after the Hepburn Act went into effect there came a serious "car shortage." The traffic had caught up with the facilities; henceforth it would be necessary to make large new investments to handle additional business. The next year railway employees carried through the first of several successful movements for general advances in wages. The taxing authorities became more active, and railway taxes have since increased enormously. Meantime, there was a panic and depression causing a slowing up of the growth of traffic.

The results of the play of these various forces are shown by the statistics for the two eight-year periods 1898-1906 and 1906-1914. In the first period railway traffic and gross earnings per mile of line increased almost 60 per cent, the average annual railway wage increased only 8 per cent, and taxes per mile increased 42 per cent. In consequence, while property investment per mile increased only 4 per cent, net operating income per mile—what was available to pay a return on investment—increased 48 per cent. In the second period, traffic per mile increased only 23 per cent, while the average annual wage per employee increased 33 per cent and taxes per mile 69 per cent. In consequence, while property investment per mile increased 20 per cent, net operating income per mile decreased 10½ per cent.

Almost simultaneously with the adoption of a policy of

TREND OF RAILWAY AFFAIRS IN THE LAST TWO EIGHT-YEAR PERIODS

Item	Amount			Amount of Increase		Per cent of Increase	
	1898	1906	1914	1906 over 1898	1914 over 1906	1906 over 1898	1914 over 1906
Passenger-miles per mile of line	72,462	114,529	144,278	42,067	29,749	58.05	25.98
Average rate per passenger-mile	1.973c	2.003c	1.982c	.030	*.021	1.52	*1.05
Ton-miles per mile of line	617,810	982,401	1,176,923	364,591	194,522	59.01	19.80
Average rate per ton-mile	.753c	.748c	.733c	*.005	*.015	*0.66	*2.01
Investment in road and equipment per mile of line	$57,395	$59,624	$71,551	$2,229	$11,927	3.88	20.00
Gross operating revenue per mile operated	$6,755	$10,460	$12,667	$3,705	$2,207	54.85	21.10
Average annual wage per employee	$566	$611	$810	$45	$199	7.95	32.57
Operating expenses per mile operated	$4,430	$6,912	$9,226	$2,482	$2,314	56.03	33.48
Net operating revenue per mile operated	$2,325	$3,548	$3,441	$1,223	*$107	52.60	*3.02
Average taxes per mile operated	$237	$336	$568	$99	$232	41.77	69.05
Average operating income per mile operated	$2,088	$3,212	$2,873	$1,124	*$339	53.83	*10.55
Per cent operating income on property investment	3.64	5.39	3.99	1.75	*1.40	48.08	*25.97

* Decrease.

regulation predicated on the theory that the railway business was one of increasing returns, it became one of diminishing returns.

The policy of regulation followed did not slow up the growth of traffic. It has not caused all the increase in investment and advances in wages. It has not directly caused the increase in taxes. But it has had its effects. Laws and the orders of commissions, such as those requiring the separation of grade crossings, the installation of block systems, the use of electric headlights, the reduction of hours of labor and the employment of extra men in train crews, have contributed toward the increases in investment and expenses. Other laws and orders have prevented the advances in rates which have been needed to offset the increases in fixed charges and expenses, or have even caused reductions in rates. The application of a policy predicated on the theory of increasing returns to economic conditions tending to cause decreasing returns, has aggravated and intensified the tendency toward decreasing returns. The great fault of our policy of regulation has been that instead of working in the same direction as economic forces, it has antagonized them; and, caught between, railway profits have suffered severely. In 1898 net operating income on property investment was 3.64 per cent; in 1906, 5.39 per cent; in 1913, when total earnings were the largest in history, 4.87 per cent; and in 1914, less than 4 per cent.

The effect produced on railway expansion and general business by the tendency toward declining railway profits has been very marked. While the percentage of net return was increasing there was great activity in the construction of new mileage and the purchase of equipment. Even when credit was yielding owing to the diminution of net returns the managements felt that they must go on with the improvements necessary to enable the existing mileage to handle the traffic offered. Therefore, there has been since 1906 a large increase in the property investment per mile. But there was no reason, when railway net returns were declining, for anybody to build and equip new mileage. Consequently, there has been a great decline in new construction and in the purchase of equipment. The following table shows the new construction and the purchase of equipment in the five calendar years ending with 1914 and in the five years ending with 1906:

New Construction and Equipment Orders.

	1902-1906	1910-1914	Decrease
New mileage built.....	25,521	14,787	42 p. c.
Freight cars ordered...	1,092,375	736,075	32 p. c.
Locomotives ordered....	22,393	15,884	29 p. c.
Passenger cars ordered.	14,673	15,327	4.5 p. c.*

* Increase.

Is this tendency toward diminishing railway profits likely to continue? There are strong reasons for believing it will unless radical changes are made in regulation. Among these reasons are: First, for some years the net earnings shown have been gained by keeping down maintenance expenses and letting many properties deteriorate. If this deterioration is to be stopped, and that which has occurred is to be repaired, this must be done by expenditures charged either to capital account or to operating expenses. In either case there will be an increase in the demands on earnings. Second, railway employees are still demanding and receiving advances in wages. Third, the authorities continue to make heavy advances in railway taxes, whether earnings increase or not. Fourth, legislatures and commissions continue to impose new requirements which increase fixed charges and operating expenses.

The trouble is not with regulation in itself; and the remedy is not public ownership or a return to unregulated management or cutthroat competition. The trouble is with the particular *policy* of regulation that has been followed; and the remedy is to adopt a policy which will be consistent and fair; which will be predicated on the experience of the railways since 1906 as well as before; and which will be adaptable to any other tendencies or conditions which may develop. The Interstate Commerce Commission has partially recognized this by its decisions in the five per cent rate case. But they apply only to the railways of one section, while railways all over the country are in need of relief; and regulation requires other changes besides that of a mere substitution of sporadic advances in rates sought by the railways for sporadic reductions in rates sought by travelers and shippers. The following is an incomplete statement of the serious faults of our present policy, of the means which should be adopted to correct them, and of the reasons why these means should be adopted:

(1) Some of the worst shortcomings of the present system result from duplication of effort by the State and Federal Governments. The States regulate rate-making and operation, and some of them, the issuance of securities. Many of them fix rates with the avowed purpose of giving their producers and jobbers advantages in the markets of their State over the producers and jobbers of other States. Such regulation hampers and burdens interstate commerce, and interferes with the regulation of interstate rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It was such an effort by the Texas commission to give Texas shippers an advantage in the markets of that State over the shippers of Louisiana which was condemned by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the United States Supreme Court in the Shreveport case; yet the State commissions do not desist from this practice.

In numerous States two cents a mile was made the maximum legal passenger fare, and the railways reduced their interstate fares also to this basis. The Interstate Commerce Commission indicated in the five per cent case that these fares were too low, and the railways have therefore raised many interstate fares; but, as long as the lower State fares remain, the higher interstate fares will be largely nugatory and there will be a discrimination against interstate commerce.

In their regulation of operation the States impose numerous burdens, such as requirements for high power headlights and extra men in train crews, without any evidence that they ought to be imposed, and in the face of evidence that they ought not to be. The Interstate Commerce Commission by refraining from imposing similar burdens, and from recommending that Congress do so, tacitly condemns the action of the States. But it does nothing, and perhaps has no authority to do anything, to prevent such action. In many cases there is complete duplication of State and interstate regulation.

These duplications, inconsistencies, conflicts and injustices of regulation, growing out of its exercise by a multiplicity of authorities between whom there is a great deal of petty political rivalry, and no co-ordination or co-operation, are interfering with the free movement and development of commerce. They are making rates unfairly discriminatory and unremunerative, and causing millions of dollars of un-

necessary expense to both the public and the railways. There should be legislation by Congress empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to control all State action which directly or remotely burdens interstate commerce.

(2) There is an inconsistency in federal regulation itself which does harm. The Sherman anti-trust law and the anti-pooling provision of the act to regulate commerce deal with the railways as if they should actively compete with each other. All other federal provisions deal with them as if they should be a regulated monopoly. The main purpose of legislation prohibiting combinations in restraint of trade is to prevent prices or rates from being made unreasonably high. Legislation to accomplish this purpose with respect to railway rates has been rendered unnecessary by the provisions empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to reduce unreasonable rates, and to prevent unreasonable advances, whether made by one road or any number of roads.

But while such legislation as applied to railways is superfluous, it is not nugatory. Regulation causes the charges of competing lines usually to be made the same; but it does not prevent the law-enforced competition from causing the granting of many unduly low, and, unfairly discriminatory, rates to large shippers. Furthermore, as things are, equality of rates by competing lines is a prolific cause of wastes and discriminations in service. The railways in every group vary in their mileages between competitive points, in their physical characteristics, in the accessibility of their lines to large industries, and in their financial positions. When their rates are the same the only means they have for attracting business is service. When they are forbidden by law to make pooling or other similar arrangements regarding the division of traffic or the rendering of train service there is an irresistible temptation for each of them to strive to capture business by increases in, and concessions in respect of, its service. This may appear to be a good thing; but it is not.

It is owing to this fury of competition that our passenger service between large cities all over the country has been so unwarrantably duplicated. Between all large cities several railways run numerous trains on the same schedules. As the trains on the diffierent roads leave and arrive at the same hours they do not promote the public convenience, since the traveler can ride on only one train at one time. As many of the trains are never well loaded the duplication of service

causes enormous waste. The public would be better served, and the cost of railway operation would be less, if arrangements were made under which through trains would be spaced to leave and arrive at different hours, and under which only the shorter and better lines between any pair of cities would attempt to render fast through service between them, others confining themselves to good local service.

It is likewise owing to fierce competition that many improper concessions in respect of freight service, such as those which the Interstate Commerce Commission criticized in the five per cent case, have been made, with resulting heavy losses to the railways, and glaring discriminations between shippers and communities.

This law-enforced competition should be stopped. We should recognize fully that the railways should be regulated monopolies. The Sherman anti-trust law as it applies to railways and the anti-pooling section of the Interstate Commerce Act, should be repealed, and the railways should be permitted to make such agreements and contracts regarding rates and service as the Interstate Commerce Commission may deem not prejudicial to the public interest.

(3) It should be formally recognized as the duty of the Commission so to deal with rates as to secure to the railways the opportunity to earn reasonable average profits. It should also be recognized that what are reasonable profits is not a question of law, to be settled by the hair-splitting casuistry of the courts regarding a "fair return," but a great problem of business and public policy. That the Commission may solve it in a big way it should be given the same authority and duty to raise rates and prevent reductions in them, when the public welfare requires such action, as to reduce them and prevent advances when such action is needed for the public protection. The public interest also demands action which will expedite the hearing and decision of important rate cases. The present protracted delays cause uncertainty and hesitation in many lines of business; and nothing is more killing to business than such delays.

(4) The Commission having been given authority and a clear mandate to deal with rates as a matter of public policy, it should also be given broader jurisdiction over railway construction, maintenance and operation. The Federal Government, and not the States, the Commission, and not Congress, should decide what requirements shall be made re-

garding block signals, headlights, steel cars, hours of service of employees, and the sizes of train crews. In some way the Commission's jurisdiction should be extended over the most important item of railway expenses, the wages of employees. The authority which controls earnings should also regulate expenditures to such extent as they are regulated at all. Otherwise, all its efforts to maintain a healthy margin between them may be defeated.

(5) The Commission should be given supervision over the issuance of railway securities. Some of the worst abuses and evils in the railway business have grown out of the unrestricted utterance of securities by boards of directors dominated by men who disregarded equally the rights and interests of investors and of the public. If regulation is to permit increases in net earnings the public has a right to demand that it shall also see that the additional capital which the improvement in the railways' credit will enable them to raise is honestly and efficiently used.

(6) The Interstate Commerce Commission should be reorganized. As now organized and constituted it cannot perform even its present duties satisfactorily. This is not a reflection on its members. It is not given to any seven men to be equal to what they have been trying to do. Various plans of reorganization have been suggested. One is to enlarge the Commission's membership, increase the salaries paid, and lengthen the tenure of office. Another is to have deputy commissioners assigned to districts throughout the country. Another is to create subordinate boards to handle various matters in the first instance, one, rate matters; another, operating matters; another, financial matters; with a right of appeal to the Commission itself. Another is to transfer a part of the Commission's duties to some other body or department. Space forbids an attempt to discuss these plans here, but that something must be done to reorganize the Commission, is clear.

SAMUEL O. DUNN.

O.K.

THE HERMIT THRUSH

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

Lo, ended now sweet day's brief lease,
Dusk comes, soft shod with silence and with peace.
In the spent west where fades the rose to white,
Foreteller of the nightly miracle of light,
Shine's Dian's star,
Lonely as prophets are,
And exquisite as hope is, seen afar.

The spreading shadows meet and blend,
    Are merged in one—
As mingling waters mix and run—
  Blot out the lanes they follow,
  O'erflow the hillside, fill the hollow
    From end to end,
On shimmering lake and blossomed field
Lay their pale grayness like a shield.

Mysteriously still all earth has grown.
  A spell is on the hour,
  As had it power
  To call back memories forgot
  Of griefs that have been and are not,
Of fears long flown,
And formless dread of the for aye unknown.
Nor seems it man alone,
Who 'neath the mystic calm doth feel
The rush of fate's inexorable wheel.

In the dim wood such quiet reigns
As elsewhere naught save death attains.
The breeze hath furled his fragrant wings,
And cradled where the aspen swings,
Sleeping, he dreams of many things—
Of sweet-pea blooms in misty June—
Of sun-ripe roses at full noon—
Of lilies, kissed beneath the moon—
  And dreaming, shivers,
  And the aspen quivers.
The pines, where dappled sunbeams drifted
  All day from bough to bough,
Stand drenched in darkness, sombre arms uplifted,
  Cold dews upon them now.

Hushed are the songs that made their day's delight.
Long since the White-Throat whistled his good-night.
No nested note is heard
From any leaf-hid bird,
Nor rustle of a night moth's wing,
Nor stir of smallest living thing.
The stillness deepeneth,
With everywhere a sense
Of something in suspense,
As though the listening forest held its breath
For a yet unspoken word.

Then on the silence falls a fluted sound,
Melodious, full and round,
Flooding the mossy solitudes,
As from the topmost height of clustering firs
The high-priest of the woodland choristers
Outpours his threefold chant of threefold interludes.

Oh, hark! oh, hark!
Across the creeping dark,
Again, again, and yet again
The soaring rapture of his vesper psalm—
His evensong of prayer and praise—
O'erflowing all the dusky ways,
Steeping the night in balm!
Again, again, and yet again!
More liquid than a silver bell—
Sweeter than lay of Philomel—
Life's utmost glory in its lift and swell!
Free from beclouding cares and frets;
Free from vain doubtings, vain regrets;
A burst of joyance with no human taint
Of trustless dread or hopeless plaint—
A heavenly-cadenced melody—
A lyric cry of ecstasy!

Oh, hark! oh, hark!
Through the creeping dark,
Secure in faith, triumphant in desire,
The rich song rises, higher yet and higher
Above the sod,
As though it would a sleeping world commend
To a sleepless God.
Again. Again. And once again.
And so hath end.

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF VERLAINE

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

It was in the hope of getting a little money for Verlaine that a few of us arranged for him to come over to London and give a lecture in the Hall of Barnard's Inn. The date was fixed for the evening of November 21st, 1893, and he was to come over by the night boat on the 19th, and stay with me in the Temple until he went on to Oxford, where he was to repeat his lecture. Knowing that Verlaine was not to be relied on in any matter requiring action, I had written over, a few days before, to a friend of mine, a young American man of letters who was living in Paris, begging him to see that Verlaine was properly started on his journey. He did not even know him personally, he was busy with journalism, but I knew no one else on whom I could rely, and I made the letter very imploring and peremptory. I got a quaint and humorous reply, which put me quite at my ease. "I find myself," wrote my friend, "the somewhat dazed victim of an obviously fascinating fatality. This instant your urgent letter: this instant I reply 'Yes.' I don't know what you are letting me in for, but you may count on me. . . . Cheque, directions, amulet to conquer the Evil One, I expect by return of post."

The next letter did not reach me till after Verlaine's arrival, but it relates to events earlier than his arrival. It was dated the 20th, and began by a long and minute table of expenses, accounting for the amount of the cheque that I had sent over, and for a little more, which had been spent on a dinner at the Terminus. "The first thing he said to me," the letter goes on, "after the *C'est moi!* of welcome, was: 'I can't go away without leaving thirty francs with

ma femme.' Madame was then buttoning his coat and tying his plaid tippet, and as she kissed him, she said, 'I need thirty francs while he is away.' A little room as big as a bath-room, with one coal, burning, I am sure, to receive me. I had no alternative to placing the money on the mantelpiece. The next moment we were in the carriage. . . . I was much worried that something might go wrong, the quantities of the problem all being Xs. But suppose he is now in your hands. . . . This morning, however, when I read of the frightful tempest that has blown all night long on the Channel, I had a sensation of choke. Curious fact: in the three hours we spent together Verlaine appealed to me like Jesus Christ and Socrates. I thought of him as a Man of Sorrows, with the Socratic cheerfulness and winningness of spirit behind that ugly mask. He was soft and patient and charming. So I could not bear to think he was being tossed about on the sea unaccompanied by the still more ugly woman whom he seemed to love tenderly. . . . Now my task is done. I did it as well as I could in the short time at my disposal, and I beg leave to thank you for the confident thought which brought to your mind for so special and charming a mission your entirely grateful, . . ." and then came the signature of a letter which I have kept as a precious document, and print so much of it here because it does credit to the writer, and is so significant in the aspect it gives of Verlaine. He was a touchstone, and here is a stranger seen instantly becoming a friend.

On the morning after the 19th a wire reached me from Paris: "By Dieppe, 7.40 London Bridge." I waited till after mid-day, and then wired to London Bridge. I got the answer: "Boat not running to-day." And the lecture, remember, was for the following night! All through the day I waited for another message: none came, and I went out to dinner, giving up all hope for the day. I was too restless to stay at home, and when I got back, late in the night, I found a wire from London Bridge, dated five hours back, saying: "Dieppe train expected London about one midnight." It was after two, and I said to myself: "I am too late, Verlaine will have come, not found me, gone vaguely off into London!" For about half an hour I walked to and fro in despair, in the narrow space between bookcase and window, gazing helplessly down into the court every time I reached the window. At last I could stay indoors no lon-

ger; my watch marked half-past two; I went downstairs and into the court, and there, in the dusk, moving slowly and with labor across towards the fountain, I saw a vague figure, carrying a tiny bag, and leaning heavily on a stout stick. It was Verlaine.

I have never had such a moment of relief, and Verlaine did not seem in the least surprised to find himself there, at that hour, after his terrible crossing. I took the bag,—which weighed as if it contained (as it did) very little more than the white shirt for the lecture,—and helped him up the many stairs. In a few minutes we were sitting on my sofa, a box of biscuits between us, into which both dipped greedily, and a little gin, which I had bought for his benefit; and we did not stop talking till five in the morning. The talk, as it always was, became intimately, strangely personal: it was as if he had to pour out to me, then and there, the confession of a whole lifetime. I remember the exultant tone in which he spoke of Rimbaud, the unconsoled regret for the wife who had left him (*mais elle était sotte,* he said in parenthesis) and for the son who would not see him. *Mon fils se permet de me juger,* he said, with grave sadness. And he summed up his whole existence in one phrase: *J'ai vecu énormement.* A Petronius happened to be lying in his bedroom; he took it up and put it on the chair by his bedside, saying that it was one of his favorite books.

At nine he was up and dressed, and I heard him knocking at my door. For the few days that he was my guest he was absorbing, and a sort of responsibility; but a guest more charming, or easier to entertain, I never had. Some of my friends came to see him; we lunched and dined at various restaurants with writers, publishers, and others; I drove him about London in a four-wheeler, and he surprised me by his knowledge of the streets; I took him to the Alhambra (which he remembered only too well) and to the tavern where Dowson and Johnson were to be found; and I took him to a doctor. He made many friends, some of whom gave him hospitality after his return from Oxford. I do not think there was anyone whom he did not surprise and delight.

The lecture at Barnard's Inn will never be forgotten by the few people who were there. It was hardly a lecture, it was a talk, mainly about his own poetry and a little about the poetry of his friends, and what was most interesting

was to hear him read his own poems. He read in a low, agreeable, but indistinct voice, excluding all emphasis, and sometimes hardly giving you the full meaning in his desire to attenuate its directness. He read in the way poetry ought to be read, his own poetry especially, accentuating neither the meaning nor the cadence, but letting both be overheard. It was a great effort to him to sit in the high-backed old oak chair on the little platform, and to read from his manuscript before people of whom he knew so few. When he had finished no one quite knew, so imperceptibly had the reading come to an end; and he sat for a moment, lonely, looking round as if for help. Many people asked to be introduced to him, and in their warmth his content came back to him.

II

For the next three years I heard often from Verlaine, and saw him whenever I was in Paris. Every new book came to me with its signed inscription, and occasionally a manuscript or the proofs of something which was to appear in an English magazine. A little paper called *The Senate* was the readiest to take, not only poems, but prose sketches, some of which, like those on Vacquerie, Dubus, and the Comte de Montesquieu, are still lying uncollected in those forgotten pages. A first proof, set up from Verlaine's handwriting by English printers, was an unforgetable thing; I have a proof of the Vacquerie in its original state, and another, revised with incredible patience, word by word, letter by letter, by the author, who wrote to me: *Elles sont, ces épreuves, tellement consciencieusement corrigées (on dirait un dessein impressioniste) que je vous serai bien reconnaissant de vous en occuper en vue d'aider un peu ces braves gens d'imprimeurs anglais.* The same letter, and how many others, asks for *le paiement immédiat de l'article,* with the familiar parenthesis: *Car j'ai tant besoin d'argent! C'est aujourd'hui même qu'il faut payer le logement et ça va faire quel trou dans mon budget!* The letter goes on, as many others do: *Toujours au lit, moi, quoique j'aille un peu mieux. Le docteur me promet d'être sur pied dans un mois . . . ou deux. Enfin! à la grâce de Dieu!* In another, in answer to a letter in which I told him that I was sending Mr. Yeats to see him, he wrote: *J'attends votre ami annoncé: il est toujours sur de me voir 187 rue St. Jacques, au 5e. étage tout en haut de l'escalier, en face. Il n'a qu'a frapper*

à la porte et il verra le valétudinaire que me voici encore, grâce à ma jambe encore une fois impénitente. Hardly a letter tells of better luck, or less cheerfully. In one I find the admirable phrase: *Je suis très gêné, ayant payé mes dettes.*

There is very little talk of other than the business side of literature in Verlaine's letters, but in one of them I find this gay announcement: *Je vous soumets un petit croquis Londonien dont je vous prie d'accepter la dédicace: que n'ai je pu évoquer dans ce " trifle " l'immortelle nuit de mon arrivée et la consommation monstrueuse de biscuits par quoi je célébrai mon entrée dans la vieille Angleterre!* The poem was the *Fountain Court,* afterwards published in *Dédicaces:* I possess no written thing that ever gave me so much pleasure.

But besides the question of money (though no doubt partly dependent on it) there was another absorbing question which had its place in these letters. Most of them give me a new address, and announce either a *brouille* or a return. In the first letter I received from him after his return from London, 13 January, 1894, he writes: *Je suis brouillé avec " Mme. Verlaine " et ne demeure plus rue Broca, mais 187 rue St. Jacques.* On 16 May he writes to me in Paris from *Pavillon Gabrielle, Chambre 2, Hôpital St. Louis, rue Bichat: Je profite d'une visite pour vous faire remettre ce mot à l'hôtel. Je vous prie, ne dites à personne où je suis, ni à Cazals, ni à d'autres. Je suis censément à Versailles. Et à bientôt, n'est-ce-pas? Venez me voir très souvent.* On 10 July he writes to me in English: " I received this morning your letter. I am out of St. Louis and live now rue du Cardinal Lemoine, 48, where I will be very happy to hear from you, often. Mademoiselle Krantz joins with me in the heartiest shakehand." Four days afterwards comes a dictated letter: *Je suis très souffrant, je prie mon ami Cazals de vous écrire que j'habite 4 rue de Vaugirard et non plus 84 rue Cardinal Lemoine où, sous aucun pretexte, je vous prie de ne plus rien m'adresser.* On 27 October I hear: *Me revoici à l'hôpital (hôpl Bichat, 16 salle Jarjavay-boulevard Ney). . . . Ecrivez-moi vite et long.* On 8 November he writes: *Je vous écris ces quelques mots pour vous informer que je suis déménagé, toujours avec Mlle. K., 16 rue St. Victor.* On 24 January, 1895, is a hurried postcard: *Ma nouvelle adresse est 21 rue Monsieur le Prince. Je suis brouillé avec*

Mlle. K. By 5 March he has returned to his last address: *Ce mot pour vous avertir d'un changement d'adresse. Je demeure actuellement 16 rue St. Victor, avec Mlle. Krantz qui vous envoie bien le bonjour!* Finally, in the last letter I had from him, 21 October, he writes: *Nous avons déménagés: notre adresse est à 39 rue Descartes. Mlle. Krantz vous envoie ses meilleurs souvenirs.* After that I heard nothing more until on January 9, 1896, a telegram came to me from Paris: *Verlaine est mort hier soir.*

I never saw Verlaine more at home than in the pleasant little room which he occupied for some time at the Hôpital St. Louis. I would find him sitting up in bed, with his queer night-cap on, books, newspapers, and manuscript paper lying all over the bedclothes; and he would read out to me, in his indistinct way, the last poem he had written, which he had just copied out neatly in ink, for Eugénie to take to Vanier. And Eugénie would sometimes be there, with her market-woman's basket; attentive and good-humored in the main, it seemed to me, and with much the air of a housekeeper. He spoke to her in a kindly, almost jovial way; they seemed good friends. The contrast was less lamentable than it might have seemed but for this homely element in both, which brought them together as human beings. He said to me once, speaking of her in London: *Je ne suis pas beau; elle n'est pas la Vénus de Milo; elle ne m'aime pas pour ma littérature; mais elle sait que je suis* QUELQU'UN. That respect which the French, even of the lower classes, have for literature, especially for poetry, was evident in her attitude towards him: she knew that he was a great man. What she was for the rest can be seen in *Chansons pour Elle* and the other books in her honor. He said to me once: *Elle n'est pas jolie; c'est une bonne femme; je l'aime, elle m'aime. Nous querrellons, nous becquetons, quelquefois elle me lance une claque à la figure. Elle me traite comme un enfant. Elle me fait pleurer, et j'aime ça,* he added, with a strange smile.

Philomène, Esther, the others, I did not know; I think it was chiefly for Eugénie that those vivid, sordid late poems were written. After his death she wrote me one or two ill-spelt, almost illegible letters, saying: *Au nom de Paul Verlaine votre grand ami, venez-moi en aide.* The letters are frightful in their misery: she has not the money to buy a stamp for the letter, she is ill and the doctor tells her she

must drink good wine (a detail that I fear had its significance), she would like to eat a cutlet and she has not the money to buy: *ce que vous pouvez faire pour moi Paul Verlaine vous le rendra du haut du ciel.* (I correct her spelling.) Then, in a letter of thanks she tells me that she has sickened ever since *le jour de la mort de ce bon Paul Verlaine.* And she goes on, spelling my name phonetically as she had heard it said in French: *Monsieur Symons, Paul Verlaine vous aimait tant; toujours il me demandait de vous écrire, mais je ne savais pas votre adresse, et pourtant il me l'avait écrite, mais dans ces moments j'avais perdu la mémoire.* A last letter came, from the same fifth floor of 13 rue Valette, dated the 10 January, 1897, the anniversary of Verlaine's funeral, saying: *Je n'ai pas un seul sou, pas même de quoi acheter un bouquet de quelques sous,* for his grave; and she asks if I will not *faire une quête* for her. I did so, but it was of little use. I heard that she died not long after.

III

It was in prison that Verlaine wrote the greater part of *Sagesse,* at a period when that discipline and solitude and reflection had done their work, and he had become a voice for the soul's confession to God of the humility of its helplessness, and a voice for the praise of the divine beauty. No one has ever spoken for the body with more simplicity, or with a more penetrating humanity, than Verlaine in that great sonnet which begins: *La tristesse, la langeur du corps humain.* In such poems as *Les chères mains qui furent miennes* we have a more feverish, a more fantastic transposition of sensation and the mind's coloring of it. It is the voice of the flesh, praying such mad and useless prayers to be delivered, repressed but crying out against the spirit, a voice of bewitching temptations, whose deadly savor of delight could but come out of a consciousness of how delightful that sin was of which one had repented. In such poems as *La mer est plus belle* we have the child's simplicity, which is now half a prayer as well as all a song; and it is a child, frightened and quieted, for whom a solemn lullaby is said in the lines ending: "Silence, silence!" All the agony of the sinner's humiliation before the awfulness of the love of God is chanted, with a sound like the monotonous sound of monks chanting, in the simplest of all the poems: *O mon Dieu, vous m'avez blessé d'amour.* And, in the supreme sonnets, *Mon*

Dieu m'a dit, in which, if he ever does, Verlaine attains sublimity, we have absolute passion, the soul of one who, as Blake said of Santa Teresa, "guides the great wine-press of love," crying upon God the Trinity with the wild cry: *Etes-vous foú?*

Jadis et Naguère is the only one of Verlaine's books which is made up of work written at various periods; it is an interval in a sequence, a diversion on a pilgrimage. It contains experiments, like the narrative poem, *L'impénitence finale,* which is as fine as *My Last Duchess,* and the comedy, *Les Uns et les Autres,* where shadows out of Watteau pass in a twilight, under his trees, in some delicate entanglement, resolved into music. It contains some of the great things, like that poem of *Crimen Amoris,* full of the sound of gongs and trumpets, where:

Dans un palais, soie et or, dans Ecbatane,
De beaux démons, des Satans adolescent,
Au son d'une musique mahométane
Font litière aux Septs Péchés de leur cinq sens.

And there is the testament of the *Art Poètique,* which puts the whole science of verse into one song.

With the *Amour* of 1888 there begins a final series, not to be interrupted before the end, in which we are to see, as in a drama acted before us, a kind of frank miracle-play of the Middle Ages, the whole conflict of the flesh and the spirit, in which a losing battle seems never to be quite lost. It is from one of the latest of these books, the *Epigrammes* of 1894, that I have chosen a beautiful poem, which I should like to take as the last word of that conflict. That, and not the *Invectives* (published after his death and without his consent), is the true epilogue to Verlaine's great and unhappy life. From the time of *Amour* the books alternate, now *Parallèlment,* the voice of the flesh, now *Liturgies Intimes,* the voice of the spirit; and they go down gradually, stage by stage, to that last stage, *Dans les Limbes.* Literature is all but extinct in this voice that still talks hoarsely when it has almost ceased to be able to sing. *Mais,* he laments:

Mais, helas! je ratiocine
Sur mes fautes et mes douleurs,
Espèce de mauvais Racine
Analysant jusqu' à mes pleurs.

It is not of Racine that we think in these *Odes* and *Elégies,* written in honor of Eugénie Krantz or another. Villon was never more explicit, and it is Villon who reminds us *que tout les hommes n'ont pas bons sens assis.*

Conduct and belief are two different things, and it must not be supposed that Verlaine's conversion was not genuine because it did not change the whole current of his life. Sincerity of the moment was his fundamental characteristic, but the moments made and re-made his moods in their passing. The religion of *Sagesse* is not the less genuine because that grave and sacred book was followed by the revolt of *Parallèlement,* and *La Bonne Chanson* was at least as sincere as *Odes en son Honneur.* Verlaine was always trying to explain how natural it was to sin and to repent, and to use the same childlike words in the immediate rendering of sin and repentance. This naïveté, which made any regular existence an impossibility, was a part of his nature which gave to his work a quality unlike that of any other poet of his time. At the end of his life hardly anything but the naïveté was left, and the poems become mere outcries and gestures. *J'ai la fureur d'aimer,* he says somewhere, and there is no part of his work which is not the expression of some form of love, human or divine, grotesque or heroic, but always insatiable.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES AND THE DRAMATIC RENASCENCE

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

THE dramatic renascense is a fact. One can be assured of this without being certain of the final form it may take. A few years ago it seemed probable that naturalism would bring out a great play. The hope is now less confident. Great as have been the achievements of dramatic art during the last few years, we have no play as a result to which we can ascribe an abiding place, unless it be one of the satiric comedies of the most whimsical of Britain's playwrights. Serious photographic naturalism and social-purpose art have brought forth nothing that we can promise immortality, and those plays which carry the traits of these forms to the highest perfection, such as Galsworthy's *Justice*, are the best illustrations of the vital shortcomings of the schools. On the side of reaction from naturalism something has been done. How far Barrie's plays represent absolute achievement critics will be unable to say until they have supplemented the quick judgment of the production by the calmer criticism of the study. In denying his plays to contemporary readers, Barrie is probably protecting them against the superficial judgments of his own day in favor of the more stable valuation of later time. He is also removing from our time instruments of undoubted value for the creating of standards. On the works of one man, Synge, criticism unites in bestowing the expectation of long life. The only disquieting reflection, to the lover of Synge's work, is that the unanimity of its praise may portend a near reaction. It will not be our own time that will bestow immortality on Synge, or the succeeding age that will demolish him. His proper position will hardly be known until the second turn of the tide.

But while the age has brought forth little in fruits no one will question that there has been a substantial renascence.

If we compare the situation of drama to-day with its situation a generation ago, we find many striking features of its better health. Strange to say, these are more to be seen in the attitude of thinking people toward the stage than in any intrinsic merits of the drama as an art, or the stage as an institution. The changes that have taken place are changes of thinking and social preparation. During the last generation drama has become established as a social institution of great potency and flexibility. Dramatic art has taken its place as an art that needs not to be apologized for; an art that is, indeed, somewhat feared on account of its ready instrumentality in serving a social purpose and expressing a distributed attitude. There have also been some interesting steps in advance for the art of drama. A generation ago literary drama meant poetic drama, and, by this token, unproduced drama. To-day the art of the produced prose play of contemporary life has been accepted without too many reservations in excellent company. Beginning with Matthew Arnold's respectful words, written in *The Nineteenth Century* for 1879—the first respectful words spoken for the modern English drama by an acknowledged critic of our day—the consideration of drama has grown more and more familiar under the pens of the learned. Augustine Birrell, H. D. Traill, W. L. Courtney, Edmund Gosse, Professor Gilbert Murray are but a few of those who have turned from the concerns of the scholar to the consideration of modern drama. Drama has entered the universities of England and America, no longer as a species of elocution, or a debased form of literary teaching, but as an art that is connected structurally and by content with the interests of our day. Moreover, drama is winning acceptance in the sisterhood of the arts. Arthur Symons applies to the play the same delicate criticism that he applies to music and painting. Barrie gives up the novel for the play. Even Meredith and Hardy and James, to mention those of an older generation, tried their hands at dramatic composition, and Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy of the newer generation, are almost as well known for their plays as for their novels. The fact that the kindly recognition that is coming to drama is based no less on what drama is expected to do than on what has already been performed, quite as much on potential as actual achievements, does not diminish the significance of the standards of respect that have been enforced for an hitherto despised art.

Results of this kind do not occur accidentally or blindly. For every broad advance that is made individual men may be found who have been heart and soul the prime movers in the advance. The wonder is that for a movement so broad and far reaching the number of men who served as engineers and prophets should have been so small. For England and America one can count on the fingers of one hand the number of men who during the last generation have given their lives to the rehabilitation of an English drama. Many have given as they were able under the press of competing interests, but William Archer and Brander Matthews have always been on the firing line and have slept on their arms. These were the men who saw long ago the certain growth of the functions of the drama in popular government and as an outlet of social dynamics, and, in season and out, stood for uncompromising art values as well as for social health in the theatre. Recognizing the close relationship between the state of society and the state of the art these two men have devoted their lives to educating public taste and to formulating rational opinions. Both have written plays, but it has been as expositors, as school-masters, as guides that they will be remembered. To these, who were active when many who are now reaching for laurels were in their cradles, there must be added as the subject of this study another whose influence and personal contribution have been even more significant. One is reminded of the debt that is owed to Henry Arthur Jones by the recent performance in London of the play that first brought him success and fortune. *The Silver King,* first performed twenty-three years ago, displays in many respects the characteristics of the author as a man and as an artist. In the years which have passed since the first production of this play tremendous strides have been taken in the state of English drama, and many of these are directly or indirectly to be credited to the influence of the author.

Twenty-three years ago the situation of Henry Arthur Jones was not precisely similar to that of either Archer or Matthews. A playwright of abundant popular success in his earliest efforts, he had apparently but to follow the path laid out before him to an assured position. At an early period we find him turning aside from the pleasant task of purveying to an amusement seeking crowd to follow the less thankful pursuit of appealing to an ever narrowing circle of the

judicious. Not only so. Jones might well have continued to the day of his death to be the artist who permitted his work to "speak for itself." There is for the artist every incentive to do this. It is well known that every line the artist draws outside the frame of the picture, every word he speaks outside the structure of his novel or play is a tempting of fate. But Jones was the first dramatist in England to see the logic of the situation, and to see that in his day the task of the advanced artist of the stage is even more in the direction of the reconstitution of the standards of taste, in a leavening of the general mind to an apprehension of dramatic art values, than in the composition of excellent plays. Indeed, someone had to do the outside work if the inside work was ever to secure proper understanding. No one could do that work as effectively, though, at the same time, it must be said, with as great a personal expense, as the man who practised the art in his own right. In spite of expense to private credit, in spite of misunderstanding, Jones chose the hard and sincere task, and for every step he took on the road of advance he delivered two blows to make that road firmer for his fellows. For such work as Jones has done there is too little reward. The play is the thing, and the man who, instead of limiting himself to composition, devotes his energies to the preparation of an audience for the artist who may follow is likely to find his work neglected in favor of that of the man whose success he made possible. Jones has enough plays to his credit, but it is a question whether his fame as a playwright, by one of the popular ironies which we need not try to justify, has not suffered on account of his activities as a dramatic bush-ranger and path-breaker.

It is no accident that Jones's first, and perhaps greatest, play is a melodrama. *The Silver King* is marked by precisely those qualities that have characterized his career, and the following plays, *The Middleman, Saints and Sinners,* and *The Crusaders,* are as simply conceived and as energetically governed as have been his own campaigns. These plays display both the weakness and the strength of his art, a weakness which has always just kept him from absolute achievement as a playwright, a strength that has made him a most courageous fighter for better standards. As a writer of melodrama Jones saw things substantially, in large chunks, so to speak; he saw things moralistically, and he saw things emotionally. Never subtle, nor, it must be confessed, ever

particularly acute, he depended upon force rather than finesse, on impression in the mass rather than on intuition or complex analysis. His early absorption in moral and religious questions was characteristic. To him life presented itself as a field of armed camps of good and evil, and the soldiers from the one camp seldom strayed over into the confines of the other. In many respects this is the easiest way by which one can look upon life; it is the only way that leads to fixed judgments; it is the only way that makes one dog-sure of his methods. And Jones was always dog-sure of his methods, and his methods were predicated on morals. Jones's early plays were evangels; and he was an evangelist. And so he has continued to this day, less sure to-day, perhaps, that the world can be saved, but not a whit less sure of the adequacy of his moral standards to cope with all problems, even the problems of art in a democracy.

Such a man could not satisfy himself long with mere playwriting. Even as an artist he always answered to what may be called the *moral* imperative; against his own interest pushing out into new lines of effort, stubbornly seeking out new methods and social and technical fields to conquer, perfecting himself by an insistent determination of taking thought, and applying to each new stage the dynamic courage and heavy determination that are the driving forces of his career. It is this very moral determination for the advance that lays the heavy hand on Jones's art and draws it back at the threshold of absolute excellence. For art plays some cruel and ironic tricks, sometimes alighting joyfully on the work thrown off by an unconscious hand, and eluding the self-perfecting industry of "taking pains."

It is with some sense of irony that we notice that Jones was practically the first to introduce the work of Ibsen to an English audience. He tells us that in 1881 there came to his attention a German form of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. Recognizing the dramatic effectiveness of the play, Jones adapted it to an English form, giving it the title, after the Scribe formula, *Breaking a Butterfly*. That thirty years ago a young playwright should not have apprehended the real significance of the work of Ibsen is not surprising. Certainly we should not hold it against Jones, for in selecting the play he showed his immediate recognition of the remarkable skill and technique of the unknown Norwegian. But this experience was of a piece with Jones's whole career.

He has usually been first in the field in the discernment of the new thing, and has paid the price of courageous struggle for its adoption. And then when it has come to pass it has come transmuted to new values, in a form that he does not altogether understand and does not approve. The light of the comic spirit usually plays around the heads of those of serious purpose. There is something of irony, too, in the fact that Jones, who, above all others, has created for us a middle-class English drama, for he is as clearly the creator of the middle-class in English drama as Dumas was the discoverer of the *demi-monde* for French drama, should have devoted his life to attacking that middle-class that he represents in all of his plays. His plays are hewed out of the substance of middle-class England. One might call the roll of Jones's *dramatis personae* without finding a character that displays a distinction differentiating him from this class. This is precisely the reason why Jones's plays have been subject to the immediate and instinctive distrust of the English play-going public. They too effectively hold the mirror up to nature. They foster no illusion whatever. They show British middle-class life to be drab, dull, full of forbidden pockets, pugnacious, and frustrate. The quarrels between Jones and his audiences are like the quarrels in English middle-class homes, explosions of irritability at too much intimacy. Even Jones's daring and pugnacity are absolutely of the British middle-class type. His forceful, religious, dogged moral force has carried him forward in his art and in his propaganda in a lockstep with John Bull's forceful and unimaginative progress in commerce and empire. Jones made the mistake of applying the same principles to his plays that he applied to his public work. Both are forthright, moralistic, undistinguished. And the British public, asking this of the party worker, condemns it in the artist. Jones quotes from Fielding's *Tom Jones,* and applies to himself, the remark that " whenever his readers found him dull they might rest assured it was with some profound purpose." And the British public, which despises to be shown as it is in its plays, answers readily to the profound purpose of the propagandist. And so Jones has never been quite a success in his plays, but he has been altogether a success in his public work. For in its art the British public demands illusion and brilliancy, but in its public work it is more willing to listen to the sermons of a Jones than to the brilliant epigrams of

a Chesterton, or a Belloc. As Oscar Wilde was a witty and caustic critic of English society they slew him, but as he was in his plays the depictor of an artificial illusion of life they crowned him. As Bernard Shaw tickles their risibilities with his antics they applaud him, but as he lashes them with pungent censure they do not listen or they misunderstand. The grudge that Jones holds against British Puritanism in behalf of his plays should be forgotten in gratitude for the complaisant hearing it has given to his lectures.

Perhaps because he was something of an evangelist Jones refused from the start to see the stage through the eyes of an H. J. Byron or a Sidney Grundy. To him the theatre appeared in another light, as the instrument for a popular campaign. In this view he was but following for the theatre the principles that Ruskin and Morris had held for art. Morris had made the cause of beauty a cause for an appeal to the people, and even Arnold had been touched not a little with the warmth of social issues. Certainly there was some valid reason for treating the theatre in this way, for after all it is a social institution, depending upon the people for its life from day to day, and ministering to the people on their homely spiritual sides. And so the first fruits of Jones's referendum to the people of the problems of the theatre was the establishment of the Playgoers' Club in 1884, an organization for the study and support of good plays, before which Jones delivered the inaugural. The establishment of the Playgoers' Club was not without importance both to Jones and to British drama, for with it there was started that rage of speculation and comment which has made of Jones a crusader and the drama itself a social program. All this depends upon a new theory, a theory much held in our day, that art is dependent upon social support, and that its issues may be served by organization. Art has been taken to the people in the same sense that the infirm and dependent have been laid upon the consciences of the people; the reform of art is asked for in the same way that the reform of judicial procedure is demanded, as things that can be reached by a referendum. For this theory Jones had prepared the way three years before the organization of the Playgoers' Club in a paper on "The Theatre and the Mob." His statement of the obligations of membership in the Playgoers' Club has something of the force of a social creed. "To be a member of this Club implies a devotion to the interests of the Drama

for its own sake, not as an idle amusement for a vacant hour, but as a serious and fine art, which has for its end the portrayal of all the varying passions of the human heart, and all the chances and changes of our mortal life."

Having put his hand to the plow Jones did not turn back. Since then his life has been devoted to the evangelization of dramatic art. To his thorough belief in the reasonableness of the social propaganda that he has raised, and to his reactions from the manner in which his apostleship has been received, are to be ascribed all the steps in his career. His plays have been, almost without exception, attacks on social abuses, hypocrisy, or Pharisaism. It almost seems as if playwriting had become with him a side issue as compared with the spreading of the gospel of social service through dramatic art. He was one of the first English playwrights to insist that his works should have the advantage of book publication. Publication was common in France and to a lesser degree in Germany. In England it had been limited to belated publication in acting editions, whose only value was for the amateur and professional actor. Jones made appeal to the discriminating judgment of the larger reading public not alone for his own plays but for all plays. The arguments for the publication of plays are well known and need not be rehearsed. Jones stated them in his preface to his publication of *Saints and Sinners* in 1891, and George Bernard Shaw stated them in his preface to the first volume of *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant.* Whatever may have been the importance of publication to particular plays, there can be no doubt that the growth of the custom of publishing plays has vastly conduced to the respect under which drama is held and to the upbuilding of dramatic taste. The need was not to turn the play-loving public from the theatre to the study, for this would defeat the ends of publication, but to draw a larger share of the reading public into an understanding support of the best things of the theatre. That this has been done, and that thereby there has come to pass something of a reconciliation between English literature and drama no one who knows the conditions can doubt. When plays were found to be worthy of book publication they were found to be worthy also of the consideration of cultivated minds, and of a place in the culture of the nation. To accomplish these ends Jones was willing to sacrifice some of the theatrical attributes of a play in favor of

its literary attributes. He said: "There is but one way of advancing, or even of holding our own, and that is by making the theatre a national art with a definite literary and intellectual basis, disdainful of all theatrical effect that will not submit to take an auxiliary place."

In addition to inaugurating the custom of publication of plays, Jones learned from his master, Dumas, not to compel a work of art to speak for itself. In the old days it may have been well enough to send a book forth heralded only with an ingratiating letter to a patron. But to-day the work of art that breaks new ground demands the double display boards of the sandwich man or the cap and jingling bells of the jester. Here again the daring of Jones serves a good purpose. Venturing boldly in where others would have been reticent and silent, he defends his own plays in prefaces and broadsides in the magazines. He defends the use of the Bible and religious topics in drama; he defends the play with a moral, and the dramatist who would be forever educating the people. Sometimes he discusses the cost of producing a play, and shows the nightly receipts, convincing the reader by argument and figures that it is not always lack of merit that damns a play: it may be the difference between two hundred and three hundred pounds nightly receipts. He does not scruple at rising to strong and vigorous speech in attack upon that hypocrisy that he holds to be the cardinal sin of English society and the cause of low standards of dramatic art. Once in church he had listened to the rolling aloft of the Psalms of David. He comes away trembling with wrath:

> For those murderers who are chanting the songs of a treacherous murderer, a liar, and an adulterer—a man after God's own heart, as the Scriptures say—a treacherous murderer, a liar, and an adulterer —a royal man for all that,—I say these good worshipers who are so naïvely employed are the same average English playgoers who in the autumn of 1894 arose in a panic of wrathful zeal for the morality of our stage, and in a series of letters to *The Times* overwhelmed for a year or two the rising school of the English drama.

In this passage we have revealed Jones the propagandist, trembling with zeal for a cause, tingling with righteous wrath, with which there is mingled not a little of personal bitterness. He has been so near the seat of war that he has smelled the powder of combat; and his attitude is one of personal repulsion. His essays in *The Nineteenth Century*

and *The New Review*, and his public addresses, later gathered into two volumes, *The Renascence of the English Drama* and *The Foundations of a National Drama*, are records, not only of the state of English drama during two decades, but also of the temper of an unhappy warrior.

But Jones compels admiration by his indomitable pluck and persistence. Aside from writing for the Reviews Jones has carried his campaign to the public platform, making his plea to two kinds of audiences, the one the audience of workingmen, the Sunday afternoon, or "University Extension" audience of London and the provincial cities; the other the University audience of London and America. His first plea to educated men in behalf of the theatre was made before the students of the City of London College in 1893. Since then he has brought his message to the students of Harvard, and Yale, and Columbia, in America, dwelling always on the implications of drama and education, religion, and social service. Nor has he shrunk from an argumentative skirmish with such men as H. D. Traill, Dr. Pearson, and Gilbert Murray. A catalogue of his topics covers practically all the social aspects of drama. Drama as distinguished from amusement, drama and the mob, drama and education, religion and the theatre, first-night judgments of plays, the national theatre, drama in the provinces, the dangers of the censorship, are treated vigorously if with much repetition. With the intensive study of dramatic art he has no concern. Speculations in technique, the patter of the studio, the concerns of the artist workman, have little interest for him. He remains always the social reformer wielding before him the sword of a militant art. In the preface to *The Renascence of the English Drama* he sums up the things he has been fighting for in the following words:

> 1. I have fought for a recognition of the distinction between the art of the drama on the one hand and popular amusement on the other, and of the greater pleasure to be derived from the art of the drama.
>
> 2. I have fought for the entire freedom of the modern dramatist, for his right to portray all aspects of human life, all passions, all opinions; for freedom of search, freedom of phrase, freedom of treatment.
>
> 3. I have fought for sanity and wholesomeness, for largeness and breadth of view.

Of Jones, the hater of shams, the attacker of hypocrisy and of Mrs. Grundy, enough has been said. He continues throughout his life to berate the "smug and banal ideals, the ways of living, the forms of religion, the terror and ignorance of art of the English middle-classes." In his art and in his program he is all of a piece. He has the same club for that Mrs. Grundy who drives a truthful dramatist from the theatres that he has for the respectable people who drive a faithful minister from his charge because he lives up to the teaching of his religion. This is the stamp of the man who has by sheer moral force had a tremendous effect upon English dramatic conditions. If we were asked what is the mass effect of Jones's career, we should answer that as exhorter and revivalist he had awakened people of all classes to a new conception of their duties toward the theatre. It is no accident that everything Jones has accomplished has been accomplished through the people; that he has hardly spoken an illuminating word that would be of service to the young artist searching for a mastery of his materials. Musset has written:

> Trying to make things perfect is not new; on the contrary, nothing is older, but nothing is more allowable, lawful, fitting, and beneficial; if we are only able to make perfect matches, that means a service rendered to the whole world, for it is difficult to get a spark from steel and flint. But when it comes to attacking people themselves and trying to make them perfect, oh! oh! it becomes serious.

It is because even in his plays Jones's eye has been upon the man whom he would reform rather than upon the perfectible formulas of the art itself, that at the end one gains from the mass of his work an unfair impression of futility. It is not that he has accomplished little, but that he started out to accomplish tasks beyond the measure of man's mind. Matthew Arnold, in the essay to which we have already referred, had stated the problem of dramatic art in social terms: "We in England have no modern drama at all. . . . Our vast society is not homogeneous enough, not sufficiently united, even any large portion of it, in a common view of life, a common ideal, capable of serving as basis for a modern English drama." This dictum is either true, in which case the task of creating a drama is staggering in its immensity, or it is false. Jones accepts the dictum as true and starts out to correct the social condition. No wonder he has grown weary and dispirited in the fight. Yet he continues

to this day the large popular appeal for the building of a drama by the correcting of people's hearts. He continues to throw the problem of the artist into the hands of the crowd.

Meanwhile there has grown up, energized largely by Jones's militant idealism, a group of those who believe that Matthew Arnold was wrong, that it is not going to be necessary to remake society in order to create a drama. These men believe that society is not and never was coherent to the extent that it united in one harmonious chorus of approval of high and definite artistic ideals. These believe that what the best requires is only permission to grow in its nook. In the minds of these the evangel should be preached not to the crowd, but to the dramatist; the sanction should be sought, not from society, but from the artist's own imperative standards. For such a view as this Jones has no concern as a preacher, though he has upheld it in his own practise. Courageous himself to his own loss, often standing alone when with his technical gifts it would have been easy to stand with the multitude, he still looks for the hope of drama in a change of attitude by the people. One wonders whether the man himself has not been greater than his program. "It is impossible," he writes in his last book, "to have two opposing national standards of taste in drama." Nay, it is impossible to conceive of there being so few. Who imagines that the work of any great age depended upon a uniformity of taste? Would it not be a craven art that would demand such support? Here again appears the ironic discrepancy between Jones the artist and Jones the social thinker. Meanwhile under his strong arm there have arisen others whom Jones does not know. For the Irish Players, for the repertory movements, for the provincial municipal theatres, for the free stage societies, for the undoubted contributions of some younger writers and producers, he has but few and grudging words, though they are doing much to bring to pass his dreams in concrete form. And in a very real sense they are the first fruits of a harvest of his resolute sowing. To history, Jones will appear as the evangelist of dramatic art who came before the law-givers and builders of roads.

THOMAS H. DICKINSON.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

AN ARTIST AMONG THE ARTS [1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Out of the depressing welter of our American writing upon æsthetics, with its incredible thinness and triteness and paltriness, its intellectual sterility, its miraculous dullness, its limitless and appalling vapidity, Mr. James Huneker, and the small and honorable minority of his peers, emerge with a conspicuousness that is both comforting and disgraceful.

Mr. Huneker recalls to us, in his critical adventures, a noble passage of William Sharp's, in which that admirable Celt remarked that criticism meant to him "not merely the more or less deft use of commentary or indication, but one of the several ways of literature, and in itself a rare and fine art—the marriage of science that knows, and of spirit that discerns." Mr. Huneker has written pages that will always be cherished by those for whom criticism is precisely that—one of the several ways of literature. We would rather hear him upon certain pieces by Chopin than hear the pieces themselves; we remember characterizations of music by Brahms in which the soul of the music has been distilled into prose that is richer and finer than itself; in his projection of the mind and art of Jules Laforgue, that extraordinary being lives with a brighter vividness than in his own delicate but tenuous buffoonaries; and it might well be claimed for Mr. Huneker that, in this country at least, he "invented" Richard Strauss.

He has been, from the first, high-priest of modernity in all the arts. If there is anything at once contemporaneous and notable in the seven arts that he has not "reacted" to,

---

[1] *Ivory Apes and Peacocks.* By James Huneker. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

we cannot think what it is. There is an airy and challenging arrogance in the width and inclusiveness of his sympathies. What a fine and sweeping and careless intellectual gesture one discerns in the sub-title of his newest sheaf of studies!—

Joseph Conrad, Walt Whitman,
Jules Laforgue, Dostoïevsky and Tolstoy,
Schönberg, Wedekind, Moussorgsky,
Cézanne, Vermeer, Matisse, Van Gogh, Gauguin,
Italian Futurists, Various Latter-Day Poets,
Painters, Composers and Dramatists.

So Walt Whitman might have begun one of his inexorable catalogues had he been as interested in æsthetic matters as in the things of our common humanity.

But Mr. Huneker is no mere sounding-board for every contemporaneous æsthetic tom-tom. There are guileless critical souls who pride themselves on their "modernity," —they are the prey (and also the bait) of the ladies' culture-clubs; they are the authors of the "How" books. They remind us of the self-diagnosis of the delightful old Bargee in Mr. W. W. Jacobs' *Beauty and the Barge*, whose lively awareness of The Sex was forever getting him into trouble: "Affability—that's what's the matter with me," he was wont to say; "too much affability!" It is one of the curses of American criticism—that and a dozen other major sins. It cannot be charged against Mr. Huneker. Susceptibility, clairvoyance, immediacy of response, are his; he is the friend of any talent that is fine and strange and frank enough to incur the dislike of the mighty army of Bourbons, Puritans, and Bœotians. He is innocent of prepossessions. He is infinitely flexible and generous. Yet if, in the twenty years that we have been reading him, he has ever praised a commonplace talent, we have no recollection of it. His critical tact is well-nigh infallible. "Our myriad intuitions are the veiled queens who steer our course through life," says a profound and exquisite seer, "though we have no words in which to speak of them." Mr. Huneker *has* words in which to speak of them. His competence in articulation is superlative—indeed, his utterance is sometimes (as we have admitted) too eloquent for his subject-matter. One is expected, of course, to discover infirmities in his performance; and no doubt his love of sumptuous verbal surfaces is one

of them. Yielding to the sustained lyricism of his study of Chopin, for example, you are tempted to forget that those frail shoulders cannot bear the weight of the gorgeous mantel that his panegyrist flings lovingly and protectingly about them.

He is betrayed at times by his aversion to the facile agreements of the mob. This it is, one likes to think, that moves him to tell us that for him "a Beethoven string quartet holds more genuine music than the entire works of Wagner." We do not believe him. We have read him on *Tristan und Isolde,* and we know that in the deep places of his heart he loves Wagner more than he loves Beethoven: we are unalterably convinced that he would not exchange the third act of *Tristan* for all the absurdly sanctified "last quartets" of Beethoven. Perhaps, also, it is because that incomparable genius, Claude Debussy, has been stupidly extolled by fools and hypocrites, that Mr. Huneker is moved to do him so much less than justice in his chapter on *Music of To-Day and To-Morrow.* To call the composer of *Pelléas et Mélisande* a "miniaturist," "constipated in ideas," is intended, we are sure, rather as a counter-irritant to the ladies' culture clubs than as a sober registration of Mr. Huneker's beliefs. To bracket Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and Charpentier's *Louise,* as he does, is like bracketing—well, let us say, Mrs. Wharton's *Ethan Frome* and Miss Libby's *Lovers Once, But Strangers Now.* Mr. Huneker cannot really believe that the man who composed the fourth act of *Pelléas,* and *La Mer,* and *Ibéria,* is a "miniaturist"; that this is "music of the distaff"; and to charge Debussy with paucity of ideas, when French and English and Italian and American music has been flooded for the last ten years with pallid imitations of the Debussyean harmony, melody, and "atmosphere," is to sacrifice too much for the sake of confounding the unintelligent.

On the whole, we are less fully persuaded by this essay in musical prophecy,—in which Mr. Huneker seems to us to dispose rather too impetuously of his subject,—than by other portions of this engrossing volume. We enjoyed his treatment of the Whitman myth (partly because we perceived with relish its effect upon the Whitmanites)—indeed, Mr. Huneker in this book is rather in the way of taking a shot or two at his former idols. Whitman in especial he seems to have selected as a target for some particularly lethal

marksmanship. He visited the poet at Camden in 1877, when, convalescing from a severe attack of Edgar Allen Poe, he had, as he says, "fallen desperately ill with Whitmania." His idol, he found, looked like a Greek rhapsodist—"tall, imposing in bulk, his regular features, clear, ruddy skin, plentiful white hair and beard, evoked an image of the magnificently fierce old men he chants in his book." But the fierceness was illusory: "his voice was a tenor of agreeable timbre, and he was gentle, even to womanliness. Indeed, he was like a receptive, lovable, old woman." Young Huneker poured out his soul—Walt pumped him dry, "in his quiet sympathetic way," and also collected, for some charity, several of Mr. Huneker's dollars in exchange for an autograph. On the ferry to Philadelphia, he told a friendly policeman of his visit to the poet. "That old gas-bag comes here every afternoon; he gets free rides across the Delaware," remarked the faithless "camerado"—which italicizes the ironic truth noted by Mr. Huneker: that although Whitman chose to address himself to his beloved "common people"—to his "camerados," "Americanos," deck-hands, machinists, brakemen, firemen, sailors, butchers, bakers—they have no use for him. "They do not understand him—do not, in fact, read him. They prefer Longfellow." It is quite evident that Mr. Huneker has recovered from his Whitmania. For him, now, the famous philosophy is "fudge"; its exponent was "an unintellectual man who wrote conventionally when he was plain Walter Whitman, living in Brooklyn. But he imitated Ossian and Blake, and their singing robes ill-befitted his burly frame." As for the paphian strain in the *Leaves,* Mr. Huneker confesses doubts that are shared by others. We think he is entirely correct in finding no true ecstasy, no true virility, in these passages: they do indeed "leave one cold despite their erotic vehemence; the abuse of the vocative is not persuasive, their raptures are largely rhetorical." But does Mr. Huneker render unto Whitman quite all that is his? Whitman's genius lies in his marvelous gift of epithet. For imaginative fidelity of phrase, he stands with the supreme magicians. Mr. Huneker grants him, as his "chief asset," an extraordinary susceptibility to the sense of touch—"tactile images flood his work." But not only tactile images: visual, aural, olfactory, too. His power of evoking the presence of the external world is sovereign and superb. This is

his highest, his distinctive, quality: the quality of perfect fitness and felicity in the rendering of the sensory image. In this respect he must always, as Swinburne remarks of Marlowe, "be remembered with distinction and mentioned with honor."

And here we must perforce leave Mr. Huneker and his dentinal, zoölogical, and pavonine cargo, his silver and his gold and his spices; and we have not traversed, even cursorily, his zestful and clarifying annotations on Conrad and Dostoïevsky and Tolstoy and Artzibaschev, Schönberg and Wedekind, Vermeer, Moussorgsky, Gauguin, the Italian Futurists, De Maupassant, Puvis de Chavannes, Lafcadio Hearn. But he is in need of no meticulous indication. His position among writers on æsthetics is anomalous and incredible: no merchant traffics in his heart, yet he commands a large, an eager, an affectionate public. Is it because he is both vivid and acute, robust yet fine-fingered, tolerant yet unyielding, astringent yet tender—a mellow pessimist, a kindly cynic? Or is it rather because he is, primarily, a temperament—dynamic, contagious, lovable, inveterately alive—expressing itself through the most transparent of the arts?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE WORLD CRISIS AND ITS MEANING. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1915.

Because of the natural tendency to identify moral intuition with moral ideals, or with moral dogma, it is easy to fall into the fallacy of supposing that ethical thought is necessarily either visionary or narrow. That it may be both broad and practical one may learn from such a book as Felix Adler's *The World Crisis and its Meaning.* Mr. Adler reasons ethically—not ideally nor dogmatically. He betrays neither the narrowness of the censor of morals nor that of the propagandist; he neither dreams the dream of the militarist nor follows after the vision of the unpractical peace enthusiast.

The idea underlying Mr. Adler's ethical discourses is essentially the same as that which David Jayne Hill has developed in his admirable treatise, *The People's Government.* In the bare idea—the idea of "mutual obligation," as it is called by Dr. Hill, or "interdependence," as Mr. Adler terms it—there is, of course, nothing absolutely new. "Charity," "tolerance," "service"—even the popular catchword "efficiency"—all these words point, more or less clearly, to the principle involved. But the application of the principle is too frequently narrow and personal. Charity remains in many minds mere sentiment, tolerance is regarded as a synonym for complaisance, service as a general term for works of supererogation, and efficiency as a name for success. To develop the idea of human interdependence, to enrich it by a broad and practical application to vexing problems, to reveal it as fundamental and impersonal: to do this is to advance thought and morals. Mr. Adler's discourses fall somewhat short of philosophic thoroughness and completeness, but they are more than preachments.

Just what the author means by "interdependence" is best seen in his chapter entitled "An Ethical Program of Social Reform." "To live rightly," declares Mr. Adler, "is to live so as to release life in others." It is only by so doing that one may attain to the maximum of one's own spiritual possibilities. Nor does concentra-

tion upon this spiritual ideal tend to make one indifferent to material need. The case is just the reverse: over-emphasis of the notion of material improvement does retard spiritual growth. We are to seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness; then material gifts will follow as the result of our efforts directed to an immaterial end. Goodness, in the sense of refraining from sin and at the same time giving free play to benevolent instincts, often proves strangely unsatisfactory and "inefficient." What we need to learn, in order to escape from the tyranny of the Law and of our impulses, is to live in such a way that by enhancing our own worth we enhance the worth of others. This is the true romance; this is the "sum to trick the arithmetic"—"base," indeed—of crass materiality, because it includes material things in the equation without making them the determining factors.

Certainly the rule works well enough as applied to the relations of individuals. The finest element in friendship, in marriage, in all the loyalties that bind men closest, is supplied by what Mr. Adler calls "the dynamic inter-potency of lives." But is the rule practical in the larger sense? Does it apply with equal effectiveness to relations between groups or classes? Mr. Adler believes that it does. Social groups may and should vitalize one another like individuals. In this way every function is enhanced and lifted above the level of the unintellectual and the unspiritual. "The perfection of the function of the agriculturalist is seen in the reaction upon the sciences upon which agriculture is dependent. This reaction, itself consciously adopted as an aim, will mean the elevation of agriculture to the level of a liberal vocation. The farmer while tilling the soil will at the same time be tilling his inner mental field. In striving to contribute to the perfection of the function he will be mentally perfecting himself."

Upon the same principle, the author finds a middle ground between the extreme of militarism and the extreme of pacifism—a middle ground that is more solid than compromise. A war of defence, he shows, may be just; to reason otherwise is to accept the doctrine of non-resistance in its fullest implication; it is—so far as the eye of reason can see—to grant that might should be permitted to triumph over right. But to affirm this, is by no means to concede that war may be in itself a good. At the root of the matter lies the conception that every nation's rights are indissolubly bound up with the rights of every other nation, and this conception furnishes a test by which just and unjust warfare may be unfailingly distinguished.

The system of "militarist ethics" has already been pretty thoroughly riddled by the attacks of those who represent not pacificism but the ordinary views of enlightened humanity. Mr. Adler's analysis of the subject is simple and searching. Certainly, if there is any truth in the doctrine of "interdependence" or "mutual obliga-

tion "—if this doctrine is indeed securely based upon Christian ethics or upon moral intuition—there could be no greater error, as the author points out, than to judge an action not according to its products but according to its by-products. For behind the reasoning which justifies war on the ground that it schools men in honor and heroism lurks the assumption that all virtues are but by-products, and that they must be sought through indirection. It is easy to perceive the modicum of truth in this sweeping major premise of the militarist syllogism; it is necessary also to realize that this assumption involves a radical confusion of ideas—the confusion of virtue with virtues, of character—as a congeries of desirable habits —with morality. Courage may be a by-product, self-sacrifice may be a by-product, almost any single virtue may be a by-product; but the will to do right is not a by-product. The love of God and of one's neighbor cannot be incidental values acquired in the pursuit of a selfish or indifferent end. These things are either fundamental or they are nothing at all.

If fundamental morality is hostile to militarism, then surely it is friendly to peace. But just here it is important to bear in mind the distinction between fundamental morality and the ideals that may be built upon it. An ideal is a work of the imagination and may partake of illusion. Just as the world crisis is forcing men to face the eternal verities and to decide whether they stand indeed for truth or merely for profound error, so it has shocked men out of the egregious illusion that the world is, in a moral sense, highly civilized. And though the war has staggered and sickened humanity, it does not follow that at its conclusion we shall enter upon an era of permanent peace. Then as always it will be an illusion to suppose that what ought to be, may be immediately attained. Yet to doubt that the ideal of universal peace will ultimately be realized is to renounce belief in progress. This Mr. Adler refuses to do because he believes that faith is creative. As a true meliorist he seeks to justify his faith by making it practical. Good-will, he shows, is the foundation of peace, and good-will is simply the clear recognition of spiritual independence. This principle, notwithstanding the work of the Hague Tribunal and the signing of many treaties of arbitration, has never been thoroughly applied. "When not only the governments through their agents meet," writes the author, "but the people meet through their representatives, the labor delegates, the merchant delegates, the delegates of the peasantry and the rest, then should be exemplified what appears to me to be a psychological truth, namely, that justice, fairness, respect for rights, are produced when we see and hear the very person who claims to have those rights . . . . assert them, expound them, plead for them."

In general the conclusions reached by Mr. Adler are precisely as rational as they are moral. His discourses are more inspiring than most moral exhortations and sounder than most philosophies.

THE MIGHTY AND THE LOWLY. By Katrina Trask. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The process of clarifying thought is usually long and laborious —and the clearness of thought attained is doubtless correspondingly precious. But sometimes moral vision is cleared, as it were, in a flash. There are questions of more than personal importance for the solution of which is needed the insight of the prophet rather than the skill and patience of the teacher. A truth which subtle reasoning has missed may be revealed in startling clearness by a play, a poem, or a speech. Such a truth Mrs. Trask has discovered, and she has set it forth with characteristic simplicity, conviction, and fervor.

It is often said, if seldom fully believed, that the regeneration of society must come through the regeneration of the individual. Yet the fact that despite much Christian teaching the world still remains shockingly unregenerate has turned men's minds away from the Christian conception toward specific programs of procedure. The error consists not in supposing that Christian ethics is incompatible with social reform, but in supposing that Christianity is in itself a program or can be interpreted as a program; it consists in not seeing that the supreme principle cannot be identified with a definite program just because it is supreme. They are in error, therefore, who use the fact that the New Testament offers no specific teaching in regard to social reform as an excuse for inertia or callousness—who quote with a perversion of the true meaning such sayings as, "The poor ye have always with you," or, "To him that hath shall be given." Equally in error are those who strive constantly to convert the teachings of Jesus into a radical social theory —who depict the Founder of Christianity as a partisan of the poor. Sentiment has lent countenance to this false conception; the struggles of class with class have strengthened it. Just as each of the warring nations of Europe claims the sanction of the God of Battles, Jehovah of the Thunders, so rich and poor alike—but especially those who speak in behalf of the poor—have asserted a right to the special support of the Prince of Peace. "The proletaires claim that hitherto those who have taught the Word of Jesus have not considered the proletaires. This is true. But now the proletaires do not consider the aristocrats: they lay the emphasis upon the fact that Jesus was no respecter of persons—and mean thereby that He respected *only* the poor and was no respecter of, no sympathizer with, the rich." No one, however, can read the Gospels with open eyes without perceiving that Jesus was no respecter of persons in any sense. With him rich and poor were upon a perfect equality. This is the obvious yet unrecognized truth which Mrs. Trask sets forth with a clearness and completeness that leave no room for a doubt, and with an appeal to conscience and common sense more effective than could be the mere abstract discussion of rights. For the author

attaches to her broader and juster view all the reverence which belongs to the religious character of the Founder of Christianity and all the sweet reasonableness which belongs to him in his human aspect; and she does this without *ex parte* pleading. Parable, deed, direct teaching, even the symbolism that may be drawn from the story of Christ's birth and his death, all point to the same conclusion.

Without denying that disproportionate riches are an evil or that the workers in the social revolution have their reason and their rights, Mrs. Trask rightly protests against misinterpretation of the teachings of the Gospels, and insists not only or chiefly upon the power of religion, but rather upon the lesson of democracy which the Gospels teach.

VIOLETTE OF PÈRE LACHAISE. By Anna Strunsky Walling. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1915.

As one begins to read Mrs. Walling's fascinating and delicately phrased epitome of a woman's life—*Violette of Père Lachaise*—one is inevitably reminded of Walter Pater's *The Child in the House*. There is in Mrs. Walling's story the same completeness of escape from the commonplace as in Pater's, and there is something of the same effect of haunting strangeness. Mrs. Walling, too, has chosen, as Pater so often did, the form of an unsubstantial narrative—a narrative personal in its interest, but tenuous in that it subordinates detail to subjective truth. Really, the resemblance goes deeper; for Mrs. Walling's theme is the same as that about which Pater invariably wrote under whatever guise—the theme of life and death.

We are alive, and we know that we must die! In view of this incomprehensible situation what should be our attitude? Philosophy and religion have given their general answers; but in the last analysis the personal answer alone strikes to the root of faith. The intimations, the instinctive choices which really determine one's philosophy, cannot be reduced to a formula without a loss of conviction; they need to be clothed with personality and with feeling. Such is the motive, doubtless, that influenced the author of *Violette*. Mrs. Walling conducts her search for the true, indestructible romance of life through a personality; and if she proves little she persuades much, for she shows us an inner life wholly natural and lovely both in its joy and its distress—a life, moreover, that is self-consistent, inwardly whole, despite the keen realization of death that is so persistent an element of it.

Violette lives with her grandfather in a house near the cemetery of Père Lachaise in Paris. Père Lachaise is her playground and her teacher. She learns from it not to fear death and to estimate life as a thing of value and meaning. The story tells, with psychological truth, of her childhood, her early introduction to "social faith," her

experience of friendship, the meaning that art held for her, her first love, her final finding of herself. To one of Violette's type finding oneself is no easy process. It means the attainment of some sort of satisfaction in the search for larger life and for the assurance of personal worth. Such satisfaction may be attained in despite of the dread of annihilation. The consciousness of life as something larger than personality may triumph over the consciousness of death. Just how this may be it is not easy to explain. The story of Violette shows with poignant clearness that it is so.

There is thus a radical difference of spirit between Mrs. Walling's work and that of the epicurean Pater. Violette, unlike Marius, has a soul, and not merely the adumbration of one. Her story is warm with life and not with the semblance of it. Violette, to be sure, feels that life is precious because of its fragility. But the thought breeds only that wholesome sadness at the thought of death which all must feel—the house of mourning is better than the house of mirth. It does not induce the chill melancholy of pessimism. The meaning of life is service; if then death follows, ending all, nevertheless one may attain here on earth to something not wholly earthy.

Violette, too, can attach meaning to beauty without making beauty in itself the end to be sought. "When another autumn came she watched the fall of leaves—the crimson whirl in the air, the brilliant maples grouped about the white birch trees which were being stripped before her eyes by the breeze. . . . Why could not all dying be beautiful like this? When her time came, she, too, could deck herself out marvellously! She could summon more thoughts from out the recesses of her mind, memories that should be more than memories, charged with a vital force to persist, to act; she could array herself at the end in the full flowering of all that had ever begun in her . . . she would surrender all, let them be carried out by gentle winds to impregnable regions while she herself sank to the ground a symbol, a token, a pledge of love and life, like each brilliant leaf then descending."

A Journal of Impressions in Belgium. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

To be sincere is a difficult art. Most of us are content with a very moderate measure of truth-telling because we lack the skill or the courage to attempt more. Even in matters of fact it is notoriously difficult to achieve both frankness and accuracy. When the subject matter is what we are supposed to know most immediately and most thoroughly—namely, our own sensations and impressions—the case becomes almost desperate. It is doubtless, in part, because of the sheer difficulty of truth-telling that we are inclined to respect the man of few words rather than the man of many, and to distrust

him who talks much about his own moods or motives. The would-be sincere person who is garrulous attempts too much; he is apt to tell what everybody knows, or what is misleading.

This, which is true of truth, is also true of fiction. The conventional romancer simplifies matters for himself by adopting as his own the conventionally romantic point of view, and thus he achieves without effort a more or less impressive effect of sincerity. The less conventional and more imaginative romancer gives way to the "literary sense"; he builds up for himself, as well as for his creations, a personality that is of only transitory existence—a personality not really viable. He offers, as normal human experiences, impressions and reactions such as never were on sea or land. The realist, on the other hand, is prone to deny that he possesses any personality worth mentioning—which is annoying and unfair to the reader. Moreover, when he does this, he, too, unduly simplifies the problem, shirking the true difficulty of being sincere.

But there are persons who possess in a high degree the gift and the art of sincere expression. In conversation, every casual remark of theirs bears the stamp of a genuine individuality. In recording facts, they ingeniously and ingenuously tell just what they know—no more and no less. In imaginative writing they are true both to their own selves and to reality. In this way they succeed in being both original and truthful, both normal and unique, and, if they are great enough, both personal and universal in their appeal.

One of these gifted persons is May Sinclair, author of *The Divine Fire, The Three Sisters, The Prodigal* and other novels of equally fine quality; and her book of impressions from Belgium is in its way the most genuine and vital piece of writing that has come from the war area. The author went to Belgium as a member of an ambulance corps which was taken into the service of the Belgian Red Cross. Her opportunities for observation were, indeed, rather limited. The most exciting adventures were not hers, nor did the choice bits of inside information fall to her lot. All this she frankly acknowledges. "This is a journal of impressions," she writes, "and it is nothing more. It will not satisfy people who want accurate and substantial information about Belgium or about the war or about field ambulances and hospital work, and do not want to see any of these things 'across a temperament.'" Furthermore, with an almost desperate-seeming sincerity the author calls attention to *lacunæ* in her narrative, brusquely corrects in footnotes hasty statements set down in the text, confesses to a lack of information or to an uncertainty regarding dates. This conscientiousness occasionally leads to blindness. It is rather baffling, for instance, to be told that the author met a certain "Mr. ———" at such a time and under such and such circumstances, and then to be informed in a note that the author is not sure after all that the man in question was really "Mr. ———". It may be illogical, yet it is natural, to

feel that though we may not know who " Mr. ——— " is, we ought not to be cheated out of the satisfaction of knowing that the person Miss Sinclair saw was really he. But in general the absence of anything like literary puttying or veneering serves merely to enhance the distinguishing quality of Miss Sinclair's narrative—its psychological accuracy. To attempt any summary of the author's impressions would be to represent them unfairly. It is enough to say that Miss Sinclair records perceptions of extraordinary keenness; that her point of view is normal without being in the least commonplace; that, seeking no false " unity of tone," she describes unmistakably true reactions, not only making us feel " the pity of it," but compelling us to realize that if we were actual witnesses of Belgium's distress we should sometimes be unable to feel the expected emotion at all.

Socialized Germany. By Frederic C. Howe, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

The most recent of Frederic C. Howe's treatises upon various practical aspects of political science, *Socialized Germany*, is one of those books which have been belated by the war. It was originally intended as a peace book and not at all as a war book. In a sense, however, the publication of this work at the present moment is timely. It is true enough that State socialism " has largely made Germany what she is, a menace and a model to other nations, a problem to statesmen of other countries "—a demonstrator of efficiency, if not " a pathfinder in social reform." Some knowledge of German institutions, certainly, is desirable; disapproval of German world policy should lead no one to the hasty conclusion that the German scheme of things is wrong from the ground up.

It is equally true that social and economic problems in America are pressing hard for solution. Our public domain is exhausted—or withheld from use. The West is no longer a land of golden opportunity. Monopolies in industry threaten to grow beyond the Government's power to control them. Unemployment is more or less chronic. In the cities there appears to be a lack of skilled administrators and an absence of social vision. In view of all this, Germany, a nation which has solved in her own way many of the problems which confront us, is surely worth studying.

No one doubts that America will successfully cope with those problems to the solution of which the traditional *laissez-faire* philosophy may prove inadequate. There are indeed many indications of growing liberality and enlightenment in American life. Just at present we are beginning to see in the colleges young men and women more or less imbued with new ideas and ideals. We are beginning to see in affairs a somewhat broader and more tolerant spirit. The admired type of successful business man is no longer the mere accu-

mulator of wealth—no longer a man of the class which a recent writer somewhat ferociously describes as "prehensile conservatives" who have "made good in the distribution of pecuniary flotsam." If it prove true that the best remedy for unsatisfactory conditions lies in heavily taxing the incomes of the rich in order to obtain funds for carrying out expensive social legislation, doubtless American men of wealth will learn to bear their share of the general burden as cheerfully as do the burghers of German cities. But America must solve her problems in her own way—that is, democratically. Just how she is to do this is the really important question—and it is a question which Dr. Howe in the treatise under consideration does not discuss. "This book," writes the author, "is not a plea for socialism. . . . I believe in democracy." Nevertheless, the tendency, if not the conscious aim, of his book is to awaken admiration for the smooth and effective working of the German system of social laws. How far the success of the German methods are dependent upon that absolutism, the danger of which he fully recognizes, and how far, aside from this, the German methods are applicable to American conditions, Dr. Howe does not attempt to show.

In short, the book *Socialized Germany* is simply an excellent descriptive treatise, with an undertone of admiration for efficiency and of urgency toward stronger public spirit, wider vision. In this respect it resembles the author's specific discussions of city government. But it is decidedly less definite in its bearing upon American conditions, and hence much vaguer in its message, than, for example, Mr. Howe's *European Cities at Work*. For the basis of comparison upon which the work depends for its value and meaning is relatively broad and ill-understood.

Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance. By Christopher Hare. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Just as the spirit of the Italian Renaissance seems to have been intoxicating to the men who lived in it, so to modern men who write about it the period seems to be somewhat overstimulating. The theme acts as a challenge to the writer's rhetorical powers; it spurs him to ecstasies of appreciation and to spurts of romantic enthusiasm. A sort of licensed exaggeration prevails, as it does in only a little less degree in popular books about ancient Greece. For to be enthusiastic about the Athens of Pericles or the Florence of Lorenzo de' Medici is thought to be good for the soul. Thus the impression of life in the Italian Renaissance which the unlearned reader acquires is likely to be portentous and dazzling—romantic but hardly lifelike. For the writers show this life through a splendid mist.

Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance, by Mrs. Marion Andrews ("Christopher Hare"), neither dispels the mist nor adds

particularly to its lustre. Mrs. Andrews is the author of numerous books dealing with the more romantic aspects of the period in question. These books of hers—among which may be mentioned *Ladies of the Italian Renaissance, The Romance of a Medici Warrior, Courts and Camps of the Italian Renaissance, Men and Women of the Italian Reformation*—have achieved a success not ill-merited. The author has read widely within her field and has gone to the sources, moreover. In the present volume, her criticism and comment are for the most part rather unilluminating. The popular lyrics, the rustic idylls, and the classical fables of the Golden Age need for their proper appreciation some measure of interpretation, especially when they are read only in rather prosy metrical translation. This interpretation Mrs. Andrews does not adequately supply. She does, on the other hand, provide her readers with too much formal eulogy of a kind that is rather boring. If she were dealing with such writers as Homer or Chaucer, this fault might be more easily overlooked. *Their* charm can be explained by nobody and is felt by everybody. But the contrary is true of the elegant and sophisticated verses written by Lorenzo de' Medici, Jacopo Sannazarro, or Angelo Poliziano. To dwell upon obvious sentiments is not the road to appreciation of literary productions so rarely and curiously beautiful as these; and it is hard to forgive Mrs. Andrews for having impressed very heavily upon her readers the artificiality of the Golden Age without really putting them in touch with its vital enthusiasm. The author, too, is prone to quote, with none too well-defined purpose, rather long extracts from dedications, letters of condolence, or of courtly compliment, and the like—extracts that throw little direct light on life or character.

By far the most rewarding part of the book is that wherein Mrs. Andrews discusses the romantic epic, describing the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, the *Orlando Innamorata* of Boiardo, and the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto. Particularly in dealing with the work of Ariosto she reacts to the fullness and richness of her theme; her style becomes lively, she reveals a sense of proportion, and she imparts to her readers something of the imaginative appeal and the satiric humor of the original. The chapter, too, upon Machiavelli is biographically informing, correct in viewpoint, and reasonably lifelike in its depiction of character.

The author seems to have aimed at writing an honestly instructive and moderately entertaining book of the popular sort. In this she has measurably succeeded; but her work is marred by diffuseness and by conventionality of comment—qualities by no means essential in popular writing. The author's manner is sometimes rather trying, in that it urgently solicits interest without always inspiring it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"ANYTHING FOR AMERICA"

SIR,—You are quite right. "Anything for America," it is, and has been, ever since our controversies with Germany began. The Berlin "notes" in response to President Wilson's grave and courteous presentations of our complaints against the unspeakable German crimes of which we have been the victims, have varied all the way between insolent patronizing and hardly veiled contempt. You say in that splendid article in this month's REVIEW, "God forbid that we should forget the *Lusitania!*"

Maybe we have not as yet altogether forgotten that over a hundred American men, women, little children and babes in arms were brutally murdered by the pirate who sank the *Lusitania*. Maybe we shall not forget it for some time to come. But that it has long ago been forgotten by the German Government is only too evident. When the English and French submarine hunters succeeded in practically exterminating the submarine vermin, then we at last got something like a decent answer to our threats and protests, and are informed from Berlin that hereafter some of the elementary principles of sea warfare as conducted by civilized nations, as distinguished from Barbary Coast savages, will hereafter be heeded. This we have been celebrating as another "Great Diplomatic Victory." Meantime, all that has been done in Berlin with regard to the murderer of the Americans on the *Lusitania* is to give him a decoration for distinguished service. Probably he is about the only man left in Germany now who does not forget the *Lusitania*.

How devoutly it is to be wished that some of the Andrew Jackson energy of that "Anything for America" article of yours had found lodgment in Washington before the submarine savagery question was eliminated by the elimination of the submarine!

RIDGWAY F. CUTHBERT.

PITTSBURGH, PENN.

LEST WE FORGET

SIR,—I crave the privilege of thanking you personally for your stirring article in the October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, entitled "Anything for America." I wish every true American might read and take to heart these words of yours in particular:

"Be it for months or for years, the mighty struggle must continue until the curse of ages shall be lifted and the triumph of Democracy over Autocracy shall be complete. Then and not until then will Europe be immune to war's alarms and America be free from peril. If we would be true to our own republican faith, we cannot keep too constantly before the minds of our countrymen the fact that the overpowering issue is between Govern-

ment subject to the will of the people and Imperialism founded on force. And if we must fight, we shall have at least the satisfaction of standing shoulder to shoulder with democratic England and with the gallant sons of France in the most holy of wars for civilization and humanity, and of realizing that the cries of the dying did not rise from the sinking ships to Heaven and to America in vain."

And when we say "democratic England" let us not forget to add "democratic France" as well—France, to whom we are indebted for the Democracy under which it is our good fortune to live here to-day in our beloved America. Doubtless many Americans read with hearty approval the remarks of a recent speaker with reference to our great debt of gratitude of France, and especially to our own Lafayette, for he is ours as much as are any of the splendid men in blue and buff of the American Revolution.

And why in the name of all that is consistent and fitting, if we have a general holiday in honor of Columbus, have we not a holiday in honor of the one man of all the men of all the nations of Europe to whom we owe the highest honor and veneration? To be sure, the French vote is not so large here as is the Italian, but why must we *always* mix gutter politics with our sentiment?

J. M. L.

St. Paul, Minn.

A TEXAS VIEW OF MEXICO'S TRAGEDY

Sir,—It was with more than ordinary interest that I read your "Tragedy of Mexico" in the September North American Review.

My expectation and full belief is that good will come from it, and I hope that you will continue to the end on that line. The able way you presented the facts and portrayed the situation is truly refreshing. The great press of the North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has taken your editorial for a text and given your views the widest circulation.

There is no one who had a more sincere admiration for the President than the writer, yet we must pause to consider with astonishment when such outrages and persistent blunders have been and are being made, at the present moment, in the Mexican trouble. We, as good American people, should let the Mexicans operate their Government in their own way without outside interference.

There are just three things in this Mexican matter that our country should consider—two in retrospect:

First, there would not have been any successful revolution against Diaz had it not been for assistance from the Texas border,—the furnishing of men, arms and ammunition, to Madero.

Second, at this time peace would have been restored in Mexico had it not been for President Wilson's making and continuing war on Huerta,—a personal war,—aiding and abetting gangs of bandits, murderers and thieves.

Third, there is no need of our intervening in Mexico now, or any time in the past. The solution is simple, so far as our country is concerned. It is for our country to say "Hands off!" and permit the Mexican people to do their business in their own way. Then order and government will be restored without delay.

It is our country's action in meddling in their affairs, giving encouragement and aid to the various bands of bandits outraging Mexico that is prolonging and increasing the "Tragedy of Mexico."

Think of it!—Here in El Paso there are fifteen thousand or more of the owners of Mexico, who have had to flee from their country to save their lives, leaving their property and homes, now confiscated by those robber bands to which our country furnishes arms and ammunition without stint, which is paid for from stolen property. At the same time, these owners of Mexico are denounced as "Cientificos," a term of derision, because they have some education and wealth.

El Paso has grown more during the past five years than in the previous twenty-five. In this recent era of prosperity the banks have doubled in number, with ten times the deposits. Some of them, or all, have side issues or departments handling Villa and Carranza "money."

Just prior to the appearance of your "Tragedy of Mexico," a well defined plan was laid (reaching from New York and centering in El Paso) to have Villa's man of straw—who would be Villa, to all purposes—named as provisional President, and to saddle these several hundred million dollars of Villa and Carranza "money" as a debt or obligation on Mexico; to validate such of this paper as the combination held, and declare the balance "counterfeit." This paper, when any is sold, is one-fifth to one cent on the dollar, handled by the package in armfuls. They are printed in large denominations,—500 or 1,000 dollars. It was less expense to print and less trouble to count in thousands than in ten-dollar bills.

The name "American" is disliked and distrusted by the people of Mexico, and rightly so. They cannot well make a distinction between the disposition of the people on the Texas border and that of the people largely composing the American nation. This dislike and enmity has been greatly advanced by our President's using the Federal forces practically to intern the best and most responsible citizens of Mexico, at the same time giving the bandits and their representatives free hand to come and go at pleasure.

Nothing could have incensed the Mexican people against our Government more than the arresting and imprisoning of Huerta, and throwing him into that notoriously vile and dirty jail at El Paso, when the thermometer was above one hundred, and keeping him there for two weeks without his having shown a particle of guilt on any charge. Nothing could have added more to the popularity of Huerta than this travesty. In obtaining his arrest, there was a well defined plan to have him turned over to the bandit gangs now in charge of Mexico, under a specious treaty between Mexico and Texas. Both Villa and Carranza made application to have Huerta extradited, but this was a little too "raw," and the plan was not carried out. The files of the El Paso *Times*, under dates following Huerta's arrest, will give the data on this latter point.

T. M. Michaelo.

El Paso, Texas.

WHAT THE TRUTH ABOUT MEXICO IS WORTH

Sir,—Hurrah for the September number! The truth about Mexico is alone worth a year's subscription. For the last thirty months the strain on some of us inarticulate fellows, who knew the truth and realized what was going on, has been awful to think about.

As to Europe, I am not with you. Out here in the West the social game doesn't require us to lick any English boots. There seems to us to be two sides to the big quarrel—both of them bad. Belgium, of course, was innocent, France too civilized, too intelligent to seek war. But among the rest of the fighting lunatics, is there any real choice? When it comes to envy, greed, contempt of neutral's rights, and general super-cussedness, aren't they all tarred with the same stick?

ALFRED M. CAMP.

DURANGO, COLO.

FREDERIC HARRISON AND ROGER BACON

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article on Roger Bacon by Frederic Harrison in your August number, but regret to note that it is not altogether free from a misconception as to Roger Bacon's relation to his own age and to his ecclesiastical Superiors. Most modern scholars have long since discarded the false Renaissance tradition as to the general darkness of the mediæval period properly so called. It is very difficult, therefore, to understand how Dr. Harrison, unquestionably learned as he is, can refer to Bacon (p. 246) as "surrounded by the gross superstitions and conventions of the Dark Ages." Roger Bacon lived in the thirteenth century, and Renan was doubtless accurate in calling that century "the greatest century of the Middle Ages." It was a time of rapid and unmistakable progress in almost every line of human endeavor. It is an error, then, to suppose that Roger Bacon lived in an age of general ignorance and superstition, but it is still more erroneous to suppose that he stood alone in his lifetime as though his was a solitary voice proclaiming vainly the principles of modern enlightenment in a night otherwise devoid of critical experimental knowledge. The real fact is that Bacon was but one of a galaxy of geniuses who, "by his superior realization of the importance of positive studies and experimental research added his own special contribution to the achievements of the age, though, even in this department, he had others to share his glory." Indeed, we shall rightly appreciate Bacon only as we gain a closer acquaintance with the three men whom he acknowledged as his masters in learning—Bishop Grossteste, Adam Marsh and Peter de Maricourt— and whose knowledge and method he absorbed and more fully developed.

Dr. Harrison's assertion (p. 243) that "in 1278 when Bacon was about sixty-four he was condemned for heresy and imprisoned," has no foundation whatever in the first-hand authorities. Apart from this consideration, it is to be remembered that Bacon had proved his orthodoxy before this period by the *Epistola de Nullitate Magiae*. So far as concerns Bacon's extant works, there is no error regarding matters of faith in any of these writings, which Bacon certainly submitted with all willingness to the judgment of the Church. His purpose, as Dr. Bridges has shown, was to institute under papal authority a school of scientific and progressive culture that should enable the West to hold its own against the East and thus promote the work of the Church in civilizing and evangelizing mankind. We should wholly misconceive Bacon, therefore, if we supposed that his language on this matter was a veil beneath which heterodox speculation might be allowed to pass. He was not merely orthodox in the common acceptation of the word, but intensely Catholic. It cannot be denied, however, that

some of his statements regarding his contemporaries are rash, inaccurate, and unjust, and marred by personalities, which would have aroused animosity against him just as much had they been written at the present day.

There are other indications in Dr. Harrison's article that he is not so well informed as he might be concerning his subject; as, for example, where he declares (p. 243) that Bacon "about his thirtieth year took the degree of Doctor of Theology," and his description of him (p. 250) as "one of the noblest divines in the central and characteristic age of the Catholic Church." It may be mentioned here that Bacon never became a Doctor of Theology, and it is doubtful whether he was ever in holy orders.

Another statement of Dr. Harrison (p. 243) to the effect that the successor of Pope Clement IV. "was appointed for three years" is not less misleading. It is a matter of history that the death of Clement IV., which occurred 29 Nov., 1268, left the Papal Chair vacant until 1 Sept., 1271, when the Cardinals elected Gregory X., who reigned until 10 Jan., 1276.

Again, those who are at all familiar with the history of mediæval philosophy will surely be surprised to hear St. Bonaventure classed by Dr. Harrison (p. 248) amongst Churchmen "who cared little for philosophy." Whatever may be thought of his attitude towards Bacon, Bonaventure was without doubt one of the greatest philosophers of the Middle Ages. It is true that no work of his is exclusively philosophical, but in his commentary on the *Sentences,* his *Breviloquium,* his *Itinerarium Mentis ad Deum* and his *De Reductione Artium ad Theologiam,* he deals with the most important and difficult questions of philosophy in such a way that these four works taken together contain the elements of a complete system of philosophy, and at the same time bear striking witness to the mutual interpenetration of philosophy and theology, which is a distinguishing mark of the Scholastic period.

Certain it is, moreover, that at least one of the arguments advanced in the well-known letter beginning *Innominato Magistro,* written by Bonaventure when he was lecturing at Paris between 1248 and 1257,—that, namely, in favor of studying Philosophy in general ("for without practical knowledge of other sciences the Holy Scriptures cannot be understood"),—would have appealed to Bacon, whether or not he was the "unnamed Master" to whom the letter in question was addressed.

It is a mistake to suppose that Bacon's writings were almost forgotten for centuries, as Dr. Harrison avers (p. 250); or that his influence was negligible after his death. The extant manuscripts of Bacon's works show that he never wanted admirers, and that his works exerted a continuous influence. For the rest, Dr. Harrison, in recognizing the genius of Bacon, has fallen into the further error of overlooking his importance as a Schoolman and of exaggerating his importance as a man of science.

I refer those of your readers who may be interested in the subject to the volume of *Essays on Roger Bacon* by different authors published last year on the occasion of the Oxford celebrations to commemorate the seventh centenary of his birth (Oxford University Press, 1914).

Might I venture to add that the study of these *Essays* is much to be recommended as a corrective to limited views and one-sided enthusiasm about the personality and work of Roger Bacon?

PASCHAL ROBINSON.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, WASHINGTON, D. C.

TUBS, ARCHAIC DECENCIES, AND THE "SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY"

SIR,—In a review of Mr. Edgar Lee Master's *Spoon River Anthology* ("The Book of the Month"—NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW), Mr. Lawrence Gilman, after having forgiven Whitman his crudities and his cataloguings for the sake of the pleasant oases that refresh the reader of his poems, remarks that "There are no such compensations in Mr. Master's verse"; and he closes with this thrust at Mr. Master's style: "But why drag in poetry?" —whatever he means by "Poetry" (if he doesn't use, he invokes, the capital) a sacred jar of dead rose petals, withered mystery, glass-cased, and wound away in mummy-cloths from the rude hands of reason;—as who should scrutinize a painting through his eye-glass and then remark, "Very pretty, but why call it a picture?"

As to the lack of compensation in Mr. Master's verse, I should like to hear what reasons one who doesn't like Deacon Taylor's "cirrhosis of the liver" can adduce for denying "unexcelled imaginative justness of language" to these lines from "Thomas Trevelyan":

> "Livers and artists of Hellas centuries gone,
> Sealing in little thuribles dreams and wisdom,
> Incense beyond all price, forever fragrant,
> A breath whereof makes clear the eyes of the soul!"

or to these from the solemn retrospect of William Herndon:

> "And I saw the figures of the past,
> As if in a pageant glassed by a shining dream,
> Move through the incredible sphere of time."

The quiet close of the poem evoking this image, like a grave coda:

> "Often and often I saw you
> As the cawing crows winged their way to the wood
> Over my house-top at solemn sunsets,
> There by my window,
> Alone."

Griffy the Cooper, though less conventional in speech than the gentlemen I have quoted, expresses, I think, as much poetry as pertinent good sense when he says:

> "You are submerged in the tub of yourself—
> Taboos and rules and appearances
> Are the staves of your tub.
> Break them and dispel the witchcraft
> Of thinking your tub is life!
> And that you know life!"

The public has simply got to break the staves and dispel the witchcraft of thinking its tub is art, and that it knows art: of assuming that literary style is more fixed than style of manner or of dress. Just as the speech of different generations and of different individuals varies according to the change of the times and the variations of personality, so the speech of literature evolves and varies—the writers of each period developing new from old, or, like Wordsworth, shattering the old, to blow new bottles for new wine. Take the "Spooniad" conceived and partly executed by "the late Mr. Jonathan Swift Somers" in mongrel blank verse—who in the world, do you think, would read an entire *Spoon River Anthology* so presented, or put out in the manner of Browning's *Men and Women*, admirable

as that manner was for Browning's purpose? It could be done, more or less, no doubt of it, but with what inevitably grotesque effect, with what evaporation of that quality which, as Mr. Gilman confesses, "seizes you, engrosses you, haunts you." This sharp flexible style, like a clean blade, cuts away all frippery.

But why argue? The lovers of poetry, honest lovers of life as it is, in its frank crudity, its amazing loveliness—life which the others are forever chasing after to swaddle in all sorts of archaic and foolish decencies—such find out these things for themselves; they know, they don't have to be told; the others refuse to listen, spoiled children that *will* have everything blurred and attenuated by the drawing-room derivative. But perhaps they have weak eyes—it might be unkind to deprive them of their amiable amber spectacles.

CLARA SHANAFELT.

CANTON, OHIO.

[We fancy Mr. Gilman would reply that he cheerfully admits the "unexcelled imaginative justness of language" disclosed in the excerpts from the *Spoon River Anthology* adduced by our correspondent,—and to be found as well in other passages from that remarkable work; but that it requires something besides "unexcelled imaginative justness of language" to turn what is essentially emotional prose into authentic poetry. No doubt he would agree with her profound and clarifying observation that "the speech of literature evolves and varies"; and we have as little doubt that his admiration for the genius exhibited in the *Spoon River Anthology* will remain unaffected by our correspondent's imputation to it of characteristics which it does not possess. As for our correspondent's disturbing intimation that the literary critic of the REVIEW is of those who would swaddle life in "all sorts of archaic and foolish decencies," we confess that his inclinations in this direction have thus far escaped our notice.—EDITOR.]

MORE FROM MR. PINGREE, OF MANCHESTER, N. H.

SIR,—I see that you have tried to make me out a "man without a country" by your ingenious dropping of the address from my letter, and by the heading which you give to it. Will you hear my protest, Colonel Harvey, for I don't feel a bit like the Galilean? I am *not* "beyond the aid of maps."

Let me refer to your words on page 337 in the September issue; it is there you have put your sword-point through the heart of this troublous matter. "But there is another phase which, though less pitiful and heart-rending, bears a much wider significance. It relates to the value of American citizenship and directly concerns the honor of the nation. Must Americans hereafter regard themselves as men without a country? That is the vital question now raised for the first time in the history of the Republic. . . ."

Is not the question, rather, "What are the respective limits of individual and collective responsibility?" Americans (to allow you the word) can never be without a country. Their country is as secure as the Israel of the prophets. Indeed, it may be the Israel of the prophets, but no matter. Are wealthy travelers to foreign lands and poor business men with foreign interests, to serve the nation or be served by it—are they to serve to the death or be served to the death? There is another statement of the question, preferable, I think, to yours.

When we know what our collective responsibility is, what "America" means to the inhabitants of the United States of North America, then, and hardly before, we will see clearly what our duty is in times like the present, doubtless due to recur often.

GORDON PINGREE.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

[The omission from our correspondent's previous communication of his place of residence was due, not to a sinister editorial plot, as he seems to suspect, but to that far less interesting circumstance, an editorial inadvertence. The fact that Mr. Pingree hails from Manchester, N. H., is therefore gladly heralded above.—EDITOR.]

A CLEAR PORTRAYAL

SIR,—I want to thank you for your article, "Is our Administration Anæmic or American?" It has been a matter of wonder to me how people seem to forget the sequence of events in our relations with Mexico during the last two years, and how, at each new departure of our President's, they should shrug tolerant shoulders. Mr. Mann's exclamation in Congress: "Will some one tell me what *is* the President's Mexican policy?" is a rare bit of humor, which met with strange unresponsiveness from the American public. While in San Francisco this summer I ran across the copy of the *Argonaut* from which you quote; after reading it, I said to myself, Is it possible that the clear insight and clean-cut reasoning of our country is alive only in this far Western State? But your article has now removed the slur of thick wits from the East and given me great pleasure in easing my own inarticulateness, by portraying so clearly a condition which has kept my spirit boiling with an indignation for which I could find no vent.

MARY ELLEN WOOD.

NEW YORK CITY.

OUR PULL

SIR,—Please excuse the liberty I take in sending six months' subscription to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW through you. Why I do so is because the first article I read, written by you, *got* me, and each succeeding one only increases my admiration of you.

You and Mr. G. K. Chesterton are very much alike in the *pull* you have on your readers. In the *Illustrated London News* I always read his article before looking at the pictures—and yours is devoured *first* in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

W. G. DEACON.

ST. VINCENT, MINN.

PRAISE OF "THE MAN JESUS"

SIR,—I wish you would permit me to express my gratitude to you for publishing the articles, *The Man Jesus,* by Mary Austin. They are replete with sympathy, deep appreciation, and, particularly, reverence. These qualities are very much deeper than dogmatic worship, which is so far away from the needs of the human heart.

DEMARCHUS C. BROWN.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE MAN JESUS

BY MARY AUSTIN

CHAPTER XI

SUPPOSE, now, this happened yesterday—that a man speaking as never man spoke before perished in our midst at the instigation of a few whose prejudices he crossed and whose profits he interrupted. And suddenly, to-day, all our social organization goes limping and awry for want of what he offered us. Should we have any difficulty then in seeing his work as Peter and James and John, as Andrew and Philip and Thomas, as Matthew and the rest of them, before they came under the influence of Paul, saw the work of Jesus, as incomplete, unperfected? Certainly not if we understood him as well as, with the help of all the centuries, we are able to understand the Man from Nazareth.

He came declaring the imminence of a state of society on which the will of God could be worked out freely, as it could not in the state to which he came, and he went still declaring it unestablished and confident that he should come again and heal the aching time. Some color his words must have lent to the belief that he should come with apocalyptic terrors and suddenness, for in the beginning there is no doubt that he thought of the world as being healed as he healed lepers, at a stroke. Later, he spoke of the growth of the new order as mysterious as the growth of a seed in the ground, and as natural. But however he spoke of it, the conviction was never far from his mind that love could not rule in Israel nor heaven be wholly come until great changes should be effected in the social organization. Of this the disciples were as convinced as we could be, and they lived, not as those to whom the Kingdom had come, but *ad interim,* until the day of its appearing. For all their enlightenment, they took the same attitude toward the second coming that the scribes and Pharisees took toward the first. They looked for it in the heavens, instead of springing lowly from the earth, as Jesus himself had come.

But if Jesus were to come to-morrow—or had already come in Rutgers Square or Hyde Park as simply and in much the same fashion as he came to Capernaum, and the constitution of the new social order were springing as a mustard seed, by what signs should we know it?

First of all, by its being established on the faith in Something Without Us, God, the Divine Mind, the Eternal Purpose, of the nature of which men are partakers as the son partakes of the father; and on the faith in Life as a progress toward the fulfillment of that purpose, proceeding best when most intelligently in touch with God the Father. This is the root and branch of that mind which was in Jesus, which must be dug deep into the social consciousness, and by no means is to be attained by plucking here and there a preferred saying from a casual bough. "Love your neighbor as yourself," he said; but in no shopkeeping fashion; meaning not "as much as yourself," but *as being yourself,* part of the undivided fabric of humanity. But before he said "Love your neighbor," he said, "Love God with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength"; submit yourself wholly to the Eternal Purpose, unfolding in the consciousness of men and discernible in the open face of history. Not only through the intelligence, perceiving that by the well-being or ill-being of a particular class all society is affected, but with a live throbbing, in a state of active sentience.

That Jesus thought of this state of social awareness as costing something to maintain, is plain enough, but also he thought of it as important to maintain at any cost. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out . . . and if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee." For with Jesus, good and evil were not thought of as being constituted in the general opinion, nor by conformity with the rules of any institution, nor even with a previous revelation, but only as they furthered or hindered that harmonious interrelation of God and Man which is the Kingdom of Heaven. Greeds of money and of the flesh, pride, anger and the natural affections, were to be cut off when and because they were impeding, when and because they stopped the individual from putting his particular case to the question of the whole; not as standing apart, wise and condescending, but as partaking of its wholeness. There is no single rule of living delivered by Jesus which cannot very shortly be shown to take its validity from the extent to which the item of conduct under consideration capacitates or incapacitates man for harmonious social activity. What he taught, what he desired for himself and his disciples, was a state of complete mobilization.

And if you say that this is not to be attained except by the practice of those phases of Christianity which are called mystical, let us understand once for all that Jesus came teaching, more than any other man, that the mystical is the practical. All these high states which had been the exclusive privilege of saints and prophets, he made part of the common use and possession. Mind, Spirit, whatever it is which flows between God and man and between man and his brother, he constituted the daily instrument, accessible alike to learned and unlearned. God is as free as air, and Heaven as close at hand in a fishing boat as in Jerusalem. He did a healing in the

course of an afternoon call, and forgave sins between the roast and the dessert. He made no more of a mystery of the stupendous forces of spiritual regeneration than of the springing of wheat in the field. He drew—though we have not yet accepted it at his hands—all the manifestations of the supernatural into the field of the natural. "Do me a miracle," said the fat Herod when Jesus had been brought before him bound from Pilate; but Jesus did no miracles, nothing which he did not openly declare, and which we now know, to be commonly possible . . . the fulfillment of law. We are ourselves responsible for the hocus-pocus with which we have smothered those operations of the spirit which Jesus recommended as a means of obtaining the necessary ethical efficiency. We have used his name instead of his power, and prejudiced the whole vocabulary of spiritual vitality without being able to rid ourselves of the least of its realities. We speak of personal prayer in the phrases of auto-suggestion, and the work of healing in the jargon of therapeutics, and pay a handsome sum to confess our sins to a psycho-analyst who will blush to confess them freely to God.

It is for reasons like this that we remain, in an age of great enlightenment, in a state of immobility. The Spirit is still operative in the world, clarifying, revealing. Luthers still arise, and Lincolns. Many sincere souls offer us the true vision. The brotherhood of man is better understood and more widely applied than it was in the time of Jesus, who thought first of Israel and then of the little dogs under the table. Things are known and approved for the betterment of nations so that none dare deny them. But no mobilization of society can be effected toward the establishment of the Kingdom except in some manner by the use of the same means that Jesus practiced. At least nobody has yet done it.

For two thousand years we have launched ourselves on every conceivable experiment for sustaining the atmosphere of the Kingdom of God without its reality, only to find that none of them will work. We are at the end of all our shifts for creating heaven on earth by sleight of spirit. Puritanism and mysticism alike are but so many turns of the screw in directions which accomplish nothing toward the ultimate achievement. Communism will not do it, nor voluntary poverty, and charity has come to be looked upon as a positive deterrent. We have prophesied in his name, and in his name cast out devils of graft and corruption, and they have returned bringing seven others. We say, Lo here! and Lo there! and we have not yet learned that the Kingdom of Heaven is in the midst of us.

The Kingdom of Heaven is up to us. It consists very simply in casting ourselves, hand linked in hand, on the bosom of the Eternal Purpose, and not with psalm-saying and long countenance, but in a spirit of high adventure.

This is the meaning of all the work that Jesus did to free his

people of the need to do things because they had been a long time doing them. They did not always accept such freedom, but remained as an ox standing in the stall after the halter which bound him is loosed; but there is no doubt that he meant to show them that the only legitimate excuse for doing anything is that the Eternal Purpose is served by it. In such service lies freedom from tradition. Likewise in the operation of the spirit is release from the fret of illness, from the sense of lack and unfriendedness. Here and now, and not in some distant fruit of indirect political action, are the eternal verities. *If they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not . . . "for where two or three are gathered together . . . there am I."*

The predicament of society has been to express in terms of the more than two or three the clear call of Jesus to essential use, as against the arbitrary laws of social exigency. For men in nations must live in some degree by forms, and the followers of Jesus have not been able to deduce from his personal teaching the precise frame of economic or political organization comformable with the Kingdom. There wants still a prophet to cut through all the dead and dying traditions of social living as Jesus pruned the levitical formality of Hebraism. Lacking such a one, we do what we can with the pattern in hand.

It must appear very early that to the people sincerely bent on producing a society in which the will of God is manifest, the particular political form is of the least importance. There could not be very material differences between the procedures of a Christian king and a Christian president; but, monarchy or republic, the indispensable mark of Christian vitality is that the state should be fluent, able to move readily like a growing thing in the direction from whence the light cometh. Stated in terms of the social mass, the promise of Jesus that with God all things are possible, means no more or less than that, so moving in harmony with the Eternal Purpose, we arrive at undreamed-of possibilities. No political propaganda, then, which accepts a limitation for the race, or looks forward to any shape of social fixity, can nominate itself Christian. The Purpose, turning like a millwheel in the stream, works up every wave of it, flashing the last least drop in the sun.

The maintenance of such a mobile state is by no means so difficult as it appears, provided that the place of individuals in the state be established on grounds clearly defined by Jesus whenever in his ministry the subject came to his attention. It did so come on more than one occasion, and seems to have lain close to the minds of his disciples all the way from Cesarea-Philippi to Jerusalem. Who should be first in the Kingdom, who sit in the chief seats? This was the question, and the answer was always the same and unequivocal: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

Now, after tradition, the thing which most tends to fixity of politi-

cal forms is privilege—privilege of lands and waters, privilege of first fruits and spoils of war, privilege of place and profit. For these men fight and intrigue, making kings and unmaking them. But service goes by capacity; it may neither be schemed for nor inherited. It arises in unexpected places—a carpenter's shop, a rail-splitter's cabin, and no man may so much as pass it on even to his son. Although service itself be reckoned a supreme privilege and guarded jealously, it at least cannot be farmed. "As the summer lightning cometh out of the east and shineth unto the west," so are the gifts by which society is served. In a State, then, whose chief citizens are accounted those who serve most, there can not be even a serving class, and fluency is maintained not by a series of head-on collisions with established privilege, but by pushing it aside as the tip of the growing plant pushes the sod.

From his handling of his disciples, from many parables, it is evident that Jesus never contemplated a society of mechanical equalities. But so far as he thought of rank and order he thought of them as arising from the natural endowment of men, and of men estimated in heaven as they served heaven and not themselves. But even as he made service the criterion of worth in the Kingdom of God, so he would certainly have decided against any economic device which would have straitened the individual capacity for serving. No procedure, whether it be an ill-nourished childhood or an insufficient wage, which leaves men lessened of their normal worth can be thought of as consistent with a Christian state. Loving God with all your soul and all your mind and all your strength was the Nazarene's way of putting our modern plea for efficiency in social service.

At first glance it would seem that he thought not at all of goods and their distribution, and, if he thought of them, left no witness. We have seen how the simple communism of the first church at Jerusalem grew rather out of the teaching of John the Baptist than of Jesus, and was not enjoined by them on other churches. It was like the common purse of the twelve on their pilgrimages, the outgrowth of a temporary common objective. On the night of the Passover, knowing their interests about to be scattered, Jesus bade each man take his own, and afterward we find them working their own boats in Gennesaret. Groping deeper, however, into the groundwork of his doctrine, we may without too much hesitancy strike out the main lines of a world organization harmonious with whatever else he taught in other departments of living.

There is no doubt that his sense of the brotherhood of man and sonship to the Father went somewhat deeper than our biological appreciation of kinship in the human family. He thought of us as "abiding" in it, inalienable, no more able to fall out of it than we can fall off the earth. Sin and sickness were schemes which temporarily discomforted us, but could in no wise nullify the obligation. Judas he received even after he had sold his master. All his han-

dlings of the sick and the sinning were alike in as much as they made for wholeness, unifying and re-establishing the relation. In a Christian state there could be no such outcastings as we make of the criminal and the nonconformist. Thinking always of men as children of our Father, it is probable that he would have thought of our relation to the earth as being something more intimate than mere possessiveness. Certainly he would have conceived that *the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof* in a sense more imperative than our poetic appreciation makes it so. All early Hebrew law exhibited this profounder relation, and attempted to express it in ordinances many of which were still in force in his time. The Pharisaical fussiness which made it a Sabbath-breaking for Jesus and the twelve to thresh out the ripe grain between thumb and palm did not so much as question their right to eat of the fruit of the field and the orchard through which led their path. The certainty lying deep in Israel that somehow the last ears must not be gleaned, the last cluster gathered, nor the ox muzzled in treading out the corn—was it not somehow the far-derived root from which sprung this new revelation of the Fatherliness of God? One law they had which expresses their sense of the processes of organized society as a progress away from the indispensable relation. It was the law of the Sabbath of the land. Six years did they plow the field and prune the vineyard and gather the fruit thereof, but the seventh was a year of rest for the land. And after seven sevens of Sabbaths, in the day of atonement a trumpet sounded to hallow the fiftieth year and to *proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.* And in this fiftieth year of jubilee they returned every man to his possession; and only according to the number of years from the jubilee could the land be bought or sold . . . for "*The land shall not be sold for ever: for the land is mine.* . . ." And everyone who in that year had come into bondage because of poverty, should depart from his bondage and return unto his own. So, through a multiplicity of carefully devised provisions, Israel attempted from time to time to restore man and the land to their normal relation.

This was a part of that law which Jesus said he had come to fulfill; not merely to obey nor yet meticulously observe, but to exemplify in its profoundest implications. It is impossible not to think that, had the Man from Nazareth turned his attention directly to the re-establishment of a mode of social living, his first effort would have been to demonstrate the brotherhood of man in terms of his inheritance. It would have been consistent at every point for him to have denied permanent and exclusive possession of the property of the Father. He would have justified it as did Israel out of experience, and the faith that nothing which is in harmony with the natural constitution of society can work in any way other than to its betterment.

If this is not so much of a practical direction as some of us would

wish, it is at least more than has been yet accomplished. If it does not immediately produce the Kingdom, it bears out the good half of the announcement that it is "at hand"—that it lies, in its simplicity and in the immediacy of the instrument, "in the midst of us." It establishes the social revolution not as a thing to be accomplished, but as a thing experienced.

The teaching of Jesus which is most in men's mouths to-day is the brotherhood of man; but the conception most necessary to any realization of it in terms of human organization is recalled to us by the vision which burst upon him at the ford of Jordan, with the effect of the heavens being opened. . . . *This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased* . . . the sense of ourselves harmoniously related to the Purpose and important to it—used by it. In our day we have stretched out our hand to man, our brother: but to man as a spiritual orphan, unfathered. And we know of nothing more to do with the other hand than to wave a red flag with it, or use it to go through his pockets, according to our several dispositions. It is only when we have clasped God on the other side that the current of eternal possibility circulates through us. It was in such a faith that the whole power and personality of Jesus was suspended, as the stars are hung in the windless spaces. Such a revelation flashed upon Peter and James and John in the hour when the Messiahship of Jesus burned for them between the two candles of the law and the prophets. It is the tree from which brotherhood proceeds by a thousand fruiting branches.

For none of these things is so because Jesus taught them. Rather, the whole hope of ethical reorganization depends on our being able to be sure that he taught such things because, more than any man else, he perceived them to be true. To realize them in terms of human conduct it is not so important to establish the exact degree of the sonship of Jesus as to be able to know that relation for ourselves as the most poignant of human realities—whether indeed we are the stream proceeding from the source of Life, or midges dancing upon it. Twenty centuries have not produced the Kingdom out of an evangelical system of believing what somebody wrote down concerning what somebody reported that Jesus said. Comes now the untried experiment of establishing it in the things that Jesus believed.

He believed in man and in God the Father, friend of the soul of man. He believed in the future, but he believed also in the Here and Now. He believed that the ills of this world are curable while we are in the world by no other means than the spirit of Truth and Brotherliness working its lawful occasions among men.

This was that man approved of God whom Peter preached, standing in Solomon's porch opposite the Gate Beautiful, before Paul came interpreting the new experiences which Christianity brought in terms of an inherited conception. Thus they spoke of him while they

still thought of his death as originating in the cruelty and wickedness of the levitical party, before any one seems to have imagined that he died for our sins, or that in dying he contributed any more to the Kingdom than his life showed forth; before he began to be spoken of as God and Saviour; before the poor and simple learned to think of him in terms of the poor and simple, True Vine, Bread of Life, Good Shepherd. They thought of him as a man appointed for a certain task, sent by God, a Jew, not establishing a new religion, but clarifying and renewing the faith of their fathers, adding to their objective idea of sin as a violation of law, his subjective concept of it as a breach of at-one-ness with the Father. To Peter and the rest of them Christianity was a healing of this breach through faith in Jesus as the dead and alive again. This for them was the Kingdom, not the overthrow of one form by another but the flux of all forms: empires, pomps, societies; the redemption of life from the bondage of Things.

All this began to be changed very soon, almost in the lifetime of the apostles; but before the simple, earlier belief had become entangled in the ebullient new life of the church, it had been gathered up and kept for us as sacred relics are kept in silver altars. It had been embodied in a myth of such naïve and tender beauty that still, after twenty centuries, one touches it reverently, knowing that the world has not produced its like.

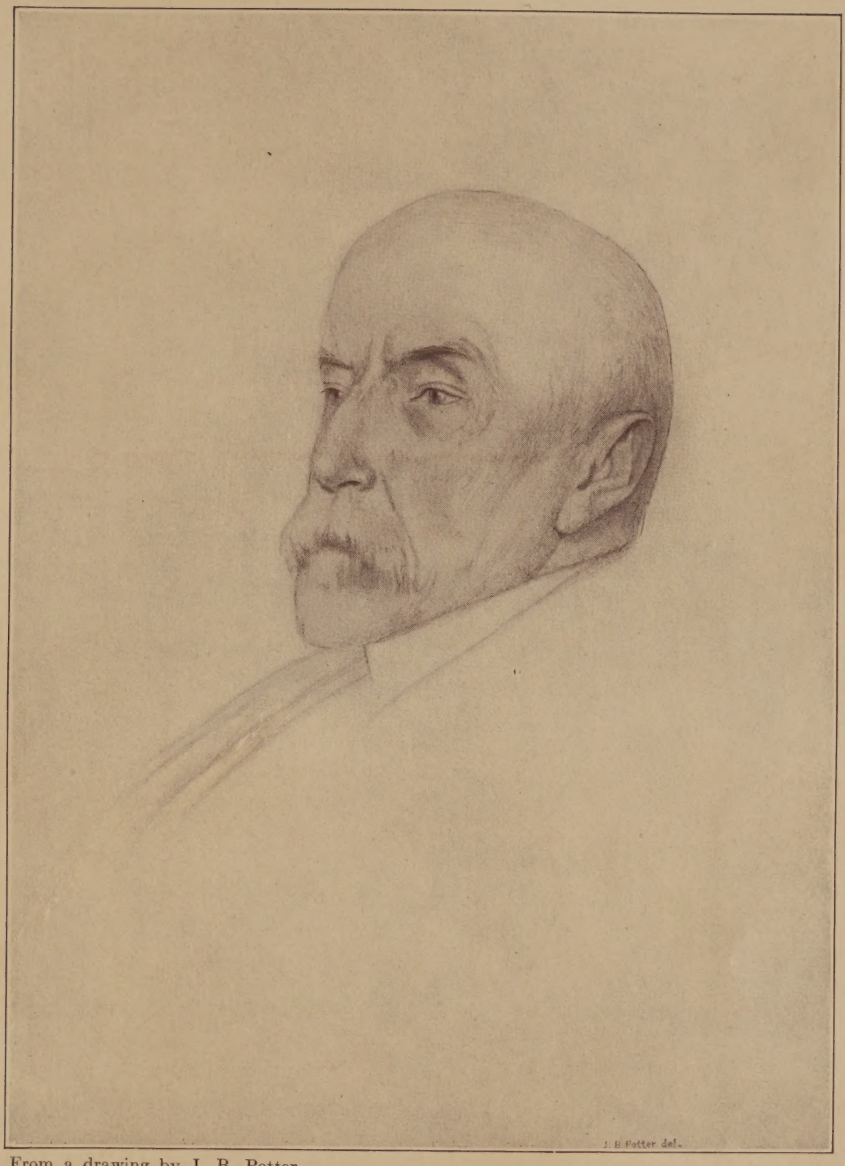
It is not always possible to trust the objective reports of men as unlettered and untrained of mind as were those who stood nearest to Jesus. Their wits move too close to the earth, sentiment and observation meet the intelligence with one indistinguishable impact. They report what they sense, rather than what they see and know, and its meaning is often limited by the limitation of their outlook. But in matters which come so close to the people as did the experiences of early Christianity, you can always trust their myth-making. For a myth is a report of the soul's essential traffic with the invisible forces, prefigured in human incident. Before all the actors in it had been gathered with those who slept, there began to be circulated a myth about the coming of Jesus which, as insects are held in amber, holds every vital element of the faith entertained by those most nearly touched by it. And just as the story which Jesus himself told of his struggle on the mountain was a long time arriving at a material interpretation, so the story which arose concerning the birth of Jesus was two or three centuries in passing from its purely spiritual significance to historical acceptance. By such acceptance it was preserved to us intact, to reveal to our time the profound and simple concept of the place of Jesus in human consideration.

It begins with an attempt to derive the descent of Jesus from all history, on the one hand, and on the other to present his sonship with God in terms with which the time was familiar. They were world-terms in the sense that no tribe at any time has found, for the glad

surrender of the race to divine use, a more expressive figure than the yielding of women to their supremest service. To be filled with the Spirit as the mother is filled with the hope of new being, this it is to be fruitful toward God, to produce the ultimate Brotherhood. In some such way all simple people have expressed it. The story told by Matthew and Luke goes further and exhibits the studious search of the scientific for the Truth, and their amazement to find it (is not this where all the wisdom of the schools has landed us?) with the ass and the lowing kine, a child in a manger. So far the story might have come out of any nation, but only one could have added the prophetic touch of truth, hid from the wise and revealed to near-by shepherds; or have seen, in the figure of Herod, all Privilege striking blind and large at the new birth which threatens it, slaying the innocent as in how many rages of Privilege it is slaughtered, while yet the eternal Hope escapes, fleeing into Egypt, nursed and husbanded by the people.

By such means, even while the descendents of Mary lived and the grandnephews of Jesus worked their Galilean farm, was the intimate teaching of Jesus kept in remembrance. Thus in the wrappings of twenty centuries is preserved to us the seed of the Kingdom that is not to be circumscribed by legislation, but must be entered into by personal determination. To some such knowledge of it we must return if we would see it advanced in our generation. For Christianity is not a system of theology, but a way of life in which the validity of your relation to God is witnessed in your relation to your neighbor.

THE END.



From a drawing by J. B. Potter

HENRY ADAMS

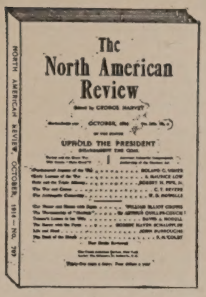
EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

1873–1876

1915

December

ONE-HUNDRED-FIRST YEAR



Contents

VOL. 202: NO. 6

		Page
AN IMPENDING DANGER TO THE REPUBLIC	DAVID JAYNE HILL	801
THE NEW ENGLAND	SYDNEY BROOKS	812
FINANCIAL PROBLEMS FOR CONGRESS	JOHN J. FITZGERALD, Member of Congress	824
CHINA'S VITAL QUESTION	JEREMIAH W. JENKS	835
NAVAL PREPAREDNESS	Rear-Admiral BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.	847
PROHIBITION AND POLITICS—II	L. AMES BROWN	858
ILLITERACY AND DEMOCRACY	WINTHROP TALBOT	873
WAS JESUS A NON-RESISTANT?	REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES	879
FOR TO-DAY	ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE	888
JOHN GALSWORTHY	LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX	889
OSCAR WILDE AS A CRITIC	ALICE I. PERRY WOOD	899
DRAMA AND MUSIC *THE BOOK OF THE MONTH*	LAWRENCE GILMAN	910
"MUM'S" BOY	JOSEPH S. AUERBACH	919
NEW BOOKS REVIEWED—LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		939

The price of The North American Review, published monthly, is thirty-five cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price 36c. for postage, and those in foreign countries 96c. Remittances may be made by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. Renewal orders if sent in promptly insure no break in the receipt of copies.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 171 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Recent Books Suitable for Gifts

JOURNEYS TO BAGDAD

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

Illustrated with thirty woodcuts by Allen Lewis.

These essays have in them the pleasure of spring walks and of hobbies whimsically practiced. Within their hospitable pages the reader is at home at once with old friends like Noah, Shakespeare, Gibbon and Lorna Doone, Mrs. Gaskell, Amy Robsart and Kublai Khan of Cathay—to mention them in the order in which the eye chances to light on them in quick succession on the pages. They appear as old friends of the author who suggest themselves naturally as a part of his life and thought.

This is the first volume of Mr. Brooks' essays to appear, though his style is already familiar to readers of the *Yale Review*, among whom his active and —if one may call it so—his companionable imagination has won him friends.

The contributions to the volume from Mr. Lewis' pen have also been of a unique and delightful character. Responding to the whimsical mood of the essays, he has enhanced them by his imaginative—often grotesque—drawings, while, by using woodcuts as his medium, he has been able to give them a quality which is lacking in the machine-made plates to which our modern eyes are more accustomed.

12*mo. Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 30 *illustrations.* 140 *pages. Price* **$1.50** *net, postpaid.*

CIVILIZATION AND CLIMATE

By ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

Ph.D., Author of "The Pulse of Asia."

Mr. Huntington has mapped the civilization of the world and has mapped its climate. He shows not only that the most advanced people are those living in the most changeable and therefore the most stimulating climate, but, applying his discoveries to history, he shows that the nations which advanced and then fell back, such as the Peruvians, the Greeks and the nations of Palestine, enjoyed a climate at the time of their preëminence which they no longer have.

8*vo. Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 275 *pages. Diagrams. Appendix. Index. Price* $2.50 *net, postpaid.*

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD

By GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

"Mr. Pepper has proved his right to stand by the side of the great religious teachers who have gone before him. He is scholarly and thoughtful, eminently practical, and in places he sparkles with a restrained humor. But he is above all devout, a man of true spiritual insight and great moral earnestness."—Franklin B. Dwight in the *Christian Work.*

(Second Printing). 8*vo. Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 207 *pages. Price* **$1.50** *net, postpaid.*

THE MIDDLE MILES AND OTHER POEMS

By Lee Wilson Dodd

Those who are familiar with Lee Dodd's plays and those who recall the poems which he has written for the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Yale Review* will appreciate the importance of the publication of the first volume of his verse at this time. For poetry has for some time been out of favor with the readers of this practically-minded age, and if it is to be restored, it will be by the work of such talented young poets who are now contributing to our permanent literature.

12*mo.* 105 *pages. Paper binding,* 50 *cents; board binding,* 75 *cents net, postpaid.*

SAPPHO IN LEVKAS, AND OTHER POEMS

By William Alexander Percy

Mr. Percy is a poet of promise. He writes with unusual purity and restraint, showing at once a mature insight into the psychology and ethics of passion and the high promise of a young poet.

12*mo. Board binding.* 118 *pages. Price* $1.00 *net, postpaid.*

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TENNYSON

By the late Thomas R. Lounsbury, LL.D., L.H.D.

Professor of English, Emeritus, Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University. Edited, with an Introduction, by Wilbur L. Cross, Ph.D., Editor of the Yale Review.

This new biographical material concerning Tennyson is drawn from the memoirs, correspondence, and critical literature of the period, of which nothing seems to have escaped Professor Lounsbury. In this, the author's last work, his wit, humor and keen observation appear in all the freshness that characterized the Life of Cooper, written early in his literary career.

8*vo. Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 500 *pages. Index. Price* $2.50 *net, postpaid.*

UNDERCURRENTS IN AMERICAN POLITICS
By Arthur Twining Hadley, Ph.D., LL.D.
(*Second Printing*). 185 *pages. Price* $1.35 *net, postpaid.*

SOME CHRISTIAN CONVICTIONS
A Practical Restatement in Terms of Present-Day Thinking.
By Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D.
(*Second Printing*). 223 *pages. Price* $1.00 *net, postpaid.*

THE LIBERTY OF CITIZENSHIP
By Hon. Samuel W. McCall, LL.D.
134 *pages. Price* $1.15 *net, postpaid.*

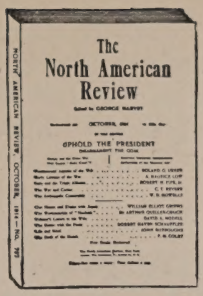
ETHICS IN SERVICE. By William Howard Taft, LL.D., D.C.L.
120 *pages. Price* $1.00 *net, postpaid.*

A Select List of Books Suitable for Gifts or a Complete Catalogue of Publications will be sent upon request.

209 Elm Street
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Yale University Press

225 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK CITY



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

DAVID JAYNE HILL,
ex-Ambassador to Germany, and former Minister to Switzerland and The Netherlands, also served his country as Assistant Secretary of State from 1898 to 1903. Dr. Hill is the author of numerous volumes dealing with literature, philosophy, and diplomacy. His more recent publications include *The Establishment of Territorial Sovereignty: World Organization as Affected by the Nature of the Modern State,* and *A History of European Diplomacy.*

SYDNEY BROOKS
is one of the best known of English journalists. His contributions to important reviews and magazines in England and America have won him an international reputation as an observer and publicist.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD,
Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives, first went to Congress from the 2nd New York Congressional District in 1899, and has served continuously since that date. He has twice acted as delegate to the National Democratic Convention.

JEREMIAH W. JENKS,
Professor of Government at New York University, is director of the Far Eastern Bureau, established in New York City. Professor Jenks has acted for the Government on numerous commissions which include his work on the International Exchange Commission in charge of reform of currency in China.

REAR-ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.,
graduated from the Naval Academy in 1874 and was promoted to his present rank in 1911. His distinguished

services to the Navy include many inventions, the most important being the naval telescope sight which has been adopted by all the navies and has promoted greater accuracy in naval gunnery. Admiral Fiske is the author of *Electricity in Theory and Practice* and *War Time in Manila.*

L. Ames Brown
is a journalist of Washington, D. C., and a correspondent for a number of the important dailies. The University of North Carolina conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon him in recognition of his work.

Winthrop Talbot
has been engaged by the United States Government to investigate the problem of illiteracy. The present article embodies his views on some aspects of the question.

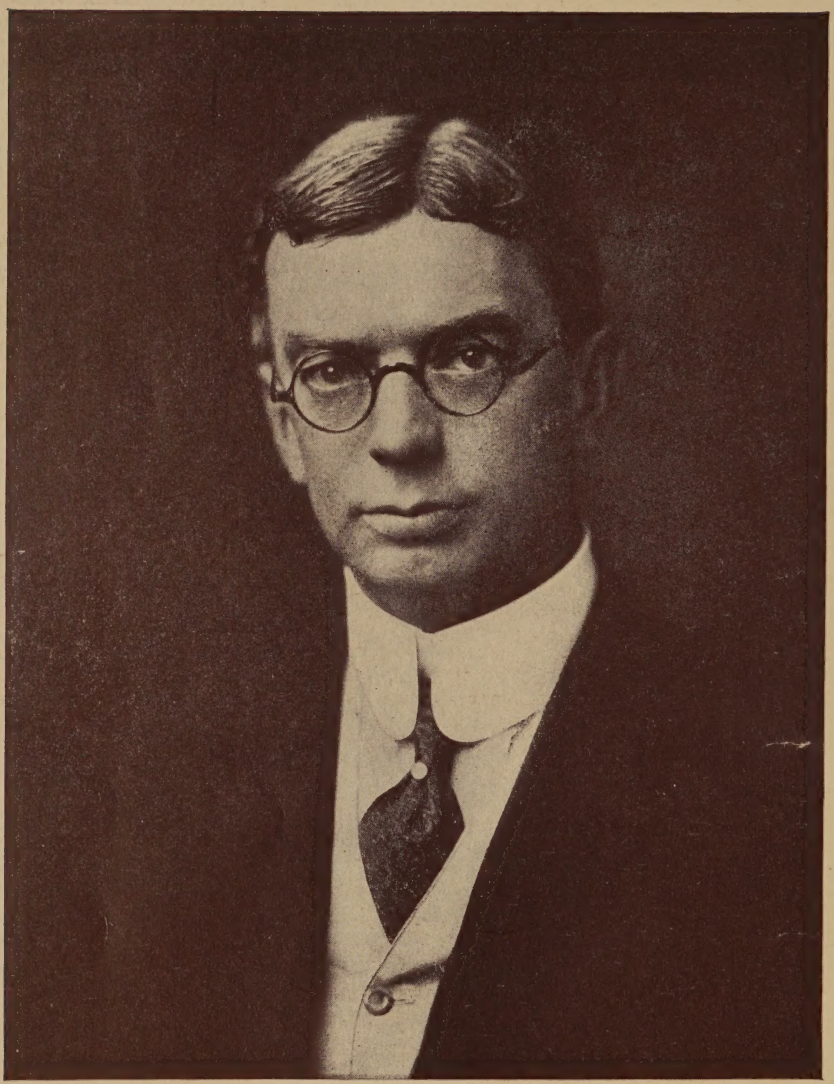
Reverend John Haynes Holmes,
Minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York, is a graduate of Harvard College and the Divinity School. He was ordained in 1904, and assumed his present pastorate in 1907, succeeding the Reverend Minot J. Savage. Mr. Holmes is the author of *The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church,* and *Marriage and Divorce.*

Arthur D. Ficke
is a recent graduate of Harvard University. His volumes of verse, of which he has published a number, include *From the Isles, The Happy Princess, The Earth Passion,* and *The Breaking of Bonds.*

Louise Collier Willcox
was educated in France, Germany, and England. She is author of *The Human Way, A Manual of Spiritual Fortification,* and *The Road to Joy.*

Alice T. Perry Wood,
is Professor of English at Connecticut College, New London. Miss Wood is a graduate of Wellesley College and received her degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia University. *The Stage History of Shakespeare's King Richard III* is one of her publications.

Joseph S. Auerbach
is a member of the well known law firm of Davies, Auerbach & Cornell, of this city. Two volumes of his *Essays and Miscellanies,* to which Mr. Joseph H. Choate wrote the introduction, were published last year, and met with much commendation from the more important critics.



GEORGE HARVEY
EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW SINCE 1899

COLONEL HARVEY, WHOSE ABSENCE IN EUROPE PREVENTS HIS CONTRIBUTING TO THIS NUMBER, WILL RESUME HIS EDITORIALS IN THE JANUARY ISSUE, EMBODYING THEREIN HIS OBSERVATIONS ON CONDITIONS AS HE FINDS THEM ABROAD.

THE DECEMBER NUMBER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW MARKS THE ENDING OF ITS CELEBRATION OF A CENTURY OF EXISTENCE. DURING THE YEAR PORTRAITS OF FORMER DISTINGUISHED EDITORS HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED. THE ASSOCIATES OF THE PRESENT EDITOR TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS ABSENCE TO PRESENT HIS LIKENESS IN THIS ISSUE, IN RECOGNITION OF THE FACT THAT THE PERIOD OF HIS SERVICE HAS FAR EXCEEDED THAT OF ANY OF HIS PREDECESSORS, AND IN THE HOPE, ON THE PART OF THEMSELVES, THAT IT MAY LONG BE CONTINUED.

J. HENRY HARPER,
VICE-PRESIDENT.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1915

AN IMPENDING DANGER TO THE REPUBLIC

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE interest of the American people in the world war now raging has been intense, but it has been chiefly centered upon its military events and its probable political consequences. There is, however, another aspect of it of far greater significance for the future well-being of our country, namely, its effect upon our economic prosperity.

For more than a year the normal course of all international trade, both as regards exports and imports, has been interrupted. The activity of the most completely organized producing and distributing mechanism that has ever existed, the German Empire, though intrinsically unimpaired, has been completely arrested. Its factories have had no outlet, its mercantile marine has been temporarily imprisoned in its home ports or interned in the harbors of neutral nations, and its entire economic life, in so far as it was a world influence, has been almost totally suppressed.

We may not at first thought fully appreciate the full significance of this situation, or of the results that must follow the termination of it. To do so we must first attempt to realize the character and magnitude of the productive and distributive agency thus put out of commission. A population of more than sixty-five millions has suddenly been practically insulated,—a population in which the individual is more completely subordinated to the central directing control of the

Copyright, 1915, by NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION. All Rights Reserved.

State than any that has ever existed in any period of history, and in which organization has been carried to a degree of perfection never before realized. Supported by feudal traditions that bind the individual to absolute obedience to his overlord, and subjected to a military discipline that permeates every activity of life, the Empire is in effect an industrial, financial, and commercial unit, in which all its resources, all its energies, and all its purposes are subject to the command of one central authority.

The mines, the forests, the railroads, the wonderful waterways that render inland cities practically sea-ports, the banks, the factories, the great harbors, the extensive oversea shipping,—all these are so related, so centrally controlled, and so intimately directed, as to constitute closely correlated and mutually co-operative organs of the State.

All this splendid organization, industrial, commercial and financial, whose elements are so skillfully compacted, has been constructed for the purpose of conquering the foreign markets of the world. The results have tested its efficiency. In 1870 Germany controlled 7 per cent; in 1890, 10 per cent; and in 1910, 18 per cent of the world's commerce. From 1870 to 1911 German exportations increased from 1,300 to 8,100 million marks. In 1911 the conquest of the European market seemed definitive. In that year Germany's exportation in Europe reached a total of 6,100 millions of marks, while that of Great Britain was only 4,500 millions of marks. In the production of iron Germany had advanced to a proportion of 20 per cent of the world's output, as against 18 per cent for England; and had almost equalled the production of England in coal, claiming 20 per cent, as against 26 per cent, of the world's output.

If we inquire into the causes of these advances, we shall find that the primary cause was the absolute State control and direction of the industrial, commercial, and financial processes by which all the forces of the Empire were brought to their highest possible efficiency.

The methods employed were, first, personal and economic infiltration. Without ceasing to be German, the Germans went everywhere. In France, in England, in Belgium, in Italy, in the Orient, in South America, not to mention the United States, Germans sought and found the control of markets. By an extension of their banking system to every part of the world, by offering long credits, by a close study of lo-

cal needs, and the exercise of infinite pains in supplying them, serving every people in its own language and in conformity with its own tastes, this process of infiltration was gradually winning in the conquest of the world market.

To promote it no sacrifice was deemed too great. In war it is expected that victory will cost a certain loss of life. For the sake of ultimate triumph the State is ready to make this sacrifice. Why not then incur temporary losses for the sake of final victory in the bloodless battle of commercial supremacy? More than any other people the Germans were prepared to do this, and did it cheerfully. The same products of iron that in Germany itself sold for 120 marks a ton sold in England, South America, and the Orient for 103 to 110 marks, and in Italy for 75 marks. Where this process of "dumping" was too stoutly resisted by formidable competitors agreements as to price or a division of territory were proposed to them, and thus at least a partial success was obtained. "The Central Verband of Düsseldorf," writes an eminent Swiss authority, speaking of the situation before the war, "controls the iron market in Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Belgium"; and he foreshadows its extension until Germany, outside of England, is complete master of the world market.

An important factor in the acquisition of this ascendency has been the system of protection to German industries, agrarian and manufacturing; and especially the net-work of deftly calculated commercial treaties based on advantageous concessions from an otherwise prohibitive tariff.

It cannot be doubted that in Europe generally, and in France, Russia, and England in particular, serious apprehension of an ultimate Germanic dominance in the economic world has been felt; but for nearly a decade a still more serious foreboding of ultimate failure on the part of the Germans themselves has been entertained. The reasons were manifold. The increased standard and cost of living in Germany produced by general industrial prosperity was perceived to be more and more difficult to maintain. The revival of enterprise in England, which has recently resulted in a considerable superiority in the extension of trade, the growing competition of other nations, the unexpected obstacles to a long hoped for commercial expansion in the Near and the Far East and the prospective ultimate exhaustion of the German mineral resources, together with certain political

events, combined to create a feeling of depression in Germany. The wonderful march of the Empire toward industrial supremacy seemed in danger of being checked. But the dream of commercial conquest was too dear to be abandoned. The glory of it made every impediment to its realization seem an evidence of intentional hostility. Germany, it was believed, had been denied her rightful place in the sun. She conceived herself encircled by enemies bent on her destruction. She must, therefore, obtain new resources, beat down her rivals, enlarge her borders, open new paths to international prestige and new markets for her products. The industrial machine she had so skillfully constructed must somehow be kept going, or ruin was believed to be in store. To what end had her great military power been created, if not to protect this economic mechanism? The existing conditions seemed to her to demand of the Empire a supreme struggle for existence. Was it not forced upon her by her rivals? That was undoubtedly the belief of the German people.

II

It is not my intention to comment upon the place this feeling of necessity may have held among the causes of the war. It is certain that if appearances in July, 1914, had proved to be realities, the German mastery of central Europe would now be an accomplished fact. The struggle has, however, developed into a far more gigantic contest than was expected. Still the great industrial-commercial mechanism of the German Empire is essentially untouched. Its activity is for the time arrested, but its integrity as a producing agency is thus far unaffected. When peace is re-established, unless that mechanism should in the meantime be greatly impaired, of which there is no immediate prospect, it will only require to be set in motion to become almost as effective as before.

Some day this mechanism will be in full operation. But under what circumstances? That is a question which at present it is impossible to answer. We can, however, consider two alternatives, either of which furnishes occasion for reflection. On the one hand, by the retention of Belgium and Poland the German Empire might find itself possessor of greatly increased mineral resources and a considerable augmentation of agricultural land, in addition to valuable seaports and a strategical position of dominating strength in

Europe; or, on the other, it might be found impossible to retain any of the conquered territory, and retirement behind the previous frontiers might be forced. But unless the military power of Germany is completely broken, its soil invaded, and its people reduced to a defenseless position, the economic mechanism will still remain intact. In the utmost extremity that can at present be considered probable, it will remain practically unaffected. The population may be reduced in numbers, but even with serious losses it is probable that not less than sixty-odd million people, including representatives of every branch of industrial life, will survive the termination of the war. Whatever, therefore, may be the consequences of the present conflict, when peace is finally declared the economic energies of Germany will soon afterward be restored to activity, with a degree of efficiency that will have to be reckoned with. Confining ourselves to actual facts, at the present moment about four-fifths of the iron and steel industries of France and about three-fifths of the French coal supply are said to be in the possession of the German armies, besides practically the whole of Belgium, long regarded as the workshop of Europe. It is perhaps less widely known that Warsaw, about which the battle in Poland has so fiercely raged, is noted for its iron ore, and that Riga and Libau are centers of the great iron and steel industries of Western Russia.

If the military preponderance of Germany in those regions should be maintained, that fact would give to the economic question a still greater and more portentous significance; but of that it is not my purpose here to speak.

Confining our attention for the present to the industrial-commercial aspects of the international situation at the end of the war, we may inquire what will be the effect of the reentrance of the German productive and distributing mechanism into the sphere of world industry and commerce? While the former efficiency of this unique combination of energies and control will, as it would appear, be but little impaired, its field of operation will be radically changed and effectually restricted.

The raw materials of manufacture will not be wanting, for the temporary closing of the German ports has been a misfortune to neutral nations which will cause them to hail with satisfaction their reopening. The factories are still standing, the operative and directing forces will be available, and

there will be no hindrance, unless perhaps a temporary demand for capital, to their resuming their activity. But the stringency of capital will not deter the Empire from employing its means of recuperation. Its debt will be chiefly to its own people. Its imports of raw material will be paid for as needed by its manufactured exports. The standard of living may be, and probably will be, lowered; but no people is better prepared to develop strength in adversity. The industry, the frugality, the thrift, and the spirit of endurance of the German people will not be found wanting under any pressure of necessity. No people can more bravely pursue the path of personal sacrifice. They will be obliged to live and work as they can, but they will live and they will work. The great productive and distributing machine will be again in motion, with long hours of labor, hard economy in living, intelligent technical control, mutual support by all the factors of production, and the incessantly watchful direction of the State.

Of all this there can hardly be a doubt. But what of the disposal of this enormous quantity of manufactured commodities? Where are they to find a market? The supply will be redundant, but what of the demand? The great merchant vessels will again plow the deep, but whither will their prows be directed?

The German colonies are not likely to be restored. The acquisition of new ones is not a promising venture. To the populations of England, Russia, France and Italy,—which with the United States have been the chief markets of German products,—the mark "Made in Germany" will not for a generation at least be a recommendation. Although England is a free-trade country, she and her colonies will find means to exclude the manufactures of Germany for a long time to come. Already last September delegates of France and Italy met in the Villa d' Este on Lake Como and developed an *entente* to prevent the future trade of Germany in these countries and to work together industrially, commercially, and financially. The expected expiration of the German commercial treaty with Russia in 1917 has now been anticipated by the state of war. Even before the war began it was understood that Russia would not accord to Germany the tariff advantages of the then existing treaty, which were very great. What the loss of Russian trade means to Germany is evident when it is remembered that about 1,400 million marks worth of German goods were imported into Rus-

sia in 1913, or 52.7 per cent of Russia's total importation. The loss of the English market is of even greater importance, for Great Britain was in 1912 Germany's largest customer, taking, chiefly for redistribution, more than all the Americas together.

The exports of Germany, which consisted chiefly in manufactured articles, in 1913 amounted to $2,521,800,000, or about 10,500 million marks. With the British, Russian, Italian, and French markets practically closed to German products, where is this enormous output, or even a considerable percentage of it, to find a market? This must be sought chiefly in the neutral countries, of which the United States has the greatest capacity of absorption.

Must we not then look forward to an unprecedented pressure upon the assimilating possibilities of the United States, accompanied by all the devices for winning a market which ingenuity can suggest,—low prices, long credit, expert agency activity, in short, wholesale "dumping"?

Such an event might rejoice the hearts of those who accept the doctrine of "a tariff for revenue only," but what of its effect upon our own industries, not to speak of our foreign trade in manufactured articles? The narrowing of the channel increases the force of the stream. There would be for us to contend with not only the general revival of industry in all the countries now at war, but this most formidable of all contestants, driven by exclusion from other markets to force itself into ours, at the cost of great sacrifice no doubt, but under the pressure of a relentless necessity; for the productive and distributive mechanism of the German Empire simply *must* be kept in action, or Germany will fail as an industrial country, her population will become discontented, emigration will follow, and the scepter of industrial supremacy which she has sought will pass to other hands.

In Germany itself there is nothing novel or doubtful in this assertion. Writing in 1913, Dr. Karl Helfferich, director of the Deutsche Bank, and at present Imperial German Minister of Finance, declared:—

> With the negotiation of treaties for securing the interests of our commerce and shipping, we have not been, and dare not be, satisfied to stop. Our dependence upon foreign countries, the counterpart to the great advantages derived by us from having taken our place in world-economy, calls for stronger counterpoises. Such a counterpoise can be created by German enterprise and German capital es-

tablishing a field for their activity beyond the borders of our own country, and thereby gaining a direct influence over foreign territories that may be important to us as sources of supply and as markets. This can be done in an effectual way by acquiring oversea colonial possessions; for in such a case economic influence is secured and strengthened in the most effective manner possible by political domination. In so far, however, as this way is limited or barred up altogether . . . our end must be reached by means of a far-sighted financial and economic activity.

"Direct influence over foreign territories as sources of supply and as markets,"—that is the end aimed at. As means for the accomplishment of that end, the most effectual is thought to be the acquisition of oversea colonial possessions. But where are these to be obtained? The next best means is a "far-sighted financial and economic activity." The experience of the past shows what that activity will be,—a vigorous protective policy, government aid to enterprise, and the complete co-operation of the financial and industrial systems under State supervision.

And upon whom is this "far-sighted financial and economic activity" to be directed? Upon all countries, no doubt, that can furnish supplies or afford a market. These must be sought, however, chiefly from the countries that have been neutral during the present war,—the others being practically inaccessible; and, as a consequence, the effort to force a market in these will be more concentrated and more energetic than ever before. Is it unreasonable to believe that the United States will offer the greatest temptations for the exercise of this activity, and that it will be the chief objective of these efforts?

III

In what condition then is the United States, or will it be at the time when this "pacific penetration" begins, to secure its own industrial and commercial interests, and especially to maintain its standard of living for the working classes? Shall we be ready to meet the situation on equal terms?

At this point it is important to remember that it is not the German industrial and commercial revival alone that this country will have to face, but the rivalry of all other nations. These will be financially straitened, but they will be all the more active. Their common characteristic will be want of capital, and a consequent general lowering of the standard

of living among them; for where money is scarce and competition in the sale of products is intense wages must inevitably be reduced.

What then can be done under a tariff for revenue only to maintain the standard of living for the working people of the United States? Even if the dumping of cheap foreign goods should diminish the cost of many commodities, it would not make up for its effect upon our domestic industries. Only the rich and the persons whose incomes could not be affected would profit by it. If our own industries are to be put out of business by cheap foreign goods, where are the average man's means of living to come from? Who will offer him employment? And upon what terms will he be employed?

Undoubtedly, whether theoretically desirable or not, the end of the present war will force upon the United States the restoration of a protective tariff. The issue seems unavoidable.

At present we are as unprepared in an economic as we are in a military sense. Our present customs tariff neither protects nor produces a revenue. Were it not for the war, we should even now be closing our factories. As it is, the manufacturing nations of Europe are engaged in a conflict that absorbs their chief energies, giving us for the moment an opportunity to manufacture, if we please, what they would otherwise be exporting to us, and at the same time artificially stimulating a certain class of industries by the production of instruments of destruction. Were it not for these two temporary accidents we should probably at this moment, under our present legislation, be closing our workshops and discharging our workmen.

I say under our "present legislation," for it has no scientific relation to the facts of international industry and commerce. It is a piece of mere Congressional guess-work, from which all substantial evidence has been systematically excluded. While other Governments employ their intelligence and exert their influence to encourage the highest efficiency of industry, ours applies a dogma that has repeatedly been refuted to a situation so complicated that few persons in the United States fully comprehend it.

I make no plea for any personal or private interests, and I commend no action that has these for its object. What I assert is, that there is at present no competent governmental authority, based on exact knowledge and expert judgment,

engaged in the study and explanation to the people of the precise action that should be taken by our Government with regard to the most vital interest of the country as a whole.

But there is in our situation a more fatal weakness than the absence of a scientific economic policy. Our current philosophy of legislation is speculative rather than practical. At the time when we should be demanding expert knowledge and advice as the basis of public action, the tendency is to appeal to the inexpert, the preoccupied, and the inexperienced, to decide the most important public questions.

Ours is, in truth, intended to be a People's Government, a Government based on the principle that the State exists for the individual, and not the individual for the State. It should be having to-day, as it has had in the past, its opportunity to show its strength and its beneficence. For this our institutions, as provided for in our Federal Constitution, furnish the necessary means; but, instead of employing them, we are engaged in the diversion of defaming them. We are proposing in this critical hour, when constructive statesmanship is needed as never before in our country's history, the destruction of our fundamental laws in order to give place to a medley of experiments of doubtful tendency. For deliberate, well-considered public action we are proposing the popular initiative, referendum, and recall; thus opening up a prospect of uncertainty and confusion in matters of legislation at a time when certainty and clearness are most needed.

How vital this procedure is becomes evident when we consider its effects upon industrial and commercial enterprise. Who is ready to assume new risks of business in a time of serious doubt as to what new conditions future laws may impose? And when the tendency is to thwart and hamper rather than to encourage and promote great enterprises, who can wonder at the progress of a creeping paralysis in our economic life which the galvanic movements resulting from a transient stimulus cannot disguise?

Will the country awaken to the realities with which it has to deal, or will it remain passive and inert? That is the question that presses home upon us.

With the greatest material resources of any nation in the world, with guaranteed individual rights and liberties not possessed by any other people, with traditions of sacrifice that should inspire us with a fervent patriotism, with a population unsurpassed in versatility and initiative, and with

opportunities unequalled in the world, it is time to suppress the exploiters of class feelings and selfish passions, to silence the flatteries of the demagogue, and to adjust ourselves to our task of national development. We need no State direction of our private affairs, but we do need competent advice and information regarding public interests. Action without enlightenment, equally with complete inaction, will incur a serious danger to the country. We cannot afford to wait and see what will happen. We must have a scientific economic policy adapted to our national needs. In it must be included three essential elements: (1) It must protect the home industries that really need protection; (2) it must protect all our national rights on the high seas; and (3) it must protect American life and property wherever they legally exist. If our Republic is not prepared to do this, American citizenship has but little value. But if it is to offer this threefold protection, it will require for its support a revival of patriotism similar to that which reconstituted the integrity of the Union when it was exposed to the tests of the Civil War.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

THE NEW ENGLAND

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

[It was the purpose of THE REVIEW to publish this article by Mr. Brooks in the October issue. The first draft of the MS., however, went down on the *Hesperian*, when that vessel was destroyed September 4.—THE EDITOR.]

ONE may fairly hope that from this war Great Britain will emerge a democracy. I do not mean in its forms and institutions and the machinery by which public opinion makes itself known and operative. These are the mere appurtenances of democracy, and not its essence. Politically and in spite of some anomalous arrangements, one of which, the House of Lords, is conspicuously oligarchical, we in Great Britain have long enjoyed a somewhat fuller and more effective measure of self-government than perhaps any other people in the world. We were tinkering with the Constitution and meditating plans for an elective Upper Chamber before the war began, but I doubt whether we shall have much heart for such pursuits when it is over. It is true the Irish question will remain to be dealt with, and steps may be taken to sweep away some of the ridiculous complexities of our electoral system, to admit women to the suffrage, and in other ways to ease and simplify the working of the representative régime. But it is not of such expedients I am thinking when I anticipate, as one of the results of the war, a great influx of democracy throughout Great Britain. To readjust the framework of Government is to effect little of permanent value. After innumerable experiments most peoples have more or less settled the question of what institutions they are to live under, only to find they have settled nothing at all. In countries such as Prussia and her still vaster neighbor to the east, where the people are still far from being the Government, a severe internal struggle may have to be fought out before democracy comes into its own. But hardly anywhere, and least of all in England, is political reform and

enfranchisement now looked upon, as a few generations ago it was exclusively looked upon, as an end in itself. The masculine world has outgrown the stupendous fallacy that the ballot and the millennium are one and the same; and the feminine world has only to be given the vote to outgrow it, too. Whatever the war may elsewhere lead to in the shape of dynastic revolutions, redistributions of sovereignty, and political transformations and upheavals, Great Britain on the whole seems likely to maintain her familiar scheme of things outwardly intact or only slightly modified.

Inwardly, however, there must persist for some years to come a great change of attitude towards political men and methods. The war has revealed Great Britain on both the best and the worst sides of her national character and her national system—more than three million men, on the one hand, voluntarily enrolling themselves in the Army of Liberty, and, on the other, strikes and discontent in the most vital industries, muddle and waste in high quarters, and a depressing average of administrative capacity and political courage and leadership. The cohesion and the unanimity of selfless devotion which Germany has displayed throughout her titanic effort are as much beyond our present British reach as are the intelligence and foresight with which she has marshalled and turned to account all her resources of human and material energy. I cannot pretend as an Englishman to be blind to the fact that if we fail in this struggle it is because we deserve to fail, because our patriotism is neither so intensive nor so extensive nor so fruitful as that of our antagonist, because our sense of the State is feebler and our discipline less firm, because we bring to this business of war qualities of mind and spirit that are better suited to the careless, slouchy days of peace.

One defect, in particular, has been mercilessly exposed—the inadequacies of the party system as an instrument of war. It completely broke down, and its place was taken by the present Coalition Cabinet. But the new Ministry, even after four months of trial, has still to justify itself and to gain the full confidence of the country. The national temper still runs far ahead of the official policies. But though causes for dissatisfaction abound, nobody dreams of reverting to the party system of government. More strength, more resolution, more leadership—these are what the country is clamoring for. "Politics" have become not merely meaningless

but noxious to the average man. He sickens at the very thought of them, and so long as the war lasts, he is not in the least likely to overcome his repulsion. Even, however, when it is over there will be a prolonged and infinitely difficult work of salvage and reconstruction to be grappled with. Few people imagine that the old type of party politician will be either competent or permitted to undertake it. If there are still men at Westminster who dream, when the war is out of the way, of reviving their little feuds, their preposterously trivial manœuvers, I am persuaded that they utterly misread the times. A decade or two from now we may again have parties in Britain. Meanwhile, in my judgment, we are heading straight if not for a dictatorship, at least for some sort of Committee of Public Safety with all but absolute powers. It is not merely that the nation is disenchanted with and revolts from the politicians and their party game. It is also that it feels itself unable to afford the waste involved in it. In the arduous and straitened years that lie before us the very best brains that the country possesses will be none too good for the rebuilding of the national life out of the wreckage of the war. And whatever the virtues of the party system, it always and necessarily fails to utilize more than half of the available talents and experience. I conceive, then, that in some form or other the Coalition type of government, compressed into a very few hands and strongly reinforced by advice and assistance of the business men of the country, even if they do not happen to possess seats in Parliament, must of necessity survive the war and continue for many years to wrestle with its huge aftermath of problems.

It is, however, in the social and not the political sphere that the most sweeping and at the same time the most wholesome changes may be anticipated. The political unity of the nation, induced by the outbreak of the war and confirmed by all that has happened since, found at once a far more momentous counterpart in a social unity. One of the compensations, one of the very few compensations of war, is its virtue as a purgative of self. It has visibly in the past twelve months drawn all classes closer together, and evoked a spirit of genuine fraternity. Beneath the compulsion of a common affliction rich and poor have realized that they are all alike Britons, and bound as such to stand together and help one another and the nation through the storm. We were not a social democracy before the war. We are well on the way to becom-

ing one now. We shall be one before the long-distant peace is concluded. Already, as I have said, some three million of our best men, drawn from every occupation and every rank in life, have mingled with one another, have learned to understand and sympathize with one another, in the new Armies. Another three millions may yet have to be added to them. And this great force of hard, clean men, with all the nonsense of social distinctions knocked out of them, trained into an equal brotherhood in the severest school of courage, efficiency and sacrifice, is the backbone of Britain during the war and will continue, one may fairly hope, to be its backbone through the not less anxious decades of peace. The war has fused us, as nothing else could have done, into one people. Gone is the vicious consideration that wealth has always claimed and received in the plump security of these islands. Duke's son and cook's son are fighting shoulder to shoulder; great ladies slave like barmaids at refreshment buffets, like sewing-maids in the Red Cross arsenals, like factory hands in the munitions works; a shopwalker and a grocer's assistant wear the V. C. —the new patent of nobility; for the convalescent wounded there is a boundless outpouring of hospitality and affection, free from the remotest tinge of "condescension"; the impulse to succor, to link hands, to know and understand one another, is universal. I am persuaded that in the sterner days succeeding the war this impulse will not pass away.

For England, thank God, henceforward and for many generations is to be a poor land, a land of labor and not of leisure, an England such as no living man has ever known. It is part, I suppose, of the inevitable madness of war that many Englishmen should sincerely have persuaded themselves that Germany, after four decades of unity, power and prosperity —after four decades, that is to say, of the conditions which England has enjoyed for nearly two centuries—had grown degenerate, that the national fibre had relaxed, and that they were entitled to weep over the submergence of the simple habits and the disinterested ideals of the Germany their fathers knew. But if any country in Europe had become enervated by luxury and pursued pleasure and comfort with a disproportionate ardor that country surely was England. The whole scheme of British existence made for easygoingness. You had an old, a wealthy, a deeply-rutted aristocracy which, while not idle, was too magnificent and too softly circumstanced to take off its coat in earnest. You had a vast

territorial class living to perfection the life of private and privileged ease, broken, if at all, by a little public activity—a seat on the magistrate's bench, on the local council, perhaps in Parliament. The English "country gentleman" of the old type before the war had, no doubt, his immense utility. But at the same time it was equally indisputable that the sort of life he affected, and especially the sort of life affected by the newer and richer class of country gentlemen—the endless indulgence in sport, the salmon stream, the grouse moor, the hunting box, the pheasant preserve, and so on—was, on the whole, one of more or less innocuous and half-irresponsible idleness.

Again, in an old and stable land, governed by a monarchy, and with social standards as fixed as the social foundations, the conventions played an enormous part; and the conventions in England were all against hard work. It was the leisured class that ruled, that made up society, that held all the positions men naturally covet. Time and again have I been assured by Americans, Canadians and Australians that what most impressed them in that England which has been killed by the war was the prevalence of the caste system. They were quite right. The caste system was beyond doubt the outstanding feature of the British structure. It was the caste system that made the West End of London the governing centre of the Empire. It was the caste system that in every British Ministry reserved an excessive number of places for the aristocracy, whose title to them was based mainly on the non-essentials of birth, manners, and social position. Nobody pretended that they were the best men for the offices they filled or that the country received from them anything like full value for its money. They were there chiefly because they were born in the purple and could not be got rid of. Hence politics in England remained an affair of friends, and the national business, as the war has shown but too clearly, was too often entrusted to a set of charming, wealthy, and condescending amateurs. But it was socially and industrially rather than politically that the caste system worked its gravest harm. What was it at bottom that made the English atmosphere before the war so difficult for an American to breathe in freely? It was, I believe, that he felt himself in a country where the dignity of life was lower than in his own; a country where a man born in ordinary circumstances expected, and was expected, to die in ordinary cir-

cumstances; where the scope of his efforts was traced beforehand by the accident of position; where he was handicapped in all cases and crushed in most by the superincumbent weight of convention, "good form," and the deadening artificialities and traditions of an old society. That unconquerable buoyancy which infects the American air like a sting and challenge, and braces every American with the inspiration that he has a chance in life; that here are open opportunities, unreserved possibilities, no battering at locked doors, no floundering down blind alleys; that here, in short, it is the man himself who makes his career—is something which England before the war had so disastrously lost as to be hardly capable of realizing it. The number of things that an English "gentleman" and still more an English "lady" could not do without losing social caste was so prodigious as to form almost a schedule of forbidden industries. There were some trades and professions and occupations that were "respectable" and others which were not. Only an Englishman knew which was which; and he knew it by an instinct which was born in him, which he never examined and so could not define. These factitious and conventional gradations exist, of course, to some extent everywhere, but nowhere were they so stereotyped, nowhere did they strike so deeply, as in antebellum England. There was not a single Englishman who had not the social privilege of despising some other Englishman, and the lower one penetrated in the social scale the more complex and mysterious and the more rigidly drawn did these lines of demarcation become.

The truth is that throughout England the sense of the nobility of work for its own sake, if not actually lost, had been weakened and confused by the intrusion of quite alien factors. The country, while democratic in form, was not democratic in spirit. It had not accepted, and did not subscribe to, that gospel of work which lies at the root of the strength, the success, the democracy, of the younger nations. The working-man, aping the class above him and imbued with the same spirit that gave all the conventions a "ca'-cannie" twist, was not likely to gain a keen appreciation of the dignity of labor. His ideal inevitably became that of doing as little as he could, of striving to reproduce on his own plane his employer's mode of life, and of regarding work as an unpalatable interruption of the real business of existence.

There were two perils that menaced England before the

war, and menace her still, more formidably than any fleet of German dreadnoughts; and both of them lay within herself. Even now, when our national life is at the hazard of war, it is hardly too much to say that England's deadliest and most enduring enemy is ignorance, mental inertia, slipshod ways of thinking and acting, a depressed average of intelligence, a preference for casual improvisations and rule-of-thumb methods over scientific forethought and organization. In the world-wide struggle for trade, a struggle that has long tended to assume the character of a contest between highly-trained experts, we in Great Britain, when the war broke out, were only just beginning to value knowledge and to devise the means of getting it. And reinforcing this defect, partly the cause of it, and partly its product, were those other shortcomings on which I have touched—that excessive worship of externals and appearances, that over-valuation of the purely decorative, non-productive elements of life, that eternal sacrifice of efficiency to "good form" and flunkeyism. The standards of British life were fixed too little by fundamental values and too much by adventitious accessories. There was at work a pernicious and permeating spirit of distortion and misdirection. Faced with the spectacle of all the wretched huckstering and intrigue that graduate the scale of English precedence; bogged in the belief that not character but position is the important thing and that the worth of life is something different and separate from the work of labor; and neglecting the things that matter and bestowing an inordinate attention on what Burke called the "solemn plausibilities" of life—the British nation did not and could not realize its best self.

Upon this altogether too comfortable and too complacent community, taking things easily in its familiar, unconcerned way, there burst the shock of war. The manhood of the nation rose with a stern impetuosity to meet its ordeal. No voluntary system in the history of the world ever produced so great a response from such a variety of ranks and occupations. Two classes in particular flung themselves into the recruiting offices—the wage-earners and the men of leisure. It is retracting not a word of what I have said as to the unwholesome influence of the wealthy irresponsibles as a body to insist that as individuals they have proved true grit. The gentlemen of England have more than upheld, they have positively enhanced, their ancient fame. As for the working

men who have rushed into the Army in embarrassing multitudes, there is to be gathered one clear and predominant impression from all the letters that are written at the front, from all the talk of the officers and men on leave or in hospital: the affection, the implicit confidence, the unstinted admiration that exist between the leaders and the rank and file. Get hold of an officer and he will talk of nothing but his men. Get hold of the men and they will tell you little except what first-class fellows their officers are. We cannot measure the liberation of the spirit, the quickening of the imagination, the knowledge of self and others, the fraternal bonds, the lessons of order and discipline, the readjustment of all social values that are the fruit of this war not only for the British Army but for the British nation. The foundations of all things are shifting even if they are not breaking; habits and prejudices and old instinctive attitudes of mind are in process of dissolution; economic conditions that seemed rooted in the deeps are made plastic and adjustable; and from this welter of renewal there will emerge a Britain dignified by enormous sacrifices, enobled by poverty, and embracing, with an ardor that will burn a path through a host of seemingly insoluble problems, the true faith of social equality.

One thing in especial that the war must infallibly revolutionize is the ordinary Englishman's conception of the State and his duties and responsibilities towards it, and of the range of its functions. In the past fifteen months the State has entered the homes of our people in a quite new guise. The National Register Act illustrates the difference When it was put into operation the State appeared before the nation not promising "nine pence for four pence" or any ingratiatingly deceptive errand of that sort. It appeared with the single purpose of asking every individual between fifteen and sixty-five such questions as these: "Who are you? What is your age? What are your circumstances and occupation? Above all, what are you doing and what can you do for your country?" This last query, was, of course, the vital and startling one. It struck home by its very unexpectedness. So long as any of us in Great Britain can remember we have been harangued about the duty of the State to the people. Now, almost for the first time, the People were being asked about their duty to the State and their capacity to fulfill it. We have been encouraged to think of the State as a superior policeman, a handy milch-cow, an unaccountable Santa

Claus. But when the National Register Act came into force the tables were turned. The State then said, "In happier times I have done much for you. What can you do for me in my hour of need and peril?" We can all see now that in the past we English have grieviously failed to associate the State with the ideas of personal service, personal obligation, personal self-sacrifice. We have failed, in other words, to teach the first elements of citizenship. Far too many of our people are born and grow to manhood without once realizing that they are members of a community, and that between themselves and that community there might one day arise a question of debts to be paid and duties to be discharged. They have been used to getting all they can and giving nothing in return, because nothing has been asked of them. As a result we are the least organized nation in Europe, and the one where the sense of the State, and of the demands it may legitimately enforce and of the obligations owing to it from all who live under its protection, is least developed. When the State, therefore, armed with the National Register Act, held a national roll-call, made an inventory and valuation of the man-power and woman-power of the country, and enumerated every contribution, even the smallest, on which it could rely in its supreme fight for existence, something like a turning-point was reached in the political philosophy of the British people. We are never likely to go to the extreme of Germany and deify the State as an authority, not merely supreme over all the individuals who compose it, but with attributes and a code of ethics distinctively its own. We are far too humorous and far too rebellious a people for that. But unquestionably the war will leave behind it a much clearer realization by each individual Englishman that he is only part of a greater whole: that the State has a claim upon him that exceeds the exigencies of his private interests, and that patriotism to be productive must be linked with service and sacrifice.

Along with this change in the attitude of the ordinary citizen towards the State, there is certain to proceed an even wider expansion of State activities. All the belligerents have found it necessary to utilize the full powers of their national organization; but nowhere has this development seemed so much of a revolution as in Great Britain, because nowhere was political opinion so ruled by a happy-go-lucky individualism. If the old politics are dead, so also are the old eco-

nomics. Since the war began we have seen the State invading that inviolable stronghold, the Englishman's castle, his home, and incontinently converting it into a billet for soldiers. We have seen it taking over the railways and running them for the common weal. We have seen it fixing wages, regulating prices, and proceeding with British severity against forestallers. We have seen it purchasing huge supplies of sugar and meat for re-sale to private dealers with a very definite understanding as to the profits they may reap. We have seen it controlling the Press, and sharply restricting liberty of speech. We have seen it entering the insurance business, inaugurating new industries, setting up national workshops for the production of munitions of war, abolishing trade-union rules and privileges, annexing practically the entire engineering trade of the country and turning its surplus profits into the Treasury, and assuming full authority to close any saloons it thinks fit. And all these ventures have been approved and applauded by the British people simply because they were demanded by the common-sense of the situation. That the future must witness a yet greater extension of Governmental ownership and control seems to me beyond question. The fetish of property is dead or dying. I cannot imagine the railways slipping back into private hands or individual ownership, and operation of the services and utilities that are indispensable to the life of the community being allowed to continue its old haphazard course for any length of time when peace returns.

The land question in particular, to which almost every other question in Great Britain ultimately comes back, is insoluble without the drastic intervention of the State. How to repeople the countryside is one of the earliest and most anxious problems we shall have to face. The war has disclosed many flaws in our economic situation, but none more serious from the physical, the financial and the political standpoints than our unique dependence upon foreign countries for our supply of food—a dependence that, with the development of the submarine, must sooner or later threaten our very existence as a nation. A century ago we had seven times as many acres under wheat for every hundred of the population as we have to-day, and we raised nearly six times as many bushels per head. After every war there is a back-to-the-land movement. After this war it will be a rush. How to meet that rush, how to settle ex-soldiers on the land and

provide them with capital, expert instruction, and the machinery of co-operation, and how to lessen the enormous dislocation of labor that must follow " when peace sets in with unusual severity " by systematic schemes of colonization throughout the British overseas Dominions—these are problems that only the State can effectively tackle. With what means it will tackle them, when our margin of revenue for many years to come, after paying the interest on the national debt, will be all but a minus quantity, is more than I can say. But that somehow or other they will be tackled, and that the process will absolutely subvert the settled plan of British rural existence, and the familiar British notions as to the sanctity of property, is a moderately safe anticipation. We shall have to pool all our resources and " Socialize " many of our productive agencies to keep going at all; and not a single scheme, not a single hint, can be neglected that will help us to cut our coat according to our much attenuated cloth. We shall have to look upon the country as a co-operative estate to be managed and developed for the benefit of all who live in it. We shall have to dismiss merely political problems and concentrate on life and the means of subsistence and what Carlyle used to call " the condition of the people " question. And with every penny we can save we shall have to do as the Germans did when they began to escape from beneath the heel of Napoleon—we shall have to educate our people, to rescue the schools from the theologians and the politicians, and to open up a road from the primary school to the university firm enough and broad enough to be traversed by the multitudes whose gifts and capacities are at present either wasted or unrevealed.

The temper in which Labor will emerge from this conflict is one of the gravest questions ahead of us. Even the war has not been able to conceal the bitterness and the suspicions that were leading British industrialism to a violent crisis that, but for its outbreak, could not have been long delayed. Labor at present has the whip hand of Capital. It can command its own price and make pretty well what terms it likes. But I am filled with apprehensions that when the situation is reversed, and the labor market is flooded with disbanded soldiers, the employer will seize his chance to reassert his supremacy, and that the old dreary tale of strikes and lockouts, of broken agreements, and miserable alienations and misunderstandings, will be resumed. There are, however,

some omens of a happier issue. One is the practical certainty that in many of the most vital industries the State will take the place of the private owner. Another is the absolute certainty that we shall all be condemned to lives of the severest economy, that the rich will be decidedly poorer, and the poor, in all probability, decidedly richer relatively to their present means than they are to-day, and that the war by forcing a general redistribution of wealth and lowering the standard of living for all classes, but particularly for the well-to-do, will have materially eased the social friction. Then, again, I count on the influence of the returned soldiers as a steadying factor. But even so I see little prospect of British industrialism weathering the difficult years of peace without a whole series of internal conflicts unless employers take the lead in humanizing their relations with their men.

This, however, is a matter in which the fixed data are so few and the exceptions and qualifications so many and so varied that no forecast can be much more than a speculation in the unknowable. As much, too, may be said for the military and naval arrangements of Great Britain after the war. They will depend so largely on the character of the peace and the responsibilities it entails as to be outside the scope of any useful discussion at the present moment. But there is one great social and political change which may already be said to be foreordained. The war has done more for women than they could ever have done for themselves, and their full political and industrial and professional emancipation in England will prove, I imagine, to be one of its first and best consequences. There were people before the war who said that women could not vote because they could not fight. We all know better now. We all know that you cannot wage war without the help of women, and that their zeal and self-sacrifice and their organizing talents are an essential part of a modern nation's military strength. In the new Britain that is now being hammered out—a Britain intolerant of party politics, socially remade, pivoting upon its citizen soldiery, living sanely and thriftily, bent upon turning to the utmost account all its assets and resources, and exalted by the memory of heroic struggles and sacrifices—in this new Britain I feel confident that women will share more and more in the opportunities and responsibilities of men.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

FINANCIAL PROBLEMS FOR CONGRESS

BY JOHN J. FITZGERALD

Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives.

FINANCIAL problems will be uppermost during the approaching session of Congress. Other matters of importance looking to the safety, the welfare, and the development of the country will be given serious and thorough consideration; but underlying and overshadowing everything else will be the vital question of money.

Probably the simplest work of public officials is devising popular ways to deplete the Treasury; their most difficult task is to find easy funds and to safeguard their expenditure in a wise and economical manner.

Whatever views public men may have entertained in the remote, or even in the very recent past, regarding the wisdom of certain classes of expenditures by the Federal Government, such opinions must surely have been modified by the unprecedented and unanticipated events of the present World's War. Difficult as it may be to comprehend the enormity of the destruction of life and capital, impossible as it is adequately to appreciate the horrors and miseries of the devastated nations, yet definite and valuable information is available as the result of the conflict, which the United States cannot ignore without extraordinary risk.

The country is awakened to the situation, and real or apparent dangers have deeply stirred the people. A nation-wide sentiment unquestionably exists for additional measures for the public defense. Expenditures unheard of—even undreamed of—until the past few months will undoubtedly result: for, however much men may differ as to the wisdom of the policy to be followed, the responsiveness of our Government to public sentiment that is based upon patriotic

fervor assures the reasonable gratification of the public demand before the Congress adjourns.

With this widespread demand for great increases in our military establishments there is no suggestion of curtailment in the civil establishments. While the estimates of the various departments are not available at this time, it is a matter of common knowledge that many suggestions will be made for the extension of existing services and the establishment of new ones, all of which involve additional drains upon the Treasury. The difficulty of arranging the finances of the Government in a satisfactory manner is increased by the existing necessity for readjustment regardless of any additional expenditures of an extraordinary character for the public defense. This necessity is not of recent origin. It has been pressing for several years, but it became acute as a result of the conditions arising from the present war.

In a statement reviewing the finances of the United States made last March, I said:

> The finances of the Federal Government must be readjusted. No more important problem will confront the Congress when it reassembles. The paramount consideration should be to establish our finances upon a permanently sound basis. Makeshift legislation will not be helpful. Temporary expedients will only add to the difficulties and complicate the problems that must be faced. . . . Revenues and expenditures should now be carefully calculated, a definite fiscal policy established, and ample provision made for present and future necessities.

The estimates submitted to Congress for the current fiscal year aggregated $1,135,187,984.31. The sums appropriated by Congress amounted to $1,114,937,012.02.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, the appropriations amounted to $1,116,118,138.55.

Eliminating the Postoffice expenditures, and considering what are characterized in the Treasury statements as "ordinary" receipts and expenditures, it appears that the Treasury estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, were — receipts, $728,000,000 — expenditures, $710,000,000 — an estimated surplus of $18,000,000. The actual ordinary receipts were $697,910,827.58, the ordinary disbursements $731,399,759.11, an actual deficit of $33,488,931.53, instead of the estimated surplus of $18,000,000.

The following gives a comprehensive picture of the Treasury operations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915:

RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS, FISCAL YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 1915.

Receipts.

Customs		$209,786,672.21
Internal revenue:		
Ordinary	$283,398,760.85	
Emergency revenue	52,069,126.29	
Corporation income	39,155,596.77	
Individual income	41,046,162.09	415,669,646.00
Sale of public lands		2,167,136.47
Miscellaneous		70,287,372.90
Total, ordinary receipts		$697,910,827.58
Deposits to retire national bank notes		21,553,415.00
Deposits for postal savings bonds		933,540.00
Total receipts		$720,397,782.58

Disbursements.

Civil and miscellaneous	$207,169,824.05
War Department	*172,973,091.73
Navy Department	141,835,653.98
Indians	22,130,350.70
Pensions	164,387,941.61
Interest	22,902,897.04
Total, ordinary disbursements	$731,399,759.11
Panama Canal	$29,187,042.22
National bank notes retired	17,205,958.00
Bonds, certificates, etc., retired	47,533.00
Total disbursements	$777,840,292.33

Deficit in ordinary receipts, $33,488,931.53

Excess of total disbursements, $57,442,509.75

NOTE.—Postal revenues and expenditures not included, except grants from the Treasury for deficiencies in postal revenues for 1915 of $6,300,000, and for prior years of $336,592.60 included in "Civil and miscellaneous disbursements" above.

* Includes, in addition to expenditures on account of the military establishment, expenditures under the War Department for certain civil functions such as river and harbor improvements, national military parks, national cemeteries, soldiers' homes, etc.

The Treasury Department's estimate of ordinary receipts for the current fiscal year, which ends June 30, 1916, is $735,000,000. The estimate will not be realized. It includes $240,000,000 from customs as against the estimated $220,000,000 for the last fiscal year when only $209,000,000 were collected.

The continuance of the present war necessarily affects our customs receipts. The withdrawal of men from lines of production to military service, and the continual conversion of establishments into the manufacture of commodities essential for the conduct of the war lessens enormously the production of articles for export to the United States.

The following figures of customs revenues for the first four months of the present fiscal year, as compared with the first four months of the preceding fiscal year, disclose a decrease of $12,920,889.37:

	1914.	1915.
July	$22,988,465.04	$14,985,642.69
August	19,431,362.52	15,780,540.95
September	17,225,887.03	14,923,639.89
October	16,271,829.25	17,306,830.94
	$75,917,543.84	$62,996,654.47

The reasonable presumption is that this condition will continue. Apparently the end of the war is not at hand. The danger of our markets being flooded with commodities when it is finished is very much exaggerated. The productive activities of the various warring nations will be taxed to their capacity to supply their own needs, and the surplus products for export will not be a menace to our home market, nor a very material aid to our dwindling revenues.

The problem of adjusting our finances would tax the resourcefulness of Congress under normal conditions; complicated with the extraordinary demands for the military establishments, it will require the ability and the skill of the ablest men in the country to work out a solution that will be satisfactory to the people and without menace to our financial equilibrium.

The appropriations for the military establishment, including the sums in the Army Act, the Military Academy Act, the Fortification Act, and the amount for the Organized Militia, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, were $111,-

644,812.04; for the Naval establishment, $144,868,716.61; the total for the two services was $256,513,528.65.

For the current fiscal year, which will end June 30, 1916, the appropriations for the two services, based on the same elements included above for 1915, are: military establishment, $113,104,226.14; naval establishment, $149,661,864.88; a total of $262,766,091.02.

Recently the War and Navy Departments have outlined their plans for enlargement and have announced the requests for funds to be submitted to Congress during the coming session. They are based upon plans which the departments maintain are essential for the reasonable security of the country from foreign invasion or aggression.

The plan of the Navy Department contemplates a five-year building program, additions to the personnel, the development of special corps for aviation, and other purposes. The money estimated as necessary to be provided by Congress for the next fiscal year is $217,652,173, an increase of $67,990,308 over the current appropriations.

The program contemplates that $57,000,000 will be required on account of vessels to be authorized at the coming session; for the second year $84,273,750, an increase of $27,273,250 will be required; for the third year, $90,767,500; the fourth year, $89,133,087; the fifth year, $101,786,750.

The proposed expenditure for the next year, $67,990,308, in excess of the appropriations for the current year, is the smallest proposed. At the end of five years the estimated annual expenditures for the Navy will be approximately $265,000,000 annually, a sum in excess of the total appropriations for the Army and Navy for the current year.

The plans of the War Department call for $182,717,036.08 the first year, $212,815,879.70 the second year, and $228,315,879.70 the third and fourth years. Thereafter, it is asserted, the cost will be $162,234,559.70 annually. The probable reduction after a four-year period needs no consideration at this time. It is in the realm of probabilities, and is more likely to remain there than to be translated into an actuality.

The proposals outlined by the War and Navy Departments call for additional annual expenditures for the purely military services of the Government of at least $137,603,118.06.

Other departments of the Government will not be idle in demanding increases. To carry out the construction of

railroads in Alaska, to which the Government is committed and upon which work has been commenced, will necessitate in all probability at least $5,000,000 in addition to the amount provided by Congress at the last session. Demand for the extension of the activities of the Departments of Commerce and of Labor will be pressed with persistency. Those interested in the improvement of navigable rivers and harbors have been chafing during the past two years because of the curtailment of the appropriations for such public works. The West will be clamoring for the more rapid completion of the various projects of the Reclamation Service, which can be met only by advances from the general funds of the Treasury, while the proposal to pay the Republic of Colombia $25,000,000 in adjustment of existing differences has not been abandoned.

The movement to procure Federal aid for good roads is well organized and has many earnest and sincere advocates. During the last Congress a bill passed the House of Representatives appropriating $25,000,000 as the first step in the movement. From various parts of the country there are insistent demands that public buildings be provided to accommodate the various Governmental services at present occupying rented or inadequate quarters.

The " See America First " movement directed an unusual number of tourists through the national parks during the present year and has added a large group of enthusiasts to those who were already urging very considerable increases in the appropriations to promote the comfort of those visiting the parks and to make them more accessible.

Looming back of all, like a death pall on the democracy, is the so-called Ship Purchase Bill with its contemplated burden of $40,000,000, to enable the Government to enter an unnecessary domain and to conduct a commercial business at a loss.

The demands to be pressed upon Congress are not exhausted in this brief review. From every section of the country, from a multitude of groups and interests, will flow the customary claims for Federal aid and Governmental succor. Persons interested in obtaining such help will not be quiescent, while the Administration is urging its plans to strengthen the public defense. There will be a constant strife in Congress over these many matters. There will be incessant clamor that no interest be ignored, that none be

magnified at the expense of others. To reconcile these conflicting demands, to utilize available funds in the most advantageous manner, to satisfy any considerable number of claimants, and at the same time to place the finances of the country upon a permanently sound basis, is a task of no slight proportions.

In what condition is the Federal Treasury to meet the burdens to be placed upon it? How are these various undertakings to be financed? These questions cannot be ignored and they must be answered by legislation of a permanent character productive of considerable revenue.

The increase in our expenditures will not be temporary. The growth of the country, the continued extension of the activities of the Government, and the gradual, but unceasing, assumption by the Federal Government of activities more properly performed by the States, local communities, or individuals, will operate to prevent any material reduction in the total of expenditures. The question of revenue is not temporary. The problem is not merely to provide means to meet an unusual condition soon to disappear, but it is rather how to produce for many years revenues largely in excess of the necessities of the present day.

The Daily Treasury statement discloses that on November 9, 1915, the net balance in the general fund (if there be treated as liabilities $59,685,942.89 in the hands of disbursing officers and $24,709,843 deposited for the retirement of national bank notes) was $31,990,677.91. If $1,990,677.91 of this sum be allotted to liabilities for outstanding warrants in the United States and the Philippine Islands, and to outstanding interest checks, a fair statement of the free balance for November 9 would be approximately $30,000,000. There is no surplus in the Treasury sufficient to meet the extraordinary demands to be made upon it. Legislation is required to provide revenue to finance the operations of the Government without any contemplated increase of expenditures.

This condition is due solely to the disturbed conditions resulting from the war. When the Underwood Tariff Bill was presented to the House of Representatives it was estimated that the customs receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, would aggregate $270,000,000 and the receipts from the income tax would be $95,000,000. The actual collections were: customs $292,128,527, or $22,128,527 in excess

of the estimate; income tax, $71,381,275, about $24,000,000 less than the estimate. The loss in income tax returns was due to the fact that the law became operative March 1, so that considerable sums in the way of interest and dividends and payable January 1 were not reached by the law. To provide revenues in the place of those not realized from customs because of the war, Congress enacted the War Revenue Act (Act approved October 22, 1914). In the prevalent belief that normal conditions would practically be restored by January 1, 1916, the act was limited to December 31, 1915. The estimate of revenue which it would produce was placed at $90,000,000. Those revenues cease on December 31, 1915, and on May 1, 1916, sugar is admitted free of duty. The loss in duty from those two sources would be approximately $142,000,000 annually. Should those sources of revenue be abandoned it will be necessary to provide additional annual revenues of at least $277,000,000; if those revenues be retained there still remains the necessity to obtain $137,000,000 additional.

The proposed extraordinary expenditures are not for a single year. The plans of both military departments—War and Navy—cover a period of five years, and the expenditures will be less the first year than any other. The money required must be obtained from sources that will yield steadily and recurringly through a number of years. That requirement should dispose of the proposal to obtain the needed funds by a bond issue. The sale of bonds merely defers the day of reckoning. The increases proposed in the military establishments are not permanent betterments, and sound financial methods would not justify the spreading of payment for them over a number of years. They are merely part of the necessary current upkeep, and should be met out of current revenues.

Section thirty-nine of the Tariff Act approved August 5, 1909 (The Payne-Aldrich Act), authorized the reimbursement of the Treasury for the expenditures incurred by the construction of the Panama Canal from the proceeds of three per cent bonds. The amount was limited to $375,000,000. The amount by which the Treasury can be reimbursed in this way is $361,033,455.68, the sum in which it has been reimbursed is $138,600,869.02, and the sum available now for reimbursement is $222,432,586.66. The Administration is justified in reimbursing the Treasury at any time by the sale

of these bonds. The sum of $222,432,586.66, which should be available for the current needs of the Government, has been expended in the construction of the Panama Canal—a permanent work. Whether the time is propitious for an issue of three per cent bonds is a matter for thoughtful consideration; but even though those bonds be issued there will still be the necessity for legislation to increase, by a very extraordinary sum, the current revenues of the Government. Various methods have been suggested to obtain the increased revenue. The vastly changed conditions since the enactment of the Underwood Tariff Act seem to have resulted in a very persuasive sentiment for the repeal of the provisions placing sugar on the free list. Desirable though it may be to admit sugar free, the paramount necessity of revenue practically compels legislation to retain the fifty-odd millions obtainable from such a source.

The present War Revenue Act was designed as a temporary measure. It has many irksome and irritating features. Wisdom, however, would seem to prompt its extension, either in its present or in some modified form. It is almost axiomatic that even irritating methods of taxation gradually lose their offensive character. The people seem to become inured to them. Politically it is safer to continue a system to which the people are accustomed than to substitute novel and equally exasperating taxes.

Proposals have been made that resort be had to a Federal inheritance tax. There is a practical objection to this legislation, unless it be absolutely imperative. A very large number of the States have such laws in force, and some of them are as burdensome as public sentiment will tolerate. To add a Federal tax would in many instances be unjust. Some of the States would in all probability be compelled to modify materially their present statutes. Since this field is so thoroughly preempted by the States, and as confusion and hardship would be the inevitable result of a Federal tax, its wisdom at this time may well be doubted.

A determined effort will be made to obtain considerable increase of revenue by modifications of the income tax law. There is a very prevalent belief that an income tax is the most just and equitable manner of obtaining funds for the maintenance of the Government; and it has been suggested that by increasing the super-tax on the larger incomes, and by reducing considerably the exemption, the revenues can be

legitimately increased without material injury or the slightest injustice to anyone.

The War Revenue Act (Act approved October 22, 1914), as it passed the House of Representatives, contained a tax of two cents a gallon on gasoline, motor spirits, naphtha, and other products. This provision was eliminated by the Senate. The lowest estimate of the revenue that would be obtained from such a tax was $20,000,000. Another suggestion which " died aborning " was the proposed tax of three per centum on freight charges. It was variously estimated that such a tax would produce between $30,000,000 and $50,000,000 annually, and a cogent argument in its favor was the ease with which it could be collected. It required no new and extensive organization. The necessary information under existing laws is furnished to the Interstate Commerce Commission in uniform reports, and those reports are checked by the agents of the Commission.

Whether resort will be had to any or all of the foregoing methods, or whether new and heretofore untried sources will be tapped, is yet to be determined.

The Congress, however, before it reaches a decision will have presented for consideration the views of the Administration. The so-called Smith amendment to the Sundry Civil Appropriation Act, approved March 4, 1909, requires the Secretary of the Treasury, whenever the estimates for the conduct of the various Governmental services exceed the estimated revenues, to transmit the estimates of revenue and of appropriations to Congress, and at the same time to furnish them to the President. The Executive is then required to inform Congress how the estimated expenditures can be reduced to sums within the estimated revenues without injury to the public service, and if in his judgment such reductions cannot be made, what new forms of taxes, or loans, shall be authorized in order to obtain the requisite revenues. It will be recalled that in the book *Cost of Our National Government,* Prof. Henry Jones Ford, of Princeton, speaking of this provision, says that Congress has taken

> a step toward connection of the powers, and has thus unwittingly started a movement of profound constitutional importance. The real hope of establishing budget control, and with it a genuine constitutional system, lies in the flow of political force in the channels thus opened.

He adds that the action taken by Congress making it the

duty of the President to coordinate income and expenditure, as provided in the Smith amendment, "is the salvation of representative government in the United States." The Administration is required by law to suggest to Congress the manner in which the additional revenues shall be obtained. It would be unwise to attempt to anticipate the recommendations of the Executive. But the problem is one of the most difficult and complicated presented to any Administration since the Civil War. Statesmanship of the first order will be required to solve it successfully. Patriotic men of every political creed will unite in an honest and sincere effort to perform the task involved in the manner most beneficial to the people.

The prosperity of the country, the development and extension of commerce in every form, the continued and remunerative employment of labor, the happiness and contentment of the people, are all dependent upon the fiscal legislation of the Sixty-fourth Congress.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD.

CHINA'S VITAL QUESTION

BY JEREMIAH W. JENKS

WHAT is the present situation of China? That question is best answered by two quotations. The first is from the lips of the Chinese President, Yüan Shih-k'ai:

Our rights and privileges in Manchuria have suffered enormously. We are ashamed and humiliated, but our weakness invited insult. Let all the people unite and work harmoniously for the supreme object of saving the country.

The second quotation is from the lips of a brilliant Chinese, who was educated in the United States and who has just been designated China's Minister at Washington.

The Republic of China was founded only four years ago, and yet in that brief period we have seen peace and order restored and many great reforms instituted. Wide as is the domain of China, the mandates of the Government are faithfully carried out in every part of the land. There has been developed a sense of security and a sense of nationalism never known under the old régime. Under the old régime very often there were viceroys in some of the far corners of the country who would sometimes send rosy reports of conditions to Peking when all was not as it should have been in the provinces under their administration. That sort of maladministration is no longer possible. Offices are carefully filled and reports properly verified; and the result is that the central Government is looked up to with a degree of confidence and respect, and with a feeling of seriousness, which in itself is a sign of a nation that is united. The central Government is close to the hearts of all the Chinese people.

In the year 1912, the most serious problem confronting the Chinese people was the financial problem. Finance was the stumbling-block, because much money was needed for the carrying into effect of important administrative reforms, and the Government was firmly determined not to live on loans forever. The loans which were made for administrative purposes had aroused so much opposition among the people that, partly in deference to this very natural and proper public feeling, but more particularly because it was the only

sound financial plan, the Government resolved that the necessary funds for its administration must be got internally—direct from the people themselves. To this end efforts were made to ascertain exactly what were the sources and amounts of old revenue, and then new methods were devised to make certain that every cent collected from the people for the Government should be received by the Government.

From these two statements it will be seen, first, that the fear of further foreign aggression is very pronounced in China; and second, that the Government of China under its present form has accomplished very remarkable results. If such be the case, what excuse is there for changing its form?

Stripped of polite verbiage and special pleading, the answer to this question may be compressed into the fear, in part fictitious, in part genuine, that something may happen in China to remove from the helm President Yüan Shih-k'ai, and that "a presidential election is liable to cause a disturbance of the peace." The ablest opponent of the monarchist agitation, although himself avowedly a believer in the virtues of monarchy as a broad, general proposition, Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao, concedes this danger in the following words: "This is quite so. And it was for that very reason that ten years ago I declined to associate myself with the advocates of republicanism." But Mr. Liang points out very truly: "Happily, a remedy against this evil has been found in the newly promulgated presidential election laws which practically provide a life-term for the president." However, as Mr. Liang admits, "what is to be feared is what will happen when the President shall have departed from our midst. This is, of course, a question which we do not wish to discuss, but since death is inevitable to every mortal being, including even the patriarchs, let us face the problem boldly. Should Heaven help China and allow the President to serve the country for more than ten years to come, during which period he will be able to regulate and cleanse official practises, resuscitate the nation's strength, consolidate the people's confidence and make a clean sweep of all visible and invisible evils, then thereafter it will be immaterial whether we have a monarchy, or a republic. On the other hand, should Heaven not bless us, but take the President away from our people ere he has half accomplished his work, then there will be nothing but ruination for China."

I am not so sure that Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao is right. If,

as he and many others seem to think, the entire salvation or ruination of China, a nation of over four hundred million people, depends absolutely upon one man, then Heaven help China! I say this as one who has nothing but the highest respect, nothing but the warmest admiration, for the character and achievements of Yüan Shih-k'ai. I do believe that at the present moment, quite possibly during Yüan's lifetime, Yüan is the one man and the one alone who can most successfully guide the helm of China. But to admit that a nation of four hundred million people is capable of producing only one man with the intelligence, the tact, the wisdom, the experience and the patriotism necessary for successful leadership, is to indict the intelligence, the capacity and the patriotism of that nation. We must search somewhat deeper than this for an explanation or a justification of the pro-monarchist agitation. Before discussing the genesis of the monarchist movement it may be well to state briefly the facts which have led up to it, with due regard to the reasons why Yüan Shih-k'ai has become the popular custodian of Chinese hopes and confidence.

The republic of China, proclaimed in the dawn of 1912, was the outcome of three converging progressive currents. The first current originated in the China Reform Society's movement in the early nineties. It is quite true, as the advocates of Chinese monarchy allege, that that movement was not a republican movement. But it is not true that even in 1893-95 there were no republicans among the daring and active spirits of the China Reform Society. The movement took its political color from the views of its chiefs, Mr. K'ang Yu-wei and Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao, who hoped to influence, along progressive lines, and particularly through the operation of a liberal constitution which they advocated, the existing Manchu dynasty. They did succeed in influencing the Emperor, Kwang Hsŭ, and thus came the memorable, if brief, Reform Era of the autumn of 1898. How far they might have gone in saving China while saving the Manchus if the young Emperor had been a little less radical, and his willingness to progress slowly a little more marked, it is, of course, needless and useless to speculate upon. The Empress Tzŭ Hsi, incited by the conservative and reactionary leaders, crushed the reform movement in the bud. While this movement was going forward, more radical southern Chinese were gradually developing strength under independent lead-

ership. A series of events and circumstances placed at their head Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the "Peter the Hermit" of China's reform crusade. Sun roamed the globe talking reform and republicanism among the Chinese scattered abroad. And while he was thus engaged, while Mr. K'ang Yu-wei and Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao were exiles from China with a price on their heads, as the third element named above, there were in the north of China, as well as in the south, Manchu and Chinese officials who recognized that progress and reform were necessary if China was to be saved from the "break-up" prophesied in Lord Charles Beresford's celebrated book. Most conspicuous among these progressive officials was Yüan Shih-k'ai.

The character and career of Yüan Shih-k'ai, like the character and career of Napoleon, are twin-subjects for a multitude of books. As long ago as 1888, when Yüan Shih-k'ai was Chinese Resident at Seoul, this great man, born in Changtehfu, Honan, in 1859, had begun to impress Chinese and foreigners as a force to be reckoned with when figuring out the future of China.

The former protegé of Li Hung-chang, he was the center of the Peking palace cabal in those stormy autumn days of 1898 when the Empress, Tzŭ Hsi, took back the power from the Emperor, Kwang Hsŭ, when he was striving over-hastily to modernize the Empire against the judgment and will of "the old Buddha." It was to Yüan Shih-k'ai that Kwang Hsŭ made the proposal to arrest and imprison the Empress. Yüan had organized and drilled China's first model army. It was a redoubtable force, which both factions desired to employ. But Yüan owed his preferment and power to the good graces of Tzŭ Hsi and the friendly offices of Tzŭ Hsi's favorite, Jung Lu, Yüan's "blood-brother." He threw in his lot with and bared his sword for the Empress Dowager, arousing the consequent enmity of Kwang Hsŭ and the weak but well-meaning Emperor's partisans. That was why Yüan was degraded and insulted by the regent, Ch'un, after the death of Kwang Hsŭ and of the Empress Dowager, who had really, largely under the influence of Yüan Shih-k'ai, set herself at the head of a genuine reform movement, though not a foolishly radical one. Kwang Hsŭ's testament was a virtual order to Ch'un that Yüan should be disgraced and beheaded. But Ch'un, although regent and the father of the baby Emperor, P'u Yi, dared not menace the life of Yüan Shih-k'ai.

Every foreigner in China, and even those Chinese who resented Yüan's part in the palace contest, conceded the power and respected the wisdom of the man who, by unwavering persistence in what he believed to be his duty towards China, had become the strongest force in China. From the highest office in the land Yüan went into retirement, to emerge during the crisis of 1911 as the last prop of Manchu authority. It is entirely possible that if Yüan had so desired, he could have completely crushed the southern rebellion of 1911, as two years later he crushed that of 1913. But Yüan seems to have looked with an eye centered singly upon China's welfare. And so it came about that the edicts of abdication were issued on February 12, 1912, that on February 14 Dr. Sun Yat-sen resigned from the presidency of the southern republic, and that on February 15 Yüan Shih-k'ai was elected President of all China. He was inaugurated in Peking on March 10. From this brief sketch, it will be seen that Yüan Shih-k'ai actually represents the third of those three currents which, converging in 1912, caused the Chinese republic. He accepted the republic: he did not create it; and the republic accepted Yüan Shih-k'ai.

Owing to the unpractical visionary schemes of the members and their blocking of practical work the President was compelled to take matters very largely into his own hands. He suppressed the Parliament by mandate, when he might have suppressed it by brute force, as Oliver Cromwell suppressed the British Parliament at the crucial point in his career. I give this analogy, because others have compared the Chinese situation with that of England under Cromwell. If we are to stick to technicalities, it would probably be an accepted fact that Yüan has usurped authority. And it is therefore all the more remarkable that even the most vociferous Chinese radical republican assents to this usurpation. Foreigners in China not merely justify Yüan's acts, but they want to see him move even more rapidly in the direction of concentrating power within his own hands. It is well to remember that the foreigners doing business in China have so much faith in Yüan Shih-k'ai that in 1912 the bankers' syndicate lent China one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars without the approval of the legislature, and with grave doubt as to the technical legality of the act. That is a very remarkable testimony to Yüan's credit, even though, of course, the bankers knew that the Govern-

ments of their powerful countries were back of them and that the security was ample. Now let us turn to the genesis of the pro-monarchist movement.

The most active leader of the monarchists is Mr. Yang Tu, who has been at least the visible and outward director of the monarchist organization, the Chou-an Huei (or "Peace Promotion Society") from its inception. Yang Tu was a subordinate lieutenant of Mr. K'ang Yu-wei and Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao in 1898. He accompanied these great constitutional monarchists into exile in Japan. A little later, however, when "the old Buddha" found it desirable to conciliate the constitutionalists, an emissary was sent by the Manchus to Tokyo, and Mr. Yang Tu returned to Peking as a Manchu official. The Chinese assert that he then became a very active apologist for the Manchus. But they say that Mr. Yang was one of the first to abandon the Manchus when Yüan went to their rescue.

It was while Dr. Goodnow was in Tokyo on his way to Peking that the first manifestations of the monarchist movement became evident. Japanese journalists talked to Dr. Goodnow about it. Dr. Goodnow declined to commit himself in any definite way. The manifesto of the Chou-an Huei, published in Peking on August 16, took as its text the memorandum written by Dr. Goodnow and presented to Yüan Shih-k'ai after Dr. Goodnow's arrival in Peking. Now, it is alleged by some of the opponents of monarchy in China, apparently on excellent authority, although to me it seems doubtful, that this manifesto was actually prepared by an official of the Japanese legation at Peking, and if this is a fact, it is very important. Because, in considering the origin as well as the merits of the monarchist agitation, it will not do to close one's eyes to what has recently come to pass between Japan and China. I hope, for Japan's sake as well as for the sake of China, that there will be no recurrence of the crisis of last May, when Japan menaced China by force, and, to quote the Chinese President, "humiliated China." But, to cite a Chinese saying, "What has passed is written on the jadestone of life."

It is interesting to read the following expression of opinion by Count Okuma, the Japanese Prime Minister, uttered on September 3:

A nation, having failed in establishing a republican government, becomes inclined toward a monarchy. As to who the Chinese nation

are going to crown, it should be the one first and foremost in the power of controlling China. From this point of view, it may seem natural that President Yüan Shih-k'ai should be enthroned. As to Japan's attitude toward the present situation in China, the Prime Minister sees no reason for intervention in such home affairs of the Chinese nation. If, however, Japanese interests in China are threatened, or the *status quo* affected, the monarchical movement should not be held as without concern. Anyhow, it is wise for us to take an attitude of watching and waiting for the present.

Some Chinese there are who read possible menace into the last two sentences of this statement. I hope that their forebodings are unjustified, but the Japanese demands look menacing and the late readiness to protest against the change do not lessen the menace.

Before taking up the question of how the movement has been received in China by Chinese and foreigners, it may be well to quote the following dispatch printed throughout the Orient on September 8:

The monarchical campaign is likely to be arrested in consequence of the Presidential message to the Tsancheng Yuan on September 6. The main cause of this step on the part of the President is said to be diplomatic circumstances. It is stated that a few days ago Admiral Tsai Ting-kan was dispatched to sound the Ministers to Peking. *The German Minister is reported to have stated that China would have to participate in the Peace Conference after the war, though its ending is not yet anticipated, and that if the war was over before the new Government of the restored monarchy was recognized by the Powers, China would be in danger of losing a voice in the conference with great loss on the part of China.* Consequently, a private meeting was held in the President's office on the 5th of September, as a result of which Yang Shih-chi, the senior Under-Secretary of State, was dispatched to the Tsancheng Yuan on the following day, declaring that the President himself holds an opinion against the restoration of a monarchy, as President of the republic. Thus, the monarchical campaign is apparently checked, but some alterations will be made in the regulations for election of president, by the enactment of the permanent constitution.

The President's message referred to was as follows:

It is now four years since I was entrusted by the people with the office of President of the Chinese republic. During these troublous years, fearing my ability to be equal to the task, I have labored with much misgiving and anxiety and have looked forward to the time when I shall be relieved and permitted to retire, but so long as I am in my present position it is my constant duty and responsibility, which admit of no evasion, to protect the country and people.

It is my special duty to maintain the republic as the form of government.

Recently many citizens from the provinces have petitioned the acting Li Fah Yuan to change the form of government, a matter of State which is incompatible with my position as President; but as the office of president was conferred by the people, it should of course depend on the will of the people. Moreover, since the acting Li Fah Yuan is an independent organ and as such is free from outside interference, I should not, strictly speaking, express my views before the people, the country, or the acting Li Fah Yuan. As however any alteration in the form of government makes a radical and important change in the executive power and as I am chief executive, I feel, even at the risk of misinterpretation of my motives, that I cannot remain silent.

In my opinion, a change in the form of Government involves such a momentous change in the manifold relations of the State that it is a matter which demands most careful and serious consideration. If decided upon hastily serious obstacles will arise. It being my duty to maintain the general situation, I regard the proposed change as unsuitable to the circumstances of the country.

As to the petition of our citizens, their object is of course nothing other than to strengthen the foundation of the State and increase the prestige of the country. If the opinion of the majority of the people of the country is consulted, good and proper means will undoubtedly be found.

Furthermore, as the constitution of the republic is now being drafted, by due consideration of the conditions of the country, careful thought and mature discussion, a suitable and practicable law will be devised.

This is explicit, and nothing has since occurred to weaken the position assumed by the Chinese President. Recently a cablegram came from Peking explaining the steps being taken by the Chinese Government to ascertain the will of the people. In this cablegram Yüan Shih-k'ai tells us that the "reply of the Government" to petitions received advocating the restoration of monarchy "was that the matter should be referred to the national assembly for determination. But the people of the different provinces objected to this delay, which would be caused by convening the national assembly, and urged that the will of the nation could be ascertained by a quicker method. The Council of State, in compliance with the wishes of the people for a quicker decision, has made arrangements to secure such decision without delay. Now, the political powers of the republic of China rest with

the people of the country. It is therefore for the people to decide what form of government they want."

The mandate then goes on to explain the organization of the national convention authorized on October 6:

> The provinces and other special political divisions of the country shall elect in all 1,834 representatives, each district being entitled to at least one representative.

Representation was also provided for Inner and Outer Mongolia, Tibet, Tsinghai, Eastern Turkestan, Manchuria, Mongolians and Chinese belonging to the eight banners, trade guilds within China and Chinese residing abroad, men who have rendered important patriotic service to the country, and the literati of old and Young China. These special classes were to elect one hundred and eighty-six representatives in all. Generally, the suffrage has been restricted to those authorized to vote for the national assembly.

Yüan Shih-k'ai suppressed the Kuomingtang as a seditious organization because the Kuomingtang plotted his destruction. There are Chinese of great ability and admitted patriotism who have expressed the opinion that upon the same principle he should have suppressed the Chou-an Huei. A distinguished English newspaper correspondent at Peking (Mr. William H. Donald) has said:

> The military party have been at the bottom of the movement for the re-establishment of the monarchical system of government from the outset. Ever since the establishment of the republic the President has been periodically approached by high military officials and urged to change the system of government. Invariably he replied that as a republic had been definitely established, it would be gravely improper for him even to discuss such a step. But, while their personal loyalty to the President has in no way diminished, the military officials have of late become more and more insistent, and as they were practically unanimous, it was impossible for the President with the solemn duty of preserving internal peace and concord always before him to dismiss them with a blank refusal. He was faced by a powerful body holding very emphatic views, and if he had persisted in an irreconcilable attitude, the result would probably have been the inception of intrigues and the formation of secret societies to bring about by force what he refused to grant. The President, therefore, was faced by a very difficult problem. The most despotic and autocratic ruler, if all his most powerful supporters were united in a desire to compel him to take a certain course, would not be able forcibly to resist them. That was exactly the position in which President Yüan Shih-k'ai found himself. He could not openly resist the

demand made by the military party, the most powerful force in the State, but he could, and did, divert its activities into a proper and constitutional channel.

The Presidential message was in effect an intimation to the military clique that they must not take matters into their own hands and usurp the prerogatives of the people. They were told by the President in conciliatory but firm words that they must await the assembling of a National Convention. It is a remarkable demonstration of the real power exercised by the President that the military party, strong though it is, has acquiesced in its subordination to the people in general. The wise and prudent action taken by the President has prevented the problem respecting the form of government being solved by a military *coup d'état*, and has made possible a solution by the legally constituted organ of the people.

There seems to be a good deal of truth in what Mr. Donald says. He is a very fair-minded observer, and has proved himself both loyal and courageous in his interpretation of Chinese conditions.

From the first the country plunged into the discussion with a degree of warmth to be expected, considering the subject, even from such a cool-headed people as the Chinese. On September 2 Peking newspapers announced strong opposition on the part of Mr. Hsu Shih-chang, the Secretary of State, a long time friend and former protegé of the President, the Vice-President, Mr. Li Yuan-hung, Mr. Wang Ta-hsien, Vice-Chairman of the State Council, Mr. Chao Hsui-si, Minister of Finance, General Wang Shih-chen, Minister of War, and Mr. Tang Hua-lung, the Minister of Education. By common consent the opponents of monarchy seemed to turn for the formulation of their views to China's Jean Jacques Rousseau, Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao, a monarchist, as I have said, and the connecting link between the present republic and the China Reform movement of the early nineties. I have read with great interest Mr. Liang's exhaustive criticism as published in the *Ta Chung Hua*.

Mr. Liang takes occasion to make two points clear to his readers. "I am not an upstart Jacobin, intoxicated with republican ideas," he says, "and am therefore neither in favor of the republican form of government nor prejudiced against any other." "Secondly," he says, "I am no bigoted conservative who clings to any particular dynasty like the heroes of Shou Yang and like Lu Lien." "No form of government is absolutely ideal," contends this brilliant Chinese scholar,—who, it is well to remember, resigned from

the Chinese cabinet and from the vice-chairmanship of the constitutional committee in order to assert his views for the benefit of his countrymen. Mr. Liang has always opposed resort to force or revolution in any manner. But the strength of his opposition to the monarchical movement rests in the following statement: "My view is that if China is really in earnest for a constitution, the President should set the example himself by treating the constitutional compact as sacredly inviolable. Every letter of the compact should be carried out, and no attempt should be made to step beyond its limits." In other words, according to Mr. Liang, for weal or for woe China has ranged herself among the republics, and it is as futile as it is dangerous to discuss a restoration.

What have the monarchists to say for themselves? The extreme pro-monarchist view is stated in this editorial, printed in *Kuo Hwa Pao,* asserting the "divine right of Kings":

> If a throne is open for competition, there will not be lacking men who will compete for it; and the consequence of such a competition or struggle for the seat of power is internal disturbance. The presidency is a position which can be competed for by any person, but the position of emperor cannot be competed for.

A point which is made by writers on both sides is the necessity for a peaceful solution. And another distinguished Chinese writer, Mr. Hsu Fo-su, adduces the "triangular argument" that "a revolution will surely bring forth a republic; and a republic, because of distraction and disagreement, will as surely bring about the destruction of the nation." The editor of *Shih Pao* opposes to that view another "triangular argument." He says, "If a man opposes the monarchical movement and says that he has been an advocate of the monarchical system, he is open to mediation, and a man who is open to mediation is also capable of joining the Chou-an Huei. What do you say to that, Mr. Hsu?" Thus, while the cables tell us of bombs having been thrown, and several pro-monarchists assassinated out of hand, the Chinese vernacular newspapers would indicate that there is considerable good humor being manifested on both sides of the controversy.

Whatever the result of this agitation, it disposes very completely of assertions made from time to time that Yüan Shih-k'ai has "throttled the press in China." The news-

papers are talking out just as our newspapers would under similar circumstances.

Are the majority of the Chinese and foreign observers in China too hasty in guessing what Yüan Shih-k'ai means to do? What are his intentions? No man knows. But sometime we may judge a man's intentions from his past. Yüan saved his ruler, the Empress dowager, from her young kinsman by marriage, the Emperor Kwang Hsŭ. Yüan saved the imperial son of his inveterate enemy, Ch'un, the regent. There is a Chinese President of the Chinese Republic who lives in the winter palace at Peking. Within rifle shot of Yüan's residence lives the little Manchu Emperor and the Manchu princes and their retainers. For, although it is frequently forgotten, when the republic began four years ago in China, the Manchu Emperor was retained in his title and his civil list. He is a pensioner of the Chinese Republic. It is a point to be remembered. Is Yüan Shih-k'ai planning to safeguard the republic against forces from without and within which seek either to restore the Manchu dynasty or to plunge China into disruption or disaster?

Already he has defied the military cabal. I am told on very good authority that his old friend Marshal Feng Kuo-chang, Chiang Ch'un (or Provostmarshal) of Kiangsu and Marshal Lu Ying-ting, Chiang Ch'un of Kiangsi, are standing by the republicans; and their example is likely to be followed by other able and popular army leaders. The wisdom and patriotism of Yüan Shih-k'ai have not as yet failed China. Is there any real reason for thinking that he will fail now? Thrice during the Manchu crisis he declined a marquisate, and twice when the late Empress Lung Yu invited him to ascend the throne he refused. The elections seem to show that a crown will be offered to Yüan Shih-k'ai; it may be that real public opinion ascertained for him in other ways will declare to the contrary. In either case it may well be that Yüan Shih-k'ai will confound those who, throughout his career, have accused him of plotting and planning for his own ambition; that he will consolidate at his back the growing strength of southern Chinese progressive opinion; and so at last find himself free to carry into effect, with the certainty of popular approval, those great practical reforms which are vitally necessary in China, in order that she may stand upon her own feet and be no longer menaced by fear of foreign aggression.

JEREMIAH W. JENKS.

NAVAL PREPAREDNESS.

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.

In the preceding number of the Review the present writer endeavored to show why it is that the necessities of the naval defense of a country have caused the gradual development of different types of vessels, each having its distinctive work. If those different types operated in separate localities they would lose that mutual support which it is the aim of organization to secure, and each separate group could be destroyed in turn by the combined groups of an enemy. For this reason, the types or groups are combined in one large fleet, and an admiral is placed in command.

The command of a fleet is the highest effort of the naval art. Its success in time of war demands in the admiral himself a high order of mind and nerve and body; and it demands in all the personnel, from the highest to the lowest, such a measure of trained ability and character that each shall be able to discharge with skill and courage the duties of his station.

In order that the material fleet shall be efficient as a whole, each material unit must be efficient as a unit. Each ship must be materially sound; each pump, valve, cylinder, gun, carriage, torpedo, and individual appliance, no matter how small, must be in condition to perform its expected task. The complexity of a fleet baffles any mental effort, by even those most familiar with it, to grasp it fully. Each dreadnought, battle cruiser, destroyer, submarine, collier, tender, hospital ship, scout supply ship, and what not, is a machine in itself, and is filled with scores—in some cases, hundreds—of highly specialized machines, operated by steam, oil, air, electricity and water. A super-dreadnought is a machine which, including the machines inside of her, costs fifteen million dollars.

The personnel is nearly as complicated as the material. Not only are there all the various ranks of commissioned officers in the line, medical corps, pay corps, marine corps, etc., but there are ten kinds of warrant officers besides; while in the enlisted personnel there are ninety-one different "ratings" in the navy, and thirteen in the marine corps, besides temporary ratings, such as gun pointer, gun trainer, gun captain, etc. Each rank and rating carries its rigidly prescribed duties, as well as its distinctive uniform and pay. That such a multitudinous host of types and individuals, both material and personnel, can be actually incarnated in one unit fleet, and that fleet operated as a mobile directible organism by its Admiral, is a high achievement of the human intellect.

How is it done?

By discipline, by training, by knowledge, by energy, by devotion, by will; by the exercise of those mental, moral and spiritual faculties that may be grouped under the one term "mind": the same power that co-ordinates and controls a still more complex machine, the organism of the human body.

Despite its relative crudeness, a fleet possesses, more fully than any other fruit of man's endeavor, the characteristics of an organism, defined by Webster as "an individual constituted to carry on the activities of life by means of parts or organs more or less separate in function, but mutually dependent." And though it must be true that no fleet can approximate the perfection of nature's organisms, nevertheless there is an analogy which may help us to see how a complex fleet of complex vessels has been slowly evolved from the simple galley fleets of earlier days; how its various parts may be mutually dependent yet severally independent; and how all must be made to work as one vast unit, and directed as one vast unit by the controlling mind towards "the end in view."

The common idea is that an army consists of a number of soldiers, and a navy of a number of ships. This idea is due to a failure to realize that soldiers and ships are merely instruments, and that they are useless instruments unless directed by a trained intelligence; that the first essential in an army and the first essential in a navy is mind, which first correctly estimates the situation, then makes wise plans to meet it, then carries out those plans.

Mind, when specially directed toward a given task, acts

as a trained intelligence. This trained intelligence organizes the men and designs the ships, and then directs the physical power exertable by the men and the ships towards "the end in view." From this standpoint, armies and navies do not differ from each other, except in the fact that armies use men and instruments fitted for warfare on the land, while navies use men and instruments fitted for warfare on the sea.

Due to the enormous mechanical power made available in ships by the floating properties of water, machinery is more used by navies than by armies; but this does not mean that machinery can take the place of men more successfully in navies than in armies, except in the sense that navies can use more mechanical power. The abundant use of machines and instruments in navies does not mean that machinery and instruments can take the place of trained intelligence,—but exactly the reverse. Under the guidance of trained intelligence, a machine or instrument can perform wonders. But it is not the machinery that does the wonders: it is the trained intelligence that devised the instrument or machine, and the trained intelligence that operates it. Let the trained intelligence err, or sleep, and note the results that follow. The *Titanic,* a mass of 40,000 tons, moving through the water at 20 knots an hour, a marvel of the science and skill of man, crashes into an iceberg, because the trained intelligence directing her errs—and is reduced at once to an inert mass of iron and brass. The mighty fleet of Russia meets the Japanese fleet in Tsushima Straits; and because the trained intelligence that directed its movements seriously erred, in an engagement decided in less than an hour, is stripped of its power and glory, and transformed into a disorganized aggregation of separate ships—some sunk, some sinking, some in flight. The Japanese fleet, on the other hand, because it is directed with an intelligence more highly trained than that which directs the Russian fleet, and because, in consequence, the officers and enlisted men perform their various duties not only in the actual battle, but in preparation for it, with a skill greater than that used in the Russian fleet, suffers but little damage in the fight—though the advantage in number and size of ships is slightly with the Russians. As a consequence of that battle, the war between Russia and Japan was decided in favor of Japan, and terms of peace were soon agreed upon. Russia lost practically all

the ships that took part in the battle, and several thousand of their officers and sailors—and *she lost the whole object for which she went to war.*

The difference between the Russian and Japanese fleets that gave the victory to the Japanese was a difference in trained intelligence and in the relative degrees of preparedness which that difference caused.

During the actual battle, the intelligence was that of the officers and men in the respective fleets, in managing the two fleets, the ships themselves, and the guns, engines and machines of all kinds that those ships contained. It is this factor—trained intelligence—that has decided most of the battles of history, and the course that nations thereafter followed. Battles have usually been fought between forces not very different in point of numbers and material, for the reason that a force obviously weaker than another would not fight unless compelled to fight; and in cases where two forces of widely differing strength have fought, the situation has usually been brought about directly by a superior intelligence. In fact, one of the most frequent and important endeavors of strategy and tactics—used triumphantly by Napoleon—has always been such a handling of one's forces as to be superior to the enemy at the point of contact—to "get the mostest men there the firstest," as General Forrest is said to have expressed it.

The effect of superior trained intelligence is greatest "at the top," but it can accomplish little unless a fine intelligence permeates the whole. A fine intelligence at the top will so direct the men below, will so select men for the various posts, and will so co-ordinate their efforts, that the organization will resemble a veritable organism: all the various organs fulfiling separately yet accurately their allotted functions; all the fire-control parties, all the gun crews, all the torpedo crews, all the engineer forces properly organized and drilled; all the hulls of the vessels, all the guns, all the torpedoes, all the multifarious engines, machines and instruments in good material condition, and correctly adjusted for use.

But it is not only in the actual battle that fine intelligence is required: it is required long before the battle and far distant from the scene,—in the "Admiralty" at home. The Japanese fleet set out fully manned with a highly trained, enthusiastic and confident personnel; the Russian fleet set out manned with a poorly trained and discouraged personnel,

only too well aware of their defects. The issue at Tsushima was decided before the respective fleets left their respective homes,—though that issue was not then known to mortals. The battle emphasized, but did not prove, what had been proved a hundred times before: the paramount importance of preparedness: that *when two forces fight—the actual battle merely secures the decision as to the relative values of two completed machines, and their degrees of preparedness for use.*

Preparedness of material is not, of course, so important as preparedness of personnel, because if the personnel is prepared, they will inevitably prepare the material. And the preparedness must pervade all grades: for while it is true that the preparedness of those in high command is more important than the preparedness of those in minor posts, yet there is no post so lowly that its good or its ill performance will not be a factor in the net result. An unskilful oiler may cause a hot bearing that will slow down a battleship, and put out of order the column of a squadron; a signalman's mistake may throw a fleet into confusion.

Perfect preparedness of personnel and material is essential because events follow each other so rapidly in war that no preparation can be made after it has begun. To fight is the most intense work a man can do; and a war is nothing but a fight. No matter how great or how small a war may be, no war can lose the essential qualities of a fight, or be more brutal or less brutal when fought between two little savage tribes, than when fought between two colossal groups of Christian nations, civilized to the highest point. War is the acme of the endeavor of man. Each side determines that it will win at all costs and at all hazards; that nobody's comfort, happiness or safety shall receive the slightest consideration; that everybody's strength and courage must be worked to the limit by night as well as by day, and that there must be no rest and no yielding to any softening influence whatever: that the whole strength and mind of the nation, and of every individual in it, must be devoted, and must be sacrificed if need be, to the cause at stake.

In war, a navy's primary duty has usually been to protect the coast and trade routes of its country; and in order to do this, it has had to be able to oppose to an attacking fleet a defending fleet more militarily effective. If it were less effective, even if no invasion were attempted, the attack-

ing fleet could cripple or destroy the defending fleet and then institute a blockade. In modern times an effective blockade, or at least a hostile patrol of trade routes, could be held hundreds of miles from the coast, where the menace of submarines would be negligible; and this blockade would stop practically all import and export trade. This would compel the country to live exclusively on its own resources, and renounce intercourse with the outside world. Some countries could exist a long time under these conditions. But they would exist merely, and the condition of mere existence would never end until they sued for peace; because, even if new warships were constructed with which to beat off the enemy, each new and untrained ship would be sunk or captured shortly after putting out to sea as, on June 1, 1813, in Massachusetts Bay, the American frigate *Chesapeake* was captured and nearly half her crew were killed and wounded in fifteen minutes by a ship almost identical in the material qualities of size and armament: the better trained British frigate *Shannon*.

For these reasons, every nation that has acquired and has long retained prosperity, has realized that every country liable to be attacked by any navy must either be defended by some powerful country, or else must keep a navy ready to repel the attack successfully. To do this, the defending navy must be ready when the attack comes; because if not ready then, it will never have time to get ready. In regard to our own country, much stress is laid by some intelligent people—who forget the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*—on the three thousand miles of water stretching between the United States and Europe. This three thousand miles is of course a factor of importance, but it is not a prohibition, because it can be traversed with great surety and quickness—with much greater surety and quickness, for instance, than the 12,000 miles traversed by the Russian fleet, eleven years ago, in steaming from Russia to Japan.

The three thousand miles that separate the United States from Europe can be traversed by a fleet more powerful than ours in from two to three weeks; and the fleet would probably arrive on our shores in good condition, and manned by full crews of well trained officers and men, habituated to their duties by recent practice and thoroughly ready to fight, as the *Shannon* was. We could not meet this fleet successfully unless we met it with a fleet more militarily effective; and we could not do this unless we had in the regular service and the

reserve a personnel of officers and men sufficiently numerous to man immediately all the vessels that would be needed, and to man in addition all the shore stations, which would have to be expanded to a war basis. The officers and enlisted men of course would have to be at least as well trained as the corresponding personnel in the attacking fleet, and have as recent and thorough practice in their respective duties; for otherwise, no matter how brave and devoted they might be, the fate of the American fleet would be the fate of the *Chesapeake*.

In order to be ready when war breaks, the first essential is a plan for preparation. Preparation is divided naturally into two parts: first, preparation of sufficient material and personnel; second, preparation of plans for the conduct of the war after it has begun. These two parts are both considered in what are technically called "War Plans."

Preparation for war has always been known to be essential. Lack of preparation has never been due to lack of knowledge, but always to neglect. The difference between the wise and the foolish virgins was not a difference in knowledge but a difference in character. The difference betweeen Alexander's little army and the tremendous army of Darius was not so much in numbers as in preparedness. Trained under Philip of Macedon for many years, organized for conquest and aggression, prepared to meet any situation that might arise, Philip's army carried Philip's son from victory to victory, and made him the master of the world. Caesar was great in peace as well as war, but it was by Caesar's army that Caesar's greatness was established; and it was a thoroughness of preparation unknown before that made Caesar's army great. Napoleon's successes were built on the splendid preparation of a mind transcendently fitted to grasp both principles and details and on the comparatively unprepared state of his opponents.

The Great Elector began in 1640 a course of laborious and scientific preparation which committed all Prussia, as well as the army, to acquiring what now we call "efficiency." As this plan developed, especially under the Elector's grandson King Frederick William, the next king found himself, as Alexander had done, the chief of an army more highly prepared for war than any other. By means of that army he made himself Frederick the Great, and raised Prussia from a minor position to the first rank of European Powers. Pur-

suing Frederick William's system of progressive preparation, Prussia continued her prosperous course till William I defeated Austria, then France, and founded the German Empire. This does not mean that the only result of developing national efficiency to its highest point is to secure success in war—in fact, we know that it is not. But it does mean that the same quality—efficiency—which tends to prosperity in peace tends also to victory in war.

Preparing for war was a simple thing in the olden days, compared with preparing now, for the reason that the implements of war are much more numerous and complicated than they used to be, especially in navies. A navy is not ready unless all preparations and plans have been made, tested, and kept up to date, to ensure that all of the vessels of every kind and all the shore stations will be in material condition, fully equipped and manned by a sufficient and efficient personnel of officers and crews, in time to meet the enemy on advantageous terms, and unless the central authority has already decided what it will do, when any probable emergency shall arise. This was the condition of the German army in 1870. This was also the condition of the British Navy, when war broke out in August, 1914; the British Navy was ready; and therefore it was able to assume command of the sea at once, drive its enemy's commerce from the ocean, and imprison its fleets in sheltered ports.

In all countries the peace establishment of the army and navy is smaller than the war establishment, for reasons of economy, upon the assumption that there will be enough time after war is declared to get on a war basis before the enemy can strike. But since 1870, all the military nations have realized that the vital struggle of a war takes place *before* a shot is fired; that *the factors that decide which nation shall be the victor and which the vanquished, are determined before the war begins;* that they are simply "functions" of preparedness. Germany was ready not only for war but for victory, because she had sufficient troops, regular and reserve, enlisted, organized, equipped and highly trained; and because Von Moltke and the General Staff had pursued careful studies of all probable situations during the thirteen years preceding, and had reached well digested general decisions as to what to do in almost any situation that might arise.

The relative conditions in which two opposing forces will

enter a war, and their relative performances afterwards, will depend upon the relative excellence of the war plans made for them and the thoroughness with which the plans are tested before war breaks. So it is not difficult to see why all the great armies have patterned after Germany, and organized special bodies of officers for the preparation and execution of war plans; and why it is that they endeavor to secure for that peculiar duty the most thorough and industrious of their officers. Due to the nature of war itself, the principles of warfare apply in their essentials to navies as well as to armies; and so the navies have patterned after the armies and made plans whereby they can get ready to fight in fleet organization on the ocean with the greatest possible effectiveness in the shortest possible time.

During peace times every navy is maintained on a "peace basis"; only such ships and other material being kept in full commission, and only such a number of officers and enlisted men being actively employed, as the appropriations allotted by the Government permit. Those ships and other material that are not actually in commission are maintained in reserve, a condition of partial readiness, of which several degrees are recognized, in which a reduced number of officers and men are kept on board, and the various structures and apparatus are kept in as high a degree of readiness as circumstances will permit. In order to man in time of war these vessels in reserve, and ensure a sufficient personnel in the active fleet, a "Naval Reserve" is organized in each country, composed of officers and men who have had experience in the regular navy. They are compelled to undergo a specific amount of training each year, to keep themselves in readiness at all times to answer the call for active service on short notice, and to maintain such communication with the Government as will make it easy to locate any man at any moment.

The act of getting ready, the passing from a state of peace to a state of readiness for fighting, is called "mobilization." Mobilization plans are an important element in war plans, but the details of any mobilization plan are of such a confidential nature that it would not be proper to discuss them in public print. There can be no impropriety, however, in making the general statement that in all navies the endeavor is made to keep the mobilization plans continually up to date, and to have them prepared in such detail that every officer and enlisted man in active service, the retired list, the Naval

Reserve, and the Naval Militia, will become instantly available for a pre-determined duty, and that every shore station and every necessary vessel will be ready to take part. The plans prescribe methods in very great detail whereby the ships and other vessels in reserve can be quickly put into commisssion with full crews of officers and men, all their various equipments, fuel and ammunition put on board, and the vessels themselves sent out to sea to join the fleet. In addition, plans are made whereby certain auxiliaries can be fitted out at once and put into commission,—such as supply ships, ammunition ships, transports, colliers, mine ships, hospital ships, etc. The mass of detailed plans, orders, and instructions is stupendous and bewildering. Years of study, trial, and rectification are required to get them into such condition that the plans can be put into immediate and effective use when war breaks. The work must be done, however, and with the utmost thoroughness, *before* war breaks; otherwise it will never be done, if an active enemy is about, because he will strike at once—and then it will be too late.

In most of the great naval countries the work of mobilizing the fleet is comparatively easy, for the reason that the coast line is short and is not far from any part of the interior, enabling reserves to live in fairly close touch with the coast and with naval affairs, and so near the coast that they can get quickly to any port. But the conditions in the United States are more difficult than those in any other country, because of the enormous stretch of our coast, the great average distance from any place in our country to the coast, the difficulty of getting a Naval Reserve that could be of practical use (due to the ease with which young men can make a comfortable living on the land), and the perilous slowness of the nation as a whole to realize the necessity for preparedness.

As an offset to this, we have the 3,000 miles of ocean between us and Europe, and the 5,000 miles between us and Asia; and on account of this we may to a certain extent discount the danger of attack and the preparedness required to meet it. But our discount should be reasonable and reasoned out, and certainly not excessive. Fortunately the problem of how much time we should allow for mobilizing and joining the fleet is easy, as a moment's thought will show us that it must be simply the two weeks needed for a fleet to come from Europe to America; for we must realize that the re-

port of the sailing of the hostile fleet would be the first news we should get of any hostile preparation or intent.

The general situation in which every isolated naval nation stands regarding other nations is not complicated, but very plain. Each nation has, as possible opponents in its policy, certain countries. The naval forces of those countries and the time in which they can be made ready are known with sufficient accuracy for practical purposes. If any isolated naval nation wishes to carry out a policy which any of those countries will forcibly oppose she must either build a navy equal to that of the other country, or else be prepared to abandon any attempt to force her policies. Stating the question in another way, she can carry out only such policies as do not require for their enforcement a navy stronger than she has.

It is true that diplomacy and the jealousies of foreign Powers unite to make possible the averting of war during long periods of time. Diplomacy averted war from Germany for forty-three years, but it could not continue to avert war eternally. War finally broke with a violence unparalleled in history, and possessing a magnitude proportional to the length of duration of the preceding peace. "Long coming long last, short notice soon past" is a sailor's maxim about storms; and it seems not inapplicable to wars. Certain it is that the frequent wars of savage tribes are far less terrible than the infrequent wars of enlightened Powers.

This indicates that, even though a nation may be able to avert war for a long time, war will come some day, in a form which the present war foreshadows; and it suggests the possibility that the longer the war is averted, the more tremendous it will be, the greater the relative unpreparedness of a slothful nation, and the sharper her punishment when war finally breaks upon her.

BRADLEY A. FISKE.

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS—II

BY L. AMES BROWN

In the present paper my purpose is to present data as to the steps by which the prohibition movement has been nationalized, and as to its political status, with the view of formulating some indications of the progress that may be expected for it in the immediate future. At the outset, we meet the curious anomaly of our politics that the success of the advocates of States' rights in forcing the Webb Interstate Liquor Shipment Law through Congress over the veto of President Taft paved the way for the agitation of the Hobson movement for national prohibition.

This law provides that the transportation of intoxicants from one State into another State, "which is intended by any person interested therein to be received, possessed, sold, or in any manner used, either in the original package or otherwise, in violation of any law of such State, Territory, or District of the United States, or place non-contiguous to but subject to the jurisdiction thereof, is hereby prohibited."

President Taft declared the enactment to be a clear violation of the Constitution, holding it "in substance and effect a delegation by Congress to the States of the power of regulating interstate commerce in liquors, which is vested exclusively in Congress." In his veto message, Mr. Taft said:

> If Congress, however, may in addition entirely suspend the operation of the interstate-commerce clause upon a lawful subject of interstate commerce and turn the regulation of interstate commerce over to the States in respect to it, it is difficult to see how it may not suspend interstate commerce in respect to every subject of commerce wherever the police power of the State can be exercised to hinder or obstruct that commerce. I can not think that the framers of the Constitution, or that the people who adopted it, had in mind for a

moment that Congress could thus nullify the operation of a clause whose useful effect was deemed so important, and which in fact has contributed so much to the solidarity of the Nation and the prosperity that has followed unhampered, nation-wide trade.

Congress overruled Mr. Taft's veto by a vote of 244 to 95 in the House, and 63 to 21 in the Senate. The liquor interests made no effort to prevent the passage of the measure, being advised that it represented merely an effort to appease the temperance sentiment of the country through the passage of a "harmless" law, and there is no doubt that some members of the House voted for the measure because they believed it harmless, seeing an opportunity to make political friends of temperance workers without making any political enemies. Representative Webb, the chairman of the House Committee on Judiciary and the author of the law in question, in a recent communication to me regarding the measure, said:

> This law, strictly speaking, is not a prohibition law, it is rather a local option measure which gives to the States the absolute right to control the troublesome liquor question for themselves. As to the constitutionality of the law, I feel quite secure in the belief that it will be upheld by unanimous court when the Supreme Court comes to pass upon it. I may be too sanguine in this matter, but my three years' study of this question brings me to that conclusion.

The Anti-Saloon League's campaign for national prohibition was launched formally at the Twenty-Year Jubilee Convention of the League held in Columbus, Ohio, November, 1913. This campaign resulted, in December, 1914, in a vote by the House of Representatives upon the Hobson resolution to submit a prohibition Constitutional amendment to a vote of the States. This test of strength was not of the prohibitionists' seeking, as is attested by an interview given out by Representative Hobson in the Fall of 1914, charging that the opponents of the resolution were forcing a vote in the hope of smothering it, and thus affecting the prohibition compaign unfavorably. It was a fact that Representative Underwood, of Alabama, the majority leader of the House, and at that time a candidate for the Senate in Alabama in opposition to Representative Hobson, was the prime mover in the plan for bringing out the Hobson resolution from the Judiciary Committee and providing for a vote under a special rule. President Wilson, in so far as he exerted any influence in the parliamentary

situation, upheld Mr. Underwood. A short time before the vote the President refused to sanction a well-worked-out plan of the House leaders to shelve the resolution. The President informed his friends in the House that he did not believe the Democratic Party ought to accept the responsibility of preventing a vote on a measure of such intense popular interest. It is true also that both sides to the contest recognized that the Hobson resolution would fail of passage. Indeed, the test of strength was regarded as important solely for its possible psychological effect upon the country. The issue thus joined eventuated disastrously for the opponents of prohibition, for the Hobson resolution received a vote four in excess of a majority of the voting membership.

Certain aspects of the vote on the Hobson resolution should be noted as having significance with reference to the future of the movement. For one thing, the suffrage movement and the Hobson movement found common ground in 106 Congressional districts despite the fundamental divergence, between the one which seeks to increase the rights of individuals, and the other which would deprive them of an established right. One hundred and six members who voted affirmatively on the Hobson resolution voted a few weeks later for the Mondell suffrage resolution. This was indubitable evidence that 106 Congressmen believed their districts favored both suffrage and prohibition, supporting the traditional claim of the temperance workers that the prohibition movement would be strengthened by equal suffrage as against the declarations of some anti-suffragists that women have not fought the liquor traffic in States where they have been given the vote.

The next step in the nationalization of the prohibition movement came in January, 1915, when the prohibitionists waged a strenuous and almost victorious fight in the Senate for the incorporation of a prohibition rider in the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill. An amendment to the District bill to foist prohibition upon the people of the District without a referendum was offered by Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas. Insistence by the opposition that the Sheppard motion to suspend the rules and consider his rider be referred to the Committee on Rules produced the first test of strength. The vote was 37 ayes, 34 noes, and 25 not voting. The Rules Committee made a favorable report upon the Sheppard amendment, and the fight then narrowed down to

the consideration of a motion to suspend the rules. The prohibitionists contended that the rules could be suspended by a majority vote. The opposition held out successfully for a two-thirds vote.

The prohibitionists, with one or two exceptions, refused to listen to suggestions that the legislation be submitted to a vote of the District of Columbia, thus disregarding the principle of self-government which they had agitated so vigorously in local option campaigns. It is noteworthy that the Senators who are regarded as close friends of the Wilson Administration held out for a referendum, and I have good reasons for stating that if the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill had come to him embodying a provision for prohibition without a referendum, President Wilson would have vetoed it.

The movement for prohibition in the District of Columbia will probably be revived at the next session of Congress, with a promise of success. That the movement may succeed is to be attributed to the fact that a large proportion of Congressmen regard the District of Columbia as a little Poland, whereon it is good sport to try out reform legislation which may interest the people "back home." It is a fair but saddening commentary upon the ways of legislatures that the last Congress considered the District of Columbia a fit subject for experimental legislation, without regard for the sentiment of the people to be affected. The House of Representatives was eager for an opportunity to concur in the Senate amendment, had the Sheppard fight succeeded in the upper body. Among fair-minded people without the pale of political ambition, the Sheppard fight had an appreciable influence in favor of local self-government for the District of Columbia.

The prohibition forces of to-day are organized with a degree of efficiency attained by few movements in the history of the Republic. Their efficiency of organization prevents us effectually from drawing a parallel between the Dow movement and the Hobson movement. The power of that portion of public opinion which now supports the demand for national prohibition is exerted upon Congress and State political bodies and in elections through the Anti-Saloon League of America. The League organizes and manages every important prohibition fight made in the country, and maintains at Washington one of the most powerful lobbies

ever seen at the National Capital. It is known as the National Legislative Headquarters of the League, and is in charge of Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie, National Legislative Superintendent. It is a lobby clearly within the sense of the term accepted in modern American politics. Its representatives, backed by an organized influence of public opinion, are enabled to dictate the attitude of a considerable number of Congressmen on a pending question, with the result that Congressmen oftentimes are driven to vote against their own views and their own consciencies in favor of measures advocated by the lobby. Speaking of his views on excess of so-called reform legislation, President Taft made the following observations upon the most recent fight conducted by the prohibition lobby in the House of Representatives:

> This excess of legislation I attribute to two causes. The first was the erroneous belief that any reform could be accomplished merely by legislation, and the second was that legislators were prone to enact laws not because they believed their enforcement would do any good, or because they had their enforcement in mind, but only because their votes would profit them politically. Due to this last cause, whenever a part of the electorate in a Congressional district, not a majority, but supposed to hold the balance of power, threaten to plump their votes for or against a Congressional candidate on a particular issue, and without regard to their own party affiliations, they were able to frighten legislators into the legislation which they as a minority group demanded. In this wise the amendment for national prohibition secured a majority of the members of the House of Representatives. Many members voted for it who are not really in favor of it, nor did a majority of their constituents demand it. Such members voted for it merely to secure the approval and support of a comparatively small element in the electorate, whose votes they feared might defeat them if they voted their own conviction.

Little needs to be added to President Taft's disapprobation of the working of the prohibition lobby. It is true, as he points out, that the Representatives of minorities in scores upon scores of Congressional districts were enabled by the compactness of their organization and the threat of their implacable opposition in the future, to induce Congressmen to yield their conscientious opposition to the Hobson resolution. The harmful effect of such a lobbying enterprise upon our system of government does not admit of controversy. It is inimical to the very spirit of our governmental institutions, in that it would remove the legislative power from Congress itself, in so far as the matter of pro-

hibition is concerned, and place this power in the hands of the Anti-Saloon League. A lobby always has been condemned by the American people. The very term "lobby" has been anathema in American politics. Until the appearance of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Dinwiddie, those who exerted "a concerted influence" upon Congress did their work secretly and under cover. The Anti-Saloon League has been utterly fearless in its operations, however, and has made no effort to cloak its activities in the corridors of the House of Representatives. The justification of the League leaders that their Congressional lobby is "seeking to put through Congress measures for the public good, touching the traffic in intoxicating liquors," does not seem to me to be adequate. The disapproval which the American people have maintained to all lobbying grew out of a more fundamental thought than could be involved in the character of the legislation sought. The essential factor in this disapproval was that a concerted effort was being made to substitute for the judgment of Congress the judgment of a certain element in the electorate.

The Anti-Saloon League nationalized the prohibition movement of to-day. It managed the fight for the enactment of the Webb Law in 1913. The managers of the League, and not Representative Hobson, of Alabama, furnished the real leadership of the fight for the Hobson resolution in 1915; indeed, Hobson was little more than a figurehead in the fight, the spokesman of the Anti-Saloon League leaders, who directed things from the cloak rooms. Not Hobson but Mr. Dinwiddie and his colleagues of the Anti-Saloon League leadership figuratively cracked the whip over the heads of the cravens and weaklings in the House, and brought to terms the men who shuddered at the threat of political opposition by the Anti-Saloon element, and of being branded with the stigma of the Whiskey Trust. The prohibition lobbyists in that fight gave cards and spades to the representatives of the liquor interests who had come to Washington. It was a sullen House of Representatives who voted by a majority of four to submit the Hobson resolution, a House of Representatives who acted under compulsion, but who, despite their sullenness, did not dare to assert their independence.

The Anti-Saloon League political leaders make no secret of their political activities. I quote the following from a let-

ter written me by General Superintendent P. A. Baker, in September, 1915:

> While the League has a political department, it is absolutely omni-partisan. It seeks the nomination of men opposed to the liquor traffic on all party tickets for positions having to do with the enactment or the enforcement of laws touching the liquor traffic. Its appeal to those whom it can influence is—when such men are not nominated on all party tickets—to be large enough to vote for a good man on the opposite ticket rather than a bad man on their own. It has no alliance with any political party. It does not permit itself to be used in the interest of any candidate for any position that does not have to do with the drink traffic. Our legislative office at Washington may justly be called a lobby seeking to put through Congress measures for the public good touching the traffic in intoxicating liquors. It differs from other lobbies in the respect that it has no relation to personal gain or personal advancement. It is the Christian forces of the country mobilized and brought to bear in an organized way upon the Congress of the United States upon the one issue.

This powerful organization began its activities in 1893, having been founded upon a temperance organization local to Oberlin, Ohio. It began with local option fights in Ohio, and now has succeeded in mobilizing the prohibition forces of the country, and the composite influence of thirty-eight State organizations is exerted wherever the prohibition issue is involved in an election.

The League is well provided with funds. The income of the various State organizations, together with that of the national organization, was approximately $1,500,000 last year. Whence came these large war funds is more or less a mystery. It has been charged by opponents that they represent "Rockefeller money" and contributions of other big interests. Mr. Carnegie as well as Mr. Rockefeller have been mentioned at times as heavy contributors.

One of the chief sources of power of the League is the remarkable efficiency it has displayed in paying off old political scores. The implacability of the organization's enmity against men who have thwarted its plans is Jesuitical, and the typical seeker after office would rather incur the opposition of any other organization. The leaders of the prohibition movement have thought it worth while in many cases to make great sacrifices of energy and money to defeat candidates who had opposed them in earlier parts of their careers. A conspicuous instance of this sort was the defeat

of Myron T. Herrick for a second term as Governor of Ohio. In 1904, by threatening to exercise his veto power, Governor Herrick succeeded in having the Brannock Local Option Bill amended by the Ohio Legislature to an extent which the Anti-Saloon League managers considered rendered the measure worthless. Herrick was elected for his first term by a majority of 113,000. The Republican Party had carried the State in 1904 by more than 255,000. In 1905 the Republican State ticket was elected by normal majorities with the exception of Governor Herrick, who, to quote from an Anti-Saloon League publication, "went down to defeat before an avalanche of Christian protest, which buried him under a majority of 44,000 strong."

The black list of the League has been a growing one in the past few years. It is published in the annual Year Book, and now includes every member of the House or Senate, who in 1914 voted against the Webb measure or the motion to override the veto of President Taft; every member who voted against the Hobson resolution in 1914; and every member of the Senate who did not follow the leadership of Senator Sheppard, of Texas, in his effort to foist prohibition upon the people of the District of Columbia.

Serious charges of misrepresentation and actual dishonesty in State campaigns have been made against the prohibitionists by the National Retail Liquor Dealers' Association. Charges are made that petitions having faked signatures have been submitted to State legislatures, and that subterfuges have been resorted to in order to secure signatures to these petitions. It is probable, however, that these incidents, if they really are authentic, are isolated, and the chief harm done by the propaganda is in the circulation of literature, such as Congressman Hobson's speech in Congress a year ago, containing such unverified statements as the announcement that 730,000 people die annually from alcoholism, an utterance which Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, undoubtedly had in mind when he observed in one of the Senate debates:

"Not long ago I checked up the utterances of a very distinguished prohibitionist, and he mentioned the fact that a certain number of people in America went to their graves each year from the liquor habit. It struck me as an enormous number of people, and I thought maybe I had better look into it, and I found that alcohol by his account had sent

to their graves in America about 100,000 more people than had in that year died in all America."

With their political plans already well defined, the prohibitionists are enabled to devote their energies to activities within the various political parties in the period when the parties themselves have not settled down to the serious work of the pre-convention campaigns. Three distinct purposes have been fixed upon by the prohibition managers. First, the fight for the adoption of the Hobson resolution will be renewed at the next session of Congress convening December 1st, 1915. Second, an effort will be made to secure the nomination of Presidential candidates favorable to the Hobson resolution by the Democratic and Republican parties, and to secure platform declarations favoring the submission of the issue to a vote of the States from the national conventions of the two parties. Third, the prohibitionists will take a vigorous part in practically all of the Congressional elections in 1916, in the hope of bringing about the election of a Congress so strongly in favor of submitting the prohibition issue to the States that, regardless of the attitude of the next President, it will be impossible to prevent the passage of the Hobson resolution after March 4th, 1917.

It is to be expected that the Anti-Saloon League's chosen successor to Representative Hobson, as its spokesman in the House of Representatives, will reintroduce the Hobson resolution a few days after the reconvening of the next session. The measure will be referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which Representative Webb, of North Carolina, author of the Interstate Liquor Shipment Law, is chairman. The committee will give a favorable report on the resolution, and it then will be necessary to seek a special rule from the Committee on Rules to allow its early consideration in the House. Representative Henry, of Texas, chairman of the Committee on Rules, is opposed to the resolution, having decried the agitation of the issue in recent campaign speeches, but his opposition will not suffice to prevent the passage of a rule when the prohibitionists make a determined fight for it. The prohibitionists will insist upon this test of strength in the House for the sake of the moral effect of a repetition of the majority vote secured a year ago. They are hopeful that even a larger vote may be secured, but the most optimistic do not expect the two-thirds vote, which would be necessary

for the submission of a Constitutional amendment to the States.

Frank avowals have been made by the prohibitionists of their intention to exert their full influence in the pre-convention and post-convention stages of the next national campaign. The first pronouncement of this intention was made by Representative Hobson in the debate on the Hobson resolution, December, 1914, when he said:

> I here announce to you that the great temperance and prohibition forces of this whole nation will make this question the paramount issue in 1916 not only to gain a two-thirds majority in the two houses of Congress, but to have an Administration that neither in the open nor under cover will fight this reform.

The suspicion that Hobson's utterance was designed to be a warning to President Wilson as to the menace of prohibition opposition to his renomination and re-election was confirmed in a statement issued by the national officers of the Anti-Saloon League, General Superintendent Baker and Legislative Superintendent Dinwiddie, after the last national convention of the League last Spring. This was the statement which the League issued from Washington:

> Just at this time, when the party leaders are looking for available candidates for the Presidency next year, it will be well if they will carefully consider one or two things. The united prohibition forces of the country will oppose a candidacy of any man who voted against the Webb-Kenyon interstate liquor shipment law or voted against the resolution to submit the national prohibition amendment to the States, or who advocates only the States rights policy of dealing with the liquor traffic.

This statement served notice that the Anti-Saloon League will oppose the renomination of President Wilson by the Democratic Party, and the nomination of Senator Root, who voted against the Webb bill by the Republican Party; while it will not oppose the candidacy of Senator Borah, Senator Burton, and Senator Cummins, who voted for the Webb bill in the Senate, and of Senator Weeks, who voted for the measure in the House.

Turn now to a consideration of certain important factors in the political situation which may be expected to affect the future of the prohibitionists' plans. Political issues never can be separated from political personalities. The primary consideration in the formulation of a judgment as to the political prospects of the prohibition movement in advance

of the next political campaign should be the known attitude of the outstanding leaders of the people. Interest centers first in President Wilson, who believes that prohibition, like suffrage, is an issue for the States and not the nation. His friends are confident that he will oppose the incorporation of a prohibition plank in the platform on which he is to run. The President stated his convictions for the benefit of the Maine voters in the 1912 campaign in the following letter:

> I am in favor of local option. I am a thorough believer in local self-government and believe that every self-governing community which constitutes a social unit should have the right to control the regulation or withholding of licenses. But the questions involved are social and moral and are not susceptible of being made parts of a party programme.

This letter is still furnished to the newspaper correspondents by the White House whenever an expression of the President's views on prohibition is sought.

Ex-Secretary of State Bryan, who referred to the States' rights articles as "perishable tommyrot," a short time after the House debates in which President Wilson's letter advocating the local self-government principle was quoted, has advised against the agitation of the prohibition issue in the next national campaign. He said in an interview at Atlanta early in October that the issue would have to be dealt with "when the time is ripe," but that he did not think the next campaign the proper time. Mr. Bryan is an open advocate of nation-wide prohibition, and he has in frequent statements advised the Democratic Party to take the "moral" side of the issue in every State where it is raised. His view that it will not be the part of strategic wisdom for the prohibitionists to bring the liquor issue to the fore in the next campaign is made in the following excerpt from a recent statement:

"I hope that national prohibition will not be an issue in the campaign of 1916. I prefer to see that campaign fought out on the economic issues which divide the two leading parties. The Democratic Party has made a splendid record in matters of legislation and administration, and its defeat might result in the undoing of some of the things that have been accomplished."

Mr. Bryan's intimation that the Democratic Party would face defeat if prohibition were the dominating issue in the next national campaign is exceedingly interesting. Presum-

ably he recalled the recent fights in Maine and Ohio, in which the Democratic Party opposed prohibition, and in which he was called upon to enter the campaign bespeaking the election of " wet " candidates.

Colonel Roosevelt, like Secretary Bryan, is known to view the political possibilities of the prohibition issue with interest, and at times with serious thoughts of appropriating its advantages, as he did with the suffrage issue in the last campaign. Mr. Roosevelt, while he has never come out for prohibition, made a speech at Columbus, Ohio, last Fall in which he charged that both the old parties in Ohio were in league with the liquor interests, and made a vigorous attack upon the liquor interests for their participation in the Ohio campaign. He spoke from the same platform with James R. Garfield, the Progressive Party's candidate for governor, and his speech, while not in open advocacy of the prohibition amendment supported by the Progressive Party candidate, was distinctly favorable to the " dry " cause.

Ex-President Taft, like President Wilson, believes that the injection of the prohibition issue into national politics would be an evil. He summarized recent statements in regard to prohibition in the following excerpt from a letter to a friend:

> I said that it would destroy the balance of powers between the central Government and the State Governments; that it was a direct blow at local self-government, and at the integrity of our Federal system which depended on preserving the control by the States of parochial and local matters; a local matter, because opinions with reference to how it should be treated varied with every community. Secondly, it was dangerous because the exercise of jurisdiction to prohibit the liquor traffic would call for a horde of Federal officials in addition to the hundreds of thousands now representing the United States Government, and would give to an unscrupulous manipulator in national politics, with Federal authority, a power that would be dangerous to the republic whenever candidates were to be selected by his party, or whenever an election was to be had.

In every national campaign there are at least three elements in the electorate, as differentiated from the inherent strength of the parties themselves, that make their influence felt on one side or the other. The position of organized labor is seldom open to question, and plays an important part in the result of every campaign. The " Catholic vote " is a phrase recognized as having a definite meaning in the vocabulary of practical politics. A third element is the capitalistic

element. Capital has its own viewpoint on matters of national politics, and like that of labor its influence is felt in the councils of the political managers, as well as in national campaigns. It is practicable to study the positions of these three elements with respect to prohibition, and from the information adduced to throw some light upon the political prospects of the movement.

A highly important factor in the spread of temperance sentiment in the United States is what has come to be designated as "industrial prohibition." It is a fact that many of the big industrial leaders, apart from all considerations of sentiment, and I might also say without reference to humanitarian motives, have permitted themselves to be converted to the prohibition cause as a result of arguments that have been urged upon them regarding the effect of alcohol as affecting the matters of profit and loss. I do not wish to convey the impression that prohibition is a movement of the big interests to swell their money bags, but merely to direct attention to the fact that some industrial capitalists are disposed to view the movement with more or less favor.

The attitude of organized labor to the prohibition movement is as clearly defined as its attitude on other important national issues. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, set forth this attitude in these words:

As you know, the constitution of the American Federation of Labor names the Prohibition Party as among those whose party politics shall have no place in the conventions of our organization. Despite this, the leaders of organized labor have their personal opinions, and strong ones at that. The consensus of opinion among the leaders of organized labor is anti-prohibition. We are opposed to the legal prohibition of drinking because we do not want the Government to say to us, "You shall not drink." We do not believe that this is the right way, or even a practical way, in which temperance reform shall be brought about. No one is more firmly convinced of the necessity for temperance as a requisite of efficiency than workingmen, but they are opposed to the prohibition movement because it has been such a stupendous failure everywhere that it has been tried. I have done a great deal of traveling in the United States, as was necessary in the performance of my duties as President of the American Federation of Labor, and I say, without reservation, that I have seen more real drunkenness in Prohibition States than I have seen anywhere else in the world, not excepting the centers of population in Europe. I saw more drunkenness in the 1906 campaign against Congressman Littlefield in Maine, a Pro-

hibition State, than I have seen in any political fight in which I was engaged.

An outstanding accomplishment of the prohibition laws has been that the people in the sections where they were operative were prevented from acquiring the taste for the lighter beverages, such as beer, in preference to whiskies. One of the wholesome signs in the modern industrial life of the country has been the surprising extent to which light beer has displaced the more ardent beverages. The people in the Prohibition States would have been much better off if their laws had not prevented them from keeping abreast of this national tendency.

The extent of the activites of the labor organizations in opposition to the fight for national prohibition in the next Congress is yet to be determined. Political students would welcome eagerly the news that the labor lobby and the prohibition lobby are to lock horns on this issue. Such a contest would dispel the uncertainty now existing as to which is the stronger lobby in the country.

Cardinal Gibbons, the most influential prelate of the Catholic Church in the United States, believes with President Wilson that the liquor issue should be dealt with in accordance with the principles of local self-government. He is convinced that local prohibition is at times desirable, and in the local option fights in Saint Mary's and Calvert counties, Maryland, he authorized Catholic clergymen to exert their influence for the adoption of the prohibition law, and backed up the clergy with a strong letter. It is certain, however, that Cardinal Gibbons never will seek to exert the influence of the Catholic Church in favor of nation-wide prohibition, and that American Catholics in so far as they are influenced by the cardinal will oppose the movement.

There can be little question of the opposition of the Catholics generally to the prohibition movement so long as Cathlic publications as orthodox and as influential as the *Ecclesiastical Review* feature such articles as "An Aspect of Prohibition," by Rev. Lucian Johnston, in the October issue. This very vigorous article contained the following striking sentences:

"Certainly it (prohibition) is in spirit utterly alien to the genius of Catholicity. . . . Prohibition as a principle is not congenial to the genius of Catholicity. . . . I further believe that the present wave of prohibition sweeping our country is very largely an aspect of Protestantism, a

sort of Protestant revival with all the earmarks of a movement of a sect."

The writer, who is a priest of Baltimore, the residence of Cardinal Gibbons, characterizes the prohibition movement as "essentially emotionalism unregulated by reason."

"Prohibition," he adds, "is full of possibilities far more dangerous than drunkenness. Basically, it is Socialistic. Practically, it is part and parcel of that practical Socialism that is ever more and more strangling the individual."

The writer beseeches his fellow priests that they join him in fighting drunkenness, "with temperance, a knowledge of psychology, a saving sense of humor, with love and pity for frailty and sympathy for human need of pleasure."

A survey of the political horizon indicates, it would seem, that the Hobson movement does not now possess the political resources necessary to the immediate fulfillment of its plans. The outstanding leaders of the political parties are almost unanimously against making prohibition a national issue as the Anti-Saloon League desires. The Catholic Church is not ready to throw its influence behind the movement, and the tremendous power of organized labor is openly directed against it. The capitalistic influence, while giving the prohibition movement some support in State fights, has not yielded to the Hobson propaganda. Consider these facts in the light of the statement of President Taft that the influence of the prohibitionists upon members of Congress is the influence of compact minorities in Congressional districts, and the conclusion is inescapable that the prohibitionists are in such minority in the country as a whole that, however compactly they may be organized, they are not in a position to predict success for years to come.

L. Ames Brown.

ILLITERACY AND DEMOCRACY

BY WINTHROP TALBOT

How many of us who enjoy the printed page realize that five million adult American citizens are wholly unable to read and write; that millions more read only simple words; and that still other millions, able to read hesitatingly, rarely do read? A large percentage of American adults are illiterates or near-illiterates, almost wholly isolated from the world of ideas and progress.

Such illiteracy is a barrier to democracy.

Underlying that evolution into industrial, social and political democracy which irritates the conservative, delights the radical, and perplexes all, is the fact that the introduction—not so long ago—of the linotype, monotype, rotary press, and woodpulp paper have put within the reach of everyone the cheap and convenient printed page.

Cheap printing is the ready means of extending thought and information, and makes possible that fundamental intelligence on which democracy is based. Illiterates, however, deprived of this first aid to democracy, retard the progress of us all. In order to claim the privileges of intelligent living, enlarge our opportunities, and enjoy the benefits of substantial government by representation, it is clear that everyone in the community must be equipped with a means of profiting by the knowledge and experience of others, and of becoming informed on all matters of common interest and importance. Without general extension of ability to read and write, how may this be possible?

We have realized the need of compulsory schooling for children who are born Americans; we are beginning to provide for the children of stranger-folk who come to us; yet we ignore the illiteracy of millions of unschooled men and women—children in mind, though adult in years—apparent-

ly forgetting that the first requisite for government by representation is literacy.

Literacy is impatient to-day of the industrial baron. A literate society demands representation. It seeks government by town-meeting or by commission. It exacts growth of every individual, and ample opportunity for it. It criticizes the woman or the man who is domineering and self-important. It requires capacity to set the bounds to accomplishment and the measure of a man's worth to be the quality, type and degree of his contribution to the community.

As illiteracy diminishes, social appreciations grow. We learn to think of others in terms of breadth and complexity and capacity, not of superiority and inferiority. Only people of restricted human understanding to-day can use the terms " upper " and " lower " classes. We are awakening to the fact that special privilege may be reduced only as literacy increases, and that democracy is possible only through the general extension of information and schooling.

Illiteracy, in its final analysis, signifies increased expense for production; lowered wages; segregated profits and the sweat-shop; for how long could the sweat-shop last without people to exploit? Illiteracy means increasing industrial agitation and unrest; it promotes race prejudice and class hatred; it precludes that mutual understanding and ability to co-operate which must underlie well-managed industry and efficient democracy; illiteracy debases political and social standards; it is a clog on intelligent workmanship, homemaking, public health and good citizenship.

It is not by chance that the Colorado mining camps, the West Virginia coalfields, illiterate communities like Lawrence, Mass., and Passaic, N. J., and the great trades employing thousands of illiterate workers in the larger cities, have had many costly strikes. Nor is it mere coincidence that epidemics of disease arise in city and village slums where the illiterate swarm. If we are to handle intelligently such problems as industrial unrest and public health, and promote civic administration and good government, we need to know more about that portion of all our people who read with difficulty, and of that submerged and isolated tenth to whom the newspaper and the printed page are but weird black marks on white paper, and to whom the public notice and the danger-sign are meaningless.

The word " illiterate " in America today stands for

steady *increase* of illiterate white folks by scores of thousands in New England, in the Empire State, in the Garden State, in the Keystone State, in the Prairie State, and in eleven States of the Northwest. These are white people: not Negroes, Indians, Chinese, Japanese, or Hindoos, but young white parents who will rear families and will live among us for the next forty years or more. In large degree they are herded aliens, mingling foreign tongues in village outskirts and city slums, increasing accident and disease, filling hospitals, almshouses and asylums, and, as dependents and defectives, laying big and yet bigger taxes on that community which ignores their existence.

Before analyzing illiteracy in the United States, let us distinguish clearly in our own minds between "illiteracy" and "ignorance"—terms by no means the same, yet often assumed to be synonymous. Some ignorant persons may be literate, but most illiterates are ignorant.

It has long been a choice morsel for the social pessimist and critic of democracy that nearly one-fourth of the population of the Southern States is illiterate. We have been accustomed to think of Alabama, Mississippi, and neighboring States as the "Black Belt," not only with regard to race, but also schooling. It gives a different aspect to the situation to know that each Southern State has cut its percentage of illiteracy more than twenty-five per cent during the last census period from 1900 to 1910, and that in the South Atlantic, East South Central, and West South Central divisions, which include all the Southern States, the number of illiterates was nearly a million (938,767) less in 1910 than in 1900.

Illiteracy may be a hindrance, but it is not a peril, in States which are so active through public school endeavor and otherwise that each decade they are steadily effecting wholesale reductions not only in the percentage but in the number of illiterates. Thus illiteracy is a menace only in the manufacturing States of New England and in the States of the Middle Atlantic division which for ten years—nay, even for twenty years, as in the State of New York—have failed to reduce their percentage of illiteracy and have also increased enormously their numbers of illiterates; or, as in the case of Connecticut, have actually retrograded, and have increased not only in numbers of illiterates but in percentage of illiteracy as well. The New England, Middle Atlan-

tic, Mountain, and Pacific divisions are those which show an increase in the number of illiterates during the last twenty years.

Illiterates are steadily increasing in number, not in the South, but in

Massachusetts	Illinois	New Mexico
Rhode Island	North Dakota	Arizona
Connecticut	Nebraska	Utah
New York	Montana	Nevada
New Jersey	Wyoming	Washington
Pennsylvania	Colorado	California

the heaviest increase being in New England and the Middle Atlantic States. During the twenty years from 1890 to 1910, the number of illiterates in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, and Florida *decreased* from 2,027,951 to 1,427,063. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, the *increase* was from 790,772 to 1,103,872.

Until 1910, native white illiterates outnumbered foreign-born illiterates, but the latter have been increasing rapidly. From 1880 to 1910 the increase in number of foreign-born illiterates was 886,741, whereas the decrease in number of native white illiterates was 721,188, and of negro illiterates 922,269.

The increase in number of foreign-born illiterates by decades has been as follows: 1880-1890: 383,951; 1890-1900: 139,564; 1900-1910: 363,226. Over three million (3,116,182) foreign-born illiterates have been admitted since 1899.

In contrast with the increase of white illiterates, negro illiterates have decreased approximately from 3,150,000 in 1880, to 2,227,731 in 1910. During the last decade all other classes of illiterates—Indians, Chinese, Japanese—have also decreased materially.

Native-born white illiterates have decreased from 2,255,460 to 1,534,272.

Thus every class of illiterate has decreased except the foreign-born, and since the last census their increase has been so great as to out-balance the decrease of all other classes combined.

Means are not lacking for the speedy reduction of adult illiteracy in the United States whenever the public is convinced of the necessity for so doing. Within the next five years the numbers of adult illiterates could be reduced one

half, but an informed public sentiment is pre-requisite. France has halved her illiteracy of late, and so could we; yet it is not long since an almost hopeless view was taken of the problem. It was claimed by one Board of Education in a report on illiteracy that no adequate means existed for reaching the adult illiterate, and that he must be allowed to die off. Fortunately such counsel is as unacceptable as it is vicious, in view of the fact that it has been shown conclusively that the teaching of reading and writing to adults in large numbers as wholly practicable.

One effective measure is the wider use of the public school facilities, and the adaptation of the school mechanism to meet the needs of working people, by establishing co-operative part-time day classes in factories and industrial works, and continuation classes for illiterate house-workers and other illiterate women employed in the home. The evening school is often impracticable, but no convincing argument can be advanced against the co-operative Workers' Class in the place of employment. Such classes have been established in several industries in New York and New Jersey. The Workers' Class requires only an hour a day, five days a week for twelve weeks—sixty hours in all—to enable an adult of moderate intelligence to acquire a knowledge of 600 English words, and to enable him to learn to read, write, and cipher with a surprising degree of ease. In the Workers' Class the public school supplies the teacher and the books, the employer provides the place and opportunity, and the worker the effort.

Most immigrants are beyond ordinary school age, and ordinary school methods are not adapted to their needs. But the brief day-time class at the place of employment is effective in the highest degree, and is advantageous to every one concerned—employed, employer, and the public.

The menace of illiteracy among our foreign population would rapidly disappear, and arguments for imposing a literacy test for admission of immigrants would no longer be needed, if the Workers' Classes and other successful means now in partial operation in some parts of the country were generally used—as the public school part-time class, the evening school, and instruction through private and semi-public associations.

We are at fault in not providing means for adequately enforcing existing legislation regarding the exclusion of the

insane, the degenerate, and the diseased. If this were done, we should automatically exclude the hopelessly illiterate. Nearly ten millions of dollars of unexpended immigrant head-tax is now in the hands of the United States Treasury. If we wish to avoid needless illiteracy, more adequate appropriation should be made for effective medical inspection, now handicapped by insufficient means.

Larger provision should be made for furnishing instruction to adult illiterates through the public school. We require the untaught child to go to school; has not the time come to insist that the untaught child of older years—the adult illiterate—shall also be required to go to school until he learns at least to read and write? Can there be any question that five millions of illiterate adults mentally insulated from exchange of human experience with their fellows are a menace to representative government, democratic institutions, industrial prosperity, and the good of the whole United States?

While objections may properly be made to certain types of State commissions, the problem of illiteracy has been studied so little, and is so wide in its implications, that it affects intimately all State functions, and yet fails to come within the official province of any State department; nevertheless it is a subject requiring special investigation and the widest public knowledge concerning its extent and suitable remedies. Therefore it seems to be a matter which can best be approached and treated through a State commission of citizens who have earned the confidence of the public.

Such a commission has been established by Kentucky to study and remedy its problem of the illiterate, but no States are in greater need of such commissions than the Middle Atlantic division, and especially the State of New York, which harbors a greater number of illiterates than any other State in the Union.

WINTHROP TALBOT.

WAS JESUS A NON-RESISTANT?

BY REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

PREVIOUS to the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914, discussion of the question as to whether Jesus was a non-resistant would have been regarded as needless, not to say ridiculous. For centuries, the tradition of the non-resistant character of the Nazarene's career and teaching has been accepted almost without challenge. Amid the swarming uncertainties of the gospel record, this one fact has stood out with a peculiar impressiveness and beauty. Many have regarded the divine counsel as impracticable; some have denounced it as frankly unworthy. But few have denied its place in Jesus's teaching, and in Christianity as the embodiment of this teaching. Agreement has been general that Jesus was a non-resistant—that while his kingdom could "suffer violence," it could not be established by it.

Nothing has been more notable in religious circles, however, since the sudden coming of the European cataclysm, than the endeavor of those who believe in war, or at least in this particular war, to prove that the tradition of Jesus as a non-resistant is all a mistake, and that the Christians of Germany, England and France are therefore under no spiritual obligation to refrain from taking up arms against their enemies. Three out of twelve articles, for example, in a single number of the great British theological quarterly, *The Hibbert Journal,* were recently devoted to the thesis that Jesus was an advocate of the use of force under certain conditions, and that the Christian religion, therefore, offered sanction as well as condemnation of war. One author, to be sure, in order to prove his point, has to assert that "the world," after nearly two thousand years of preoccupation with the subject, has "almost universally misunderstood . . . the precepts of Jesus," especially the Golden Rule.

Another finds himself forced to abandon the Synoptic Gospels altogether and find his demonstration of Jesus's commendation of war in the unhistorical pages of St. John. But all agree that Jesus was, at certain times and places, not averse to violence as a means to a great end. From the spiritual point of view, this endeavor to cite Jesus as a teacher of "threatening and slaughter" is in a sense encouraging, since it shows that Christianity to-day is not so dead that millions of Christians can lift the sword without compunctions of conscience. But from the point of view of history, the endeavor is wholly regrettable. Facts are facts, after all.

It would be a long and tedious task to search the scriptures for evidence upon the question of Jesus's attitude toward the use of force in human affairs. Therefore it is fortunate that no such exhaustive survey of our problem is required. For all the serious doubts ever raised in contradiction of the assumption that Jesus was a non-resistant are based upon one or all of four brief passages in the Synoptic Gospels. If we dispose of these, the whole case in opposition falls to pieces, and the traditional conception stands.

(1) First among these four passages which seem to invalidate the non-resistant interpretation of Jesus's life and teachings, is the familiar statement in the thirteenth chapter of Mark: "When ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be not troubled, for such things must needs come to pass." Here, it is argued, Jesus is foretelling the wars that are vexing the earth even in our day, and laying down in so many words the principle of their necessity. How can it be contended that Jesus is a non-resistant when he distinctly says that the very things against which the non-resistant stands fronted in deadly opposition "must needs come to pass?"

The absurdity of this argument is so apparent that it is hardly necessary for one to waste time and strength in answering it. Is it possible that there is no difference between saying that it is inevitable that certain things shall happen in the future, and saying that it is right and proper that such things should happen? I pick up a letter written by Count Tolstoi to the London *Times* some years before his death, in which he states that, under the conditions then prevailing in Europe, it is certain that sooner or later the

Continent will be engulfed in a universal cataclysm of arms. Ergo, I must infer that the rumor that the great Russian was a non-resistant can no longer be credited! I read Romain Rolland's vast novel, *Jean Christophe,* and find in the last volume a startling forecast of the outbreak of the present War of the Nations. Ergo, I must presume that M. Rolland welcomes the conflict and approves of all that Germany and Austria did to precipitate it! I turn the pages of H. G. Wells's *Social Forces in England and America,* and, coming to his essay on "The Possible Collapse of Civilization," find him anticipating the horror which the armaments of modern nations have brought upon the world. Ergo, I must take it for granted that Wells does not hate war, does not believe in disarmament, but on the contrary is to be counted among the Treitschkes and Bernhardis and Crambs of modern times! Is not the folly of such a mode of argument too patent to need serious refutation? When Jesus declared that "wars and rumors of wars . . . must needs come," he simply showed that he understood the stupidity of human reason, the blindness of human greed, the immorality of national statescraft. He simply prophesied that, so long as the temper of the heart and the conditions of society remained as they were, there could be no "peace on earth, goodwill toward men." He said what *would* be—not what *ought* to be! And he coupled this with a grand assurance of faith, that "such things" need not trouble us, since the time must come when "such things" shall not be!

(2) Another passage which is cited in this connection is the famous text from the tenth chapter of Matthew, "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." Here is a statement which seems to be conclusive, and therefore incontestable. Jesus declares categorically that his mission is not one of peace at all, but one of war. He comes to earth not to unite men, but to send a sword among them. It is evident that he not only believes that "wars and rumors of wars" shall "come to pass" of their own accord, but that he proposes to make some of these "wars and rumors of wars" himself.

Such a literal interpretation of this martial text seems to be inevitable—at least until we read on in this same chapter a little farther. "I came not to send peace, but a sword," are his words. But immediately thereafter, in the

same passage, he goes on to say, "I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." These sentences obviously belong together—they are part of the same thought, a sequence in the same discourse. And are we to infer therefrom that Jesus came into the world for the single, distinct purpose of breaking up families and severing households—that his appointed mission was to turn fathers against their sons, and daughters against their mothers, and daughters-in-law against their mothers-in-law?

The mere suggestion takes us at once to the *reductio ad absurdum* which is involved in any attempt to interpret literally, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." What Jesus was emphasizing here, in his vivid Oriental fashion, was the radical and therefore divisive character of the gospel which he had come to preach. His message of pure idealism went to the roots of things. It separated instantly the sheep from the goats—the worshippers of Mammon from the worshippers of God. Even in his own household he had seen it divide himself from his mother and his brethren. And what had taken place in his home, he felt certain was bound to take place in many others. The preaching of the Kingdom would sever fathers from sons, and mothers from daughters. Such divisions were not to be welcomed, much less plotted and planned, but were to be accepted when they came. They were simply the altogether regrettable and yet inevitable results of the proclamation of a new truth, a new commandment, a new age! Let no man seek for compromises—or, having put his hand to the plow, look back—or, having enlisted, seek to return and bury his dead. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." Thus spoke the Master his awful challenge of allegiance—and thus he lifted the sword that cleaved those who heard from those who would not hear.

(3) More formidable than either of these two passages is the third, which appears in the story of the Last Supper as told by St. Luke. Jesus and his disciples were conversing together after the evening meal, and he was telling them something of the perils which lay before them. "And he said unto them, When I sent you without purse, and scrip,

and shoes, lacked ye anything? and they said, Nothing. Then he said unto them, But now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." And when he had said this, we are told that " they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And he said unto them, It is enough."

This passage has always proved troublesome, not only to non-resistants, but to students of the gospels, who have without exception found it difficult to reconcile with the actions of Jesus on other and similar occasions. Apart from all questions of his non-resistant attitude, this speech of the Nazarene simply does not seem to fit in, somehow or other, with the rest of his career. Therefore do we find various attempts to explain it or even argue it away. What these are, we need not here enumerate. Renan, who declares flatly in his *Vie de Jésus* that Jesus was momentarily overcome by fear, and Nathaniel Schmidt, who surmises in his *Prophet of Nazareth* that the incident in all probability never took place as here recorded, are perhaps typical. What is important for us to observe is, that higher critics of the gospel narrative agree that here is something that needs special study and consideration, something that must be explained; and they straightway proceed to find some explanation which is different from that which the passage seems to imply!

What we have here, to my mind, is simply a bold endeavor on the part of Jesus, through the figure of the sword which he had used so many times before, to impress upon his over-sanguine and therefore heedless disciples the seriousness of the situation which was before them, and thus to prepare them for disaster. The whole atmosphere of the Last Supper was that of farewell. Every word of the Master was a foreshadowing of arrest, punishment, death. The spilt wine, the broken bread, the promised betrayal, the judgment of Peter—all pointed straight to Gethsemane, the Sanhedrin, and Calvary. The situation has changed: that was the message of the hour—our enemies are upon us. There was a time when we could go " without purse, and scrip, and shoes," but not now! If therefore there be any one among you who cares particularly about saving his own skin, he cannot do a better thing than sell his cloak and buy a sword, for this is a time for swords! The incomparable irony was at work here, as on so many other occasions in the Master's speech. And, as usual, it was totally misunder-

stood. He may have had in mind many things when he thus instructed his followers. But that he actually bade them to buy swords and defend themselves against arrest, is too preposterous for discussion. It is put absolutely out of court by the great event which occurred only a few moments later in the Garden, when Peter drew a sword against the servant of the High Priest. "Put up thy sword again into its place," said Jesus, "for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

(4) But one passage more remains to be considered, and this the most serious of all. I refer, of course, to the cleansing of the Temple. That this event took place as recorded is unquestionable. That it constitutes an act of open violence is similarly unquestionable. Any such explanation as that once offered by Adin Ballou in his *Christian Non-Resistance*, that Jesus may have driven the money-changers from the court-yard, but that there is no evidence that he struck any one of them, is of course the most flagrant kind of hair-splitting. What we have here is a well-authenticated violation of the principle of non-resistance—and why not accept it as such? The episode is chiefly remarkable in the life of the Nazarene not for anything which it teaches in itself, but for its inconsistency with the rest of his career. Never at any other time, so far as we know, did he precipitate riot or himself assault his enemies. But this time he did—this time he failed to live up to the inordinately exacting demands of his own gospel of brotherhood. Nor is the circumstance difficult to understand! Jesus came to Jerusalem tired, worn, hunted. He knew that he walked straight into the arms of his enemies, and undoubtedly therefore straight to his own death. Weary, desperate, confused, he came to the Temple to pray, and here, right before the altars of his God, were the money-changers—here in the sacred places, the type and symbol of that commercialized religion which he most abhorred and which he knew was certain in the end to destroy him. What wonder that a mighty flood of anger surged up in his soul, and for the moment overwhelmed him! What wonder that he seized the rushes from the floor, and swept the place clean of its profaners! It was magnificent, we grant you, but it was not war, in Jesus's sense of that word. This was a moment of defeat, and not of victory, as is witnessed by the fact that this riot was the very occasion for which his enemies were

waiting, to put their hands upon the Nazarene with impunity.

Much more true to type was Jesus's conduct on the remarkable occasion when he was confronted by the mob with "the woman taken in adultery." On the one side was a wretched offender, who, by all the accepted law and custom of the age, was doomed to death by stoning. On the other side was a crowd of angry men, waiting the word of their leaders to destroy her. If ever there was occasion when human sympathy, scornful of the letter of a cruel law, would seem to have been justified in the use of force, this would seem to have been the one. But what did Jesus do? Did he threaten the crowd with punishment? Did he throw himself between the crowd and its crouching victim in an attitude of menace or defiance? Did he strike madly right and left in the hope of putting the mob to flight, in the sublime determination to die himself rather than stand idly by and see the woman destroyed? Any one of these things he might have done, not without credit to himself. But if so, surely his efforts would have been futile. Instead of resorting to violence of any kind, he simply spoke some words, and then, turning away, began to write upon the sand. Could anything seem more utterly ridiculous! And yet, we are told that when Jesus finished his writing and looked about him, the mob was dispersed and the woman saved!

Such are the passages upon which those who deny that Jesus was a non-resistant found their case. Whether or not we have explained these passages satisfactorily is not, after all, a matter of great importance. For even though every one of the four were to be interpreted as our militant friends would have us believe, and even though the four were to be multiplied to fourteen or forty, we would still be obliged to hold to the non-resistant character of Jesus's life and teaching. Whatever our interpretations of separate speeches and episodes, three general facts in regard to the work of the Nazarene stand unimpeachable.

(1) In the first place, whatever may be said about separate incidents, the whole spirit of Jesus's life, as reflected in the four gospels and in every apocryphal and patristic memory of him that has been preserved to us, is that of a man who believed profoundly in the gospel of love; whatever may be said about isolated passages, the whole burden of Jesus's teaching is that of the gospel of forgiving injuries, doing kindness, and fostering good will. The Naza-

rene had his inconsistent moments, like the rest of us. There is nothing easier than to go through the gospels and point out the contradictions on the record. But whatever his occasional lapses from his own august ideals—his inevitable violations of his own self-imposed precepts—his power, his desire, his spirit, are plain beyond possibility of confusion. He condemned and eschewed violence. He deprecated and avoided the use of force. At his best moments, he sought to "turn the other cheek," to love his enemies, to do no evil for any cause. Not by one or two, or even four exceptions, which can by hook and crook be found in the story of one of the most stressful careers in history, must the man be judged, but by the whole rule of his life. The workmanship may here and there be defective, but the design is plain. From this point of view, it is easier to believe that Jesus did not live at all, than that he was not a non-resistant.

(2) Secondly, at the supreme crisis in his life, when he was put to the ultimate test of his convictions, Jesus made perfectly plain the import of his doctrine. When he was set upon in the Garden of Gethsemane, three things were at stake: First of all, his own life. Secondly, so far as he could foresee at the moment, the lives of his well-beloved disciples who had left all and followed him at his especial bidding. Thirdly, again so far as he could foresee, the whole destiny of the reform movement which, at some cost, he had initiated and carried forward in Israel. Now, had Jesus's own life alone been placed in jeopardy by the action of Caiaphas, he might well have disdained to resort to arms. This, certainly, is understandable. But what shall we say when we see him refusing to use the sword offered by Peter, to defend his disciples and perpetuate the work which he had established? If ever there is excuse or reason for the use of force, it is in defense of the persons of those whom we love, or of the cause of truth and right which we have espoused. Here, if anywhere, it is agreed, are sanctions for violence. And yet Jesus steadfastly refused to avail himself of them. Any one who can look upon Gethsemane, the Sanhedrin, the house of Pilate, and Calvary, and deny that Jesus was a non-resistant, seems beyond the reach of reason.

(3) Lastly, it is to be noted that the men who knew Jesus, and the men who knew the men who knew Jesus, were so convinced that he was a non-resistant that, even in the face of the cruelest martrydom the world has known, not one

of them lifted the sword in self-defense. Even when the Christian movement had become extended to the great centers of the Roman world, and fidelity to the Master came into conflict with obedience to the Emperor, not even then did they yield. There was more than one reason, of course, why the early Christians declined to enter the ranks of the Imperial legions. They could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor which was required of every legionary. They were unwilling to place before the Emperor's throne the offerings exacted of every soldier, and thus worship the ruler as a divine or semi-divine being. Furthermore, they were well aware that, if they enlisted, they were liable to be summoned at any time to arrest their fellow-Christians, torture them and put them to death. But first among all such reasons as these is the simple fact that conversion to Christianity was understood to involve conversion to the ideal of non-resistance. To draw the sword, even in the public service of the country, was known to be a flagrant violation of Jesus's law and example of life. Therefore did they prefer to die rather than to take up arms. And many were those who walked the path of martyrdom in obedience to this knowledge.

In the face of the very general attempt now being made to dissociate the non-resistant idea from the teachings of Jesus, it is to be doubted if it is generally recognized what degree of moral treason is involved in such an undertaking. Jesus died the most terrible of deaths, and exposed his disciples to a like fate, in obedience to his ideal of love and brotherhood. His followers, for generations after his passing, suffered ignominy, ridicule, disgrace, suffering, and death, in obedience to this same ideal. Is it not rather serious business, after all, to rob these martyrs of their crowns —to say that they did not know what they were doing—to steal from the world that which they gladly died in order to give the world? If a person does not believe in non-resistance, why should he not, like Nietzsche, confess honestly that he does not believe in the gospel of Christ? That would seem to be a nobler thing than to seek to remake this gospel on a basis of spiritual idealism lower than that which Jesus and his disciples were willing to recognize, for the sake of saving a somewhat dubious reputation for Christian regularity.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

FOR TO-DAY

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

Arm! Arm! . . . and end this thrifty faith in peace,
Too soon arisen in a savage world.
Trust not the tenure of our empty lease
Of safety mid the ruin round us hurled.
It was a dream; it came and it must go
Like the great vision which two thousand years
Has brought at last to final overthrow,
And Christ is gone, and the stark truth appears.
Arm! Arm!—or dare to choose the one sole way
That else remains:—welcome each conquering horde
That would subject your nation; hail the day
Of the proud coming of your alien lord;
And let your country on the wind go by,
Since all you then could do for her is die.

II

Strange! that men die for mastery of the gate
Or council-halls of any earthly land!
Beyond such phantoms dwells our deeper fate
And all the treasures of each heart's demand.
Though this our nation perished without strife
At any hand that hungered for vain dross,
Still would the scope of each man's separate life
Exchange for gain all that it bore of loss.
If Asia came, and we like Rome went down,
Our eagle like her eagles slain and done,
Still would survive all that was once our crown,
With splendors of the Eastern soul made one.
If that is dire,—then sound the fierce alarm,
And wear your folly nobly! Arm! Arm! Arm!

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

In *The Dark Flower* John Galsworthy tells an incident of a mother who took her nine-year-old boy out to see the sunset. She pointed to it, and said: "That is beauty, Jack; do you *feel* it?" One cannot but believe that this happened to the author himself, and that such an incident, coupled with a valuable inheritance, may have helped to lay the foundation of his extraordinary penetration into the beautiful,—in life, in nature, in humanity, and in morals.

Moreover, it took the three most beautiful shires in England to produce this author. He was born at Coombe in Surrey. His father's people have been in Devon since the flood—"of Saxons, at all events," John Galsworthy says; and his mother came from a family named Bartlett, which has been for centuries in Worcestershire.

The part of Devon in which Galsworthy lives is not to be confused with the gentler scenery of Devon. In Dartmoor the landscape is Alpine rather than rural, arid rather than "bowery." Frosts are common as late as April and May, and occur occasionally in June, and there is a fine mountainous splendor of outlook. The little moor Gaulzery, whence the author's people derive, may still be visited, and it is commemorated thus in one of Galsworthy's poems:

Gorse and heather, heather and grass,
Up to the curve of the Autumn sky.
Purple are all the darkening tors
That crown the soft-retreating day;
The far-blown woodsmoke steals its way
From stars of fire in the cottage doors;
And the Southwest wind, with her reedy tune
Sings in the pines her wild, soft praise;
There hangs a golden, mocking moon
At the western cornerways!

John Galsworthy was subjected to the conventional English training of his class: five years at Harrow, where he did eminently well in studies and games, just missing the head-prefectship of the school, and making a name for himself in football, running, and gymnasium; then followed two years at New College, Oxford, where, as a close connection of his says, "Can you believe it?—he was lazy, dressy, sporting"; which doubtless gave him insight into the conventional British feeling of caste. Despite that two years' record, there was strength to fall back on, for in his third year at Oxford he took an Honors degree in Law, and was called to the bar in 1890. Instead of practising (since he hated all the details of his profession) he took several years for travel, visiting Canada, British Columbia, Russia, Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, South Africa, and later traversed a good part of Europe, the United States, and Egypt. Neither in his own life nor in that of his parents was there any need for strain after material things. Apparently, the grandparents attended to that once and for all; and thence there is a moral to derive. It is difficult—though, of course, possible, with two such instances in mind as Keats and Francis Thompson—to believe that an artist can stand the sordid strain of earning a living and at the same time be steeped in beauty. But it is greatly to the world's advantage that Shelley, Swinburne, and Galsworthy were not required to waste time upon money-getting.

The strange and interesting fact in the case is that in none of these great geniuses did comfort kill pity. Galsworthy from the beginning has been aware that men, "like children whose mother has departed from their home, were slowly being forced to trust in and be good to themselves and one another, and so to form out of their necessity, desperately, unconsciously, their new great belief in humanity."

He did not begin to write until 1897, when he was thirty years old. Since then he has published eight novels, ten plays, and four volumes of essays. Joseph Conrad told me an interesting tale of commanding a sailing ship between Adelaide and the Cape. On his ship were two young college men who perpetually talked of books and of authorship. Finally Conrad, who listented intently, confessed that he had with him the manuscript of a story he was trying to write. The younger men were interested, and finally held in their hands one half of the manuscript of *Almayer's Folly*. Such

was the encouragement they gave the Polish captain that from that time on the most brilliant living writer of descriptive English took literature as a serious profession. One of these college men who hailed Conrad was John Galsworthy. Whether the interview also influenced his own choice of a profession is not known.

I can scarcely hope that these meagre biographical details will in any way account for the greatest prose impressionist of our generation. Perhaps sometime we may have another *Child in the House* which will more fully develop just how such a soul is born and reared, so that no exquisite moment, no shade of loveliness in light and colour that visits the day or the night, may pass without making its impress.

Certain it is that who would write of John Galsworthy must understand a soul fairly steeped in beauty; a heart touched by the infinite pathos of human life. These two qualities appear, at times, consorted with the strength of a Zola, with the brilliancy and delicacy of a Meredith, and again with all the moral indignation of a Shelley. He feels as deeply as Swinburne, but he has the restraint of Pater, without a touch of Pater's disease—hopelessness, world-weariness, and lack of faith in the progress and perfectibility of human society. If Galsworthy did not snatch at the beauty of the moment: were his spirit not constantly roused and startled "into sharp and eager observation" where "every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive," he would not be an impressionist. But he has, in addition to this, a spirit wholly divorced from the famous aesthetic eighties and the nerve-wracked nineties of the last century. He has the twentieth century faith in the malleability of human life.

Picking up his volumes fairly at random one may cull exquisite mosaics of description. By an Italian sea he writes:

> If the air was void of sound, it was full of scent—that delicious and enlivening perfume of mingled gum, and herb, and sweet wood being burned somewhere a long way off; and a silky, golden warmth slanted on to us through the olives and umbrella pines. Large wine-red violets were growing near. On such a cliff might Theocritus have lain, spinning his songs; on that divine sea Odysseus should have passed. And we felt that presently the goat-god must put his head forth from behind a rock.

Describing in " A Novelist's Allegory " the marching of Cethra with his lantern up and down the dark thoroughfare of the Vita Publica, he shows us dawn:

The saffron swan of dawn, slow swimming up the sky river between the high roof-banks, bent her neck down through the dark air-water to look at him staggering below her with his still smoking wick.

Had the author himself in mind when he said of Mark Lennan?—

For before all beauty he was humble, inclined to think himself a clod. It was the part of life which was always unconsciously sacred, and to be approached trembling. The more he admired, the more tremulous and diffident he became.

Is not the following passage the prose rendering of the fifth and sixth stanzas of Keats's " Nightingale "?

What a night!—whose stars were hiding in sheer, heavy warmth; whose small round golden moon had no transparency! A night like a black pansy with a little gold heart. And silent! For, of the trees, that whispered so much at night, not even the aspens had voice. The unstirring air had a dream-solidity against her cheeks. But in all the stillness, what sentiency, what passion—as in her heart!

Again Mark Lennan had come, after a long day's work from his studio, into the courtyard garden to smoke a cigarette and feel the sun on his cheek before it sank behind the wall:

A piano-organ far away was grinding out a waltz; and on an hydrangea tub, under the drawing-room window, he sat down to listen. Nothing was visible from there, save just the square patch of a quiet blue sky, and one soft plume of smoke from his own kitchen chimney; nothing audible save that tune and the never ending street murmur. Twice birds flew across—starlings. It was very peaceful, and his thoughts went floating like the smoke of his cigarette, to meet who-knew-what other thoughts—for thoughts, no doubt, had little swift lives of their own; desired, found their mates, and lightly blending sent forth offspring. Why not? All things were possible in this wonder-house of a world. Even that waltz tune, floating away, would find some melody to wed, and twine with, and produce a fresh chord that might float in turn to catch the hum of a gnat or fly, and breed again. Queer—how everything sought to entwine with something else! On one of the pinkish blooms of the hydrangea he noted a bee—of all things in this hidden away garden of tiles and gravel and plants in tubs! The little furry, lovely thing was drowsily clinging there, as if it had forgotten what it had come for

—seduced, maybe, like himself, from labour by these last rays of the sun. Its wings, close-furled, were glistening; its eyes seemed closed. And the piano-organ played on, a tune of yearning, waiting, yearning . . .

There is a touch of Shelley in this, and one remembers "Love's Philosophy."

If in the novels one may stumble, every few pages, upon such passages, it is chiefly in the plays that the passion for social justice comes forward. To be sure, each novel is drenched also in the pity of it all; but the plays, short, concise, models of structure, one by one, take up some form of injustice and set it before the reader. The fantasy called *The Little Dream,* with its strong Maeterlinckian flavour, stands alone, depicting the soul's adventure with society and solitude, humanity, nature, death. *The Silver Box* leaves its discredited charwoman coping with starvation and undeserved loss of character. His play, *Justice,* so strongly depicted the traps in which a well-meaning but weak young man can be caught by the law that it literally changed the English prison system. Winston Churchill, Home Secretary at the time this play was produced, is said to have been so shaken by it that reforms were set afoot and carried through, notably a mitigation of solitary confinement. *Strife* dealt with a class war. *The Eldest Son* shows the downfall of a certain moral attitude toward woman when it touches the upper classes. *The Fugitive* follows a hunted woman who has dared to leave her husband, till she finds refuge in suicide. *The Pigeon* is the most philosophical and subtle of all the plays, for it bears the hardest doctrine of all, the doctrine of universal tolerance. "Live and let live" applied to all life is a theory difficult for this generation, so buckram-shod in its moral approvals and disapprovals. *The Mob* might lead one to suspect that Mr. Galsworthy is losing faith in the intellectual integrity of the masses. For More, the hero who stands by his own view, fighting to a finish when he knows he must lose, thus addresses the Mob as he dies:

> You've forced your way into my house, and you've asked me to speak. Put up with the truth for once! You are the thing that pelts the weak; kicks women; howls down free speech. This to-day, and that to-morrow. Brain—you have none. Spirit—not the ghost of it! If you're not meanness, there's no such thing. If you're not cowardice, there is no cowardice. Patriotism—there are two kinds —that of soldiers and this of mine. You have neither.

For this speech he dies, and years later has a monument erected to the memory of one " faithful to his ideal."

Galsworthy's theory of the function of fiction is clearly set forth in his " Novelist's Allegory " in the *Inn of Tranquility*. His neither to teach nor preach, but merely to hold up the lantern whereby life may be seen as it is—cesspools and rich carved frontages, sightless hovels and garden gates, rich folk revelling and poor folk sleeping in hutches. If thereby the comfortable are disturbed by alarming sights, surely it is no fault of the novelist, but of that lantern itself, " held like a handful of daffodils against the black stuffs of secrecy."

From this one might argue that Galsworthy belongs to the new school whose whole task it is to offer what is called " a slice of life "; or what Mr. Henry James designates as " saturation in the subject-matter." On the contrary, Galsworthy is not even tainted by the " incurable Democrative suspicion of the selective." He remains, with all his pity, a great artist, and therefore an artist with a quick eye for impressions and effects. Comparing him with his two famous contemporaries, Wells and Bennett, one finds in Wells a substantiality, a bulk and solidity of thought, that is absent in Galsworthy, the artist. Wells has neither tradition nor prejudice, moral or artistic. He is as adventurous as the rashest journalist. Anything is matter for realistic fiction provided it be life. Bennett cannot distinguish form from matter, and to him, as anyone can see, a lump of clay is every bit as good as the finished statue. Any outpouring of matter may be literature. But Galsworthy is enough of the old school to have in mind, from the first stroke, the beauty of the final picture. His very touch poetizes, etherializes. Even the police courts, when he leads us there, are touched with a tender sort of courtesy.

If one looked upon modern life as a great effort toward a synthesis of human purpose, one would find Wells making for a world of general material well-being—sanitation, education, scientific discovery, application of natural laws, and as much free play to the natural instincts as is compatible with personal safety. But Galsworthy would be making for suppression of the material in heightened perceptions of beauty, poetry, and spirituality.

What hurts Wells in life is stupidity—" better for a man to die of his diseases than be cured unwittingly "—and

again: "I have not strong feeling for the horrors and discomforts of poverty as such; sensibilities can be hardened to endure the life led by the Romans in Dartmoor jail a hundred years ago or softened to detect a crumpled rose-leaf; what disgusts me is the stupidity and warring purposes of which poverty is the outcome." What, on the other hand, distresses Galsworthy is that anyone should be so sodden as to miss poetic perceptions and gentle sympathies. In a certain way the two writers hold identical ideals. Wells writes: "I want to make more generally possible a relationship of communication and interchange that for want of a less battered and ambiguous word I needs must call Love." And all of Galsworthy's striving is for that insight and imaginative kindness which shall be able to live and let live, love and let love. Probably this end is the instinctive outreaching of all higher consciousness to-day, and we must learn to realize that it need not necessarily result in a dead-level of middle-class culture and an endless stretch of uniform suburban villas.

Compared with Bennett, his vigorous grasp of detail,—his patient gathering up of them, one by one, till by very numbers they make the picture,—Galsworthy is the selective artist, and above all the fine gentleman. Even in the lowest classes he finds gentlemen, courtliness, fine manners, a sense for justice, fair play, and non-interference which belongs to the aristocrat. Take such sketches as *The Portrait, Quality, Courage,* and you find in widely differing classes the same qualities of the brave independent gentleman.

His earliest novels hardly presaged his later development. In *Villa Rubein,* for example, I find nothing that I recognize as Galsworthy save a few bits of description:

> In the East the mountain peaks—fingers of snow—were glittering above the mist. A grave simplicity lay upon the scene, on the roofs and spires, the valley and the dreaming hillsides with their yellow scars and purple bloom and white cascades like tails of dappled horses in the wind.

In the *Island Pharisees* he comes to his own. This novel introduces his favorite character Ferrand, who plays a part in many of the sketches and the second part in the *Pigeon.* In the former he presents a striking contrast to the perfectly well-bred English family who could never really feel sympathy or affection for those who failed to share its own class traditions. Galsworthy's genius for character drawing

comes out clearly in this novel, with its picture of the hostess at Home Oaks whose superiority had been breathed in as she lay in her cradle, and who was so sure that she and her class were the "correct thing" that it was impossible for her not to believe that the rest of the world was invented to keep them stable and in place. Mrs. Dennant's interview with the gardener who would not cease in due season to grieve for his dead wife, is a masterly bit of satiric writing—as, indeed, is his whole description of the Squire's lady.

After that the novels run in systematic order, taking up dominating sections of society. *The Man of Property,* showing the class secure in riches and ownership, depicts the business man with his keen scent for a bargain, his firm will and strong common sense, his interest in the cost of things. To my mind this is the finest novel of the first period. In plot construction, character drawing, and setting it is a finished product. Moreover, he portrays as interesting a family connection as the Dodson connection in the *Mill on the Floss.* Here, too, he dealt with that topic that constantly concerns him—"An unhappy marriage! No ill-treatment—only that indefinable malaise, that terrible blight which killed all sweetness under Heaven, and so from day to day, from night to night, from week to week, from year to year, till Death should end it." It has one flaw, the character of Irene, beautiful, passive, led from one act to another by Fate or chance, but with no definite creative personality.

The Country House, by far the most popular of the novels, deals with the Country Squire. Here is the most delightful lady that Galsworthy has yet drawn: Mrs. Pendyce, a woman of silk and steel; exquisite, capable of infinite endurance and some courage; a lovely mother, but still a mere passive creature in the hands of Destiny, one who accepts rather than makes a life. The chapter, "Sabbath at Worsted Skeynes," is a bit of descriptive writing unparalleled in its delicate veracity, its sense of proportion, its keen observation. The spaniel John, the fox terriers, the old horse put out to graze, are as real, as wonderfully penetrated, as Horace Pendyce, thinking, as he stands at the reading desk, "this lesson is well read by me"; or as Mrs. Pendyce, thinking, as she fixes her eyes on the rector, of the *point-de-venise* to be bought next spring in New Bond Street. If one sets *The Country House* a little lower than *The Man of Property* it is because there are fewer characters in it who capture our sympathies.

In writing, observation, character drawing, it is equal if not superior.

Fraternity is a subtle picture of the professional classes, and again one feels one's sympathies very slightly enlisted, except by old Mr. Stone, who is a delightful personage. Bianca is too fish-blooded to hold one's interest. Thyme is an uncertain forerunner of Nedda. Cecilia is shadowy. Hilary holds the stage chiefly, but again, the drama lies rather in the weariness of culture set against the hot passions and keen strife of the slums, than in the individuals.

With *The Patrician* we enter upon what may be noted as the opening of Galsworthy's middle period. It was foreshadowed in 1912 by the volume of essays entitled *The Inn of Tranquility*. By this time Galsworthy is complete master of his matter and method, and his style is touched by a certain heightened tone, a lyric rapture which must either be perfect or fail. In Mr. Galsworthy it is perfect. There are in *The Inn of Tranquility* some half dozen essays that are exquisite (even though one is warned that the word is truly applicable only about three times in a life-time!)—namely: "Quality," "Wind in the Rocks," "Romance," "Memories," "A Novelist's Allegory," "Vague Thoughts on Art." *The Patrician*, a study of the aristocratic class, is full of lyric writing; notably Barbara's wild drive at night with Miltoun, Courtier's meditation as he leans out into the night from his window thinking of Barbara, and the entire last chapter. I point this out as showing to what it should lead, for the *Dark Flower*, from beginning to end, is one long lyric. It is in no wise a novel. Three incidents in a man's life, passionate incidents each of them, are described with the lyric rapture by which only they may be felt. Of the three sketches the middle one, *Summer*, is the most perfect, and also the strongest. The quaint question of morality brought up in connection with the book might have been entirely done away with had not each sketch centred about the same hero; and, after all, the question is merest convention.

The Freelands, the latest novel, seems to hark back to the pre-lyric period. It circles about the great question of the land. Here, as elsewhere, Galsworthy's sympathies are with "the little company of great hearts" who face life naked of advantage. Once more the limitation is in the women characters. Kirsteen, indeed, promises to be an iron character; and yet one is never quite satisfied that Galsworthy's women

are flesh and blood,—free, creative agents. A course in the lives of Madame de Staël, Rachel Varnhagen, George Sand, Henriette de Meritens, and Marie Bashkirtseff, might give him a more vital type. His women are too traditional, too passive, too uniformly Victorian, with all the old-fashioned virtues of self-suppression, obedience to the male at hand, gentle passivity, and wondering acceptance. Their sole motive force is love. When Galsworthy finds out—as doubtless he will—that woman is as various an animal as man, we may have such women from his pen as Hardy, Meredith, and Shakespeare have given to English literature. It might almost be said that his dogs and horses have as much (of course I do not mean as *high*) individuality as his women. At the moment I can think of no great English writer who has known and written of animals as he has. The "dear dogs" in *The Country House* are incomparable, and the soft, wobbly puppy who arrived in the train from Salisbury with long nose swollen from weeping, his wild rover's instinct and faithful heart, lives in our hearts as do few human portraits.

The last volume of essays, *The Little Man and Other Satires,* is rather a falling off after *The Inn of Tranquility.* The Zola element in John Galsworthy is active in it. It is a volume strangely lacking in that lyric rapture, that sense of beauty and poetry in life, which marked all the output of 1912 and 1913. Moreover, the first essay should never have been printed until Mr. Galsworthy had had another chance to study his Yankee at first hand. It is quite true that in response to the question, "How are you feeling?" some of us would reply, "Right smart, thank you"; but never, never, never does any Yankee say: "You'd better get off right smart," or in any other way connect it with an active verb. We *feel* "right smart," but we never *do* "right smart." The only reparation for his mistaken Yankee is for Mr. Galsworthy to come and visit us, and few English writers would receive a more cordial reception.

Louise Collier Willcox.

OSCAR WILDE AS A CRITIC

BY ALICE I. PERRY WOOD

In Oscar Wilde as a late growth of that later Renaissance which was seen in part in the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, there is an increasing interest. And indeed, now that more than a decade has passed since his death, it is easier to see where he stands, and to estimate his contribution to his age.

In his *De Profundis* Wilde says of himself, in his self-analytic, self-conscious way: "I was a man who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. I had realized this for myself at the very dawn of my manhood, and had forced my age to realize it afterwards. Few men hold such a position in their own life-time, and have it so acknowledged. It is usually discerned, if discerned at all, by the historian, or the critic, long after both the man and his age have passed away. With me it was different. I felt it myself, and made others feel it. Byron was a symbolic figure, but his relations were to the passion of his age and its weariness of passion. Mine were to something more noble, more permanent, of more vital issue, of larger scope." In another passage he says: "I am a born antinomian." It was his wish to be considered an anamoly, unique, always different. Thus, "When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong." Perhaps it was his love of paradox which caused Wilde to believe that, by virtue of his antinomianism, he held this symbolic relation to his age,—that thus he separated and made apparent the subconscious strains in English thought and feeling. That England should recognize itself when thus brought face to face with æstheticism is not a necessity, according to Wilde's idea of the relation of the critic to his age; rather it added to his satisfaction, as an antinomian, to *épater le bourgeois;* it kept in emphasis that symbolic relation by the forced attention which he demanded.

It is this phase that is particularly interesting in Wilde's

position in the criticism of his day, especially in his work in what he calls "the art-literature of the nineteenth century," and it is in this connection that Wilde may be allied with the tendencies in English art, and with that development of the Pre-Raphaelite doctrine and usage, that showed itself especially in the work of Walter Pater. This later connection, noted by many, was not entirely grateful to Pater; he was a little amazed, it appears, by the rather emphatic discipleship of Wilde, and, as one biographer says, "both disgusted and appalled" by the recklessness with which his fatherhood was claimed for the extravagances of certain of his followers. And it must be confessed that the student of Pater's æsthetic theory is perhaps in somewhat the same state of mind. Wilde, with his sunflowers and æstheticism, is apt, at times, to dodge behind these theories like a ridiculous or evil imp, or, if you will, a kind of Frankenstein, an embodied *reductio ad absurdum,* a caricature of some of the most passionate, most severely chastened and ordered of Pater's work.

To the constant assertion that, in his æsthetic excesses, Wilde was but carrying out Pater's ideas expressed in the Conclusion to the *Renaissance,* an answer is found in a comparison of *Dorian Gray* with *Marius the Epicurean,* with its high, ethical purpose and spiritual reach. But that Wilde gave but partial or contorted interpretation to Pater's ideas is not a sufficient explanation to account for so keen a critic and so eager a disciple, and so signal a failure. In these self-confessions there is a note of fatefulness, of the recognition of weakness of will against the very temptations presented by his alertness and intellectual curiosity, a consciousness of organic and native limitations, which are later shown in *De Profundis.* But more than this, there is also a real disparity, and a conscious departure on the part of Wilde from the position of Pater. Nowhere is this better seen than in their critical theories. It is in this connection that I wish to consider Wilde especially, to show his derivation through Pater, from the most notable art-theory of the later nineteenth century, and his subsequent development into a theory of criticism quite at variance with this, but into a type of criticism which is still felt in our art-theory of to-day, and is concomitant with later Impressionism. Wilde is the expression in criticism of this, as truly as was Ruskin of Pre-Raphaelitism. And his life, in its self-centered interests and energy, its disregard of anything alien to the satis-

faction of those interests, its insistence upon the value of "doing nothing," its constant eagerness for exploring the world of subjective experience, its aloofness and disinterestedness shown constantly in love of paradox in thought and of eccentricity in action, is a background for this art-theory which is truly expressive of it.

Comparing, then, their ideas of criticism, we may take the Preface to *The Renaissance* as a conclusive summing up of Pater's critical theory.

> The æsthetic critic . . . regards all the objects with which he has to do, all works of art, and the fairer forms of nature and human life, as powers or forces producing pleasurable sensations, each of a more or less peculiar or unique kind. This influence he feels and wishes to explain, analyzing it, and reducing it to its elements. To him, the picture, the landscape, the engaging personality in life or in a book, *La Gioconda*, the hills of Carrara, Pico of Mirandola, are valuable for their virtues, as we say, in speaking of a herb, a wine, a gem; for the property each has of affecting one with a special, a unique, impression of pleasure. . . . And the function of the æsthetic critic is to distinguish, analyze, and separate from its adjuncts, the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book, produces this special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of that impression is, and under what conditions it is experienced. His end is reached when he has disengaged that virtue, and noted it, as a chemist notes some natural element, for himself and others. . . .
>
> What is important, then, is not that the critic should possess a correct abstract definition of beauty for the intellect, but a certain kind of temperament, the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects. He will remember always that beauty exists in many forms. To him all periods, types, schools of taste, are in themselves equal. . . . The question he asks is always: In whom did the stir, the genius, the sentiment of the period find itself?

This theory, as we find here and in repeated criticism, rests upon the idea of beauty as *expressiveness*, and is connected with the theory of style that gives as the ultimate problem the finding of the unique word. The critic's chief qualification is susceptibility to beauty, and the critic's aim is the disengaging of the particular phase of beauty, or the *virtue* of a work of art, that he may show in whom "the stir, the genius, the sentiment of the period" found itself. It is to this aspect of criticism that Oscar Wilde was introduced both by the lectures of Ruskin and by the teaching of Pater, the two chief influences of his Oxford days. In

Wilde's criticism, as in Pater's declaration in his Preface, all criticism is based upon the susceptibility of the critic. Thus his statement that " Temperament is the primary requisite for the critic—a temperament exquisitely susceptible to beauty, and to the various impressions that beauty gives us," corresponds to the requirement that Pater makes, of " a certain kind of temperament, the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects."

When we turn to Wilde's explanation of what the æsthetic experience consists in, we find the typical term to be *satisfying*. Thus, in the Envoi to *Rose-Leaf and Apple-Leaf* by Rennell Rodd (one of Wilde's most complete critical essays) we see that he defines " joy in art " as " that incommunicable element of artistic delight which, in poetry, for instance, comes from what Keats called the ' sensuous life of verse,' the element of song in the singing, made so pleasurable to us by that wonder of motion which often has its origin in mere musical impulse, and in painting is to be sought for, from subject never, but from the pictorial charm only—the scheme and symphony of color, the satisfying beauty of design." Again, in speaking of modern painting, he declares that the quality " comes from the mere inventive and creative handling of line and color, from a certain form and choice of beautiful workmanship, which, rejecting all literary reminiscence and all metaphysical idea, is in itself entirely satisfying to the æsthetic sense, is, as the Greeks would say, an end in itself." Pater's idea of the æsthetic experience is only vaguely given as " pleasurable sensations," but we may fill out this phrase from his utterances in the Conclusion to *The Renaissance,* where the life of æsthetic appreciation is described as the power " to burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy "; and as marked by a " quickened sense of life," by a " quickened, multiplied consciousness,"—expressions not so different from those of Wilde, but rather involving closer analysis. The difference, as Pater showed plainly in a later essay, lay in the scope of satisfaction.

But while Pater insists on the susceptibility of the critic, and upon the end of the æsthetic experience as " quickened, multiplied consciousness," and declares that art gives " the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake," yet in his criticism, in the attitude which he takes toward those " moments " of " poetic

passion," the end he proposes for his " quickened, multiplied consciousness," is entirely different from that of Wilde. The requirements for the critic are fundamentally the same, the experience in each case is " enthusiastic activity "; but it is the view taken of the value of the experience, or, in other words, of the function of the critic and of criticism, that differentiates them.

Pater, by the very use of the word *virtue,* suggests, to a certain degree, an objective, a *social* conception of criticism that Wilde's theory entirely lacks. The Conclusion to *The Renaissance* must be interpreted in the light of his practise. One needs only to compare Pater's essay on Botticelli, or on Wordsworth, with Wilde's on Rennell Rodd, to see the entirely different attitude suggested in the words *virtue* or *expressiveness* by the one, and *impression* and *satisfying* by the other. Pater uses this susceptibility as a revelatory agent, as a solvent which shall bring to crystallization the elements that make for the significance or the appeal of a work of art, which may indicate the line of possible sympathy between the artist or author and the observer or reader. This is seen in Pater's description of the ideal method of procedure for the æsthetic critic, in the Preface to *The Renaissance,* where, after defining the " unique, incommunicable faculty " of Wordsworth, he says, " Well! that is the *virtue,* the active principle, in Wordsworth's poetry; and then the function of the critic of Wordsworth is to follow up that active principle, to disengage it, to mark the degree in which it penetrates his verse." And in his essay on Wordsworth, Pater carefully shows that " the writings of Wordsworth are the central and elementary expression " of that which is " a large element in the complexion of modern poetry." In other words, the work of the critic is not accomplished in the mere noting or entering pleasurably into the quality of a work of art, but must also include its identification with some larger entity.

Wilde uses this susceptibility to gain impressions, as of value in themselves, for he says of the critic: " The sole aim is to cherish his own impressions." Again, " That is what the highest criticism really is, the record of one's own soul," for it " is in its essence purely subjective, and seeks to reveal its own secret and not the secret of another." His justification for this view of criticism rests in the facts of the development of art, for " the ultimate expression of our

artistic movement in painting has been, not in the spiritual visions of the Pre-Raphaelites, for all their marvel of Greek legend and their mystery of Italian song, but in the work of such men as Whistler and Albert Moore, who have raised design and color to the ideal level of poetry and music." He continues: "Now, this increased sense of the absolutely satisfying value of beautiful workmanship, this recognition of the primary importance of the sensuous element in art, this love of art for art's sake, is the point in which we of the younger school have made a departure from the teaching of Mr. Ruskin—a departure definite and different and decisive." What had in the work of Pater constituted a basis for a definition of beauty, and could, therefore, be justly called an æsthetic,—an æsthetic with its basis in the idea of expressiveness,—is here denied as being the foundation of the critic's search. With Wilde, the critic's ultimate duty is to record the perception of beauty—not by way of analysis, rather in effusion. The eloquent passages of the essay on Rennell Rodd or the fantastic utterances of "The Critic as Artist," placed beside Pater's thoughtful building up of a consistent and unforgetable portrayal in "Botticelli" or "Pico della Mirandola," show such a difference.

Beginning with the statement that "The highest criticism deals with art not as expressive but as impressive purely," Wilde leads on to the conclusion that "to the critic the work of art is simply a suggestion for a new work of his own, that need not necessarily bear any obvious resemblance to the thing it criticises." Further, he says, "Criticism is no more to be judged by any low standard of imitation or resemblance than is the work of poet or sculptor." And again, "No ignoble considerations of probability, that cowardly concession to the tedious repetitions of domestic or public life, affect it ever." He admits that "the primary aim of the critic is to see the thing as in itself it really is not." Thus the work of art may be inferior or unusual; it is all one to the impressionist in criticism, or, as he phrases it, in criticism as "a creative art." And later he states, "The one characteristic of a beautiful form is that one can put into it whatever one chooses to see." He adds that the critic will turn "to such works as make him brood and dream and fancy, to works that possess the subtle quality of suggestion." He states this theory more precisely in the following paragraph:

The sculptor gladly surrenders imitative colour, and the painter the actual dimensions of form, because by such renunciations they are able to avoid too definite a presentation of the Ideal, which would be too purely intellectual. It is through its very incompleteness that Art becomes complete in beauty, and so addresses itself, not to the faculty of recognition nor to the faculty of reason, but to the æsthetic sense alone, which, while accepting both reason and recognition as stages of apprehension, subordinates them both to a pure synthetic impression of the work of art as a whole, and, taking whatever alien emotional elements the work may possess, uses their very complexity as a means by which a richer unity may be added to the ultimate impression itself. You see, then, how it is that the æsthetic critic rejects those obvious modes of art that have but one message to deliver, and having delivered it become dumb and sterile, and seeks rather for such modes as suggest reverie and mood, and by their imaginative beauty make all interpretations true, and no interpretation final. Some resemblance, no doubt, the creative work of the critic will have to the work that has stirred him to creation, but it will be such resemblance as exists, not between Nature and the mirror that the painter or landscape or figure may be supposed to hold up to her, but between Nature and the work of the decorative artist. . . . The critic reproduces the work that he criticises in a mode that is never imitative, and part of whose charm may really consist in the rejection of resemblance, and shows us in this way not merely the meaning but also the mystery of Beauty, and, by transforming each art into literature, solves once for all the problem of art's unity.

We find the same difference in the practise of Pater and of Wilde. Pater, in his self-analysis in *The Child in the House*, says: " For him, everywhere, that sensible vehicle or occasion became, perhaps only too surely, the necessary concomitant of any perception of things, real enough to be of any weight or reckoning, in his house of thought. There were times when he could think of the necessity he was under of associating all thoughts to touch and sight, . . . a protest in favor of real men and women against mere gray, unreal abstractions. . . . But certainly, he came more and more to be unable to care for or think of soul but as in actual body, or of any world but that wherein are water and trees, and where men and women look, so or so, and press actual hands." For Pater, the " imaginative reality " *resides* in line and color and pose, and can never be felt completely except through these " sensible attachments," as he calls them. Wilde speaks of the " fine contempt for Nature," the " dim, dull abyss of facts "; and again, " The best that

one can say of most modern creative art is that it is just a little less vulgar than reality, and so the critic, with his fine sense of distinction and sure instinct of delicate refinement, will prefer to look into the silver mirror or through the woven veil, and will turn his eyes away from the chaos and clamour of actual existence, though the mirror be tarnished, and the veil be torn." With such a theory, the object criticised necessarily falls from view, and the experience of the soul in the presence of the object of art takes its place. Every reader or beholder is a creator even as it is that creation which forms the material of the critical product. Thus Wilde insists that criticism is creation; Pater calls it appreciation.

In departing from Pater's position with such a result, Wilde is brought to the characteristic attitude of those French artists and writers with whom we find him in sympathetic intercourse during his residence in Paris, namely, the Impressionists and the Symbolists. These had undoubtedly exercised a strong influence upon him, an influence which is perhaps most directly seen in Wilde's poems and in his drama, *Salome*. In this, as in the work of the Symbolists, we have effects gained through a kind of refrain-like repetition, significant silences, indefinite persons, absorbing moods, and a constant appeal to sound. And in their general theory we find the Symbolists aiming at " a pure synthetic impression," depending much upon the association of ideas, preferring the indefinite and suggestive rather than the precise, and in every case emphasizing the subjective and individual nature of literary production. The most fruitful of their speculations, as their critics have pointed out, has resulted in an exposition of the creative function of the reader. This, it is seen, corresponds closely to the ultimate conclusion of Wilde's criticism.

One can, of course, find in Pater not only the essential basis of creative criticism, but, as well, an example of it in the famous La Gioconda passage from the essay on Leonardo da Vinci; but such a passage, it has been recognized by critics, is almost unique in its extremely associative appeal, and certainly cannot be paralleled in the more mature work of Pater. In *Appreciations,* for instance, we have a similar disparity between Pater's later work and the passage mentioned, as between the theory of Pater and that of his enthusiastic disciple, Oscar Wilde. And this passage is the

one from Pater's work that Wilde quotes as illustrating his idea of creative criticism, and as being most in opposition to that other theory which gives its aim as "to see the object as in itself it really is."

In the dictum that art must not imitate,—for art must not say anything,—lies, not only his connection with the Symbolists, but, according to his own confession, his point of departure from the so-called Impressionists. "I am very fond of the work of many of the Impressionist painters of Paris and London. Subtlety and distinction have not yet left the school. . . . Their white keynote, with its variations in lilac, was an era in color. . . . Yet they will insist on treating painting as if it were a mode of autobiography invented for the use of the illiterate, and are always prating to us on their coarse, gritty canvases of their unnecessary selves and their unnecessary opinions, and spoiling by a vulgar over-emphasis that fine contempt of Nature which is the best and only modest thing about them. One tires, at the end, of the work of individuals whose individuality is always noisy, and generally uninteresting." He prefers "that newer school at Paris, the *Archaicistes*, as they call themselves, who, . . . rejecting the tedious realism of those who merely paint what they see, try to see something worth seeing, and to see it not merely with actual and physical vision, but with that nobler vision of the soul which is as far wider in spiritual scope as it is far more splendid in artistic purpose." Further he says, "Still, the art that is frankly decorative is the art to live with. It is, of all our visible arts, the one art that creates in us both mood and temperament. Mere color, unspoiled by meaning, and unallied with definite form, can speak to the soul in a thousand different ways. . . . By its deliberate rejection of Nature as the ideal of beauty, as well as of the imitative method of the ordinary painter, decorative art not merely prepares the soul for the reception of true imaginative work, but develops in it that sense of form which is the basis of creative no less than of critical achievement. . . . To be natural is to be obvious, and to be obvious is to be inartistic." And as Wilde departed from the Impressionists in his ideas, so he approaches the theory voiced by the later school of artists, the Neo-Impressionists or Post-Impressionists.

A sympathetic critic of the work of the Post-Impressionists at the Grafton Gallery in 1911, Mr. Roger Fry, speaks of

these artists as " freed from the incubus of complete representation," and says further, " Post-Impressionist artists have discovered empirically that to make allusion to a natural object of any kind vivid to the imagination, it is not only not necessary to give it illusive likeness, but that such illusion of actuality really spoils its imaginative reality."

Perhaps it is not unfair to take the utterances of the later exponents of this school to show the tendency of their theory of art. Thus in a recent book called *Cubism,* by Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzanger, we read: " Let the picture imitate nothing; let it nakedly present its motive, and we shall indeed be ungrateful were we to deplore the absence of all those things—flowers, or landscape, or faces—whose mere reflection it might have been. Nevertheless, let us admit that the reminiscence of natural forms cannot be absolutely banished; as yet, at all events. An art cannot be raised to the level of a pure effusion at the first step." And " We seek the essential, but we seek it in our personality, and not in a sort of eternity, laboriously divided by mathematicians and philosophers." And Cubism, I believe, may be taken here not in any restricted sense, but as synonymous for the art that dates from Cézanne and includes the present school of " profound realism " (to use their own term) as distinguished from the " superficial realism " of the Impressionists.

I have given Wilde's theory thus in detail, in its relation to Pater's idea of criticism, because it is in this relation that its peculiar interest lies,—in its fundamental agreement with it, and its ultimately wide departure from it. We see here an interesting parallel in the case of Wilde and Pater to the advance of the art-theory in the last half of the nineteenth century. In Pater, we may trace the theory of criticism as it runs parallel to the art-theory of the Pre-Raphaelites; in Wilde, we come to a later kind of criticism which, in the creative field, is paralleled by the appearance of paintings illustrating a view of art that, while it derives from the Pre-Raphaelite theory of expressiveness as the basis of beauty, puts the emphasis upon the subjective experience of the artist rather than upon the attempt to communicate and share those experiences. As we noted, one is inevitably impressed by Wilde's close alliance with the Post-Impressionists. But between him and our present Post-Impressionists there is the same difference as between the Pre-Raphaelites and the

earlier Impressionists, that is, in the choice of subjects; the present-day artists keeping close to the life about them, Wilde dealing still with the remote and strange as most fit to set up the train of pleasurable associations.

The tendency of this "new" æstheticism, the possible value of it, is not unlike that which we hope to derive from the art of the Post-Impressionists and their successors. The most unsympathetic may feel, I believe, that while the newest art seems perverse in choice of subject, and goes to such extremes (as the writers upon Cubism themselves confess) as "juxtaposing the six faces of a cube or the two ears of a model seen in profile," yet it does attempt to widen the field of art by dealing subjectively and sometimes profoundly with the volatile and subtle notions of depth, motion, etc., and by weighing and appreciating interrelations that are often overlooked. The value that may come from this new æsthetic criticism lies in the same direction of individual dealing with experience, which has already been claimed for the Symbolists, and has given rise to the modern and valuable conception of what we mean by *creative* reading, or *creative* observation. It is in this direction that the criticism of Wilde, deriving from that of Pater, tends.

The value of this new æsthetic criticism, however, is certainly limited by its strongly individualistic and subjective nature, which, on the one hand, does not give us any psychological analysis of the æsthetic experience (the ideal process being, as we see, effusion), nor on the other hand any social conception of the function of the critic such as one gets from the earlier æsthetic criticism of Walter Pater,—who in England, at least, is the point of departure for this later theory.

This scant review of Wilde's critical theory brings out his symbolic relation to his age. He is touched by the modern spirit in many ways, he suggests in his work many phases of recent thought upon art and literature. Because of this, even a *flâneur,* one who trifled with and abused life, is worthy of study by those who would observe the modern spirit in its growth.

Alice I. Perry Wood.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

"The Great Lover."—Miss Barrymore and Mrs. McChesney.—"Quinneys'."—Mr. Carpenter's hedonistic Baby.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Jean Paurel, illustrious baritone, darling of the operatic public, an incurable amorist at forty-six, is looking over a bundle of faded love letters. By one of them he is perplexed: it recalls no memory. "She cannot spell," he muses, "and she is stupid. She must have been very beautiful." She has had, it is made known to us, many successors. One, the latest one, he *truly* loves—"with his whole heart and soul," he tells her . . . Yes, of course he has said the same thing before . . . but this is different. And here, you perceive, is his tragedy, and the tragedy of that delightful, if slight and not too consequential comedy, *The Great Lover,* in which you may see Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, at the Longacre, doing as perfect a piece of histrionic comedy as we have witnessed since the death of Mansfield. A tragedy: because, now that he would give as never before, he has nothing to offer that is not tarnished, degraded, by a hundred transitory consecrations. "Kisses are kisses whether you mean them or not," says Jean Paurel, eternal philanderer and tragic-comedian, to the lady upon whose reluctant bosom he would now find an ecstatic peace. Of course he yields her to her younger lover, though she would solace his sunset years and console him for the passing of his voice. But a tragic-comedian he is, as we have observed; so, as the great passion of his life passes sobbingly through the door, you observe him, while the curtain falls lingeringly, arranging a rendezvous with the black-eyed divorcée who had come to worship him in his dressing-room the night before.

We wish *The Great Lover* were comedy of a little finer grain, a little deeper reach—as excellent and artistic a thing, in its differing way, as *The Phantom Rival* of Molnar, in which Mr. Ditrichstein disported himself so beguilingly last winter at the Belasco. But, for all its obvious defects, it is immensely and continuously amusing—though were it far less so, we should still remember it with gratitude because of the infinitely varied inflections with which it permits Mr. Ditrichstein to say "*Chérie!*"

No doubt Miss Edna Ferber is entitled to a share in the guerdons which one must lay at the feet of Mrs. McChesney, in the person of Miss Ethel Barrymore; for assuredly Miss Ferber (together with Mr. George V. Hobart) is in some degree responsible for the delectable Emma. But we are of that unfortunate minority who have not read the stories in which Mrs. McChesney was wont to live exclusively for the world of letters; so, in our case, the question persistently lingers: How much of this singularly actual and vivid personage is due to the creative power of Miss Ferber and how much to the interpreting histrionism of the irresistible Miss Barrymore?

The question is pertinent and has, for us, a certain justifying interest, because the play contrived by Miss Ferber and Mr. Hobart out of the McChesney stories, which has for weeks made cheerful and happy the atmosphere of the Lyceum Theatre, is not a play at all, but a parade of types. It is discursive, inept, lacking a beginning, a middle, and an end; an uncouth, unsymmetrical framework for a display of some striking theatrical portraits. There is no disputing its humor, its wit; but one ends as one begins, by saluting Miss Barrymore for a triumphant essay in personation—this is comedy of a superlatively fine and adroit and penetrating sort. There has been dispute as to whether a traveling saleswoman can be a lady—or, rather, as much of a lady as Miss Barrymore makes Emma McChesney. But this is an economic technicality that had best be left to the experts.

As you cannot easily think of *Our Mrs. McChesney* without the participation of Miss Barrymore, so you cannot think of *Quinneys'*, lately at Maxine Elliott's, without Mr. Frederick Ross as the vain, irascible, affectionate, restless, psalm-singing antiquarian who holds the play and its audiences in the

hollow of his hand. *Quinneys'* has a leisurely charm, a quaint humor; it has character and profile, individual flavor; and it is adequately supplied with the sort of appeal that is meat and drink to that awe-inspiring personage, the Average Theatregoer. But nevertheless, we cannot well think of it without Mr. Ross's *Joe Quinney*—with his exuberance of gesture, his tireless perambulations, his humming of hymn-tunes in moments of absorption, his delightful egoism and his equally delightful exacerbation, his Lancashire dialect, his final disgust with the "butterfly kiss." Perhaps a different conception of the part would be equally effective; but we should have no interest in seeing it. The actuality of Mr. Ross's *Quinney* is irresistible. What more should we ask?

This baby was a confirmed hedonist. To be sure, most babies are hedonists, though they seldom suspect it; and they do not often, after the engaging fashion of this particular baby, meditate upon their inner life. More seldom still do they find themselves and their moods, their sensations, and their psychic adventures recorded and celebrated in music. Therefore, it will be seen, the baby who forms the subject of our discourse is in many ways exceptional. He belongs (we hasten to explain) in no sense to us, but to Mr. John Alden Carpenter of Chicago, who has narrated, under the engaging title of *Adventures in a Perambulator,* certain important matters peculiar to youthful hedonists in a suite for a very large and very modern orchestra, which Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony players permitted us to hear last month.

We have said that this baby was a hedonist. Moreover, he has read Pater. "How can we pass [we hear him wondering] most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?" This desirable focus is, in his case, Mr. Carpenter's symphonic perambulator (delightfully limned for us, in the orchestral narration, by strings and celesta). It is here, at the perambulatory focus, that the greatest number of vital forces "unite in their present energy." For this baby is not of the clan of Lamb's "Dream Children," who, once upon a time, inspired the indefatigable Sir Edward Elgar to the composition of illustrative music. The children of Lamb and Elgar were "nothing, less than nothing . . . dreams." They were "only what might

have been." Mr. Carpenter's juvenile is of a clamorous and persistent actuality. Tucked into his perambulator by an indomitable Nurse (" she is older than I, and very powerful"), wrapped in a vacuum of wool, draft-proof and imprisoning, a strap buckled over his stomach, the Nurse stands firmly behind, and they are off. Whereupon it is at once perceived how the " vital forces " of our young hedonist converge and unite at this focal point. " ' Out ' is wonderful! It is always different, though one seems to have been there before. I cannot fathom it all. It is confusing, but it is Life!" And in the midst of Life is the most vital of forces—the Policeman: " an unprecedented man! Round like a ball; taller than my father. Blue—fearful—fascinating! " For the Nurse, too, this is a Vital Force. Here is Romance. There is a meeting, conversation. But our young hedonist, like the queen in the anecdote, is not amused: he terminates ruthlessly, by a private signal, this amorous encounter; and again they are off.

" Outdoors " is inexhaustible—this is indeed Life. But fleeting: " A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life." Emerges, then, the Hurdy-Gurdy. A dark man turns music out of a box on wheels; " a dark lady, richly dressed, turns when the man gets tired." They both smile. The hedonist smiles too, but with restraint "—for " music is the most insidious form of noise " (the " most expensive " form of noise, said Gautier—the hedonist is a poor quoter). Yet he is swayed. He would dance, with the Nurse and the Perambulator. But alas, at the moment of highest ecstasy, retribution falls. It is the Policeman, grim, blue, implacable. He has remembered the " private signal ": he has stopped the music—that irresistible waltz, dazzingly adorned with glockenspiel, harp, celesta, xylophone, is silenced. Music and players are driven away . . . " delightful, forbidden music! "

A new excitement follows—the Lake, with its little waves, quivering and fearful, and its pursuing big ones, that are really amiable; for you can see a thousand sunbeams dancing with impunity on their very backs. Can there be a more delicious thrill than is yielded here? There can be. There is. Dogs! One by one they appear; then in pairs; then in societies. " Little dogs, with sisters; big dogs, with aged parents. Kind dogs, brigand dogs, sad dogs, and gay." And of course the orchestra "Yaps!" with persuasive real-

ism; and of course you hear "Ach! Du Lieber Augustin" and "Where, Oh Where, Has My Little Dog Gone?"

Now, his spirit having been set free, his senses having been duly stirred, according to the classic prescription for hedonists, our hero's soul becomes relaxed. "The wheels of my perambulator make a sound that quiets my nerves. I lie very still. I am quite content. In order to think more clearly, I close my eyes. . . . How very large the world is! How many things there are!" And so we leave our drowsy hedonist and his varied excitements, with the orchestra singing him to sleep.

The musical literature of childhood is small, and most of it is insipid and thin. Mr. Carpenter has enriched it. We can think of no music dealing with the psychological stuff of childhood that we would so gladly hear again as this winsome and subjugating suite. It is conceived and accomplished with unfailing tact. How easily, in the hands of a less scrupulous and reticent artist,—above all, in the hands of a sentimentalist with a defective sense of humor,—it might have turned into something merely saccharine and absurd. But Mr. Carpenter has a mellow and delicate humor, fine taste, a right and sure instinct in these treacherous matters. Moreover, he is witty, poetic, imaginative. We should be less than just to Mr. Carpenter if we forebore to say that we wish he would steel himself against the Debussyean wizardry and go more sturdily his own way. He does not need Debussy, when he can give us such pages as the opening, as most of the "Hurdy-Gurdy" section, as the close of "The Lake": here are beauty, charm, whimsical and contagious humor, at moments an enchanting tenderness. Looking back upon that dim and miraculous world, which is at once so near and personal yet so strange and incredible and remote,—which is even sometimes wholly shut away by forests and cities or by clouds and mists,—he has contrived to share with us the memory of his vision; so that, if only for a moment, we, too, remember those enchanted heights.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

AN AUTHOR'S FAMOUS FRIENDS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We should dislike to be great and famous and to have had conversations with Mr. Frank Harris; for we should fear, in that case, to incur the kind of immortality that has befallen many unsuspecting men of genius in the pages of Mr. Harris's *Contemporary Portraits*. "Behind his smiling amiability I divined a colossal conceit, quick to suspect and resent any lack of reverence," writes Mr. Harris. "I paid him compliments, therefore. . . . He lapped it all up with smiling satisfaction. . . . At the end of our talk he showed himself most kindly, amiable. My praise must have been grateful to him." This is what has happened to Renan, who guilelessly sat for one of Mr. Harris's "Portraits." To be sure, Renan is dead—as dead as Marley. But Maeterlinck is not; and when the author of *Pélléas et Mélisande* turns eagerly to the fifteenth chapter of *Contemporary Portraits* to find out what impression he made upon Mr. Harris, he will discover that when, for example, he incautiously praised Racine to his guest, he was uttering "complacent platitudes"; and that he displayed two peculiarly French traits which have their root in "a certain uneasy vanity." We shall not add to his discomfort by repeating Mr. Harris's definition of these traits; though, on the whole, we should rather exhibit "an uneasy vanity" than wear an expression that could truthfully be described as "ineffective." This "fumbling ineffectiveness," by the way, was a surprise to Mr. Harris—Maeterlinck's writings do not, he admits, prepare one for fumbling ineffectiveness. But you never, of course, can tell. Here is the most

[1] *Contemporary Portraits.* By Frank Harris. New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1915.

poetic and sensitive of modern thinkers displaying a chin "drowned in fat," the forehead "bulging," eyes that lose color in the light and "seem hard." But Maeterlinck, nevertheless, comes off rather better in this encounter than does poor Renan, who must be content to face posterity from out Mr. Harris's pages with a porky jowl, a pear-shaped stomach ("which appeared to keep his short legs apart"), ill-kept nails, long, untidy, dirty-grey hair, and a frock coat stained with grease. But then, as we observed, Renan is dead. And perhaps what Mr. Harris says in his preface about his quoted conversations with great men applies also to his descriptions of them. These conversations, he warns us, are not literally accurate. They are his recollection of what took place. "I pretend," he says, "to spiritual divination, and not to verbal accuracy." And, furthermore, it should be remembered that Mr. Harris is an artist, and is therefore immune from the prosaic restrictions as to veracious chronicling which are imposed upon mere historians. We know this to be so, because Mr. Harris himself confesses it. "I am always artist rather than reporter," he tells us. He puts these portraits forth, therefore, as works of art: "'Here,' I say to my readers, 'are some of the most noteworthy of my contemporaries as they appeared to me.'"

The result is undeniably edifying. We cannot all know our great contemporaries as intimately as Mr. Harris has known his. Nor do they often unlock their hearts as Carlyle and Whistler and George Meredith and Matthew Arnold did to Mr. Harris. "I comforted him as best I could," he records in one passage of his reminiscences of Carlyle: a privilege the memory of which must be an inestimable comfort to Mr. Harris himself.

Mr. Harris has indeed been singularly fortunate in his intercourse with famous men. Renan plead with him for his opinion of the *Vie de Jesus,* and in turn elaborated for Mr. Harris his conception of Christ, despite the fact that Mr. Harris had been a little sharp with him. "His cawing, like a hungry baby-rook, for a morsel of praise, stiffened me," says our chronicler. Renan's vanity was clearly not to his best interest: "It was not worth while," says Mr. Harris, "to try to correct his illimitable conceit." Meredith also, we find, was a tax upon Mr. Harris's patience, because he insisted that "abnormal immorality was a proof of degeneracy." He had been asked by Mr. Harris to sign

an appeal for the mitigation of Oscar Wilde's punishment, but Meredith refused. He seems to have entertained the quaint delusion that Wilde, having committed a crime, should suffer the legal penalty; and, further, he expressed the remarkable conviction (the absurdity of which Mr. Harris endeavored to point out to him) that "abnormal sensuality in a leader of men should be punished with severity." Meredith, as thinker and man, died for Mr. Harris then, and our author's sorrow was embittered with impatient disdain; for some years he had no further communication with Meredith.

Mr. Harris's meeting with Browning was disillusionizing. He first beheld the poet at a large lunch party whereat Mr. Harris and an Earl and a prominent member of the House of Commons were present. Browning wore a red tie, and to Mr. Harris he looked commonplace. Later in the evening Mr. Harris met him. Browning seemed despondent, and Mr. Harris, ever a spiritual stimulant to genius, sought to enhearten him—apparently with success; for "he appeared to be gratified." Mr. Harris carried away from his intercourse with the poet a conviction that Browning's beliefs were a mere echo of his childhood's faiths; that his optimism was of health and sound heart rather than of insight. "His was a bookish mind, and apart from books not eventfully original." If Mr. Harris had not known his poetry, he might have met him and talked to him many times without, he believes, ever imagining that Browning was a man of any distinction of mind. "Of course," he concludes, with a touch of misgiving that is surely without warrant, "all this may well be my fault: something in me may have displeased him." Mr. Harris is too sensitive.

It was also while eating that Mr. Harris met another famous English poet, Swinburne, with whom he dined at The Pines, in company with Theodore Watts (as he then was) about 1898. The dinner was plain, old-fashioned—there were two chickens, roast beef, apple pie, custard, and several bottles of Burgundy (Mr. Harris inexplicably says nothing about vegetables). Thus fortified, they discussed Hugo and Dumas, and Swinburne spouted French verse, crossing and uncrossing his legs rapidly, his fingers twitching and his head jerking about almost like an epileptic's. "He was evidently intensely excitable." Could he have foreseen, with the mystical prescience of the poet, Mr. Harris's future esti-

mate of him? For Swinburne, it appears, is not a man of real genius—merely "a creature of extraordinary talent." There was "no elevation in his mind"; "no width of understanding; no fertility of ideas."

But Swinburne gets off very easily in comparison with Matthew Arnold. Arnold had asked Mr. Harris to advise him about his projected American lecture tour. Should he go or not? Mr. Harris was discouraging: "If your delivery is halting and slow, and your elocution faulty, they will probably go away to make lewd jests about you; in matters of art they are barbarians." Arnold was so disturbed that he exclaimed "Goodness me!" and confessed that he read even his own verses very badly: "I remember my wife used to say to me, 'I cannot bear to hear you read your verses, Matthew, you do mouth them so.'" Unhappy Arnold! he lives for us in Mr. Harris's illuminating book as, poetically, "a graceful singer of commonplaces." As for "the truth about Matthew Arnold and his critical faculty," Mr. Harris gives it to us, ruthlessly: "Puritan prejudice and English propriety debase and degrade all Arnold's critical work." And, as if this were not enough, we find mixed with these things "the essential oil, so to speak, of British snobbery." Mr. Harris is convinced that Arnold could never have been a great critic; "but he might surely have reached somewhat the same level as Swinburne had not English Puritanism debased his judgment." But was it Matthew Arnold, or was it Swinburne, who wrote of Euripides that "as a dramatic artist—an artist in character, action, and emotion—the degenerate tragedian of Athens, compared to the second tragic dramatist of England [Webster] is as a mutilated monkey to a well-made man"? We disagree with Mr. Harris: we cannot believe that Matthew Arnold, under any circumstances, could have reached that level.

We wondered a little, in reading this book, as to the color of Mr. Harris's soul. Pursuing this speculation, we turned to that public confessional, the English *Who's Who,* to which Mr. Harris has confided the nature of his recreations: he is, it appears, "a lover of books and men, who takes pleasure in the past by travelling and in the future by dreaming." No doubt we must be content with that.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

"MUM'S" BOY

The following story—with some necessary omissions due to lack of space in THE REVIEW—was written and printed privately by Mr. Joseph S. Auerbach in book-form for the Boy and for those who knew him well. Because the story belongs to the universally appealing literature of boyhood, and is therefore worthy of a public audience, the Editor has persuaded Mr. Auerbach to consent to its publication in the pages of THE REVIEW at this Christmas season. It can best be appreciated after a reading of the Preface. —EDITOR.

FROM "MUM"
TO HIS DEAREST BOY

As you see, I have had this story bound up within the covers of a little book so that you may keep it always, and thus know of my great love for you and my sure faith in you.

You see, too, from the added photograph which "Baba" has made of us, how you are sitting on my knee, with the pasteboard toys, we two have made, by your side; and how you are looking as if understandingly at the manuscript of the story, which some day, when just a bit more of a boy, you must really read over to me with many a laugh, as I tell you still other stories about yourself. If, however, I am not able then to be with you because I have been summoned to go upon a Long Journey, you must nevertheless read it, if not with laughter, at least with a smile; for I would never consent in any way to be the cause of needless tears or sorrow to you.

I have, of course, a great longing to keep company with you in coming years; but unfortunately or fortunately—we never can be quite certain which it is—some of the fondest wishes we mortals make are denied to us. Yet, though I am not sure of thus being with you, I am sure of these things: If long life is your portion—and God grant it may be—the fine boy will grow into the finer man; the world will be the better and the wiser because you have been in it, while those about you will have more joyous lives; and many a poor fellow, that has stumbled and is in sore need, will know the reassuring grip of your kindly hand, as you lift him to his feet.

Only a little child to you he seems; and yet
I have to bounteous Heaven no greater debt
Than gift of his dear soul; imaged in that rare face
Whereto an angel's charm could not add other grace.

And my fond love for him would last, were I to live,
While streams to seas their ministering waters give;
The moon be mistress of the ebb and flood of tide
And sun for dull earth the quickening light and guide.

Were I to live, my love for him would ever grow
Till kindly deed to noble thought no tribute owe,
Till ardent faith should have no shrine, no hope, no sky,
And heroes lose their life who for their country die.

YES, it was concerning this boy—who was with us just before dinner, and who has grown so of late in brain and body—that I wrote some time since, when I had persuaded myself and was seeking to persuade others, that those whose dwelling-place is the spirit-world can, if we so wish, be of our earthly company:

Perhaps you will bear with me for adding an experience of my own.

Once a child came to our household; but ill fitted for the rough, dusty highway of life, he made but a short journey along it. His days were only sufficient to enable him to know a few things and to lisp a few words. One of the things about him which he recognized and loved—perhaps because it was of such close kinship with himself—was the butterfly, and one of the words he first learned to utter was "Butterf'y." I see him now as I have seen him all these years—as clearly as one can see through tears—with tiny foot uplifted, to descend in little emphatic stamp as he said his one big word. There came a day when, summoned to a distant city on a professional errand, the last I saw of him was as he repeated for me, with that voice which was all gentle music, his Butterf'y. Alas, before my return, the spirit of that child, which had come out of the unknown to our household as a brief resting-spot, had fluttered back to the place whence it had come.

Years went by and now the counterpart of this precious memory, another little boy of a later generation, only just a bit sturdier, has come into my life. This newcomer is my good comrade. Often he takes me by the hand—much more than I can be said to take him by his hand—and we wander off in the fields together, to see the flowers and birds, and talk over a good many things which are more worth while than some of us at times realize. It is true I do most of the talking, for he does not yet talk in language which we are apt to think the only means of communicating ideas. Yet he expresses his assent and dissent in a way clearly understood by himself and quite intelligible to me. Then, if his step suggests weariness, he climbs to my shoulder and we leave the bright skies and continue our comradeship indoors. Always at some part of the play, in his own invented way, outstretched on half-bent knees he hides his face from me away down among some banked-up pillows. Thereupon I am to call the roll of the places where he is not to be found, and he is to answer "No" with that musical, rising inflection all his own. Finally I must guess where he really is. And when—after his mouse-like silence, which is confession—I find him laughing as only he can laugh, underneath a shock of golden, sun-lit curls, I am quite sure then, as I often am, that something of that other child has passed into the soul and the face of this gentle, manly, beautiful little boy.

I suppose it is true that in the interval he has almost come out of babyhood into boyhood, though doubtless I have not quite realized this as have others. For the day-by-day change has been well-nigh imperceptible to me, except when those curls of his were ruth-

lessly cut away, while to you there was the baby and there is now in part the boy—even though he is but slightly beyond his fourth year. Heaven be praised, however, that he has not now, and my prayer is that he will never have, a precocious hair in his wise little head.

Sometimes it occurs to me that he may have been too much with those of mature age and not enough, as a rule, with children. Yet on reflection I scarcely believe this, seeing how eager he has been for a companionship which, while not wanting in wholesome frolic, has made many a journey into Fairyland and Wonderland and found treasures there for the possession of all of us. So it has come about that this romping, thoughtful boy is by turns my playfellow and dreamer and philosopher, though I will not admit having been the pedagogue with him. On the contrary, he has taught me that which concerns not only babyhood and boyhood but life, and in generous measure he has been the teacher of himself as well as of me; for often when asked by me how he came to know this or that he will answer with some surprise in words that remind one of the childhood of English speech: "Why, I learned it to myself."

Day by day some new, agreeable surprise from him awaits me. No book on the library shelf out of line with its neighbors and no telephone receiver upside down on its supporting hook escapes his critical eye, since he is a great stickler for order; no new object in the room is passed by unnoticed. When breakfast is brought to me he delights to pour my coffee while we sit face to face, each at the head of the small table; and he has long regarded his good offices as a substitute for the sugar I once declined. So now preliminarily he will often ask me with bewitching smile, "Well, do you want *fweet* coffee this morning?" And he knows in advance that I shall surely get it without offending his odd conceit or my palate. To his little poet's soul the wet wood in the fire sings to him, the rumbling flame over the dry wood there is his drum; the snow is getting its drink in the melting; the sky with its loud, thundering noises is angry and wicked, and happy and good again with smiling sunshine; the blueberries he hunts for but does not find are hiding from him, and he has not needed Shelley to tell him that it is for the thirsting flowers the Cloud brings fresh showers. Rarely is there a talk between us without some addition to the long roll of these quaint accomplishments. Some of these are flashed out like brilliant minute sparks from the anvil, never to be visible again; some take hold of him and become part of his baby philosophy and course of conduct. He has his own way about it all, however, not being urged to feature one or minimize the other; and as a rule he is a wise judge.

And then his questions—No, I forbear, for the answers which follow on the heels of his interrogation points are altogether too meagre for my vanity. What an unfailing source of interest also it is to hear him give a medley of his many dreams—now through

jungle land and waste places, but oftener through inviting surroundings, at one time with us all, and at another with strangers to him and to all human kind—compounded about equally of fact and fancy, and for the hidden meanings of which neither I nor any Dream Book can ever have a solution. How the pendulum of his alternate work and play—for he is an expert at each—swings to the extremes, only to come to a state of well-earned rest and solemn quiet! But even then at times while wide awake and looking off abstracted into space, he will ask us not to interrupt him for a moment, because "*I am thinking.*" We never fail to humor him in this, for long ago he persuaded us of his inability to collect his big thoughts while we chatter. Sometimes it turns out that he is devising slight additions for one of the machines he is constructing (for as I shall presently tell you, he is a great inventor), to be off in a jiffy at his work; arranging for a new place to conceal himself or some little object at "hide and seek"; or planning the drawing of a new picture toy. But alas for his pride or vanity, at times he is forced, like the rest of us in the world, to realize sadly that reflections produce nothing worth the mentioning; and then he will add —with a candor not always characterizing adults: "Well, I dess I only thought I was thinking."

Still at times he seems to lack any very lively sense of reciprocity, for I was called to account by him the other day for my silence. Nor was my question ever satisfactorily answered, whether I, too, was not entitled to do some thinking on my own account. For his lament, "But I feel so lonely," was quite sufficient for the mills of my talk to be set grinding again.

It has been my custom often to ask him, half-seriously, half-playfully, "Well, now, young fellow, why am I proud of you?" and invariably I get the roguish, smiling answer: "Because I am good." During the past Summer while we were installed in "Magnum Donum," the home of the "Good Bishop," who until he died was so much of the life of ——, I improvised a sleeping-porch out of an upper balcony. The youngster's room was just below me. One morning the frolicsome pranks of this very modern, boisterous specimen of

"Young barbarians, all at play,"

roused me near dawn and forbade further sleep, and at breakfast I told him all about it. The next morning there was nothing from his room which approached the disturbance of even the patter of a mouse's feet or the dropping of the negligible pin; and after rehearsing his virtuous conduct, he wished to know whether in consequence I had enjoyed refreshing sleep. In explanation of my "No," I told him that some altogether wicked flies, which I had failed to take the life of, had pestered me till I elected to exchange the hammock for the bath. He was silent for a while, but it was the thought-

ful silence, for his discerning, reminiscent comment was, "Well, Mum (his name for me), I dess then, ou wer'nt very proud to dose flies."

Yes, "Mum" is his name for me, talking machine that I am —the little satirist; and from the novel coinage of his brain he utters other queer names in abundance. One grandmother, Katharine, is just "Valla"; baby girl cousins are "Tiny Tom" and "Tiny Valla"; one aunt of the same name as Valla is merely "An' Puice," and another aunt "Tiny Valla's Mama"; his other grandmother, Virginia, is "V," while Margaret one of the maids is his "Bogan." So he goes on with his nomenclature.

I will not stop to tell you the numberless manifestations of his tender love for us, since then my story would never end. You would have eloquent, convincing illustration of it all, if permitted to see him sitting now and then with the latest newcomer, "Tiny Valla," in his protecting lap, bending his joyous face over his precious charge, and hear him say as to himself, when he is warned not altogether to smother the young lady with his caresses, "But I love her so, I love her so."

I said he was a philosopher. Will you doubt it when I tell you this? One evening, rather exhausted with an exacting day, I had come home without the high-pitched greeting which is the signal with him for something like *The Children's Hour* of Longfellow; and, believe me, he can be a whole troop of children all by himself. Up to my knee he climbed while I was gazing into the fire, and laying his cheek against mine and putting his arm about my neck, as always when I do not invite his chatter, he sat silent, wistfully content. His "Valla" as well as myself noticed this evening that he seemed especially desirous of ministering to me by an unusually prolonged quiet; and we wondered just where his thoughts were, though to have questioned him would have been altogether too earthy a procedure. It may have been that he was philosophizing over the mystery of moods in his elders; though quite as likely, unselfish soul that he is, he was building some gracious Dream Castle of restorative Peace, where his loved ones might sojourn now and then, as a refuge from the vexatious experiences of life.

By and by, nevertheless, he ventured to call attention to his discovery that one of the hands of the clock was longer than the other; and when I said that the minute hand went the faster, he searchingly asked of his volunteer witness whether it was thus made longer because of the extra work it had to do. The only answer he received was a smile, along with the information that the minute hand was a rapider traveler for me with my gray hair than for himself, since each time it made its hurried circuit he was merely becoming more of a boy, while I was hastening on to be an old fellow. The paradox met with the judicial, though puzzled and slightly sympathetic reflection: "Well, that's funny, Mum." So you must concede me the

right to call him at least my " dreamer-philosopher," or my philosopher-dreamer.

You see, however, I did not sit in judgment on his " parts of speech "; for then much of my appreciation of his quaint wisdom and wonder would have gone for naught. For though his " funny " had little reference to " fun," is he not as accurate as many of his elders? You cannot have much doubt of this, if you recall how a talkative world makes spoiled pets of its " funny " and " jolly " and " awful " and " nice " and " delicious," and a long list of other words, while our noble but slighted vocabulary pleads eloquently though in vain for recognition. Or, to put it differently, we with our language exact unfair, impossible service of so many overworked substitutes, while unfatigued and disciplined hosts of reserves—eager to keep musical step and make great conquests for us in life—are rarely ever called to the colors.

Yet it is possible I can persuade you by an incident that he is not without the qualifications which may make him a discriminating grammarian one of these days. Once upon a time he was told by way of pleasantry that he must not, as was his custom, interlard his conversation with so many " gots " as to be rival of English lady —or English lord, for that matter—of high or low degree. Puffed up with the vanity of a little knowledge, he later called his " Baba " to account for having stated that somewhere, something or other had been gotten. When quite evidently his " Baba " had justified himself, this embryonic academician said: " Yes, I see. If it's a new thing from Schwartz's I've ' got ' it, but if it's an old thing of mine (from Schwartz's) I just have it "—a distinction between acquisition and possession which it would be difficult for any budding Lindley Murray to improve upon. And while it is true that the " from Schwartz's " of the illustration was rather over-featured, we have never been quite able to satisfy ourselves whether this was not artful rather than tautological and superfluous. At any rate, his reward at the toy palace was a new whistle—not dear for us at any price—with which, along with the forewarning, upthrown arm, our inimitable mimic might better play his rôle of big fellow in the Traffic Squad.

However, I must not let this digression interfere with my saying that his young uncle, with no slight gift for pen and pencil sketch, on learning of the clock incident tried his hand at illustrative doggerel verse, with a trifling variation of what happened. But inasmuch as we must be tolerant of the poetic license, doubtless I should not complain of the revised version.

He looked up at the great big clock
That stood against the wall:
" And why is one hand long, Mum,
And the odder one so small? "

"Why, one must travel faster, John,
With a longer way to go,
And the other is a lazy hand,
That's why he moves so slow.

Now, I am on the great big one,
With work and thought and care,
And you are on the smaller one,
With lots of time to spare."

So when I had explained it all
As careful as could be,
He thought awhile and then he laughed—
"Dat's funny, Mum," said he.

I must not forget to tell you this too. His "Baba" unexpectedly summoned to the city left the youngster for a fortnight further at "Magnum Donum." His "Muzzie," who went too, sent him by mail a book of absorbing Indian stories, out of which his "Valla" would read to him just before he went to bed. The book became not so much a possession as an obsession, and at times he merely seemed to tolerate the day for the sake of this longed-for evening hour.

As the time approached for him to go away I would picture to him what my loneliness would be until we met again. At first the young sophist undertook to persuade me that I was wrong about this, but his smiling face showed that he was not sad when it was quite apparent that he had made a mess of his effort; for like the rest of the world he does not turn a forbidding face to appreciation. Yet he was the little child eloquent on the last evening before the day of his leave-taking, when climbing up to the couch where I was resting he took me captive with his speech. I do not recall it all, but there was the promise not to forget me day or night, to remember me in his prayers and to draw one of his favorite sketches and copy in capital letters a love message (at both of which performances he is an adept) and send them to me in what he terms "A Bended Letter"—always a wonderfully fascinating production. And finally, with a touching bit of sentiment and a generous impulse all his own, he added for his peroration: "And 'Mum' I'll leave my Indian book for you."

Even this was not the end, for just then his "Valla" called from an adjoining room that the time for reading had arrived; and though you will be quite prepared to understand he did not rush off from me pell-mell, perhaps it will not occur to you that he declined the invitation as with manly voice (in which, Heaven be praised, there was no trace of the false, sacrificial, better-than-thou note some of us perfervid adults make use of when merely doing a gracious act) he called out, and I repeat to you his own words: "No,

'Valla,' I'm sorry, but I can't come; for I am here talking things over with 'Mum.'"

Do you wonder that I still thrill with emotion as I recall this scene, as I did, when with his hand gripped in mine we went together to the evening reading, or that now and then I tell him he is my little *magnum donum* from the gods?

How often we omit the reason of persuasion and patience for these youngsters! Some time since his nurse, so that he might not be quite out of the fashion, taught him to sing "*It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary;*" and, oddly enough, he carries the tune well, though no one ever thought he had much of an ear for music. He learned it in this wise:

It's a long way to Tipperary;
  It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary;
  It's a long way to go.
Good-bye, Piccadily;
  Good-bye Leicester Square.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
  But my heart's right there.

Just as an experiment, rather than because concerned about his being a bit off the road of accuracy, I explained how the lines had been written and ought to be sung. He was easily persuaded that the fourth line should be: "To the sweetest girl I know." For, in his manly way, he has ever the considerate thought for the humans and even the things about him, that appear likely to need his ministering care; and peculiarly within his tender keeping is always the girl, provided she be sufficiently "tiny." And if I were to assume the rôle of a prophet, I should predict that when he grows to maturity he will entertain many an old-fashioned idea of womanhood, rather than some new-fangled, modern-day notions as to feminism.

When, however, I came to suggest the substitution of "Farewell, Leicester Square," for the "Good-bye, Leicester Square," I encountered difficulty. There was no distinct remonstrance, but every time the song was sung, it was only "Good-bye, Leicester Square," though I told him what good company "Farewell" and "Good-bye" would keep with each other. One day when still advising the change, I noticed in quivering lip and tear-filled eye unmistakable signs of an imminent disturbance; and I knew what it was all about when he asked me: "Yes, but what does Farewell mean, Mum?" Thereupon I took down from a library shelf one of the big volumes of the Historical Dictionary and with an approach to seriousness read, after a fashion, all that Farewell originally meant and had come to mean as time went on, and pointed with solemn finger to quotations, wherein some of the illustrious of the world had given

the word a generous welcome. His doubts were all resolved, and no one can now induce this docile boy to sing the song otherwise than as it was written, and as he is convinced it should be sung.

He learned a good deal more, too, than the correct version, for it was further evidence to him that in seeking to understand and guide him aright, the "rule of reason" is as binding upon us as it was upon the great judge in the interpretation of an epoch-making statute. And if, as he now sounds out his "Farewell, Leicester Square," you could witness the grateful, triumphant look on his face, aglow with a smile—which an angel might well envy—you would not need to be told that surely all of his heart is not away off there in Tipperary, but that a goodly part of it is here—safe in my possession.

With what promptness, too, may one get co-operation from these youngsters! This boy not so long ago fretted and at times cried overmuch without apparent cause, though later we came to the conclusion that it was largely due to a former nurse, who though a good soul was as ignorant of the workings of a child's mind as of the Binomial Theorem or Kepler's laws of planetary motion. We therefore did what lay in our power to lead the unhappy little fellow to the right way.

In explaining how in all likelihood there was now a good John Junior and again a bad John Junior, I suggested that when a cry-baby was on the scene what remained of the good John Junior might be very well occupied in going to a nearby window and dropping the wicked one down, down, down—no matter how perilous the height or how disastrous the consequences. The plan almost always worked to his satisfaction; and day by day the bad John Junior went to his destruction, the good John Junior for the time being left in full and peaceful possession of himself.

Yet inasmuch as the wicked side partner had a remarkable capacity for resurrection, I devised another method whereby a smile might exorcise the Evil One more effectively. Then there were even greater and more lasting marvels; for if I was ready to wipe away the tears—and this was always required of me—the sunshine invariably streamed back again for him and me. Thereupon I told him, in his own language, of the converse of the rule of ethics, whereby punishment in the Court of Conscience, unlike that in the courts of law, lessens with each unrebuked offense; and made it quite clear to him how heartened are men for further resistance, by successfully setting their faces against the folly of the world. Do not for a moment think that he did not understand me, for he is now quite convinced that the oftener the smile makes conquest of the tears, the less likely will the impish Master Hyde think it worth while to lay siege to the citadel of young Dr. Jekyll, which gets more and more impregnable to the attacks of his treacherous, persistent enemy.

Even then he was not satisfied with what he had just learned,

but, like a wise boy, continued in still further quest of understanding. For, though realizing the miracle wrought by the smile, he was interested in finding out whether, when the tears were there and the smile nevertheless came, it was the good John Junior or the bad John Junior that really did the smiling. I tried very hard to satisfy his curiosity, but my effort was labored enough, now that I think it all over. Perhaps you, too, may discover that arriving at the correct answer is not wholly free from difficulty; for, after all, which is it in us, man or child, that does the smiling on like occasions, and would it not be a pity if it were always the saintly part of us?

He frets and cries no more now as of old, and he informed me the other day, while singing at his tasks, with no end of improvised themes both musical and verbal, that the bad John Junior had gone for good and all. I answered that I scarcely believed this, and it is quite possible that involuntarily I may in my selfishness have thought I hoped not. For I should not grieve at seeing again this miracle wrought by the smile; and do we not always shudder at the permanently and in consequence the very probably ostentatiously good in this world?

This whole subject interests him mightily, and not long since he was desirous of finding out whether the bad John Junior ever by any chance had a virtuous interval. I told him in language he understands without the interpreter, that I was sure of it, seeing how many are the occasions when the wicked were moved by at least good impulses, which in the Court of Forbearance often constitute relevant, convincing testimony to disprove total depravity. And before long I shall persuade him that not so much by a consideration of a few of our deeds, as by the balance to be struck at last between the good and the bad in us, we or our biographers, if we have any, may know how stands the account of our lives. Have no doubt, however, that in the case of my boy the good will be the minuend and not the subtrahend; and if ever he is inclined to be disconsolate over some inevitable back-sliding, he will be able to realize through such comforting words as these, with how little, after all, of worthy achievement the best of men must be content:

> Year after year, he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. *Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much:*—surely that may be his epitaph of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he complain at the summons which calls a defeated soldier from the field: defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius!

Yet before leaving this part of my little story I must confess to surprise at the result, though I ought to have been prepared for surprise only if there had been no such result. For here was a human being, on tip-toe for the light, yet blind as to the way; and he was enabled to find it from but a few feeble rays of Fancy. He was, it

is true, a little human being, but all of us are poor enough in vision if some of that light does not shine for us.

Too often we are abashed if a censorious, supercilious, matter-of-fact world finds us off the highway ablaze with garish, artificial lamps. That world would have us concern ourselves with what it conceives is the substance of things—things to be eaten and worn and trafficked in, but which are often but empty shells; it thinks that mortals can live by bread alone. Seeing fads and fancies yoked together it fails to realize that Fancy and the fad have no kinship; and finding Fancy sometimes made to masquerade in the garish colors of buffoon and mountebank, it thinks the lock-up the proper abode for her. As for the Imagination, why, many of us by a large majority vote long since ostracised her from our life. Vital things, too, including reverence for what is worthy as well as regard for what is beautiful, went with them into banishment; and if a new Paul should arise to reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, he need expect no trembling from some of us; he might consider himself fortunate if not greeted with a titter.

May our boy, wiser than all this, visit often in days to come, the country where Fancy and the Imagination dwell and rule, and thus have the joy and profit I have tried to portray in these lines I have written for him:

> It is a lordly realm where these two hold
> Their sway—no cabin'd room for slipper'd ease
> To doze in idle, pleasurable musings;
> A land roofed in by firmament alone,
> Its walls horizons vast of visions built;
> Where bankruptcy of mind and soul becomes
> A treasury rich in wondrous wisdom;
> And high resolve with covenant new receives,
> From proffer'd chalice of the dead immortal,
> Valorous strength for sturdy thought and deed,
> The zeal for youth that will not dread of age,
> Assurance of the way in paths of gloom
> And life expectant of a joyous dawn;
> Where littleness with all its baneful brood
> Slinks off abash'd, as through the wide-flung gates
> On peaks resplendent stream the floods of light
> For vigil's recompense.

At times he pictures to me what is to happen, when it will be his great good fortune to be the really big fellow; and he longs for the hour to come with magic flight. But I tell him my hope is that his wish, so disquieting to me, will have pinioned wings, for I know with Emerson the "witchcraft of curls and dimples and broken words."

Once I read him as my justification those beautiful Swinburne verses of *Not a Child;* and never did adult seem to understand better the music of the lines. When the other day he laughed long and

merrily as he lay in my arms, I read him another of Swinburne's gems; and this wonder-working poet could have looked down from the spirit-world upon no more eager listener than this blessed boy of mine:

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
  All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
  Wind in warm wan weather,

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
  Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
  Fills a child's clear laughter.

As his resourcefulness is appealed to, the toys of babyhood are no longer the absorbing things of interest they once were; and just before Christmas he made the novel proposal to me that he would like them to go to some poor but "tiny" children who might treasure them. As for himself, why, big fellow that he is, he constructs out of chairs and tables and sofa, odd blocks and whatnots, with broomsticks for the support of the protecting "woof" from wind and weather—(and every loitering adult in the household within reach is required to be among his apprentices, for he tolerates no drones about him)—"Opotobiles," taxicabs, "twolley" cars, "aewoplanes," victorias, hansoms, and all kinds and conditions of vehicles of transportation. Among them is the Santa Claus sleigh with toys galore for other little ones; and his Christmas comes more than once a year. And if you will but listen to his explanations, they are lighted, heated, and well-fitted out, with all modern appliances and improvements—including bells and horns, to wake pedestrians out of the trances into which they seem often to pass while crossing thoroughfares.

Should you fail to see all this and think you are looking at the things out of which the construction is made and not at the construction as he evolves it, why then you would be a fancyless, hopeless old fellow of the slippered, pantaloon stage, or perhaps worse, the Mr. Dryasdust materialist.

We think of the child as capable of arriving at the meaning only of Nursery Rhymes—and of course they should be of its repertory. And though this youngster knows a goodly number of them, he is familiar with and says over to me again and again many an exquisite line from Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses.* While he will tell you with odd comment all about *Jack the Giant Killer, Red Riding Hood,* and *The Three Bears,* he is stirred by the melody and fascinated by the story of *The Culprit Fay* and *The Forsaken Merman* as now and then I read some of the lines to him. As time goes on and he has the benefit of other like reading and instruction, not only advantageous of itself, but equally so for its suggestiveness, will he not have an ever-increasing apprehension of the distinction between what is worthy and unworthy in life as well as in letters? Will he not see on a widening horizon finer prospects, and know at a glance the abyss between the magical color and beauty of the intellectual treasures of the world, and some of its dull, cheap, debased accumulations?

To expect, under some conditions, results different from those we often witness in the upbringing of the young in our charge is, if we give heed to the sayings of the wise, not a reasonable guess, and the astute gambler would pronounce it not even a fair bet; and if we would realize how thoroughly the child is the embodiment and manifestation of its environment and experiences, we have but to read Walt Whitman's *There Was a Child Went Forth.*

Then, too, he is beginning to find wisdom elsewhere than in prose or poetry, for he is learning to gaze longingly into that great book which Nature invites us so persuasively to turn the pages of. Never since he came to the years of awakened intelligence have I failed, when with him in the fields, to call by name the bird or wild flower or tree or plant we came across. It is true he remembers but a few of these names, but it is enough that these few have lodgment with him now; for by and by, he will come to know Nature, just as men are made conversant with a foreign language—by living with it and unconsciously becoming part of it. He will come to know, too, among many other things, how it is that the earth renews itself, why flowers have color, how they are propagated, why there are tides in the sea, and the immutable laws which bind countless worlds into one vast and limitless Universe. Then the humility and reverence which will be his possession should leave no place for such a forbidding intruder as vanity or arrogance.

When he is no longer required to be in his bed as the chickens go to roost, you may be sure he will be taken out-of-doors to look at the heavens, and thus not grow up with the shamefully meagre knowledge so many of us have concerning the glories there. He will not merely see some lights above him, for he will have learned how the stars have been grouped in constellations since the dawn of civilization in the world; how they appear in song and legend, why they

are aglow with light and color, and what their part is in the divine order. And though he will doubtless never have much of an acquaintance with Spherical Harmonics, he will know intimately all about the Music of the Spheres.

This boy is not applauded for doing the things which it ought to be natural for him to do; he is scarcely commended for doing them. The approval or disapproval which he sees on the faces of those about him serves often to guide him aright. If this course be not sufficient, he, as a rule, is left to suffer the consequences of his misconduct. Toys which he destroys are not replaced for him; only those which by inevitable accident are put out of commission. He is not coddled, nor is he threatened; but he is told what is to happen to him in small measure now, and in large measure hereafter when he has entered the world of responsibility, if he flouts the counsels of prudence. But admonition is his sole punishment, for to such a sensitive, gentle boy a slap would be a transgression and a rough blow next door to a crime. And while we are now and then sorely pained to see him suffer even slightly (though, perhaps, it is deeply) from the effects of petty wilfulness, we never, on such occasions, seek to buy back his smiles by insincere bargains or offers. We comfort ourselves, however, with the consoling thought, how in that good old Bible word "tribulation," rightly understood, there still persists its original etymological truth—the threshing of the husk from the ear.

His trust in his fellows is unrestrained, for the promises made to him are religiously kept, and no one is permitted ever to tell him what was not, what is not, or what is not to be. Accordingly he has an abiding confidence in the sayings of those about him and never has reason to doubt that what he hears is the truth, the whole truth, or anything but the truth. For he is quick to see that we feel bound to govern ourselves in intercourse with him as he does in his intercourse with us, by the honor of the Code. And when once I read him in *Peter Pan* of the lapse of Mr. Darling into deception, he did not seem to think the transgressor had atoned too much by the kennel-penance.

May no experience in life ever serve to dissuade him from holding fast to such wisdom!

Have no fear that he will ever become the abnormal, prating moralist, for he is, thank Heaven, a well-balanced boy. And would that the thinned ranks of the well-balanced might be recruited by the Gods or the Fates (or whosesoever function it is to attend to such matters) by lordly fiat or propagation along lines not even necessarily eugenic—so urgent is the need.

Yes, let me thank Heaven again that he is a well-balanced boy. Thoughtful but equally playful, he can turn a handspring a good deal more engagingly than the stage acrobat. He can be silent, but he can summon about himself, when driving his "Opotobile" or

" twolley " car or " aewoplane " or Santa Claus's sleigh, a great company of hearers and talkers (for he lets them take a reasonable part in the conversation), with whom he interchanges views of a variety which would be the despair of many a clever ventriloquist, and with the eloquence of a great advocate. While at times as sober as a priest and as solemn as an owl in his outlook upon life, at other times he can be as merry a soul as Old King Cole; and when the spirit of mischief possesses him and he is convinced that the occasion has come for its exhibition, you will find him a spectacular and often a noisy showman. You would have no doubt on this subject, if ever you had seen this boy and that former nurse of his when he, elusive little beggar, was scampering off from her through the streets, and she, " large, loyal, and aggressive " as the cook of Bret Harte, was in hot pursuit, which seemed likely at any moment to end with her giving up either the ghost or the chase.

As for his humor, why it is so contagious that he would be shunned as a plague by many a mental or moral dyspeptic (I sometimes fail to understand which it is) who always looks and sometimes talks as if desirous of robbing you of your belongings, and who, if having anything to transmit, would in all likelihood disinherit you here and hereafter as well. Perhaps I should add that any effort to improve upon that humor would be as " wasteful and ridiculous excess " as the attempt to gild refined gold, or to do any of the other foolish acts recounted in the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Salisbury, when King John had insisted upon the superfluous and hazardous fourth crowning.

Yes, thank Heaven for the third time, and for all time that this boy of mine is thus well-balanced.

Then, too, what a comforting reflection it is that when this well-balanced boy grows to maturity, he will not wait to be drafted into service, but will straightway join the ranks of well-balanced men, of whom there is to be such crying need in approaching years! How thrilled is one by thoughts of the momentous mission of these few men—since they will never be of the majority—with their sane, stimulating, reassuring message!

For though, in some respects, there is a justifiable protest against the existing economic order, a reconciliation must be found somewhere between the smug satisfaction of the reactionary and any I. W. W. creed; and the good there is in Socialism is only to be welcomed if divorced from its crudities and abominations. Present moorings are not to be cast off from, until the menace of drifting into perils which invite inevitable shipwreck is provided against, by a clear idea of the directions whither we are to lay our course. Though for the safety of the voyage we are all making, some of the cargo wherewith experienced, right-minded men long ago set sail needs to be jettisoned, the ship must not for this reason be turned

over to the chart and compass and black flag of a piratical crew. If it ever be the ideal function of the State to see to it that in wages or comfort no laborer or his dependents shall fall below a prescribed level, the State must first concern itself a good deal more than it has heretofore done, with the conditions under which immigration is permitted and children are born and reared. The arrogance and whip of Capital and the distrust and evil weapons of Labor must be laid aside, so that their hands may be free to join in the grip of a common interest.

The lesson must be learned, even by grievous experience, that Government cannot cure all the ills which flesh is heir to; and that at times it is good gospel as well as good law to permit accepted rules of conduct as well as of property to go unchanged, though in consequence there be the resulting individual hardship. And if in the past some traditions and precedents have been held in too high regard, the distorted creations of Cubist reformers should not be set up as idols for worship. Admittedly the hard facts of existence must be faced, but there are nevertheless dreams to be dreamed; and though misery tugs at the heartstrings, the door must not be slammed in the face of wise counsels of the head, which warn us against the besetting dangers of injudicious succor. Nor, at times, are the words of Scripture less true to-day than when they were uttered: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

While arrows are to be aimed at the stars, they can at the same time be shot in directions where they are likely to transfix and bring down something for the urgent needs of earth. As never before must the practical and the ideal find a common meeting-place in the activities of our lives, though to reach the best that Heaven or earth has for our portion, we are not required, as some of us seem to believe, to go high in air or far afield on land. We need merely to catch the inspiration of such an utterance as that of Walt Whitman:

> I am afoot with my vision.

The voice must be lifted discriminately even in prayer; and Wisdom adopted Juvenal as a favorite son, when in that matchless Satire he besought mankind to invoke for itself *mens sana in corpore sano,* and depicted how grim ruin can be visited upon us through the granting of our improvident appeals, by the too indulgent gods.

The seductive promise of the gold brick of a statutory material millennium must not be permitted to corrupt the judgment, while we grow tolerant of the meagre things of the spirit which heretofore have so often been the portion of the world. If some old orthodox religious views no longer serve for guidance, we can find other sustenance than that proffered us by the venturesome, if not presumptu-

ous, founders of new religions, and, like Wordsworth, understand that there still are

> Authentic tidings of invisible things

and that faith may

> . . . become a passionate intuition.

Nor, as they see often how few are their converts, will these well-balanced men grow disheartened or weary in well-doing; for they will know that one may not plant to-day and reap to-morrow, and that Lowell uttered no greater truth than:

> Endurance is the crowning quality,
> And patience all the passion of great hearts.

Nor will they—No, I must not thus wander away from my boy, for he ought to be the most of my sermon as he is the whole of my text; or, prosy-preacher-like, I may be talking to my congregation sole in its sleep. Or at least the selfish, depressing thought will come to me that when he is thus found in the ranks of well-balanced men, I, alas, shall be afar off. Therefore for your sake and my sake let me turn back to him as my present treasure.

You need never fear to find in this boy even the vice of selfishness, any more than you need look for ugliness in his expressive face; and as well expect guile or wilful wrongdoing from him as destructive cold from radiant sunshine. Nor will you ever be called upon to hear from him the cheap vulgarity of speech so repugnant to men of sensibilities. He will inevitably now and then tell, as illustrative of the passing incident, the story which is not for drawing-room consumption; but he will never consent to be foul-mouthed as some gentle people apparently take pride in being, while they pour out pointless stories with little but gutter filth for their recommendation. He must go out into the world and in a measure be toughened and perhaps coarsened by contact with it, for much rough wind and weather will be met with there. His walk will not always be such as to ensure him against stumbling; and he will at times, almost as a matter of course, wander off from that path which experience has found to be the best for man to travel over—though his goings are not likely to be so headlong and reckless as to bring him within the danger zone of the deadly precipice. Nevertheless he cannot wholly lose his way, for he will have always the information whereby to find the path again.

You must not misunderstand my view. I am not so foolish as to think he has learned many things, but I am clear he has learned that which will enable him hereafter to recognize some of the standards whereby he is to measure true achievement in life; and this is one of the best things for mortals to learn. And he has had more than a glimpse of another of those best things: that the simplest,

rightly ordered thought and word and deed is not merely something worthy of itself but has a relative value in being a link—not liable ever to be broken or even weakened—in the chain that binds us to what is ennobling and enduring.

No, as I think it all over, I have few if any misgivings that the close companionship with his elders has taken from him aught of the zest of boyhood, whilst it has given him these intimations as to some of the elements—often obscure to the man as to the child—out of which the stuff of character is to be fashioned. And I am sure that, as the years go by, he will be as responsive to the reproachful plaint or the righteous outburst of injustice, and to the mute misery which has no cry, as ever was Knight of Old to the summons of chivalrous impulse; and that by reason of caution and fidelity he will be as much entitled to be considered the good soldier for high endeavor in life, as were the veterans to be chosen against the host of the Midianites, for the twice-sifted army of Gideon.

You saw how he went his way to bed after his prayers—those fervent beseechings for the well-being of all of us, by name or included in the "everybody I know"—though he did not this evening, as he sometimes does, first put the handles of the desk drawers to sleep by turning them up against the supporting wood. You recall how—clinging to that toy baby, sadly battered but dearer to him than all the toys of Toyland, and throwing his many kisses to us with winning gesture and smiling injunction "Now don't lose 'em"—he climbed step by step to the floor above with his oft-repeated, melodious "Good night, fweet deams, God bless ou," and last, but not least, his "Amma Gamma"; and though what the meaning of this last is we shall perhaps never fully know, we are quite sure it is a wondrous, all-embracing benediction.

I have tried to make it clear to him how such blessings minister to us in life; and some day, and in the near future too, as I read to him Charles Reade's inspiriting words in *Christie Johnstone*, he will be told that for me and the others about him his blessing has as magical and quickening a voice as the great tumult of gratitude of the old fisherwoman must have had for the noble benefactor, who had assured her that "want should never enter that door again."

His Lordship had risen to go. The old wife had seemed absorbed in her own grief; she now dried her tears.

"Bide ye, sirr," said she, "till I thank ye."

So she began to thank him, rather coldly and stiffly.

"He says ye are a lord," said she. "I dinna ken, an' I dinna care; but ye're a gentleman, I daur say, and a kind heart ye hae." Then she began to warm. "And ye'll never be a grain the poorer for the siller ye hae gien me; for he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Then she began to glow. "But it's no your siller, dinna think it; na, lad, na! Oh, fine! I ken there's mony a supper for the bairns and me in yon bits metal; but I canna feel your siller as I feel your winsome smile, the drop

in your young een, an' the sweet words ye gied me, in the sweet music o' your Soothern tongue. Gude bless ye!" (Where was her ice by this time?) "Gude bless ye! and I bless ye!"

And she did bless him: and what a blessing it was! Not a melodious generality, like a stage parent's, or papa's in a damsel's novel; it was like the son of Barak on Zophim. She blessed him as one who had the power and the right to bless or curse.

She stood on the high ground of her low estate and her afflictions, and demanded of their Creator to bless the fellow-creature that had come to her aid and consolation.

This woman had suffered to the limits of endurance. Yesterday she had said: "Surely the Almighty does na *see* me a' these years!"

So now she blessed him, and her heart's blood seemed to gush into the words. She blessed him by land and water. She knew most mortal griefs; for she had felt them. She warned them away from him one by one. She knew the joys of life; for she had felt their want. She summoned them one by one to his side.

"And a fair wind to your ship," cried she; "an' the storms aye ten miles to leeward o' her." Many happy days, "an' weel spent," she wished him. "His love should love him dearly, or a better take her place. Health to his side by day; sleep to his pillow by night."

A thousand good wishes came, like a torrent of fire, from her lips, with a power that eclipsed his dreams of human eloquence; and then, changing in a moment from the thunder of a Pythoness to the tender music of some poetess mother, she ended—

"An' oh, my bœnny, bœnny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days, AND WI' THE PUIR IN THE WARLD TO COME!"

Slight wonder that "His Lordship's tongue refused him the thin phrases of society."

Yes, of such sort is this boy's blessing, and as I have said to him more than once, so long as he continues to be the fine fellow, his prayers for himself and for all of us will avail much, both here and on high.

His part in life is blessing;
Ours, only to be blest.

He is surely far away in dreamland now, and may his sleep and dreams be those of the exquisite lullaby of Caroline McCormick:

Good night, oh little love of mine, good night;
The stars are bright,
But in the skies above thee—who can say?
Haply the slumber stars, more bright than they,
Shall guide thy feet along a flowery way
To morning light.

Dream on, oh little love of mine, dream on;
The day is gone,
But who can tell what sunlit fancies fill
Thy dreamland with delight? So wander still
Across the blessed fields of sleep until
The morrow dawn.

Years after these verses were printed in *Harper's Magazine*, they were engrossed and illustrated marginally by the daughter of one of my clerks, with all the toys ever sold in shop or born in the brain of child. The work of art hangs always in its attractive frame at the foot of his bed to ensure this boy of mine generous sleep and beautiful dreams. Is it not fitting that these should come to him under the spell of such lines?

And now as the time approaches for us old fellows to say Good Night, let this be our parting thought.

Perhaps as we thus sit here communing with each other over companionable pipe and genial fire, he—God bless him now and always—is with his "opotobiles" and "aewoplanes" and "twolley" cars and Santa Claus's sleighs or his toys of others' making; or is marching along at the head of his well-drilled company, with one of the household as drummer, another as "horner," another as "flagger," and still another as "horser" (for the cavalry mount is easily enough improvised with one of the supporting broomsticks of the "opotobile woof")—all keeping step to "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," with a devotion as loyal as ever led men forth to generous deed and noble sacrifice. Or it may be that the little fellow, at rest from his day's labors, is engrossed in solving for to-morrow some of the knotty problems which defied solution to-day, or is holding his "Tiny Valla" in caressing arms and gentle embrace. Nor must you consider me quite foolish if at times I seem to see him in his sleep looking upon the angel face of that other boy of mine, the "young-eyed cherubin"; nor quite selfish if I think it just possible that amid an attendant train of admiring ones, he catches a glimpse now and then of his grey-haired biographer and lover:

"Mum."

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

NOTES ON RELIGION. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Lawrence J. Gomme, 1915.

Mr. Chapman's thin little volume of thoughts upon what is at once the largest and the most personal of all problems, the problem of religion, has in the first instance the effect both of strongly arresting the reader's attention and of putting him unusually upon his guard. Among really capable thinkers and writers hardly one in a hundred has the ability to write in summary or fragmentary fashion about a great subject, without either overleaping himself or lapsing into commonplace. To deal with a great subject in this manner requires insight, and insight—which means, perhaps, a peculiar development of that power of feeling or realizing a subject which gives the cue to reason—is of course rare. The temptation to mimic the literature of insight, with its assurance, its elevation, its abbreviated logic, is ever present to the writer who strives principally for effect. Hence a book that begins in the strain of Mr. Chapman's book not unnaturally raises a certain presumption against it in the reader's mind.

True insight, however, is usually distinguished by the union of an earnestness which may lead to boldness, or even to exaggeration, of statement with a kind of fundamental tolerance. No one who has deeply felt or realized a human problem can help being tremendously in earnest about it; yet no one who has really entered into such a problem with his whole heart as well as with his whole mind is in much danger of falling into a narrow dogmatism. Still less is he likely to descend to *communia maledicta*. Mr. Chapman's *Notes* show the traits of true insight in that their challenging vehemence and incisive criticism are backed by fundamental tolerance and a kind of imperturbable serenity.

These qualities are manifested in the critique of the Roman Catholic Church, which is the first and by far the longest of the notes or essays in Mr. Chapman's volume. This is in some respects as severe an arraignment of Roman Catholicism as has ever been penned by a responsible modern writer not avowedly engaged in sectarian controversy. Yet it is by no means splenetic. Mr. Chapman's cen-

sures, indeed, are based upon a kind of sympathy, and, doctrine apart, he seems to come close to the religious heart of Catholicism. "The object of this paper," declares the author, "is to spread the news that all the abuses of the Roman Church are made possible only through their connection with a sentiment which is holy." And the reader is made to feel the holiness of the sentiment quite as strongly as the evil of the alleged abuses. Even in religious persecutions Mr. Chapman finds a sort of historic logic, and while heavily condemning these, he sees in them something far more considerable than a cruel and perverse intolerance. Indeed, until we rid ourselves of the fatal habit of attributing impossibly shallow motives to others, until we become capable of recognizing sincerity when we see it, there is no possibility, Mr. Chapman thinks, of our grasping either the historic significance of the religious problem or its meaning to us at the present time.

Mr. Chapman is no pourer of oil upon troubled waters. Historically, religion has been, to imperfect human beings, a source of discord: it has brought not peace but a sword. And there are indications that the historic tendency of religion to set men at variance one with another has not spent itself. By a perfectly natural process the Church in mediæval times became a powerful instrument of government, and thus the salvation of Europe. By a process quite as natural the temporal function continues to perpetuate itself: "individual kings have abdicated, but no organization has ever abdicated." This is an evil, but it is an evil deeply, if illogically, rooted in a truly religious frame of mind. Thus it is apparent that the point of view advanced by Mr. Chapman is not suited to soothe antagonism. To those who believe that theirs is the only true religion it is perhaps little less offensive to be assured that the faith of their hearts is one of several truly religious beliefs than to be told that it is a belief altogether false. To those who are complacently indifferent to religion, the author's message, though by no means an appeal to hatred, is in effect a call to arms.

Nevertheless, the evident aim of Mr. Chapman's treatise is not merely to emphasize certain differences which he conceives to be profound and vital, but also to lift the religious question as far as possible above the level of narrow contentiousness and vulgar strife. "Our real enemy," declares the author, "is not religion. . . . The real enemy is confused thought and bitter feeling. Our need is the development of intellect, the rise of spiritual interests, the awakening of new individual power in breasts both Catholic and Protestant throughout the land." And again: "The real battle is never a battle *between* different kinds of people, as, for instance, between Catholics and Protestants. . . . The real battle is in the heart of each man. . . . You who look on the whole movement from without, do you not know that the real breach, the real remedy, must come from within? Look upon no man as your enemy.

Do not regard the Roman Catholic mind as your enemy. In reality you are a part of that mind." Obviously, then, while Mr. Chapman sometimes goes quite as far in the direction of extreme assertion as a conscientious writer may permit himself to go without adducing detailed proof, he cannot be charged with narrowness or with unworthy motives.

In fact, the principal and perhaps the most important effect of the whole treatise is to compel a realization of the need of a larger religious consciousness, and in this sense its deepest criticism, after all, is aimed not at Catholics but at Protestants. We have been asleep, it appears, and it is now full time to awake. We must rouse ourselves from the nightmare of materialism or from the lethargic slumber of indifferent matter-of-factness. We must realize the historic significance of religion, its indestructibility and its present meaning. Yet in this awakening, this fresh realization, we must avoid the fundamental error of subordinating the whole to the part, the end to the instrument. "It is plain that any recipe which ensures piety—like any recipe which makes art easy—weakens piety or art." Moreover, we must not, as superficial thinkers do, fall foul of that profoundest of human paradoxes, the truth that while we are called upon for individual effort, nothing is done except by the will of God. "All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made." All progress, declares Mr. Chapman, has come "as the operation of God, and has gone forward apparently against the will of everybody." In religion, therefore, "if we will but allow God to do the work without setting up a machine of our own, it will be done wholesomely, and we ourselves shall become robust." On the whole, no more penetrating comments upon personal religion have been written in recent times than some of those contained in Mr. Chapman's *Notes,* and the treatise as a whole can hardly fail to broaden and deepen the reader's view of the tremendous question that is its theme.

WHAT MAY I HOPE? By George Trumbull Ladd. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1915.

Men are never through with the struggle to make plainer to themselves and to others the meanings of those originally hard-won distinctions between abstract ideas upon which reason, or "common sense," must rely for clearness of thought regarding those problems that come closest to the individual soul. Such words as *belief* and *knowledge, faith, hope* and *charity,* to say nothing of *beauty,* have never been fully or accurately defined. We have found, indeed, that all human "faculties" or activities tend in the last analysis to merge into one another as being aspects or energies of the same

mysterious self which is the undecomposable inner reality. Despite this realization (which has saved us in some degree from the error of merely debating about words, after the manner of the Greeks) the process of distinguishing between the common-sense elements of thought still goes on—as it ought to go on; for the part of wisdom seems to be not to abandon all distinctions that cannot be shown to be absolute, but rather to strengthen and emphasize these, always bearing in mind their relative nature.

This is in general the method pursued by Dr. Ladd in the series of books which he has written with the aim of answering four fundamental questions of human thought and life: the questions, What can I know? What ought I to do? What should I believe? and What may I hope? These books, intended as they are for popular reading, are to be described as works of edification rather than as treatises on psychology or metaphysics. In point of fact, they are both. A preacher who simply urged his hearers to be sincere, to be good, and to have faith in goodness, might do in a manner what Dr. Ladd has done. The difference between Dr. Ladd's analysis of fundamental questions and all ordinary forms of moral exhortation is, however, great enough to give the former a distinct and superior value. Taking as convenient starting points those ideas of knowledge, duty, belief and hope, which exist in every man's mind, Dr. Ladd analyzes them and traces them to their inner sources. In so doing he compels his readers to distinguish away the sophistries and obscurities which cling about the psychological or ethical notions of the untrained or lazy thinker. He presses his analysis, moreover, to the point at which it becomes fairly obvious that there must exist a basis in reality for our beliefs, our sense of duty, even for our less substantial hopes, always provided that these have their origin in reason as well as in desire.

The incorrigible metaphysicist will perhaps find this method unsatisfactory. It is not enough for him to be brought to the necessity of recognizing a basis of reality: he ardently longs to know just what the nature of this basis is. It would be, of course, mere impertinence to scorn the labor of the metaphysician who seeks to describe reality—even though his quest be indeed the traditional search "in a dark cellar for a black cat which does not exist." Dr. Ladd's investigations, too, are in their way metaphysical. But whatever the strict requirement of the searcher for the absolute, to most of us—humanly speaking—conviction is conviction. No one whose soul has been reached by Dr. Ladd's methods is likely to deny that he has a soul; no one who has succeeded in clarifying his thought through reason will be inclined to diverge from the path which reason clearly points out, even though it fails him before he reaches the goal.

Dr. Ladd's treatise upon hope is of somewhat fresher interest even than his works upon knowledge, belief, and duty, inasmuch as

the idea of hope has been less fully treated hitherto than the ideas which form the themes of the earlier books. In importance, this book, *What May I Hope?* proves scarcely inferior to any one of the other three. To be sure, most persons would promptly enough agree that hope ought to be both moral and reasonable—these are the author's fundamental contentions;—but there are few who could give any coherent account of the nature or justification of this readily assumed belief. Such an account Dr. Ladd supplies. Applying his tests to personal, social and scientific hopes, to the hope of moral perfection, the hope of immortality, and the hope of a divine kingdom, the author is highly successful in forcing his readers to recognize the fundamental psychological validity of morality and reason, and in enabling them to see to what extent these two elements may warrant the highest hopes. Taking broad and sympathetic views, the author finds use and justification not merely for the cautious hopes of the typically "reasonable" man but for the "hope too high for which we die" of the young and the enthusiastic.

AFFIRMATIONS. By Havelock Ellis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

What one wants and expects in a critic is first of all a man with a point of view both reasonably definite and reasonably liberal—a man, too, who applies his general ideas of life and literature to individual works with firmness but with due modesty and without pretense of absolute finality. Such a man is Havelock Ellis, whose book of critical essays, *Affirmations,* originally published in 1898, has been recently reissued—a recognition of its worth which it richly deserves.

Without attempting to distinguish closely between competing schools and methods, one may in fairness declare that Mr. Ellis is a representative modern critic—a highly successful practitioner of the art as it is now understood, so far as any common understanding in regard to it exists. In general, Mr. Ellis's point of view is humanistic and scientific. As he seeks to render this point of view more specific, it becomes usually psychological rather than ethical or philosophic. Mr. Ellis, however, keeps his fundamental beliefs well in check, confining their influence for the most part to the task of clarifying the particular subject in hand, seldom extending them in such a way as to bring into question the whole philosophy of life. Mr. Ellis is thus possessed of the necessary definiteness of standpoint; he shows sufficient liberality in the interpretation of life (for nothing human is excluded from his philosophy); and he is in general modest—as scientists are usually modest—in the broad application of his views. Occasionally, it is true, Mr. Ellis carries his scientific view considerably beyond the immediate critical purpose of the moment; and the old-fashioned reader gasps. "Be sure," writes the author, in his essay on Huysmans, "that Nature is your home and that from

the farthest excursions you will return the more certainly to those fundamental instincts which are rooted in the Zoölogical series at the summit of which we stand. For the whole spiritual cosmogony rests, not indeed on a tortoise, but on the emotional impulses of the vertebrate mammal which constitutes us men." This is scientific naturalism; but disbelief in the all-adequacy of this view need not debar one from the pleasure and profit which are to be derived from Mr. Ellis's criticism. One does not require a complete philosophy of life from a modern critic, but one may forgive him for having one!

One may well be grateful, too, for the clearness of thought which enables Mr. Ellis to define in satisfactory and reasonable terms the meaning, for example, of the tendency called decadence as contrasted with classicism. Classicism, according to Mr. Ellis, is simply the subordination of the parts to the whole; decadence is simply the subordination of the whole to the parts. Each is equally right and necessary; the whole question as between the two is not moral but æsthetic, and the confusion of morality with æsthetics is bad. "We are not called upon to air our moral indignation over the bass end of the musical cleff." No doubt there is here, also, a case open to argument. To distinguish clearly between the province of morals and that of art is eminently desirable; yet to deprive morality or moral analogy of its control over the manifestations of art would be quite another matter. Doubtless what we call decadence and much of what we call evil is but a natural stage in the normal process of life-development. Is it therefore to be approved? Or is there a discernible tendency in the affairs of men which is to be approved, while its contrary—natural though it be—is to be uniformly opposed?

The case must be taken up to the supreme court of philosophy. Meanwhile, there is much to be gained and little to be lost by accepting Mr. Ellis's point of view. It is a point of view that frees one from sentimentality and cant, from narrowness and prudery. It enables one to understand and to value at their true worth the great writers whose minds were abnormal, self-tormenting, or self-thwarted.

It results that Mr. Ellis has much that is fundamentally clear and illuminating to say about each of the several great and singular geniuses of whom he treats in *Affirmations*. In the essay on Nietzsche he points out as a fact of cardinal importance Nietzsche's increasingly clear conception of the fundamentally psychological nature of philosophy. "Nietzsche knows that a man's philosophy, to be real, must be the inevitable outcome of his own psychic constitution. It is a point," continues Mr. Ellis, "that philosophers have never seen. Perhaps Nietzsche was the first, however hesitatingly, to realize it." In the chapter upon Casanova, again, Mr. Ellis not only enables us to understand the "immense range of human interest, the audacious realism, the freedom from

perversity," which make the famous *Memoirs* one of the greatest books of its kind; but he also introduces a most ingenious and evidently sound theory to explain the value of that literature of which Casanova's *Memoirs* may serve as a type. The book which is unmoral but not immoral may, Mr. Ellis believes, subserve a true use by affording a vent for impulses ordinarily suppressed, but not in themselves unhealthy. Thus, a book such as the *Memoirs* gives the reader a sort of harmless moral vacation. Indeed, one function of art, Mr. Ellis suggests, may be to furnish a moral equivalent for what would now be considered impropriety—just as athletic sport furnishes in some measure a moral equivalent for war. The reader of the essay upon Zola will be rewarded with insights of another kind yet of no less value. In this essay Mr. Ellis rids a great reputation of many false or confusing connotations, discovering the artist in the man and making the character of the man, as moulded by experience, explain the limitations of the artist.

MEMORIES OF A PUBLISHER. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915.

Among writers of reminiscences there are few who consistently resist the temptation to loquacity, still fewer who can afford to do without a considerable measure of the story-teller's plausible art. George Haven Putnam is exceptional in both respects. His *Memories of a Publisher* is a book packed with information, anecdote, impressions of notable and interesting people, comments upon the political problems and events of the period between 1865 and 1915. Each entry in the record of Mr. Putnam's active life during this period—the record of a life rich in manifold interests, in rewarding experiences, and in pleasant associations—is of independent interest, and practically complete in itself. Each contains something worth while from the viewpoint of history or literary biography, to say nothing of the interest which commonly pertains to a personal record. A feature of the book, moreover, which adds not a little to its readability and usability is the author's business-like habit of pursuing a given topic to its end, regardless of the break in chronological sequence which this entails.

In the present volume Mr. Putnam supplements the account which he has given in an earlier work, *A Memoir of George Palmer Putnam*, of the publishing house founded by his father, taking up the record at the year 1872. In his story, however, the business of publishing holds a very minor place; the narrative deals frankly and familiarly with remarkable men of many kinds whom the author knew; it treats straightforwardly and understandingly of events and movements in which for the most part he was directly concerned. An early chapter contains interesting sketches of some

of the old London publishers—men such as Richard Bentley, John Murray, George Bell, Sampson Low and Henry George Bohn—whom the author met when he went to England in 1866 to renew the relations of his father's firm with the English book trade. Among the notable Americans of whom Mr. Putnam gives us glimpses, and often much more than glimpses, are Carl Schurz, George William Curtis, Chester A. Arthur, Jefferson Davis, Grover Cleveland, Henry Villard, Edwin A. Abbey, Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew Carnegie, Joseph Choate and John Fiske. One chapter is devoted to a group of pleasant anecdotes relating to a number of Japanese acquaintances, including Prince Ikawura, Count Ito (then a member of Ikawura's staff), Baron Kaneko, and many more. Later sojourns in England are sources of many extremely interesting anecdotes or brief character-sketches. Some of the English notables who figure in the tale are William Morris, George Macauley Trevelyan, Oscar Browning, T. Adolphus Ward, Walter Besant, William Blackmore, Edward A. Freeman, Leslie Stephen and Lord Kitchener.

The author's political activities have been important and varied. Mr. Putnam was a member of the Society for Political Education formed in the late seventies, and of the National Civil Service Reform Association of 1887. He was one of the small group of independents, called the "Young Scratchers," who played a noteworthy part in the Presidential contest that began to take shape in 1881, as well as in the State elections of 1879.

As a public-spirited citizen of New York Mr. Putnam has been connected with a number of civic movements; he relates much that is interesting concerning the work of the City Club, the Citizens' Union, the Bureau of Municipal Research, the Committee of Fifteen and the Committee of Fourteen. He offers, besides, a somewhat extended account of the proceedings of the Grand Jury between 1879 and 1914, giving particulars regarding the investigation of the failure of Grant and Ward. Mr. Putnam relates in full the story of the fight for international copyright in which he was intimately concerned. The conclusion of the volume deals with some timely and interesting notes and letters on the European war.

Mr. Putnam has written a readable book, and one that will long continue to have readers. The frankness which makes it possible for him to write of Theodore Roosevelt as a born fighter, with the makings of a good soldier, "except for a certain tendency to insubordination," and to describe Lord Kitchener as "modest enough in his utterances on matters in which he was an accepted authority, but disposed to be 'cocky' in his conclusions on things of which he knew little or nothing," gives zest to the human interest which pervades the book.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE SINCERITY OF PROHIBITIONISTS

SIR,—Col. J. M. Gilmore, President of the National Model License League, in a letter published in a recent issue of the REVIEW, asks this question: "Don't you think that the prohibition movement has reached a point where its sincerity should be questioned and its leaders called upon to show cause for their demand for prohibition that is not intended to prohibit?"

Well, from the beginning of the prohibition movement until now the sincerity of prohibitionists has always been questioned by brewers, distillers, saloon-keepers, and politicians of all sorts who curry favor with the Liquor Interests. And it will be questioned as long as it lasts. If, at this point in its progress—for it is steadily progressing—there should be a more importunate questioning by the Model License League, it is because the liquor traffic is in more imminent peril than ever before—at this writing nineteen commonwealths have placed the traffic in intoxicating liquors under ban of constitutional or statutory law, and other States are contemplating similar radical legislation. Colonel Gilmore, of course, knows that his attempt to head off the movement by assailing the sincerity of its official leaders does not meet the real social, economic, industrial, political, and moral issues that are involved in the discussion.

In the first place, even if the leaders—such men as Bishop Wilson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and other clergy—are not honest in their agitation for prohibitory laws; even if they have *not* intended to prevent the *use* of intoxicants (this is Colonel Gilmore's charge)—it is because they have been politically wise enough *not* to demand the enactment of sumptuary laws. If anything is settled in politics, this is settled—that government possesses power to control, regulate, or prohibit any traffic which is found to be inimical to the general welfare. Knowing this, the prohibition leaders have always confined their activities to legislation against a traffic which all civil courts have declared inimical to public welfare. And they have steadfastly adhered to this in spite of the fact that pro-liquor men have always charged them with attempting to secure the enforcement of sumptuary laws. Colonel Gilmore is simply criticising them for not doing that which he would have been one of the first to denounce as interference with personal liberty.

Colonel Gilmore questions the sincerity of the prohibition movement because an illicit traffic continues in spite of adverse legislation. But it continues in spite of the model license.

I happened to attend the first meeting of the Model License League Convention at Louisville, and I am quite willing to concede his sincerity—and that of such men as Mr. Atherton. In no other convention, even of prohibitionists, have I heard the lawless saloon more vigorously excoriated. All the speakers agreed that the bad saloon did more harm to the liquor trade than prohibitionism—and they expressed the most fervent desire to get rid of it. So they accepted Colonel Gilmore's model license as an automatic method of eliminating the bad saloon-keeper and freeing the retail liquor traffic from its offensive features.

Colonel Gilmore came to Ohio during the sessions of the Constitutional Convention, and it is largely due to his influence that the convention and the electorate repudiated the tax law which had utterly failed to provide against evils consequent on the dram-shop traffic, and adopted the license system.

But, although less than three years have elapsed, the head of the Cuyahoga County Liquor Dealers' Association declares that in Cleveland alone there are 1,500 illicit saloons, that the police make no effort to enforce law, and that brewers and distillers furnish these "blind tigers" with beer and whisky on the same terms with the regularly licensed saloons. If preachers had made these statements, the police would have questioned their sincerity, but they are made by a liquor-dealer.

Similar conditions prevail in all other cities in the State.

I shall not express doubt of Colonel Gilmore's sincerity—but he ought to know, what all prohibitionists know, that the so-called lawless saloon—the dive—is always protected by the so-called law-abiding saloon. No prosecution of a dive has ever been instituted without arousing the trade to its defense. And no license system has yet moralized the saloon-keeper—and never will. The Prohibition party and the Anti-Saloon League have made no distinction between the dive and the Gold Dollar Cafe because there is no difference in the business. And they are consistent in their movement, because the trade is a unit everywhere.

The liquor traffic belongs in a class by itself. All civil courts have recognized that fact, and the Supreme Court of the United States has pronounced it devoid of all inherent right. Colonel Gilmore's model license itself is different from all other forms of license because it is granted on the assumption, or fact, that special restraints must be imposed upon the liquor traffic; that the interests of the community must be especially safeguarded. Granting that the imposition of such a license is constitutional, it must not be forgotten that the Supreme Court has decided that it is required *because* the liquor traffic is a source of crime and misery, and, by the exercise of a State's police power, may be absolutely prohibited without compensation; because the liquor-vender knows, or is supposed to know, that he has no inherent right to sell intoxicants under conditions of the retail trade, and that the right which the State grants may be revoked without redress.

Colonel Gilmore does not submit without protest to these decisions—but he ought not to think that he really deals fairly with the liquor problem when he questions the sincerity of prohibitionists, in view of the fact that they agree with the Supreme Court of the United States, and that the decisions of all courts are in their favor.

GEORGE M. HAMMELL.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

COLONEL GILMORE'S REPLY

SIR,—Mr. Hammell says that from the beginning of the prohibition movement the sincerity of prohibition has been questioned by men connected with the liquor trade. This is true because, from the incipiency of the movement, its leaders have invariably safeguarded the right of the individual to buy and use liquors, and this provision must inevitably be a nullification of the prohibition idea.

Mr. Hammell tells us that Bishop Wilson, of the Methodist Church, and other leaders of the Anti-Saloon League Movement, whom he refers to as "other clergy," have "been politically wise enough not to demand the enactment of sumptuary laws."

This is a remarkable admission, and it admits my entire contention, in so far as the sincerity of this movement is concerned.

To prohibit the sale of liquor within a State is very destructive to the distiller, the brewer, the wholesaler, and the retailer, but it is not even a movement in the direction of prohibition if the law provides that "every citizen shall have the right to have liquor shipped to him from without the State for personal use."

Would it be prohibition to prohibit the manufacture and sale of fire-arms in Connecticut, if the law provided that every citizen should have the right to have shipped to him from without the State such guns and pistols as he might require for personal use?

Would it be prohibition in a State like Kentucky to prohibit the manufacture and sale of tobacco, if the law provided that every citizen should have the right to have cigars, smoking tobacco, and chewing tobacco shipped in from without the State for personal use?

In a word, we must have sumptuary legislation, or we cannot have prohibition. If the laws do not prohibit the purchase and use of liquors, then I would like to know from Mr. Hammell, or some one else, what purpose there is in their adoption.

I do not believe in prohibition, but I do not fear prohibition, because I do not believe that one man in a thousand would vote for prohibition if it prohibited him.

When I spoke before the Ohio Legislature on the Rose Bill I offered an amendment to the law providing a penalty of $100 fine and thirty days in jail if any man ordered liquor shipped into a dry county, or if any man brought liquor into a dry county, or if any man had liquor in his possession in a dry county; and I said that if this amendment was adopted the entire liquor trade of Ohio would withdraw its protest against the passage of the law. The amendment, however, was opposed by the leader of the Anti-Saloon League movement in Ohio, and it was opposed by the ministers who were present, and it was not adopted by the Legislature.

The Rose Bill, however, was passed, and it destroyed thousands of liquor dealers, and at the same time provided that the dry counties of Ohio might be legally flooded with liquor through mail order channels from outside the State.

Self-interest would not persuade me to stand in the way of any great good to society, but I contend that there is no value in what is called prohibition, nor any sincerity, so far as the real leaders of the movement are concerned.

We hear of "prohibition States," and yet the liquor trade is authorized, by the laws of the States mentioned, to ship to consumers in Kansas for personal use any quantity; Maine, any quantity; Oklahoma, any quantity; North Dakota, any quantity; Georgia, any quantity; Arkansas, any quantity; Tennessee, any quantity; Oregon, any quantity; Colorado, any quantity; Mississippi, one gallon as often as desired; Alabama, two quarts every fifteen days, equal to twelve gallons per annum; North Carolina, one quart every fifteen days, equal to six gallons per annum; South Carolina, one gallon per month, equal to twelve gallons per annum; Washington, half gallons every twenty days, equal to nine gallons per annum; local option counties in license States, any quantity desired.

Virginia has not as yet placed a limit on the quantity that may be shipped in for personal use, but it will be seen that the Anti-Saloon League will advocate the admission of more liquor than the people have ever been known to use.

It is true that Arizona voted in favor of an amendment prohibiting the shipment of liquor into the State for personal use, but this was because, just prior to the election, the Attorney-General declared unconstitutional this feature of the law, and at the present time it is being attacked in the courts by the Temperance Federation of Arizona,—the Secretary of which, Mr. Bucknam, declares that "we covenanted with the voters of this State that in exchange for their votes for prohibition their personal liberty should not be abridged"; and Mr. Bucknam says that, but for this promise that the individual should have liquor for personal use, prohibition would never have carried in Arizona.

Summing up the case, therefore, I would call attention to the fact that the liquor trade of the country very naturally is opposed to prohibition, and that the Anti-Saloon League is equally opposed to prohibition, and that the only difference between the two is this: the liquor man contends that it is best that liquors be sold locally so that the sale may be properly regulated and revenues result, whereas the Anti-Saloon League opposes the local sale of liquors, but contends for their shipment to individuals through mail order channels.

I would also call attention to the fact that in 1850, when prohibition was first advocated in this country, the per capita consumption,—according to an able writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and according to the admissions of the Anti-Saloon League, and according to the records,—amounted to a little over four gallons per capita, and with the spread of prohibition there has been a corresponding increase in the per capita consumption of liquors, until at the present time the records of the United States Government show that we are using, per capita, about twenty gallons of fermented liquors, and something less than one gallon and a half of distilled liquors, every year.

I do not undertake to encourage the use of wine, beer or whisky any more than I would encourage the use of coffee, tea or tobacco, because I do not know whether the world is better off or worse off because of the use of these commodities, but I do contend that, since the dawn of civilization, all peoples have used wine, and for several thousand years at least they have used strong drink, and I am convinced they will continue in the future to use such beverages, and this regardless of any laws that may be adopted in this country, or in Russia, or in any other land.

Holding such views I cannot escape the conclusion that it is the part of wisdom to regulate the sale of wine, beer, whisky, etc., so as to minimize the abuses, rather than to undertake suppression, which invariably increases these evils.

I am just as thoroughly opposed to-day to the lawless saloon and to the evils of excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages as I was at the time of the first convention of the Model License League to which Mr. Hammell refers, and I am more than ever convinced, after years of the most painstaking investigation of this question, that the adoption of what is called "prohibition" invariably drives the lawful element out of the traffic and turns the business over, so far as the local sale is concerned, to an element in our population that does not respect either law or public sentiment.

T. M. GILMORE,
President National Model License League.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR DEFENSE

SIR,—It is evident that the citizens of the United States do not want a military expansion that makes for militarism, but are ready for an increased national defense.

Our first line of defense is the navy. Fortunately the policy of our navy has given us a heavily armored battle fleet, with superiority in guns. As Admiral Goodrich says in his valuable article[1], "It is the gun, and the gun alone, which has determined the issue in naval battles." In the American navy the gun has been the main thing. Other navies have been led astray by the craze for speed. Our navy has a consistent battle fleet, which can command our seas. Our policy should be, to maintain a program of ship-building that will properly increase this battle fleet, and retain its superiority in guns.

It is probably a fortunate thing that our navy has not followed the latest naval fashion for battle-cruisers. It was enthusiastically assumed that they would be able to take their places in the fighting line—and do everything else besides!

The German navy built many of these fast ships with lighter armament, and they are all classed as "Dreadnoughts" among the "28," so freely used to terrify Americans. The war has already shown the vulnerability of this class of ships, and they are no longer considered strong enough for the battle line. Their tactical value is still urged, on account of their extreme speed, with increasing "ifs" and "buts." Their cost is enormous, and it does not seem sensible to build a $20,000,000 unit for use in scouting, raiding, etc.

Our navy needs scouts, and, putting away the lure of the battle-cruiser, a class of ships of extreme speed, with good guns, could be built at the cost of few battle-cruisers. The usual "armored cruisers" would be useless as scouts or screens for our fleet.

Given our fleet with a proper screen of scouts, our navy should have, in addition, a number of submarines. Defending a coast like ours, these craft would be invaluable. Distributed along our shores, they would

[1] "The Future of the Battleship," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, September, 1915.

greatly increase the mobility and efficiency of our fleet. Our first need is a number of submarines of moderate size, such as have been quickly and successfully built in our country since the war. The larger boats of greater cruising radius should follow, but our coast defense needs now a swarm of small submarines, to release our fleet from guarding every port and landing place.

Our defense needs a number of reliable biplanes—but here we can go slowly, as their value does not seem to make a large number imperative.

Before the war one of our greatest weaknesses was the lack of munitions, but, without any care or effort of our own, we are assured of a sufficient supply. The one exception is torpedoes. They are peculiarly delicate things that cannot be made at any munition factory, and we should provide many of these at once.

The above is not a revolutionary or extravagant program, yet it would insure the efficiency of our navy. The increase of the personnel does not seem a very serious problem.

Our second line of defense would be the mines and coast defense guns. A great quantity of mines should be prepared, ready to be placed "in positions previously arranged."

One cause for thankfulness is that we did not thoroughly "fortify" our coasts before this war. We would have had a lot of costly and perfectly useless turrets on our hands. The war has shown fortresses to be of no value. What we need are guns, as many as possible, mounted along our coast, that can be fired at a high angle. One such gun on shore is superior to anything that the enemy ship can bring against it. This war, like every other war, has shown the futility of naval bombardments against guns on shore.

This brings us to our army in the scheme of defense. The feeling against a standing army in this country is well-defined. However, an increase to 150,000 might be obtained, to be organized as follows:

A skeleton army of 150,000 men on a peace footing, each unit to have a war strength of four times its number (i.e., peace strength of a regiment, 800—war strength, 3200.)

A full number of officers to be secured by promotions in the regular army, and junior commissions given to suitable young men from the national guard and instruction camps.

Officers, superfluous in peace strength, to be distributed among the States proportionately. This would give each State staff, and each State unit, a proportion of regular officers.

In addition to the national guard in each State, there should be instruction camps for volunteers. The country would not accept compulsory service; but a sentiment could be created among corporations, employers, &c., that would make them send their young men to such camps. From these young men the war strength of the army would be filled out when needed.

The extra equipment, rifles, guns, machine-guns, etc., above the peace strength of the army, to be gradually acquired and distributed proportionately among the States, for use in instruction, and ready for any emergency.

In this way, in a short time, an army of 600,000 would be ready at call, of which one in every four men would be a seasoned regular, the

other three all instructed men. Such an army would not be an economic drain on the country, and would be free from the objections that might be raised against conscription or a large regular army.

THOS. G. FROTHINGHAM.

BOSTON, MASS.

NEUTRALITY AND THE SALE OF MUNITIONS

SIR,—As you are doubtless aware, the Organization of American Women, originated in Baltimore, was financed, it is said, by Germans of that city. This organization was formed for one cause only—to prevent England getting munitions of war. The most heartbreaking appeals have been made to women, through the newspapers. Of course, you look with disdain upon such communications, but they were largely instrumental in securing two million signatures. In replying to one such communication, I quoted you, because I considered you an authority. May I ask what was your authority for the "second principle of neutrality" that you named in the leading editorial in the June issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW?

I. M. STUART.

BALTIMORE, MD.

[The principles of neutrality governing the sale of munitions of war to the belligerents were authoritatively enunciated in a letter of the Secretary of State in answer to Senator Stone as early as January of the present year. We quote, for the comfort of our correspondent, the following paragraphs from that official document:

"There is no power in the Executive to prevent the sale of ammunition to the belligerents.

"The duty of a neutral to restrict trade in munitions of war has never been imposed by international law or by municipal statute. It has never been the policy of this Government to prevent the shipment of arms or ammunition into belligerent territory, except in the case of neighboring American Republics, and then only when civil strife prevailed. Even to this extent the belligerents in the present conflict, when they were neutrals, have never, so far as the records disclose, limited the sale of munitions of war. It is only necessary to point to the enormous quantities of arms and ammunitions furnished by manufacturers in Germany to the belligerents in the Russo-Japanese war and in the recent Balkan wars to establish the general recognition of the propriety of the trade by a neutral nation."—EDITOR.]

MRS. AUSTIN'S PSYCHOGENY OF CHRIST

SIR,—Permit me to congratulate you upon the conclusion of "The Man Jesus," by Mary Austin—hardly as an achievement, but rather as the termination of a melancholy and unhappy piece of business: melancholy, because of its contrast with the work of truly ingenious exegetes like Harnack or the unfortunate and errant Abbé Loisy: unhappy, because of its self-defeating inconsistencies and self-contradictions in such an essential and imperative matter, among others, as the Resurrection.

I dare say, Sir, that in your private capacity as a lay reader you would generously have rescued Mrs. Austin from these inconsistencies and contradictions. In your editorial capacity, of course, you had almost necessarily to allow her to make the best of her way through them. It has

been a very labored and tortuous way indeed. Somewhere on the journey, not only the divinity, but even the personality of Christ disappeared utterly, until, were it not blasphemous to say it, one must protest that even the succinct Scholastic definition of man as "animal rationalis" barely applies in substantive—let alone adjective—to Mrs. Austin's psychogeny of the Saviour.

Permit me, then, to renew my felicitations, and to offer the respectful suggestion that you spare us the annoyance of feeble assaults upon our orthodoxy until such time as a really worthy critic challenges the field and winds his horn outside our gates.

THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY.

THE GRADUATE COLLEGE, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

FROM A MINISTERIAL FRIEND

SIR,—I fell in love with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW while a student in college—reading it regularly from the college library table. When about to be graduated I entered my subscription for THE REVIEW, have renewed it regularly ever since, and shall continue to "so long as we both shall live." It is supreme in its particular sphere.

October's issue ranks as the equal of any of the preceding issues. Rear Admiral Fiske's article on "The Mastery of the World" is worth the price of one year's subscription to THE REVIEW. His logic is sound, and thus his arguments are convincing. I am a minister of the gospel and would like to discredit Admiral Fiske's conclusions. I accept them because I must. So much of the literature bearing on the war which comes to my study is idealistic, theoretical and mostly bagatelle. What ground is there to believe that this is "The Last War"? I write merely to express my appreciation of Admiral Fiske's article. Let us have more of such thoughtful, sane, frank statements of the matter.

C. W. KITTO.

YARDLEY, PENN.

THE PULCHRITUDE OF JOHN BRIGHT

SIR,—May I ask space for a small correction? Whether by the printer's fault or mine, some words have slipped out on page 371 of my article on John Bright in the October issue of THE REVIEW. What I meant to say was that Bright "was a very much better-looking man *in old age* than in middle life." I think the correction worth making.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

LONDON.

[The omission noted by Mr. Russell was due not to any fault of his, but to the innate viciousness of the type.

—EDITOR.]

INDEX

TO THE

TWO HUNDRED AND SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

"A. E."—Mystic and Economist, 251.
America Enters the War, If, 345.
"America First," 161.
AUERBACH, JOSEPH S. "Mum's" Boy, 919.
AUSTIN, MARY. The Man Jesus, 145, 304 466, 626, 792.

Bacon, Friar Roger, 242; Letter to the Editor, 787.
Balkan States and the Allies, The, 404.
BARRETT, JOHN. Practical Pan-Americanism, 413.
Battleship, The Future of the, 373.
Births and Deaths, The Balance of, 181.
Blake, William, and Catharine, 576.
Blood-Money, 657.
Book of the Month, The, 122, 271, 441, 592, 769, 915.
Books Reviewed, 127, 277, 446, 598, 774, 939.
Bowen, Francis, 160.
BOYD, ERNEST A. "A. E."—Mystic and Economist, 251.
BRADFORD, GAMALIEL. Journalism and Permanence, 239.
Bright, John, 560.
Brooke, Rupert, The Poetry of, 432.
BROOKS, SYDNEY. The New English Cabinet, 100; Lord Northcliffe and the War, 185; The New England, 812.
BROWN, L. AMES. Prohibition, 702; Prohibition and Politics, 858.
BROWN, PHILIP MARSHALL. The Dangers of Pacifism, 59.
Bryan.—The Revolt of Bryan, 1; Mr. Bryan of Hartford, 6.
BURROUGHS, JOHN. Life and Chance, 226.

Cabinet, Mr. Wilson's, 112.
Cabinet, The New English, 100.
Caribbean.—Oil on the Caribbean and Elsewhere, 536.
CASTLE, HENRY A. The Post Office and Socialism, 68.
CHAMBERLAIN, HOUSTON STEWART. England, 35.
Champagne, 1914-15, 551.
China's Vital Question, 835.
Congress, Financial Problems for, 824.
Contemporary Echoes, 285, 608.
Cost and Cure of a Plague, The, 659.
Culture.—Culture, 553; The Decline and Fall of Culture, 663.

Dangers of Pacifism, The, 59.
Decline and Fall of Culture, The, 663.
DICKINSON, THOMAS H. Henry Arthur Jones and the Dramatic Renascence, 757.
Diplomatic Misfits, Dealing With, 497.
DOLE, NATHAN HASKELL. Pochades, 262.
Dostoievsky, 264.
Drama and Music, 910.
DUNCAN, MAJOR GEORGE B., U. S. A. Military Preparedness: What Does It Mean? 509.

DUNN, SAMUEL O. What Is the Matter with Railway Regulation? 736.

EDITOR, *see* HARVEY, GEORGE.
Efficiency in the National Guard, 544.
ELIOT, CHARLES W. How Should We Prepare? 349.
England, 35.
England, The New, 812.
English Cabinet, The New, 100.
ERVINE, ST. JOHN G. The War and Literature, 92; The Poetry of Rupert Brooke, 432.
European War.—Shall Law or Convenience Rule? 17; The Impassable Chasm, 26; England, 35; Selling Arms to the Allies, 53; The New English Cabinet, 100; "America First," 161; A Year of War, 170; Will the War Bankrupt Europe? 174; Lord Northcliffe and the War, 185; Phantom Armies Seen in France, 207; "The Freedom of the Seas," 395; The Balkan States and the Allies, 404; The German Attitude, 481; The Russian Retreat—As Russians See It, 527; Champagne, 1914-15, 551; If Germany ————? 665; The New England, 812.

FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON. For Today, 888.
Finances, International, 220.
Financial Problems for Congress, 824.
FISKE, REAR-ADMIRAL BRADLEY A., U. S. N. The Mastery of the World, 517; Naval Principles, 693; Naval Preparedness, 847.
FITZGERALD, REPRESENTATIVE, JOHN J. Financial Problems for Congress, 824.
For Today, 888.
Fourth of July Means, What the, 20.
France, Phantom Armies Seen in, 207.
"Freedom of the Seas, The," 395.
Future of the Battleship, The, 373.
Future of the Submarine, The, 505.

Galsworthy, John, 889.
GARDNER, A. P. If I Were Caesar, 354.
German Attitude, The, 481.
German Vote, the Menace of the, 502.
Germany, If ————? 665.
GILMAN, LAWRENCE. The Book of the Month, 122, 271, 441, 592, 769, 915; Drama and Music, 910.
GOODRICH, REAR-ADMIRAL C. P., U. S. N. The Future of the Battleship, 373.

HAINES, CHARLES O. Our Railroads and National Defense, 385.
HARRISON, FREDERIC. Friar Roger Bacon, 242.
HART, ALBERT BUSHNELL. Shall We Defend the Monroe Doctrine? 681.
HARPER, IDA HUSTED. Suffrage and A Woman's Centenary, 730.
HARVEY, GEORGE. The Revolt of Bryan, 1; Mr. Bryan of Hartford, 6; A Pacifist at Work, 8; Performance and Promise at Panama, 11; Shall Law or Convenience Rule? 17; What the Fourth of July Means, 20; Is a Religious Revival Coming? 22; America First, 161; A Year of War, 170; Will the War Bankrupt Europe? 174; Numbers in National Defense, 179; The Balance of Births and Deaths, 181; The Tragedy of Mexico, 321; The German Attitude, 481; Swashbuckler or Scholar! 488; Dealing with Diplomatic Misfits, 497; "A Lasting Peace," 499; The Menace of the German Vote, 502; Patriotism and Profits, 641; Blood-Money, 657; The Cost and Cure of a Plague, 659; The Decline and Fall of Culture, 663.
HEMPHILL, JAMES C. Mr. Wilson's Cabinet, 112; The South and the Negro Vote, 213.
Hermit Thrush, The, 746.
HILL, DAVID JAYNE. An Impending Danger to the Republic, 801.
HOLMES, REV. JOHN HAYNES. Was Jesus A Non-Resistant? 879.
How Should We Prepare? 349.
HUNEKER, JAMES. Jules Laforgue, 80.

If I Were Caesar, 354.
Illiteracy and Democracy, 873.
Impassable Chasm, The, 26.
Impending Danger to the Republic, An, 801.
International Finances, 220.
Inventory, An, 197.

JENKS, JEREMIAH W. China's Vital Question, 835.
Jesus, The Man, 145, 304, 466, 626, 792.
Jesus.—Was Jesus a Non-Resistant? 879.
JOHNSTON, CHARLES. The Balkan States and the Allies, 404; The Russian Retreat—As Russians See It, 527.
JONES, CHESTER LLOYD. Oil on the Caribbean and Elsewhere, 536.
Jones, Henry Arthur, and the Dramatic Renascence, 757.
Journalism and Permanence, 239.

KIRKLAND, WINIFRED. An Inventory, 197.

Laforgue, Jules, 80.
Letters to the Editor, 137, 293, 456, 619, 784, 947.
Life and Chance, 226.
LITCHFIELD, GRACE DENIO. The Hermit Thrush, 746.
Literature, The War and, 92.
LOW, A. MAURICE. "The Freedom of the Seas," 395.
LOWELL, A. LAWRENCE. Culture, 553.

MACVEAGH, WAYNE. The Impassable Chasm, 26.
MAHIN, FRANK W. International Finances, 220.
Mastery of the World, The, 517.
Mexico.—The United States and Mexico, 76; The Tragedy of Mexico, 321.
MILDMAY, THE HON. MRS. ST. JOHN. Phantom Armies Seen in France, 207.
Military Preparedness: What Does It Mean? 509.
Monroe Doctrine, Shall We Defend the? 681.
Mother of a Poet, To the, 574.
"Mum's" Boy, 919.
Music and Drama, 910.

National Defense.—Numbers in National Defense, 179; If America Enters the War, 345; How Should We Prepare? 349; If I Were Caesar, 354; The Rôle of the National Guard, 364; The Future of the Battleship, 373; Our Railroads and National Defense, 385; The Future of the Submarine, 505; Military Preparedness: What Does it Mean? 509; The Mastery of the World, 517; Efficiency in the National Guard, 544; Naval Principles, 693; Naval Preparedness, 847.
National Guard.—The Rôle of the National Guard, 364; Efficiency in the National Guard, 544.
Naval Preparedness, 847.
Naval Principles, 693.
Negro Vote, The South and the, 213.
Northcliffe, Lord, and the War, 185.
NORTHCLIFFE, LORD. If America Enters the War, 345.

Oil on the Caribbean and Elsewhere, 536.
O'RYAN, MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. The Rôle of the National Guard, 364.

Pacifism, The Dangers of, 59.
Pacifist at Work, A, 8.
Panama, Performance and Promise at, 11.
Pan-Americanism, Practical, 413.
Patriotism and Profits, 641.
Peabody, Andrew P., 320.
Peace, A Lasting, 499.
Phantom Armies Seen in France, 207.
Pochades, 262.
Poetry of Rupert Brooke, The, 432.
Poetry.—Pochades, 262; Champagne, 1914-15, 551; To the Mother of a Poet, 574; The Hermit Thrush, 746; For Today, 888.
Post Office and Socialism, The, 68.
Practical Pan-Americanism, 413.
Prohibition, 702.
Prohibition and Politics. II, 858.

Railroads and National Defense, Our, 385.
Railway Regulation, What is the Matter With? 736.
Religious Revival Coming, Is a?, 22.
Republic, An Impending Danger to the, 801.
Revolt of Bryan, The, 1.
Rôle of the National Guard, The, 364.
ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN D. The Future of the Submarine, 505.
RUSSELL, THE RT. HON. GEORGE W. E. John Bright, 560.
Russian Retreat, The, 527.

SADLER, ADJUTANT-GENERAL WILBUR F., JR. Efficiency in the National Guard, 544.
SEEGER, ALAN. Champagne, 1914-15. 551.
Selling Arms to the Allies, 53.
Senate, The Shackled, 424.
Shall Law or Convenience Rule? 17.
SHERWOOD, MARGARET. William Blake and Catharine, 576.
SMITH, MUNROE. If Germany ———? 665.
Socialism, The Post Office and, 68.
South and the Negro Vote, The, 213.
Stanton, Elizabeth Cady. Suffrage and A Woman's Centenary, 730.
Submarine, The Future of the, 505.
Suffrage and A Woman's Centenary, 73.
Swashbuckler or Scholar! 488.
SYMONS, ARTHUR. Some Unpublished Letters of Verlaine, 748.

TALBOT, WINTHROP. Illiteracy and Democracy, 873.
TEASDALE, SARA. To the Mother of a Poet, 574.

THOMAS, CHARLES S. The Shackled Senate, 424.
Tragedy of Mexico, The, 321.
TRITES, W. B. Dostoievsky, 264.

United States and Mexico, The, 76.
Unpublished Letters of Verlaine, Some, 748.

Verlaine, Some Unpublished Letters of, 748.

War and Literature, The, 92.
What is the Matter with Railway Regulation? 736.
What the Fourth of July Means, 20.
WHITE, HORACE. Selling Arms to the Allies, 53.
Wilde.—Oscar Wilde as a Critic, 899.
Will the War Bankrupt Europe? 174.
WILLCOX, LOUISE COLLIER. John Galsworthy, 889.
Wilson's (Mr.) Cabinet, 112.
WOOD, ALICE I. PERRY. Oscar Wilde as a Critic, 899.
WYETH, JOHN ALLEN. The United States and Mexico, 76.

Year of War, A, 170.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

England's Guarantee to Belgium and Luxembourg. By C. P. Sanger and H. T. Norton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Sailor and Beachcomber. By B. A. Safroni-Middleton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

The Fighting Cheyennes. By George Bird Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Fountains of Papal Rome. By Mrs. Charles MacVeagh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Heart of Europe. By Ralph Adams Cram. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

French Memories of Eighteenth Century America. By Charles H. Sherrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

The Vassar Semi-Centennial Series. By Caroline E. Furness, Ph. D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

The Vassar Semi-Centennial Series. By Eloise Ellery, Ph.D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

A Hilltop on the Marne. By Mildred Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

The Fortunes of Garin. By Mary Johnston. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

The "Lusitania's" Last Voyage. By Charles E. Lauriat, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

The Fall of Tsingtau. By Jefferson Jones. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

The Log of a Noncombatant. By Horace Green. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

America at Work. By Joseph Husband. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

On the Trail of Stevenson. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1915.

Hempfield. By David Grayson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1915.

American Ideals. By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1915.

The Gray Dawn. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1915.

Out of Doors. By Emerson Hough. New York: Appleton & Co., 1915.

The House That Was and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1915.

Is There a Shakespeare Problem? By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. New York: John Lane Company, 1915.

The Bent Twig. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Company, 1915.

The Housekeeper's Hand Book of Cleaning. By Sarah J. Macleod. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

Faith the Greatest Power in the World. By the Rev. Samuel McComb. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

Over Paradise Ridge. By Maria Thompson Davies. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

Plashers Mead. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

H. R. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

Acres of Diamonds and Their Discoverer. By Russell H. Conwell. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

Pleasures and Palaces. The Memoirs of Princess Lazarovitch-Hrebelianovich. New York: The Century Company, 1915.

A History of American Literature Since 1870. By Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Company, 1915.

The Log of the Snark. By Charmain Kittredge London. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Star Rover. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Old Delabloe. By Eden Philpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Henry Codman Potter. By George Hodges. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Keeping in Condition. By Harry H. Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

What is a Christian? By John Walker Powell. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Chained Lightning. By Ralph Graham Taber. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Problem of Knowledge. By Douglas Macintosh, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Executor and His Control of Men. By Enoch Burton Gowin. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

My Growing Garden. By J. Horace McFarland. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Oblokov. By Ivan Goncharov. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Inventors and Money Makers. By F. W. Taussig, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Rocky Road to Dublin. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

A Mechanistic View of War and Peace. By George W. Crile. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Life of Clara Barton. By Percy H. Epler. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The Ways of Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

The War and Religion. By Alfred Loisy. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1915.

Land Credits: A Plea for the American Farmer. By Dick T. Morgan. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1915.

The World's Highway. By Norman Angell. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1915.

Anglo-Saxon Supremacy. By John L. Brandt. Boston: Richard G. Badger, 1915.

Jesus the Christ. By Dr. James E. Talmage. Utah: Deseret News Book Store, 1915.

Wood and Stone. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw, 1915.

The Taxation of Land Values. By Louis F. Post. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1915.

Business is booming!

Dayton, Ohio.

Merchants everywhere tell our 800 salesmen that business is booming.

Farmers have had two record crops, at big prices, with big demand at home and abroad.

Stocks of manufactured material are short, and labor is in great demand.

Exports largely exceed imports.

Factories are busy, many working overtime.

More freight cars are needed, and steamers are taxed to capacity.

People are living better, and spending their money more freely.

This country has the best money in the world, and more of it than ever before.

Such a combination of favorable circumstances never has occurred before, and probably will never occur again.

Billions of dollars are passing over the merchants' counters.

The people who spend this money want the best service.

They demand it in all kinds of stores, from the smallest to the largest.

They get it in stores which use our up-to-date Cash Registers, which quicken service, stop mistakes, satisfy customers, and increase profits.

Over a million merchants have proved our Cash Registers to be a business necessity.

[*Signed*]

John H Patterson

Write for booklet to
The National Cash Register Co.
Dayton, Ohio.

Globe-Wernicke

Sectional Bookcases

"The Heart of the Home"

"A Gift of Noble Origin"

THE appeal of a Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcase is all-inclusive. It is a "gift of noble origin" whose usefulness increases with the years.

Globe-Wernicke Bookcases offer a wide range of attractive styles and finishes to facilitate selection, and a patented Dust-proof Felt Strip in each section preserves the books and keeps the doors from slamming. You buy an additional section as you need it. They grow with growing libraries and are built to endure. On sale everywhere.

Write for a free copy of "The World's Best Books" and Catalog 186

The Globe-Wernicke Co. - - Cincinnati

Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases, Filing Equipment (Wood and Steel), Steel Safes, Stationers' Supplies. On sale by more than 2,000 Agents everywhere. Branch stores: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Washington, D. C.

The small keyboard, the light responsive key touch, a key depression of scarcely a quarter of an inch, and a key action absolutely beyond the capacity of the fastest operator, are some of the elements which underlie the wonderful speed of the Dalton. By such means the Dalton attains the utmost limit of speed in the "setting up" or introduction of numbers, while the marvelous speed and perfection of the "carrying" mechanism admit of much faster operation of the machine in the printing and adding than is possible with any other.

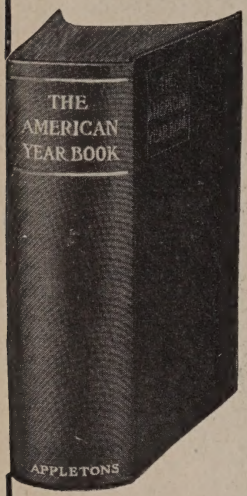
Contributing materially, if less directly, to Dalton speed supremacy may be mentioned the short, easy handle pull, the simplicity and convenient arrangement of the result keys, as well as the further fact that the printing is always in plain view of the operator—all features of the first importance.

The preeminence of the Dalton for speed has been recognized by highest awards from every great exposition at which it was ever exhibited. At our own great Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, the Dalton has just received the gold medal for both simplicity and speed. Dalton SPEED supremacy is unquestioned.

A Dalton at $125.00 will handle anything up to $10,000.00. Possibly you would need a machine of greater capacity. Whatever your requirements, however, there is a Dalton to fill the bill. Write TODAY for free demonstration.

We Want You To Know

what a help The Outlook can be to you in keeping yourself reliably informed about the world's news and progress during this epoch-making period. No other periodical published in the United States outside of the daily press has given during the past year a fuller, broader, and more comprehensive treatment of all phases of the European War. During the second year of the war The Outlook will have important special articles sent directly from the belligerent countries by its special correspondents in Germany, Russia, England, France, and Italy.



A NEW AND VALUABLE FEATURE

The pictorial treatment of news in The Outlook (consisting of eight pages of illustrations every week and many additional pictures in the Double Number once a month) has been so favorably received that we have decided to increase our expenditure in this direction materially during the coming year.

Once a month there will be added a special section of sixteen pages of pictures printed by the new alco-gravure process on special paper with a fine finish. The Outlook is the first news weekly to adopt this process, which brings out in beautiful tints the most minute details of each picture.

WE HAVE DECIDED

to make it easy for you to get acquainted with The Outlook and at the same time secure for yourself a copy of the American Year Book for 1916, which will contain a complete record of the important events of the year 1915 in every field of human activity, with special attention to those developments of greatest interest to Americans. What The Outlook does for the week the American Year Book does for the year. We have been able to make a very favorable arrangement with the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., which enables us to offer it in combination with a year's subscription to The Outlook for very little more than the price of either one if bought separately.

HERE IS OUR SPECIAL OFFER

The regular price of the American Year Book is Three Dollars (or when sent by mail $3.25), and if purchased separately it can nowhere be obtained at a lower price. The subscription price of The Outlook is Three Dollars. The American Year Book containing the record of the full year 1915 will be ready for delivery about February 1.

SEND US ONLY ONE DOLLAR NOW

and we will enter your name on our subscription list to receive The Outlook every week for one year. We will also send you, all charges prepaid, a copy of the American Year Book for 1916 immediately upon its publication. Then you send us One Dollar a month for three consecutive months. This is the way it figures out:

THE OUTLOOK, 52 weeks, regular price . . . $3.00
The American Year Book, carriage prepaid, regular price 3.25
Total value 6.25

BOTH FOR ONLY FOUR DOLLARS

We have only a limited number of copies of the Year Book at our disposal in connection with this offer. Do not delay. Fill out and mail the accompanying coupon with One Dollar to-day.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York:

I herewith send you the accompanying remittance of One Dollar and agree to send you One Dollar a month additional for three consecutive months in acceptance of your offer to send me The Outlook for fifty-two weeks and a copy of the American Year Book as soon as published, about February 1, 1916, all charges prepaid.

Name _____

Address _____

Hotel Knickerbocker

New York

James B. Regan

America's Most Progressive Hotel

Typifying the Utmost in

Comfort, Service and Luxury

A hotel supreme in all appointments due to the painstaking, personal attention of America's most experienced management.

Hotel Knickerbocker, 42nd Street and Broadway, New York

THE FORUM

for DECEMBER is NOW READY

Our Incestuous Marriage	
Modern American Painters-- and Winslow Homer	*Willard Huntington Wright*
Harden's Chance	*Walter R. Brooks*
The Dwellers	*Wilton Agnew Barrett*
Rupert Brooke	*John Drinkwater*
The Laws of Reform	
Whose Dog - ?	*Frances Gregg*
The Free Vacation House	*Anzia Yezierska*
Herbert Spencer's "From Freedom to Bondage"	*Augustus P. Gardner*
Evolution in Hymnology	*Charles H. Richards*

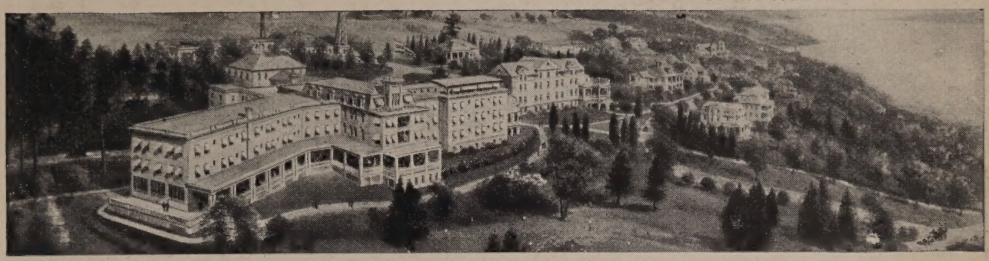
The price is 35 cents a copy; $2.50 a year
A three months' trial subscription for 50 cents

MITCHELL KENNERLEY *Publisher,* New York

The GLEN SPRINGS

Watkins Glen on Seneca Lake, N. Y.
Wm. E. Leffingwell, Pres.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR



A Mineral Springs Cure and Hotel, known as THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM, from having first introduced into this country the Schott treatment for heart disease. The treatment methods, and equipment embrace the best that advanced medical science has approved. Treatments are given under the direction of physicians. Two of the Drinking Springs are highly Radioactive.

THE BATHS

The Bathing Springs are similar to the waters of Bad Nauheim, but about five times as strong. **THE RADIUM EMANATION FROM BRINE SPRING NO. 2 AVERAGES 64.8 MACHE UNITS PER LITER OF WATER,** or nearly three times as much as any other American Spring known. For the treatment of **Rheumatism, Gout, Diabetes, Obesity, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Anaemia, Diseases of the Digestive System and Liver, Heart and Circulatory System, Kidney Disease, and Disorders of the Nervous System,** we offer advantages unsurpassed in this country or Europe.

Situated in a private park with miles of well-built and graded walks for Oertel Hill Climbing exercise. Well kept Golf Course. Tennis Courts, Clock Golf and Miniature Golf, Music, Dancing.

Our Illustrated Booklets and Latest Reports on our Mineral Springs will be Mailed on Request

Quite as much a part of the Christmas celebration as the holly wreath or sprig of mistletoe and more necessary for real Christmas comfort

Old-time beverages
For old-time greetings
To old-time friends

Evans' Ale and Stout

Convey
Country-wide cheer
To friends far and near

Put Happiness into your Christmas giving this year by sending friend or family a barrel containing 10 dozen bottles of good old EVANS' ALE or STOUT. They will give the true ring to your good wishes and give the joy you wish during many wintry days and nights. Link the past with the present. Supplied by nearest dealer or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Estab. 1786, HUDSON, N.Y.

For Winter Tours in Summer Climes

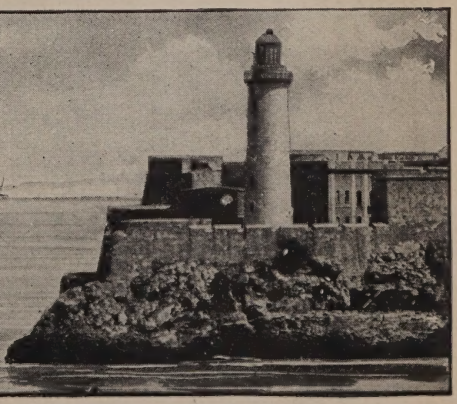
CONSULT

"Cuba — A Winter Paradise"

A beautifully illustrated 64-page booklet sent on receipt of 3c in postage stamps

UNITED RAILWAYS OF HAVANA

FRANK ROBERTS, G.P.A. Suite 1117 42 Broadway, N.Y.



THE VANDERBILT HOTEL

THIRTY FOURTH STREET *At* PARK AVENUE

NEW YORK

An Hotel Designed to Appeal
To the Conservative

Nassau in the Bahamas

A PARADISE of beautiful flowers and vegetation, where the average winter temperature is only 72°; charming social life; boating, golf, tennis, polo, motoring and ideal surf bathing; Seat of the English Colonial Government in the Bahamas.

HAVANA—CUBA

Interesting and restful because of the fascinating charms of tropical life and climate. Excellent hotels.

Direct service from New York each Thursday at noon and each Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. Luxurious twin screw steamers, 10,000 tons displacement, broad decks, spacious social halls, excellent cuisine.

Special two weeks' cruise, enabling you to visit both these delightful places.

W[illegible] for rates, reservations and illustrated descriptive matter.

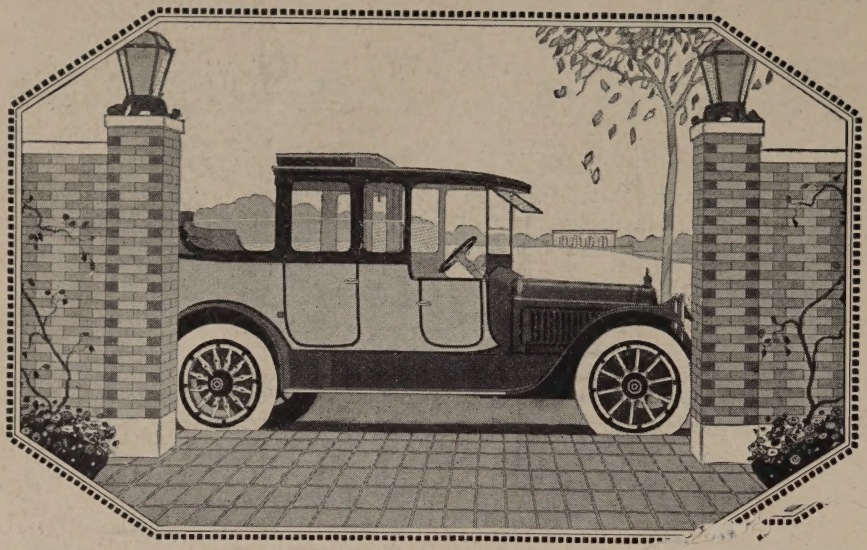
WARD LINE Pier 14, East River NEW YORK

We can also plan your itinerary to include Porto Rico, Mexico, Florida, Texas and other resorts of

AGWI *THE AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN*

CLYDE · WARD · MALLORY · PORTO RICO AGWI LINES

DISTRICT PASSENGER OFFICES:
BOSTON—192 Washington Street
PHILADELPHIA—701 Chestnut Street
WASHINGTON—1306 F Street, N.W.
NEW YORK—290 Broadway



EAGER POWER UNDER PERF[illegible]ECT CONTROL

combined in the

Packard TWIN-SIX

with a

SUPERIOR COMFORT AND SECURITY

ITS twelve-cylinder motor yields a smooth, even torque at all speeds, a broader range of ability on high gear, an instantaneous velvety "pick-up," and an easy, positive action in any situation.

It is the highest expression of Packard standards of material and workmanship — those standards which won for the Packard Company the Grand Prize, highest award for motor cars, at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Packard Twin-Six enclosed cars reveal an advance in finish and appointment as marked as the superiority in performance attained by the twelve-cylinder chassis. May we send you our booklet, "Town Driving in a Packard Twin-Six"?

Ask the man who owns one

The 1-35—*Wheelbase 135 inches. Thirteen styles of open and enclosed bodies. Price, with any open body, f.o.b. Detroit,* $3,150.

The 1-25—*Wheelbase 125 inches. Nine styles of open and enclosed bodies. Price, with any open body, f.o.b. Detroit,* $2,750.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Builders also of Packard Chainless Motor Trucks

JUL 13 1916